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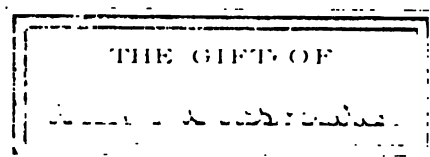
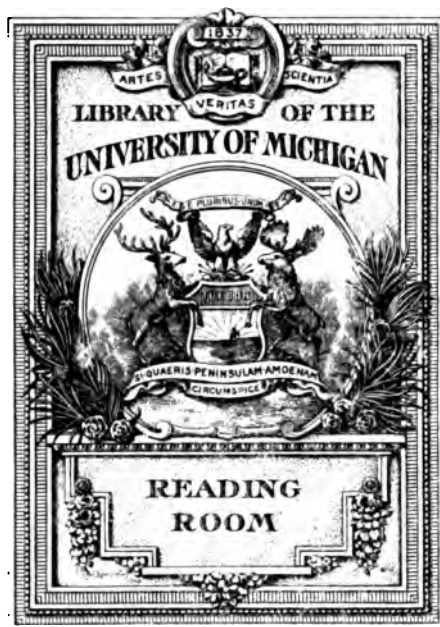
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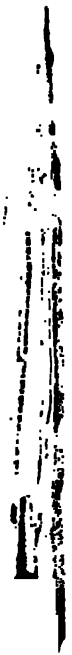
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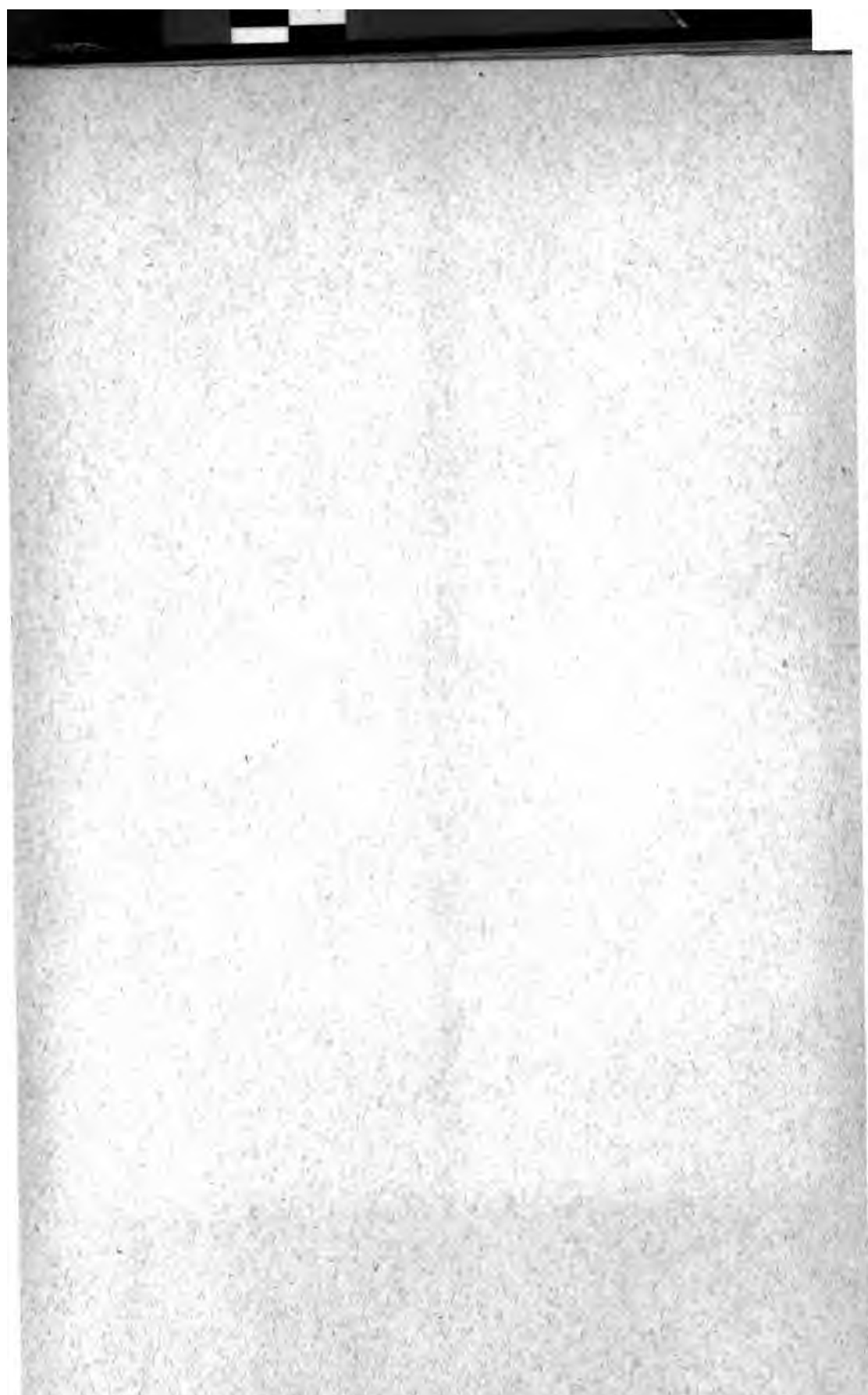
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MARCH, 1905—AUGUST, 1905

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MARCH, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The late Guy Wetmore Carryl when he was in Paris occupied the house in which Guy de Maupassant had lived for many years. One morning the old *concierge*, bringing up Mr. Carryl's mail, happened to look at the address of one of his letters and gave a little exclamation of surprise. "Ah!" Monsieur's name is Guy. There was another Guy who lived here for a long time. Guy de Maupassant, I think it was. He also was a writer of stories. Perhaps Monsieur has heard of him. I have not seen him for a long while. I don't know what has become of him. Perhaps he is dead. Who knows?"

The Futility of Fame.

If we are to accept a newspaper story printed a few weeks ago, Rudyard Kipling's story "A Matter of Fact" has become a matter of fact. According to the yarn, Mr. Kipling and his family were passengers on a vessel somewhere in the South Atlantic, when an upheaval of the waters brought to the side of the ship a strange sea monster bearing no very remote resemblance to the creature, "blind, white, and smelling of musk," whose pitiful death so astonished the Dutch, British and American journalists. Speaking of Mr. Kipling, we are at last to have a book, or at least a series of articles, dealing with the Kipling country. For years

"A Matter of Fact."

we have wondered why some traveller has not written adequately up to the title "On the Road to Mandalay." Mr. Frederic Courtland Penfield, the author of *Present-Day Egypt*, who has travelled extensively and has been connected with



FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD



MR. AND MRS. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

our diplomatic and consular services, is now in India following in the footsteps of Kim and gathering all the material possible about Kipling's country.

We have been seeing something of Mr. Kipling as a letter-writer of late. There was that extraordinarily clever epistle of his to Mr. Filson-Young which was printed in *The Complete Motorist*. Now he has contributed a breezy introductory letter to Viscomte Robert d'Humières's book, *The Island Empire*, which has created quite a sensation in France, and which is soon to be brought out in this country. As Mr. Kipling is a political force of no mean proportions, it is interesting to learn that he approves of the *entente cordiale*. "Believe me," he writes, "I agree most cordially with all you say on the value of a good understanding between our countries; and this is not only for the need of to-day, but for the hope of to-morrow. The two lands, so it seems to me, supplement each other in temperament and outlook, in logic and fact. Even if this were not the case, we

must remember that there is not so much of liberty left in Eastern Europe that the two leaders of Freedom should dare to dispute between themselves. We both have to deal with the 'unfrei' peoples, the veiled and cramped lands where the word of a king is absolute power. If we should quarrel, who will profit? The Middle Ages with the modern guns. Isn't that true?"

H. B. Marriott Watson, whose new romance, *Hurricane Island*, will be reviewed later in *THE BOOKMAN*, claims to be one of the original literary "discoverers." He and J. M. Barrie were fellow contributors to the *St. James Gazette* a number of years ago. Barrie was young and ambitious. Watson persuaded him to publish his first book, *Better Dead*, and collaborated with him in his first play, *Richard Savage*, which was published in 1892. Out of all this has grown a close friendship. Mr. Watson gave H. G. Wells his first literary start when he was asso-

H. B. Marriott Watson.

ciated with the late W. E. Henley on the *National Observer* during its brief and meteoric career. Mr. Watson, who is a type of the virile Englishman, was born in Australia, went to school in New Zealand, and was a successful journalist in London. His wife is Rosamond Marriott Watson, whose verse is widely known and admired. Mr. Watson says he got absorbed in the tangle of *Hurricane Island* himself and had to kill a few mutineers to clear up the situation.

Among the general run of authors of the present day it is not usual to find any marked degree of reticence. In fact, a case like that of the writer who signs himself "O. Henry" is exceptional enough to astonish and dismay the organised "Publicity Department" of any modern publishing house. No one who has read *Cabbages and Kings*, which was reviewed in our February number, can



"O. HENRY"



JACK LONDON

Mr. London will begin an extended lecture tour next autumn

doubt that the author has a very unusual knowledge of his subject—that he himself has at some time been one of those latter-day buccaneers of the Spanish Main of whom he writes with so much humour and zest. Although O. Henry now lives in New York, very few people know anything about him that is definite. He has done the West, Southwest, Mexico, South America, and Central America as a wanderer and soldier of fortune with the utmost thoroughness. He has been cowboy, sheep herder, merchant, salesman, miner, drug clerk, and a good many other things. During all this experience he had his eyes open for a possible use of it in a literary way, keeping a diary pretty steadily, in which he recorded the things that happened to him and what he thought about them. He has been writing stories for about four years, and during the first part of the period without much recognition. He writes slowly and carefully and is one of the few authors

who has not yet been converted to the use of the typewriter. When his manuscripts were being sent the rounds of the magazine offices, which now, of course, is a thing of the past, the clear, legible penmanship became in a way a tradition among editors.

Mr. Booth Tarkington, whose volume of political stories, *In the Arena*, will be

reviewed in a later number, seems to prefer the simple life to the strenuous atmosphere of the Indiana legislature,

and since his return from Europe last autumn has been residing in New York. Many events of moment befell Mr. Tarkington during his year's trip, but it was in Paris that a slight misunderstanding of actual conditions caused him to show a coolness and intrepidity in the face of danger equal to that of the immortal Tartarin facing the deadly *crevasses* of the Jungfrau. The lion of Tarascon, you will remember, had been told in confidence by Gonzague that there was no Switzerland, that the land was simply a vast Kursaal, managed by the company with the object of humbugging the travelling public, that the newspaper stories of Alpine disaster were mere advertisements, designed to whet the ardour of the adventurous, and that if a tourist were to fall into the deepest of ravines, he would be promptly caught by an agent of the company, who would brush off the snow and inquire: "Has Monsieur any baggage?" Mr. Tarkington's Gonzague did not talk of mountain climbing, but of ballooning. In the strictest secrecy he informed the author that all the reputed danger of the sport was mere *blague* for the purpose of stimulating excitement and thereby augmenting the profits of the promoters, and that one might dine five hundred feet above the top of the Eiffel Tower with as much security as in a corner of Voisin's or the Café de Paris. Elated with this exclusive information, Mr. Tarkington succeeded in astonishing a great many people. For a time he lived in the air, so to speak. Ten days in succession he made the ascent in the captive balloon at the Porte Naillot. The roaring of the wind,

the swaying and tossing of the fragile basket, the apparent anxiety of the aerial sailors, the frantic dismay of the man from Kokomo and other passengers who had not been informed, moved him only to secret mirth. Had he not listened to the voice of Gonzague? Finally nothing would do for the eleventh day but a banquet up toward the clouds. A waiter was to be taken along. A dinner was selected with the utmost care and the viands were to be kept warm by means of hot-water

jackets. Through the merest chance the scheme was temporarily postponed. Late that evening the author learned from a newspaper that those who had made the ascent in place of his own party had had a surprising experience. The ropes which held the balloon captive had parted, the car had been carried miles away from Paris, and finally the gas bag had exploded. Only the presence of mind and resourcefulness of the aeronaut in charge saved all from instant destruction.



BOOTH TARKINGTON

From a painting by Blumenschein



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS

Miss Jeffreys is the latest English actress to visit us. She is engaged to tour in "The Prince Consort."

A sort of parachute was improvised to diminish the speed of the descent. The

car finally landed in the branches of a willow tree, and though all of its nine occupants were badly injured, none, fortunately, was killed. No; Mr. Tarkington did not eventually give that dinner. But he hunted for Gonzague.

■

When the King and Queen of Portugal were the guests of King Edward the Seventh and Queen Alexandra in England last year, the play presented at Windsor Castle for the entertainment of their Majesties of the Peninsula happened to be the dramatisation of Mr. Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*. One feature of this presentation will sound amusing to Americans. Innocent as the play seems, it gave those officials who were responsible for the pleasure of the royal guests considerable anxiety. In choosing a hero for his story, Mr. Tarkington not only selected a member of the Royal Family, but a personage who happened to be an ancestor of the Queen of Portugal. This might be interpreted as *lèse majesté* of the worst sort. So it was thought best to soften the offence by printing in French for the royal visitors an elaborate apology, laying the blame on American audacity and intimating that the author, being an American, could not possibly realise the enormity of his presumption. This apology is said to have effectually soothed the wounded sensibilities of the King and Queen.

■

The author of *Fables in Slang*, *The Sultan of Sulu*, *The College Widow* and other good things was

George Ade's
Humour.

sitting beside a little round table at a certain New York club a few nights ago, when a friend asked him where he got his sense of humour. Mr. Ade thought over the matter for a minute and then replied that he thought that it was inherited from his father. "Yes," he said, "I guess I get it from Dad. You see, Dad once went out and settled down in a little Indiana town of a few thousand inhabitants. After a while he started a bank. He capitalised it at twenty-five thousand dollars and

called it the National Bank of North America."

As one scarcely looks for literary news in the pages of our *plein air* contemporary, *Forest and Stream*, Mr. Thompson-Seton and the "Inter-hiss." it may be that our readers have missed a little discussion which not long ago appeared there.

Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton's latest book, entitled *Monarch, the Big Bear*, contains a brief preliminary explanation by Mr. Seton of how he gathered the material for his story. According to him, the tale was first told by two rough hill-men whose language would be "meaningless without the puckered lip, the inter-hiss, the brutal semi-snarl restrained by human mastery, the snap and jerk of wrist and gleam of steel-grey eye, that really told the tale. Theirs," says Mr. Seton, "is a tongue unknown to script." This is highly interesting. It is almost the best thing in the book, of which the human hero is one Lan Kellyan—a semi-brutal snarling mountaineer, with an inter-hiss. But now comes Mr. John Malone and points out with great circumstantiality in *Forest and Stream* that most of Mr. Seton's incidents had previously been published in a book called *Bears I Have Met*, written by Mr. Allen Kelly. It is obvious that Mr. Allen Kelly must be Lan Kellyan, the brutal mountaineer. Mr. Kelly, it seems, was reared amid the gloomy gorges and savage glens of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, however, we always supposed that the broad *a* was more common than the "inter-hiss." There is at least one thing in Mr. Seton's story which he did not get from Mr. Kelly, and that is the incident of the grizzly bear which climbed a tree in search of honey. In fact, no one but Mr. Seton is aware that grizzly bears climb trees at all. We commend this little matter to the attention of the various authorities on "nature-books" and "intimate animal studies." They have been fighting among themselves of late, each claiming that the others are all wrong. If the controversy waxes any hotter, we shall expect the whole lot of them to betake themselves to "inter-hisses, semi-brutal snarls, and



EDWARD MORGAN AS JOHN HARKLESS IN MR. TARKINGTON'S "THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA"

a tongue unknown to script," which last, we fancy, means language unfit for publication.



LETTIVE BALDY THE GOAT THE CAT
(Mrs. Zeisler) (Mr. Stone) (J. K. Pond)
HANS FITZKERS
(Mr. Zeisler)

REVELRY IN GRAUSTARK
The Author
REVERLY
(Miss Cooke)

THE BUGLER
(Mr. Atkinson)
MAMMY
(Mr. Garden)
BARON DARNCROSS
(Mr. Browne)

We were not at all surprised to learn that at the last moment the Little Roomers, of Chicago, had changed their plans and dubbed their burlesque of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's novel *Revelry in Graustark* instead of *Baldy the Goat*. It was characteristic of the Little Roomers, possibly also of Chicago. Nevertheless, *Revelry in Graustark*, which was written by Melville E. Stone, Jr., was a great success as no one who reads the following programme will doubt.

THE LITTLE ROOM THEATRE

MISS ANNA MORGAN
LESSOR AND BORROWEE

21 January, 1905, 8:30 p. m.

The Only-one-and-We've-got-It Stock Company of the
Little Room will happen along with

REVELRY IN GRAUSTARK

or, Some Royalties I Have Met

A dramatized translation into English from the Romance language of
the original work by the namesake of the celebrated
Cartoonist, MR. McCUTCHEON

To be brought out by a grand scintillating pyrotechnical and winsome cast as accessories after the fact, who have consented to appear on this occasion only for reasons they hope to make obvious to all but the meanest understandings; including
Observe!

	THE ZEISLER	Reflect!
	MUSICO-LEGAL TEAM	
	STONE FILLS	
Every	VANDYKE BROWNE	Some
One	THE VERSATILE POND	Are
Is a	GARDEN THE BLACK	Rockets
Roman	TULIP	And
Candle	HEUN THE EXQUISITE	Pawheels
	AND	
	THE INCARNADINED	
	COOKE	Consider!

Take the elevator up and step down. Check and cloak-rooms just under the gravel. Management not responsible for diamond tapers left on the stairs. Checks given for children in arms, etc. N. B.—Lead no money to the performers.

The openness of the doors is an indication of their passability. Pride unyearning for a fall is requested not to stand on the chairs. Applause will be taken as a personal compliment by the AUTHOR, but no flowers—these are not obsequies.

THE CAST

Went!	Opine!	Apprehend!	Poedert!	Imagine!	Fancy!	Trow!
BEVERLEY (t.) of Pooey County, Graustark					MISS COOKE	
	Pretty and glad of it, but manners—gosh!					
LETIVIE, Princess of Graustark					MRS. ZEISLER	
	The Indiana idea in aristocracy					
CANDY, Princess of Dawsberg					MR. POND	
	Standing with reluctant feet—count them!					

NANNY, Beverly's (t.) human Boston terrier	MR. GARDEN
She sings in lute and runs in spades	
BALDY THE GOAT, a Highway Robber	MR. STONE, June
A picker-up of unconsidered Beverleys (t.)	
HANS FITZSKERS, another Robber	MR. ZEISLER
Bearded, unlike his Pate	
GRINTHO SORRY, Prince of Graustark	MR. HEUN
The Who's-Whoener of the Almanach de Gotha	
BARON DARNCROSS, Boss Jong dahn	MR. C. F. BROWNE
The Sherlock Dupin Hawkshaw of those parts	
THE CAT (Feli Polonina)	MR. I. K. FORD
An animal singularity unlike the Graithochycas	
THE PROMPTER (his first appearance as such)	MR. RICE
For whom the prayers of the audience are requested	
N. B.—The Eagle will be blew and the Box beag by	
	MR. FRANK HOLLOWAY ATKINSON

ACT I

A Mountain Road in Graustark.

The Runaway—The Thirst—The Robbers—The Steeds—A Question of Philology—The Rescue—My Hero!—Beverley's (t.) Palfrey—The Desperate Encounter—My Hero!—The Capital of Graustark—Where in Hoooo are we?—My Hero!!!—Climax.

Between the acts, and at irregular intervals throughout the evening, the audience will dare Mr. McCutcheon to speak the Graustark, believed to be a pickled, tongue. Show Me! What's the Answer?

ACT II

Scene I—Settin' Room in the Palace.

Scene II—LaSalle and Randolph Streets.

Scene III—The Throng Room.

Family Life in Exalted Circles—The Maucure—A Proposal—The Pickle—The Snoots—My Hero!!!!—The Sweet Box—The Shoes—The Tunaal—My HERO!!!!—Royalty in a Flat—Himself at Last—MY Hero!!!!—To be Continued in his next.

Thanks to Miladi Laughlin, Chairlady of Commissary, Sandwiches, Food, High Balls and other Opera Glasses in purchasable quantities, but priceless this evening, may be had after the show.

US TO DE EATS!

The appetite may be increased by walking to the spread, up two flights—not of the imagination; but no recommendations are made.

Any money remaining after the gustatory content will be devoted to charity; and the Treasurer thinks charity begins at home. Girls giggling in the right places and others exhibiting human intelligence may apply for rebates.

Subscriptions to the capital stock of the Graustark Land & Improvement Co. may be made at the Box-Office. Worse properties have brought more—no Janabody number of Maguary's Everyzine.

The piano used during the performance was obtained on the installment Plan. Save your peanuts and buy a Castle in Graustark.

Here's wishing the Author more Royalties
he may meet! And That's no Romance

D O N N E L L E Y D O N I Y

The Little Roomers in the past have burlesqued books by H. C. Chatfield Taylor, Henry B. Fuller, and I. K. Friedman. Last year they presented George Ade's version of John T. McCutcheon's Bird Centre Cartoons. In that performance Mr. George Barr McCutcheon had a leading part, whereas, we learn from the programme that he was excluded from any share of the burlesque of his own book.

The caste, as the Little Roomers maintained, was no ordinary one. Miss Marjory Cooke, who took the part of Beverly, is the most prominent reader and amateur actress in Chicago. She is also a playwright. In her makeup she was a per-

fect likeness of the girl on the cover of *Beverly of Graustark*—so much so as to cause considerable astonishment. Fannie Bloomfield-Ziesler is a very distinguished pianist. Irving K. Pond is an architect, as are Arthur Heun and Hugh Garden, who did Aunt Nannie. Charles Francis Browne is the landscape painter. Melville E. Stone, Jr., is the publisher and was in his day one of the best actors of the Hasty Pudding Club, of Harvard. Wallace Rice is the critic poet and reviewer.

Our friends sometimes ask us why we have so much to say about writers of no importance, why we print their portraits, and sketch their lives, and tell who discovered them and when they discovered themselves, and whether they play golf or go a-fishing, and where they were visiting last summer, and where they will be next, and just when and how the thought of writing first occurred to them. Impatient of our mild garrulity, they embarrass us greatly by sarcastic inquiries as to the standard of literary criticism revealed in certain innocent paragraphs which we drape around the still more innocent faces of new writers, best sellers and the like. Can it be, they say, that you actually take such people seriously? Words fail us in the presence of such a hopeless misunderstanding. *Quem rem publicam habemus?* In what city do we live? Is it not the day of small things? We compare turnips with turnips, not with the apples of the Hesperides, and if we prattle amiably about popular nonentities it is greatly to our credit. If, for example, Miss May Blossom writes a successful novel, entitled, let us say, *The Wooing of Susan*, which is precisely on the level of other successful novels, we do not direct upon it the full force of our powerful intellect. We try, rather, to dismiss from our mind about everything it ever knew, including all classic prepossessions and literary preconceptions, and write of Miss Blossom as of a prize-winner in the dog show, golf champion, captain of industry, or leading sugar-beet producer, referring only to

the degree of success and leaving the reader to guess its quality. We do not invoke the names of the great dead and lay a curse on Miss Blossom. Neither do we range *Middlemarch* alongside the *Wooing of Susan* and say, Pish! We believe in rendering unto the market the things that are the market's.

■

If in so doing, we are misunderstood, if our friends, instead of complimenting the catholicity of our interests or the sweetness of our disposition, ascribe it brusquely to feebleness of mind, we can only grieve. We shall persist in our bland attitude toward harmless commonplace. We shall not wreak an artistic vengeance on obviously inartistic things. When *The Wooing of Susan* appears, we shall not only reproduce the author's portrait, but also the picture of her home, and in the accompanying text we shall probably suppress all signs of a critical faculty and confine ourselves to bare narration. We may even so far enter into the spirit of the thing as to tell a story about her pet canary. The book may be exactly like the commodities of other successful authors, but they may prefer cats or monkeys or mountain-climbing. The usual book drives one mad looking for a sign of difference, but authors are often personally dissimilar in many little ways. We like to note any distinctive quality in them. It makes us feel less blasé, and imparts a sense of actuality which we are apt to miss in their books. Of course, these matters ought to have a certain significance, and benignant as we are, we do balk at some details. Here, for example, is a bit of news which we should not have recorded, though we have no doubt it was read with avidity:

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler tells of "Friday tea" in Ireland. She arrived at a country house extremely thirsty. Her hostess immediately offered her a cup of tea, which was refreshing; but the author was also supplied with some sardine sandwiches. She tried to nibble at one, until her hostess noticed her misery. But she said she could not give her anything else except salt mackerel, because it happened to be Friday. Miss Fowler ate the sardine sandwich.

Had the sandwich poisoned her, or had she declared that she conceived all the epigrams of *Isabel Carnaby* while eating sardines, we might well have mentioned it, but the mere fact of her eating the sandwich would have found no place in our trivial fond records.

✽

In a general way, any one who had had experience with authors and their manuscripts, from the editorial or publishing side, could have foretold with a fair degree of accuracy the result of the "Short Story Contest" announced by *Collier's Weekly* a little over a year ago. One author may be very different from another, but five or six thousand authors bulk pretty much the same, no matter what are the conditions. Had the three prizes offered aggregated eighty thousand dollars, instead of eight thousand dollars, it would not have changed to any appreciable degree the merit of the average. Ninety out of every hundred manuscripts examined would have been found just as hopelessly, as flatly, as fatuously bad.

✽

In one way, the *Collier's* competition proved a great surprise to the majority of persons of practical experience. It was very confidently predicted that the prize winners when announced would all prove to be men and women with whose names and work magazine readers have long been familiar. This belief in no way implied any suggestion of favouritism on the part of the judges, but simply a feeling that might be summed up as professional contempt for the amateur. The hitherto obscure writer stood no chance, not because of his obscurity, but because he would not know how to write a story as well as the man who had "learned the game." "Look at the similar competition held by the *New York Herald* eight or nine years ago," said people. "That was a great affair for those days. Ten thousand dollars for the prize novel, three thousand dollars for the selected 'novelette,' and two thousand dollars for the winning short story. Every man, woman, and child who could

hold a pen had a fling in that scramble, and yet what did it do to develop or encourage new talent? The winners, Julian Hawthorne, Mary E. Wilkins and Edgar Fawcett, had been widely known professional writers for years. And at that who ever read or cared for their stories after they had been published? This competition will result the same way." A few days before the public announcement of the verdict of the *Collier's* contest judges, a magazine editor called up one of the *Collier's* editors on the telephone and offered to wager that offhand and without the slightest preparation he could write a half-page biographical sketch of each of the nine successful authors. To his astonishment he learned that six of the nine, including the first and third, were persons of whom he had never heard.

✽

A few months hence, when the stories shall have been printed, we shall be able to judge better of the value to American fiction of this contest. Of the work of Mrs. Wharton, for instance, we can be assured, and if *The Best Man* is in her best vein, and the tales of Mr. Thomas and Margaret Deland and Mr. Alden are better than that, and the other five in the same class, we may safely look to *Collier's* for some interesting reading in the near future. Nevertheless, our knowledge of the "Prize Stories" of the past makes us just a little bit sceptical. We like to speculate as to what would have been the fate of Mr. Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King* in such a competition, provided, of course, it had been sent in at a time when the author had not yet become *The Man from Nowhere*. Would it have reached the final ten or the final hundred, or even the final thousand? And would *The Bar Sinister* have been discarded on the ground that it was a "class" story, and *Monsieur Beaucaire* because it was not an American tale? Judging from the past, one may come to any conclusion that one wishes.

✽

An unusual feature of this competition was the disagreement of the judges, and in the issue of *Collier's Weekly* containing the announcement of the winners,

each of the judges had an article bluntly stating his preferences and his reasons. Mr. Page and Mr. White were fairly in accord, but Senator Lodge professed little liking for the tales taking the first and second prizes, deeming Mrs. Wharton's story by far the best of any offered. By the way, it seems to us unjust and unreasonable to refer to a contest of this kind as being for the purpose of getting "the best" stories, rather than those "best liked by the judges." The avowed difference of opinion of Senator Lodge, Mr. White and Mr. Page bears us out in this, and another trio of judges, let us say, for instance, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Burlingame, of *Scribner's Magazine*, and Mr. Gilder, of the *Century*, might have passed all the winning stories by in favour of others that are not found in the selected list. Mr. White's article is less argumentative than those of his associates, and it makes better reading. Of the one hundred stories from which the final selection was made he writes:

The time of every story but one is set since the election of President McKinley, and one or two of the best stories come down to the latter half of the present Administration. Civil War stories are missing, the mortgage on the farm and the wayward daughter are missing, Indian fighting stories are missing, and dialect stories are missing. There is but one doublet and hose in the hundred stories, and not a pair of top-boots and miner's whiskers in the lot. On the other hand, there are two automobiles, a modern battleship, a big prairie-type engine, a pianola, a police scandal, a freak woman reporter, a modern hospital, innumerable trained nurses, five-o'clock commuters' trains whizzing by every ten thousand words, and telephone buzzers zipping on every page. More than this, the whole contest is full of east wind. Forty per cent. of the stories are located in and around New York City, and twenty per cent. that are located elsewhere concern New Yorkers in exile. And this also is curious. When the New Yorker in these stories has to leave New York he goes straight to the desert west of the Rocky Mountains. The Arizona desert catches six New Yorkers in the hundred stories, the Nevada and California desert catches ten New Yorkers, the Idaho desert two, and if *Collier's* holds a few more contests, the desert will blos-

som as the rose, and the Yucca stalks winking with electric signs will coax wayfarers into the haunts of the gila monster and the horned toad. After New York and the desert, the home of true romance, judging from these stories, would seem to be New England. There only do the expense accounts of the heroes and heroines shrink into the background. They live with no visible means of support, except in a few instances the old farm. Following New England, California is the next most popular habitat of the story people. Just one story is located in Chicago, and one in some town like Pittsburg. Three stories are located in the Middle West, one in central Illinois, a second in Indiana, and a third at some Mississippi River town, say Davenport, Iowa. Davenport gets one of the three labour stories, Chicago another, the third being located in the clouds some place. Two of the labour stories are socialistic, and the Davenport story, being of the West Western, is strongly anti-socialistic or individualistic. Alaska comes in for one scene of a telepathic story with the central office down in Italy, and Japan gets all the stage setting of one story and one act in another story. The only war story in the lot is located in the island of Luzon, and the hero is a black man. The black man and the race question are the themes of four stories. In one the fellow marries an octoroon, in another the girl escapes marrying a mulatto, in the third there is a public burning of the quadroon son of the local district judge for the usual offence. Two of the authors of the three stories concerned with miscegenation are opposed to it, and one author seems to be in doubt. It is interesting to observe that this topic, which has scarcely any place in the discussion of intelligent people north of the black belt, should dominate three per cent. of these stories, or as much attention as the labour question. There is but one political story and one temperance story in the hundred—which, considering that the stories were sent in during a political campaign, and at a time when railroads and insurance companies are bringing the question of temperance forward, is rather odd. None of the better writers in the contest put in too much local colour, yet all of them used it—even those who preached and were improbable—and used it with discrimination. And the hopeful thing for real literature in this country is this: That only four writers wrote what might be called foreign stories.

We envy the humane view that certain writers for the British press are able to take of politics. Our

**Politics and
Humour.**

own political writers seem too much in politics to see anything but the details, and they seldom permit themselves any general reflections. There is nothing with us that corresponds to those candid little essays, questioning, speculative, sometimes iconoclastic, which the British editor admits to his columns without fear of being misunderstood. They are not particularly profound, but they do at least try to trace the connection between the issues of the moment and something that is fundamental in morals or philosophy; whereas with us they are treated as isolated phenomena, or at best as related to the next election. The London *Spectator*, for example, prints a discussion of "Humour and Statesmanship," which is a good type of the sort of articles that our own magazines would reject as irrelevant or unpractical or not sufficiently "timely." Yet many of us import the *Spectator* chiefly on account of just such articles. "The obvious truth about politics," says the *Spectator*, "is that it is pre-eminently the sphere of the commonplace." It goes on to explain the suspicions naturally aroused by men who are not commonplace and whose sense of humour prevents their sharing certain illusions.

Politics depend, as Mr. Courtenay says, largely upon make-believe, upon the loyal maintenance of certain conventions. Now the essence of humour is seeing beyond artificial walls, and recognising them as things built by men's hands and not the frowning battlements of the universe. None the less, it is desperately important that this should not be the common view. The walls should be regarded with awe and fear, that unwise spirits may not go clambering over them into the void beyond. An instructive sermon might be written on the moral value of conventions, and their political use is equally great. We cannot have everybody criticising the Constitution, or speaking disrespectfully about the equator. If the whole world were humourists, life would be too unquiet for comfort, and there would be no work done, because there would be no

provisional, if imperfect, basis to work upon. This is one of the truths that the ordinary man recognises in a dim sort of way, and it explains his distrust of the too critical and too brilliant personage and especially of the humourist. He represents a force of social persistence, the humourist a force of change, and though the two are mutually necessary they are not friendly. There is, also, a very practical reason for their dislike. The humourist will in all likelihood not suffer fools gladly. He may have the brilliant man's intolerance of the commonplace, the extraordinary man's aversion from the ordinary. He will be a little impatient in practice of dull fidelity to old fashions, though in theory he may admit its value. Hence, in dealing with men as a leader there is always a chance that he may fail. A suspicion of persiflage is a poor recommendation to a serious follower. No one likes to think that the man he obeys is not a thorough devotee of the gods he believes in, may even be covertly laughing at them while he does them apparent homage. No people will ever submit to be led by a sceptic, and the humourist in high places will easily acquire a reputation for scepticism.

■

As soon as the report of the St. Petersburg massacre reached England and

**Occasional
Verse.**

America, most of the small poets and one or two of the larger ones set vigorously to work, and in an almost incredibly short time the mails were full of poems on the Czar. It was not our fortune to see many of them, but from such as happened our way and from the reports of readers who occupied a more exposed position, we infer that either the later ones were all modelled on the first or that by a marvellous coincidence forty independent inspirations hit on the same words. So embarrassing was the situation that one newspaper announced editorially its inability to publish any more poetical rebukes of the Czar except on the impossible condition that they contained thoughts not presented in those already printed; and it decided in advance against any poem that should turn on the incongruity between the Czar's title of "Little Father" and his actual conduct toward his people. About twenty poets

a day were discovering that incongruity. It has happened many times these past ten years. They say the modern man does not read poetry. Many essays have been written on the growing dislike for it, and only the other day we were reading in an English periodical an interview with a London publisher under the disheartening caption "The Slump in Verse." A writer in *Punch* tells us the case is hopeless—

For men in these expansive times
(Due, I am told, to fiscal freedom),
Though earth were black with angels' rhymes,
Dine far too well to want to read 'em.

Yet looking back on the past decade we cannot escape the conviction that it has been one of extraordinary prosodical activity. Occasional verse has never been so abundant or so prompt, for poets nowadays are great readers of newspapers, especially of the headlines, and trained to sing before the report is contradicted, almost between successive editions. Now we who never drank of Aganippe well, nor ever did in Vale of Tempe sit, may not speak with authority in these high matters, but as warm-hearted fellow-beings, anxious to see every poet, great or small, put his best foot foremost, we may venture to draw attention to the notoriously small proportion of occasional verse that has ever succeeded in rising to the occasion.

This is true even of the great poets. Despite many conspicuous exceptions, it is safe to say that poets have always done their worst under the constraint of timelessness. Banquets, birthdays, coronations, bicentennials, news from the seat of war, the laying of cornerstones, earthquakes, assassinations, the return of heroes, the thousand and one obviously poetic exigencies of the day have been commemorated in lines that are the hardest of all to remember. Poets seem by nature unpunctual and perverse and of the least use when in the greatest hurry to make themselves useful. The best poems are those which we did not know we wanted and the worse are those which are delivered on demand; and occasional verse is mainly of the latter description, being

seldom anything more than appropriate to the day or the deed, or the lady's album that evoked it. Where genius has so often failed, our mild modern bards should observe more prudence, awaiting patiently the moments of spontaneity, and realising that it is given to few poets to take time by the forelock, or make hay while the sun shines, or strike while the iron is hot—adages not meant for bards but for farmers, steamfitters and us old prozers, who are as inspired to-day as we ever shall be and stand no chance of a tuneful impulse if we waited for ever so long.

❧

People may make huge fun of certain features of the reference books containing the biographies of living men and women, and may have their own opinions as to whether this person or that has achieved anything to deserve representation, but the fundamental business integrity of such publications as the English *Who's Who* and the American *Who's Who* is not for a moment open to question. These books may not always be absolutely accurate, but this is not entirely the fault of the publishers, and space in them is not for sale. As much cannot be said of some minor works of the same nature, and there is one enterprise of this kind that has recently been resorting to a particularly unscrupulous trick. The editors of this enterprise sent around the usual conventional information blank to be filled out. Subjoined to this blank was a space on which nothing was printed, but with a line at the bottom for the signature. Accompanying the communication was a note saying that the person addressed would be in no way called upon to subscribe for the volume. It was a number of months later that the work was completed. Then each person who had filled out the blank received a notification to the effect that the book had been shipped to his home and demanding twenty dollars in payment. The natural thing to do was to sit down and reply that there had been no understood agreement to buy the book. Thereupon the publishers forwarded "on

honour" to each protestant the original blank bearing a signature that was unquestionable with above it a printed agreement to subscribe to the book in consideration of representation. Considerable time had elapsed since the blanks had first been sent out, and a great many persons thinking they had signed the agreement in a careless moment, were led unwillingly to buy the work. Others detected the obvious fraud and realised that the agreement had been printed boldly above their signatures after the blanks had been returned.

✱

In a country where literature means realism, and where realism, by laying bare intolerable conditions, points unerringly to revolution, it is, of course, entirely natural that a man like Maxim Gorky should come to the front during a period of insurrection. This "most bitter one"—for such is the significance of his pen name—has been languishing in a Russian prison. There seems to have been no truth in the report that the Czar intended to have him executed as a sort of proof *à la Russe* that the pen is *not* mightier than Cossack soldiery. Gorky should appreciate the tremendous outpouring of protest in his behalf from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and the United States. It was a tribute to which the annals of literature show no counterpart. All the more is it to be regretted, therefore, that those having the movement in charge in this country should in some cases have shown a deplorable lack of judgment. One of the petitions which they prepared and which was published with blanks for signature in the daily press of our large cities contains the following paragraphs:

Gorky is known in America for his writings, which have spoken for liberty; they have touched a responsive chord in the American heart, which beats with sympathetic throb to the aspirations of all liberty-lovers throughout the world.

As defenders of the right of free speech, as upholders of the principle of the right of peaceable petition, as champions of the privilege of any citizen lawfully to aid in ameliorating the

condition of his fellow-men, as admirers of the courage and unselfishness of men of talent and judgment whose pens have always been employed in behalf of human rights, we appeal to your Majesty to inflict no punishment upon this man.

As a specimen of bumptious tactlessness this is beyond all comparison. Laudable as doubtless are the political views of the writer, what place have they in a petition to the great White Throne? No better summing up of all that is hateful to the Russian autocracy could be made than in the words quoted above. To flaunt such sentiments while urging clemency amounts in effect to coupling a prayer for the Czar's mercy with the assertion that he is a bloody-minded tyrant and that the petitioners themselves would join the ranks of revolution if they were in Russia—and had the courage to do so. Every lover of literature the world over had an indefeasible right to petition that the genius of Gorky should not be blotted out by death, but it was quite possible to urge this request manfully without making it the vehicle of political dogmas which are necessarily abhorrent to the recipient of the petition.

✱

In sharp contrast with Gorky's prominence was Tolstoy's reticence during the recent flare-up in Russia. Accustomed as we are to hearing at length from the latter whenever the affairs of his country have reached one of their periodic crises, it seemed remarkable that he should not have been mentioned in connection with the outbreak of January 22d, save as one who had prophesied the inevitable event two years ago. Tolstoy, however, is much less "bitter" than some of his literary children. It was doubtless very irreverent of the Munich *Jugend* to comment so satirically upon this fact in one of its imaginary interviews with great men, but such as it is, the following extract from that airy conversation may give pleasure to those who find it hard to comprehend what Tolstoy "is really driving at" in the way of social reform:

Reporter for the Jugend. "Forgive me, dear Count, but I don't exactly understand how wars are to be done away with."

Tolstoy. "By not beginning any."

Reporter. "But what if the other party should begin one?"

Tolstoy. "Why, then, simply ignore him."

Reporter. "But if he invades the country, burns, robs, murders?"

Tolstoy. "In that case he commits a fearful crime. He ought not to do such things."

Reporter. "But how is he to be stopped?"

Tolstoy. "No one should stop him. No one has the right to interfere with the pleasures of another."

Reporter. "Do you think that religion will prevent the wicked from killing their fellow-men?"

Tolstoy. "Religion is nonsense."

Reporter. "Or the progress of scientific knowledge?"

Tolstoy. "Science is clap-trap."

Reporter. "Do you believe in courts of arbitration?"

Tolstoy. "Courts of arbitration are so much putty."

Reporter. "Or in treaties?"

Tolstoy. "Treaties exist simply to be broken."

Reporter. "When will the wicked cease to wage wars?"

Tolstoy. "They will never cease."

Reporter. "Then preparations must be made for self-defence against them?"

Tolstoy. "By no means. That would make us also guilty of killing our fellow-men."

Reporter. "In other words, we should allow ourselves to be killed quietly and without remonstrance?"

Tolstoy. "On the contrary. Whosoever allows himself to be killed makes himself the accomplice of his murderer."

Reporter. "Then we should take up arms at the call of the Emperor?"

Tolstoy. "No, it is our duty to refuse to kill others."

Reporter. "But what if one is forced by violence to obey the sovereign?"

Tolstoy. "In that case the sovereign power should be overthrown."

Reporter. "Ah, a revolution! But in revolutions blood is spilled."

Tolstoy. "The people must learn to bring about bloodless revolutions."

Reporter. "Indeed! But how are such revolutions to be brought about?"

Tolstoy. "By following the precept, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

Reporter. "Do you expect mankind to be converted to this principle?"

Tolstoy. "As soon as they have mastered my teachings sufficiently, certainly they will."

Reporter. "And the quintessence of your teaching is—?"

Tolstoy. "Is the principle: 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

■

We fear that one particularly amusing episode of the Williamsons's new motor-car story, *The Princess*

The Host and the Traveller. *Passes*, will not bear too close scrutiny. The episode in question tells of the arrival at an Italian

hotel of a German traveller who gives his name as Karl, who asks for the cheapest room and drinks the least expensive wines. When the time comes for him to pay his bill he finds that he has been slightly overcharged for one or two small items, and he promptly protests. The landlord, not pleased with so niggardly a guest, treats the traveller with great brusqueness. A moment later, however, the host is seen running madly up and down the courtyard waving his hands in despair and shouting: "I shall loose my star! I shall loose my star!" For it seems that he has learned that the unobtrusive Herr Karl is in reality the great Herr Karl Baedeker, and he sees the future prosperity of his hotel seriously threatened through a moment's rudeness. The conceit is a pleasant and laughable one, but hardly in keeping with fact. The elder Baedeker died many years before people began touring in motor cars, and unless we are much mistaken, the present Karl does not himself go about making notes and observations for the red bound books that bear the Baedeker name.

■

While we do not expect to see *The Princess Passes* achieve quite so great a success as did *The Lightning Conductor*, the new story is clever and amusing. It might figuratively be called a sort of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* brought up to date. In *The Lightning Conductor* we were told that the method of construction was for Mrs. Williamson to write all the letters of the American girl, while Mr. Williamson wrote those of the English hero. We should say

that in the new book Mrs. Williamson has done rather more than her husband, with the result that Lord Montie has a decidedly feminine point of view. Nevertheless, details like these are not going to

own car, and *The Lightning Conductor* was suggested by a long tour which he and his wife took in their automobile through the various countries named in that book.



TOLSTOY AND GORKI

interfere greatly in the reader's enjoyment of the story. The Williamsons have been married for about eight or ten years. Mrs. Williamson was an American girl—a Miss Livingston of New York, who went to England on a visit and there met her husband. Mr. Williamson is an expert motorist, driving his

New York audiences are now convinced that if they take Mr. Shaw as they find him, without any grave concern for what he and others are pleased to call his philosophy, there is a great deal of pleasure to be had. *You Never Can Tell*

**"You Never
Can Tell."**

is so constituted that one may enjoy it and completely miss its message. Those messages of Mr. Shaw's plays have needlessly alarmed the ordinary theatre-goer. He has suffered in this respect at the hands of too intellectual admirers, whose account of him has been somewhat

formidable. Nor was he himself altogether reassuring when he insisted on his didactic mission, declaring that he was always in the pulpit and had no interest in anything save the rebuking of sin. We bear no malice against Shaw students, and indeed shall publish in this



C. N. WILLIAMSON

magazine before long a careful paper by one of them dealing seriously with his philosophy, but meanwhile we must say it strikes us as rather pathetic that such a thing as Shaw study should have to exist. Mr. Arnold Daly has proved that Mr. Shaw is, above all, a playwright

capable of addressing many kinds of people at once, and he is no longer playing to small Candida audiences with tense faces and bent brows, but to quite the usual sort of playgoers, who do not even seem to know they are observing anything that ought to puzzle them. Doubt-



A. M. WILLIAMSON

less his purpose in *You Never Can Tell* is to disparage the marriage tie, wreck the home, and induce people to repudiate their blood relations, if they are not to their taste. Any one who liked to ponder it was at liberty to do so, but, like all Mr. Shaw's best plays, it gave one plenty to do besides pondering.

✱

It may be taken either as a series of logical propositions or as a farce, and in either aspect it is good. The strict logician is apt to be the best of farceurs, for there is nothing more surprising than reason when it has full swing. A persistently reasonable man would inevitably be regarded as comic or insane. Let any one imagine himself as rising some morning with a resolve to be relentlessly logical through the day. Nothing to be done unless a reason could be given for it, not a convention but must be interrogated, a logical father, a rationalistic husband, a sceptic of his own appetite, an exploded patriot, by noon an Early Christian, toward night an Anarchist, an agnostic of all things acquired since we lived in trees, and wondering if after all the baboons did not have the right of it—it would be a wonderful day and yet might be so strictly logical. Mr. Shaw is always reasonable, and he does, as he says, take hold of a stick by the right end (if the rational end be the right one), but incidentally he appeals to other faculties, and the consistencies which his pupils admire often serve excellently the ends of comedy. *You Never Can Tell*, as presented by Mr. Arnold Daly's company, is agreeable as nonsense or as one side of the truth, just as you choose to take it, and that, of course, is what any comedy should be.

✱

Mr. Morley has been urging the British public to take their newspaper-reading more seriously, to sift the news each day critically, and charge their minds with all important information. He advocates courses of newspaper study, involving much supplementary reading, for he will have no skipping of unfamiliar names, or vague guesses as to

**Keeping
Posted.**

whereabouts, history, forms of government, size of armies or duties of political functionaries. No doubt three hours of such daily reading would soon make a man encyclopædic, but there is, unfortunately, the further and strictly personal question whether it is worth while to be encyclopædic. Even Matthew Arnold complained that he knew more things than his mind could deal with, and we all know "well-posted" people whose prehensile minds seem strangely impotent of reflection. Indeed, with many men the acquisition of information seems merely to widen the sphere of their atrocities, for, as M. Renan remarked some years ago, we are constantly educating the wrong persons. Well read and widely read are with us synonymous, and we are ten times more ashamed of not knowing things than of lying flat and apathetic under what we know.

Refinement of manners and acuteness of intellect, says M. Renan elsewhere, have in the East nothing in common with what we call education. It is the men of the schools, on the contrary, who are considered as being pedantic and wanting in manners. In a social state such as this, ignorance which with us condemns a man to an inferior position, is the condition of great things and high originality.

✱

Gregarious impulses drive us to the acquisition of a raw social miscellany which we recount to one another in the hope of seeming well-informed. We allow others to dictate to us what we are to regard as "burning questions" and just how long they are to burn. We are abject in the presence of the well-posted, and feel an insane joy at being mistaken for one of them. We persecute, also, when our turn comes, and are fearfully insistent about anything which we "see by the papers" is "in the public eye." Scott tells of an awful dinner at the house of John Davidson, where he and Davidson's young son sat silent while their elders talked.

The Pragmatic Sanction happened unfortunately to become the theme of their conversation, when Constable said in jest, "Now, John, I'll wad you a plack that neither of those two lads ever heard of the Pragmatic Sanction." "Not heard of the Pragmatic Sanction!" said



MRS. CLANDON

MR. M'COMAS

VALENTINE

BOHUN

WILLIAM

GLORIA

MR. CRAMPTON

THE BOOKMAN

son: "I would like to see that;"
ce of thunder he asked his son the
n. As young Davidson modestly
new nothing, his father drove him

from the table in a rage, and I absconded dur-
ing the confusion.

Mr. Morley's whirligig newspaper and



MRS. FISKE IN "LEAH KLESCHNA." ACT I.



MR. HENRY JAMES TO-DAY

reference-book courses are the worst things imaginable to recommend to a mixed audience, many of whom learn new facts to save the bother of thinking

about the old ones and would be better off if they were gagged and bound fast underneath a bo-tree for four hours every day.

KOROLENKO, APOSTLE OF PITY

During the night a man, wounded and bleeding, sank upon the doorstep and cried feebly: "They are after me, I cannot fly further, they will take me and kill me if you do not shelter me!" The master of the house, hearing him, replied: "I know by whom you are pursued, they are folk whose fathers have long persecuted the miserable and the unfortunate, whereas my people have always

cared for those who are forlorn and downtrodden." And therewith he lifted the man in his arms and bore him into the house.

* * * * *

For a long series of hideous and humiliating years Russian society was divided into two classes, the oppressors and the oppressed, those who suffered



VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

From his latest photograph, by Zdobnov, St. Petersburg

and those who caused suffering. Toward the middle of last century there came forward another class who, at the risk of life and liberty, became the champions of the poor in body and in spirit. The heart-throb of pity which swept over the country from Arkangel to Odessa not only freed the serfs but fostered as well a national art and a national literature. Throughout the troubled years that followed, the best alike in one and in the other has been dedicated to the cause of humanity. Repin's *Bargemen of the Volga* and Dostoyevsky's *Injured and Insulted* rank side by side as tributes to the downtrodden. There have been countless martyrs during these days of darkness and distress, but none more consistently heroic than Vladimir Korolenko. It is he who personifies more than any one that surging social conscience which must in the end redeem Russia.

Like Gogol, Korolenko is a Little Russian, and hence came naturally by an un-failing tenderness of heart and a genial, robust outlook, that never forsook him even in the face of incredible hardship. He was born in 1853, at Zhitomir, in Volhynia, the son of a Cossack father and a Polish mother. While he was attending the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg his father died, leaving the family penniless. Poor as he was, Korolenko managed, however, to enter the Petrovsky College of Agriculture in Moscow. Yet he was not there long before he was pounced upon by the police and banished to the Government of Vologda. It was but the beginning of a ten years' persecution, which he bore with unflinching fortitude. Whether forced to live among fanatic Votiaks or semi-savage Yakuts, he always managed to get closer to the human heart and to read more deeply the perplexing mystery of human destiny. Years of loneliness and privation in the most desolate quarters of the Empire could not break his spirit. After being exiled to Tomsk he was permitted to return to European Russia, and was asked to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III. and to renounce rightful sympathies. This he refused to do, and was immediately sent to the snow-choked forests of Northeast Siberia, where for five years his only

companions were convicts and half-breeds. In 1885 he was released and settled at Nizhny-Novgorod, devoting his energies to literary and humanitarian pursuits. He subsequently became editor of *Russkoye Bagatstvo* in association with the late Constantin Mikhailovsky, and to-day occupies the foremost position in the world of Russian letters.

Korolenko is an exponent of social pity. He has never penned a line that does not thrill with love for human kind or radiate an abiding tenderness for the frail and the forlorn. Instead of being embittered by his experiences, he has been broadened. Among cripples or convicts, among navvies or thieves, along the ice-bound Lena or the slumbering Volga, in filthy *kabak* or in tumble-down *izba*, he has always found sparks of kindness and of courage. He does not concern himself with those who indulge in sentimental self-analysis but with those who are hungry or sick unto death. Women seldom flit across his pages, for women are plastic, adaptable and easily appeased. It is more apt to be a blind child or a man shattered by suffering or blighted by ignorance who becomes his pathetic and appealing hero. There is hardly a character in the entire range of his work that has not been taken direct from the teeming, troubled life about him. He has never had to invent a situation nor to manufacture a tragedy. The material for innumerable plots lay seething before his eyes, and heart-racking scenes were daily enacted in his presence. Yet despite everything he has remained a mellow, sunny Little Russian, transfusing all he saw with sympathy and with a playful, endearing commiseration, that nothing could obscure.

Makar's Dream, Korolenko's first story of importance, which appeared in the *Russkaya Mysl* while its author was still in exile, opened the eyes of Russia to a new man and to a new field. It is a prose epic, fanciful, yet real, depicting with colour, precision and expansive humour life among the Yakuts of the Siberian Taiga. The effect of the story was tonic. It came at a time when Tolstoy was confusing the public with *My Confession* and *My Religion*, and when Garshin's *Red Flower* was adding to

the general hysteria. Here at last was a sane, jovial talent, a man who had not forgotten how to laugh. *Sketches of a Siberian Tourist* followed, and they, together with *A Saghalinian*, *At-Davan*, and a score of kindred tales quickly assured Korolenko's reputation. For consummate poetic realism and for pure descriptive beauty, Turgeniev himself never surpassed certain of these sketches, and for poignant humanity they often recall the agonising pages of *Crime and Punishment*. With later stories the range of character and incident became almost infinite. The grotesque terror of Makar was followed by the tremulous aspiration of little Joachim in *The Blind Musician*, the demoniac cruelty of Arabin in *At-Davan* found antithesis in the garrulous solicitude of old Tiburzy. *In Bad Company* and *A Paradox* are two of the most exquisite bits of child analysis in any language, and *At Night* and *The Old Bell-Ringer* show a power of evoking the supernatural that has rarely been equalled. The appeal to sympathy which persists through all these stories is infectious, not obvious. It is almost unwillingly that Korolenko touches the heart-strings, and yet he never fails to do so. No words of praise can be too high for the very latest stories which have come from Korolenko's pen—*The River at Play* and *The Siberian Carriers*. They rank with his best work, which is, indeed, saying much.

It is natural that a man with Korolenko's civic temperament, his broad political humanism, should at times forsake fiction and devote himself to a closer study of actual conditions. Such is the spirit that prompted him during the great famine to visit the stricken districts, where for months he went from village to village dispensing the meagre aid at his command. *A Year of Famine*, in which he described his experiences, was a book without literary alloy, and was so fearless a record of fact that it was immediately suppressed by the censor. Korolenko has always loved the restless fermentation of humanity, and frequently journeys to various parts of the Empire in order to mingle with turbulent dock hands or pallid mystics. *Pavlovo*

Sketches, *The Eclipse* and *Judgment Day* are the best among these miscellaneous studies, and are filled with accurate detail and illuminating observation. There are those who pretend that Korolenko has given no sustained picture of society, no work of substantial proportion. They perhaps forget that he has been persistently hounded by the censor, and that *Prokhar and the Students*, which promised so well, was suppressed directly the first chapters appeared.

From first to last Korolenko has been a fighter. He is the spiritual successor of the great publicist Chernyshevsky, and has always had an abounding contempt for the pious pessimism of Tolstoy. He exalts struggle, the insistent struggle for liberty and enlightenment. Nothing can dim his consuming ardour for justice and for truth nor blight his belief in his fellow man. Only a few years since he rose single-handed to the defence of certain poor *Votiaks* who were unjustly accused of ritualistic sacrifice, and single-handed he forced the courts of Ufa to acquit them after they had twice been convicted. Still more recently he resigned from the Academy because his protégé Gorky had been stricken from membership for alleged participation in the student troubles. So ardent a spirit as Korolenko has naturally played a prominent part in the current agitation which is rending Russia asunder or welding her into a stronger unit. On December 4th last he was chosen to preside at the great mass meeting of the Liberals in St. Petersburg, when resolutions were passed demanding constitutional reforms, freedom of speech and a national parliament. In appearance Korolenko recalls to Russians the sovereign figures of the eighties. The pallor of his countenance, the calm serenity of his brow and the gentle intensity of his gaze tell their own story. He is even greater as a man than as a writer, and it is as a man that he is worshipped by his countrymen. They worship him because he is an individualist, an idealist, because he believes with every apostle of progress that there is many a dawn which has not yet shed its light.

Christian Brinton.

EASTER EVE

A STORY

BY VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

Translated from the Russian by Henry James Forman

Easter Eve of the year 187—.

Night had already fallen upon the silenced world. The earth, warmed during the day, was now fanned by the sharp breeze of a spring night frost and seemed to be deeply breathing. This exhalation beneath the rays of the glimmering, star-speckled firmament created pale mists, that rose like clouds of incense to meet the coming holiday.

All was still. The small provincial metropolis of N—, wrapped in the damp chill, was silently waiting for the first stroke of the cathedral bells. But the town was by no means asleep. In the dusk, in the shadows of the voiceless and depopulated streets you could feel a pent-up expectancy. At times a belated labourer, whom the holiday had all but overtaken at his hard and thankless task, would run by homewards; at times, too, a cabman's team would clatter along; and then again the dumb silence. From the street life had ebbed indoors, into rich mansions and into squalid huts, all aglow with lights, and there it lay still. Over field and city, over all the earth the breeze that blew carried a nameless sound heralding the approaching Sabbath, holiday and rejuvenescence.

The moon had not risen and the city lay darkling on a broad height upon which stood out a building, large and gloomy. The peculiar, severe straight lines of the building were in shadowy outline against the starlit blue; a black gate barely stood out from the dark mass of the wall and four turrets, high and tapering, one at each angle, were silhouetted against the sky.

On a sudden there broke from the high cathedral belfry upon the sensitive air of the brooding night the first ringing stroke of the bells, then the second and the third. Scarcely a moment passed be-

fore many bells in many places, with varying tones, rang out, mingled and sang strains that blended in a weird harmony and softly rocked and hovered in the ether. From the gloomy building, also, could be heard a thin, cracked, jarring sound that seemed to tremble in faint hopelessness of rising to the ethereal heights of the mighty accord.

The ringing ceased. The sounds melted into the air, but the previous silence of the night came back to its own only by degrees; for a long time the plaintive, dying echo wandered through the night like the quivering of an invisible string attuned. In the houses the lights went out; the windows of the churches shone brightly. The earth in 187— was once again preparing to voice the old slogan that conquered the universe—Love and Brotherhood.

Within the black gate of the gloomy building the bolts rattled. Half a platoon of soldiers, with muskets clanking in the darkness, came forth to relieve the guard. They marched up to the corners, and at each post stopped for a moment. From the dark little clump of men a solitary figure would detach itself and walk off with measured step; the man relieved would, in turn, become absorbed by the murky little group. Then the half platoon moved on, circling round the high prison walls. The sentry who was to be posted on the western side was a young recruit, whose country breeding still hung about his clumsy movements. The young face betrayed the keen attention of the tyro about to hold his first responsible place. He stopped with his face toward the wall, and clanking his musket, advanced two steps, faced about, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the man he was relieving. Turning his head toward his relief, the sentry on post recited to the newcomer

in a monotone the standing regulations:

"From one corner to the other—to watch—not to sleep, or doze—" the soldier mouthed jerkily, while the recruit listened with attention, a strange look of anxiety in his grey eyes.

"Understand?" spoke up the corporal.

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, be careful," sharply; then in milder tones he added:

"Fear nothing, Thadieff, you're not a woman to be afraid of the devil."

"Afraid of the devil?" returned the naïve Thadieff; then, musingly, "something in my heart—a creepy kind of feeling, brothers—"

At this simple, almost childish, confession, laughter was heard among the little troop of soldiers.

"Poor little country wife," remarked the corporal with a kind of pitying contempt. Then, in a more military voice he commanded:

"Carry—arms! March!" The guard, with even tread, disappeared around a corner and was soon out of earshot. The new sentry shouldered his musket and quietly paced the length of the wall. . . .

Inside the prison, as soon as the last stroke of the bell was heard, all was astir. It was a long time since the black and sorry night of the prison had seen so much bustle. It seemed, indeed, as though the holiday had brought with it a rumour of freedom. One after another the doors of the cells opened. Men in long, grey, draggled cloaks marched two by two in endless files along the corridors and into the prison church, agleam with lights. From the right and from the left they came, mounting the stairs from below, and descending from above. Through the noise of the tramping feet could be heard from time to time the rattle of a musket or the clang of fetters. Within the spacious church the grey throng poured into a compartment separated by a grating of bars and there became still. The windows of the church were also protected with strong iron bars. . . .

The prison itself was empty. Only in the four turrets at the angles, securely locked in, four lonely prisoners were

pacing their round cells like things caged, and every now and then they would listen at their doors to scraps of song that reached them from the church.

In one of the common cells, moreover, upon a bench, lay an invalid. The warden, on hearing of this prisoner's sudden illness as the others were being marched into the chapel, entered his cell, bent over him and looked into his eyes that burned with a strange lustre and gazed into the distance without expression.

"Ivanov!—Listen, Ivanov," the warden addressed him.

The prisoner did not turn his head; he muttered something incomprehensible; his voice was hoarse and the feverish lips moved with pain.

"Hospital to-morrow," ordered the warden curtly and went out, leaving a turnkey at the door of the cell. The turnkey glanced at the prostrate, feverish figure and shook his head.

"Eh, Mr. Tramp, but you've tramped your last this time, sure," he philosophised, and having decided that there was nothing to keep him there, he walked down the corridor to the chapel, and behind the closed door followed the service, kneeling softly at the appointed times.

The desolate, unguarded cell was filled from time to time with the mutterings of the invalid. He was not yet an old man, this invalid; he was large and well built. In his rambling talk he lived again his more immediate past, and his face was distorted with suffering.

Fate had played a queer prank upon this tramp. Over the dangerous Taïga* and mountainous wildernesses, braving a thousand perils, he had walked fully a thousand versts driven by a burning nostalgia, led on by one hope: "To see them—a month—a week—to live with the folks, then the road again for me." Only a hundred versts from his native village he fell into that prison. . . .

But on a sudden the wild mutterings ceased. The tramp opened his eyes and breathed more evenly. In his burning head thoughts of a more soothing kind began to stir.

The sigh of the Taïga!

He recognises that sound—musical,

*A marshy forest in Siberia.

free. He had learned to know the voices of the forest, the speech of every tree. The lofty pine trees tinkle high above with their dense, dark foliage; the fir trees whisper together impressively; the bright larch waves with supple branch, and the aspen quakes and shivers with frightened leafage. The free birds twitter gaily and the garrulous brook goes bowling turbulently along through stony gullies and secret places of the Taiga. A flock of chattering magpies circles in the air—they always hover over those thickets where the tramp, hidden by the undergrowth, stealthily makes his way through the Taiga.

The invalid seemed actually to smell a breath of the Taiga wind. With a deep sigh he sat up; the eyes gazed into the distance, but suddenly something like consciousness gleamed in them. The tramp, an habitual fugitive, saw before him that unusual phenomenon—an open door.

A mighty instinct quivered through his whole fever-shaken organism. The symptoms of delirium swiftly disappeared, or else rallied about the solitary image that penetrated the chaos of his mind like a ray of light—the open door.

In a minute he was standing up. It seemed as though all the fire of his inflamed brain swept into the eyes. They gazed ahead with an intentness set and terrible.

Some one coming out of the prison chapel opened the door for a moment. Waves of the melodious singing, softened by distance, struck upon the ears of the tramp and then were heard no more. A tremor of emotion passed over his pale face; his eyes grew dim and in his mind arose a picture long cherished by memory—a quiet night, the whispering of reverential, dark-boughed pines about the church of his native village; a crowd of fellow villagers, fires burning along the river bank and this same singing—he must hurry along in order to hear all that among his own people. . . .

All this time the turnkey behind the church door in the corridor of the prison kneels and prays with all his heart. . . .

The young recruit, with shouldered

musket, is pacing the length of the wall. The smooth prairie, but lately denuded of the snow, stretches far into the distance before the sentry. A light wind rustling dryly through last year's grass over the steppes forces upon the mind of the soldier a tender, melancholy reflection.

He stopped in his march, stood his musket on the ground, put his hands on the muzzle, his head on his hands and fell to musing. It was still not quite clear to him just why he was here with a gun on this solemn night before Easter, between the prison wall and the empty prairie land. Indeed, he was still a good deal of a moujik, not comprehending much that a soldier ordinarily understands, and it was not for nothing he was nicknamed "Country." It was only a little while ago that he had been free, lord and master of his own field, of his own work. But now a nameless, indefinable dread dogged his every footstep at every moment, and drove the angular peasant nature into the strict routine of the service.

But for the moment he was alone. The empty landscape spreading before him and the cry of the wind in the prairie grass brought upon him a strange drowsiness, and before his eyes floated pictures of home. He too sees a village; there also the wind blows; fires burn about the church and dark pines wave their green tops above it.

At times he starts, and then his grey eyes seem perplexed; what's this? The prairie, a gun, the wall. Reality comes back to him for a moment, but soon the melancholy whistle of the night wind again conjures up domestic scenes and again the soldier is dozing as he leans upon his gun. . . .

Not far from where stands the sentry a dark object rises on the crest of the wall; it is a human head. . . . The tramp gazes over the broad steppe to the scarce-discernible outline of the distant forest. . . . His chest expands as he inhales eagerly the free, fresh breath of mother-night. Hanging by the hands he softly and noiselessly drops from the wall.

The jubilant sound of bells again wakes the nocturnal stillness. The door

of the prison-chapel opens and the Easter procession moves solemnly through the courtyard. A wave of harmonious song breaks from the chapel. The sentry wakes with a start, straightens up, takes off his cap to cross himself and—with his hand uplifted in prayer he is suddenly frozen with horror. . . . The tramp, upon reaching the ground, made a dash into the dry grass of the steppe.

"Stand! Stand, my fine fellow," cried the terror-stricken sentry raising his musket. All that he feared, all the nameless dread that had possessed him, returned at the sight of the fleeing figure in grey.

"Give the password!" flitted through the mind of the soldier, and taking aim

at the fugitive, he cocked his eye with a piteous grimace and fired. . . .

Over the city the harmonious peals again hover and circle melodiously in the ether. The cracked bell of the prison church again quakes and struggles like a slain bird in its death agony. From behind the walls float the first rhythmic sounds of the solemn chant, "Christ is Risen."

But on a sudden all else is drowned by a musket shot outside the wall. . . .

A weak, helpless groan is followed by a plaintive sob, and then for the time all is still. . . .

But the far echo of the vacant steppes repeated with dismal murmuring the last reverberations of the gun shot. . . .

THE GRAVES OF GRANARD

Upon the night of souls old Maurya heard
The graves of Granard speaking word for word:—

"I starve," groaned one, beneath its ancient rood,
"My stomach gnaws me for the loss of food."

"There's an old crone lies in me," said one,
"That won't rest easy without Teig, her son."

Another:—" 'Twas in India he fell,
And Donough too by plague or shot or shell."

Another:—"Shaun that promised to come home
Now cheats me for a grave of Yankee loam."

The next one murmured, "Since the Southern Sea
Devoured young Aileen, there's a void in me."

Asked one:—"Are they who glutted us of yore
Now starving us to pay our old-time score?"

"Jealous am I of some far coral reef—
I of the mines where Garry came to grief."

"And I of El Dorado—" came their sighs;
"I of the Potter's field, where Morna lies."

Till one beneath its sculptured vault replied:
"Hush with your little griefs,—I bear inside
A traitor crushing me with stones of pride."

Thomas Walsh.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART III.—THE REPUBLICAN RALLY

How rapidly old issues and old causes were fading into political obscurity was impressed upon the mind of the American people by the passing away, early in President Cleveland's administration, of many men whose names evoked innumerable memories, but whose careers already had receded into history. In 1885, died George B. McClellan; in 1886, Ulysses S. Grant, Chester Alan Arthur, Winfield S. Hancock, Horatio Seymour, and Samuel J. Tilden. Of these distinguished men, two—General Grant and Mr. Arthur—had been Presidents of the United States. Three—General McClellan, General Hancock, and Mr. Seymour—had been unsuccessful candidates for the presidency. One—Mr. Tilden—will probably remain unique in American history as having been prevented by political intrigue from taking possession of the chief magistracy to which his countrymen had called him.

The names of General McClellan and General Grant are linked indissolubly with the annals of the Civil War. The history of the one not only supplements the history of the other, but affords a striking contrast. It was McClellan's fortune to begin the task which Grant completed. McClellan rests to-day beneath the shadow of imputed failure; Grant wears in history the laurels of supreme success. The final judgment of posterity is a judgment from which appeal is hopeless; yet in this one thing it is seldom wholly just. It takes no heed of circumstances or conditions. It makes no reservations. It exacts unqualified acceptance. It stands, with a stolidity that is almost brutal, upon the bed-rock foundation of bare results.

In 1861, McClellan, then an ex-captain of Engineers, came to Washington to assume command of the nation's military

forces in succession to the infirm and aged Scott. A few successful skirmishes in West Virginia, which popular inexperience magnified into mighty battles, had won for him this swift promotion. He found the capital in a state of chaos. The rout at Bull Run had demoralised alike the army and the Government. Raw levies from the North were camped about the city, ignorant of the very rudiments of military training, and officered by no less ignorant civilians—tradesmen, lawyers, and politicians. As an army, it was preposterous; as the raw material of an army, there was no better in the world. But to convert this mob-like mass into a great fighting machine, to give it discipline, coherence, confidence, endurance and enthusiasm, was a problem to appal the genius of a Carnot. Yet this McClellan did, and he did it most superbly. The impatient North, smarting under defeat and fatuously expecting from a single campaign the conquest of an entire people of English stock, fretted at each moment of delay. President Lincoln and the bullying lawyer whom he had made his Secretary of War were little less unreasonable. McClellan had the infinite misfortune to take command when the nation was still childish in its hero-worship and as yet unschooled by the stern realities of war. Men called the new commanding general "the young Napoleon"; but not Napoleon himself could have satisfied the expectations of the Northern editors and war-mad orators. Moreover, McClellan was charged with nursing political ambitions, because of the foolish speeches of some of his party friends.* He became an ob-

* "My friends have injured me a thousand times more than my enemies," McClellan is said to have remarked to a brother officer.—Richardson.

ject of suspicion to members of the Cabinet—first to Stanton, then to Chase—and a network of petty intrigue was woven round him to hamper and exasperate him. The President believed in him, yet never gave him a free hand in anything. A morbid fear lest the Confederates should make a sudden dash on Washington came over Lincoln from time to time, and still more strongly over Stanton, and paralysed the operations in the field. The command was divided between Halleck and McClellan, and divided command naturally brought divided counsels. The army fought and fought heroically, for it loved McClellan. No other general in that war ever so completely won the devotion of his soldiers. An intelligent private, who afterward published his recollections, wrote: "Soldiers' eyes would brighten when they talked of him. Their hard, lean, browned faces would soften and light up with affection when they spoke of him."* Defeat or victory, it was all the same. He never lost his hold upon the men who followed him.

That McClellan was an able soldier and that his campaigns were ably planned, is an assertion which rests upon the highest military authority. General Lee, five years after the war, when asked whom he regarded as the greatest of the Northern generals, answered emphatically, "McClellan, by all odds."† Von Moltke, in 1874, said that McClellan was the one scientific general on the Northern side, and that Grant's final campaign was worked out successfully on the strategic lines which McClellan had laid down. In 1862, McClellan pushed the Union forces to within four miles of Richmond. After the Seven Days' Battle, he was superseded by the boastful and incompetent Pope, under whom the Army of the Potomac was shattered at Manassas and driven in panic flight to Washington. Called in this dire emergency to command once more, McClellan restored as by magic the *morale* of the army, which greeted his return with frantic cheers; and he soon after led it to the bloody

field of Antietam, where he won a strategic victory over Lee. That he was soon after sent into retirement and that his name no more appears in military annals, must be ascribed to several circumstances. The country had not yet learned that the conquest of the South was utterly impossible until it should have been drained to the last drop of its resources—in Bismarck's ghastly but expressive phrase, *saigné à blanc*. Single victories were expected to crush the Confederacy, though the Confederacy was still in the early years of its existence, amply supplied with men and with munitions, not intolerably pinched for money, and flushed with the brilliancy of its initial victories. President Lincoln had not yet nerved himself to the point of contemplating bloodshed with a feeling that it was inevitable. Stanton and the Radicals hated that general who, if successful, might prove to be a political opponent. In consequence, McClellan fought, as it were, with a rope about his neck. The delays, the repulses, the loss of life, the inconclusive battles—all of which were afterwards so readily excused in Grant—were held to be unpardonable in McClellan. His twenty days' successful siege of Yorktown seemed to Mr. Lincoln a waste of time quite unendurable; whereas the months which Grant devoted to the siege of Petersburg brought on him no official criticism. McClellan's Peninsula campaign was rendered fruitless by the sudden withdrawal of McDowell's force of forty thousand men just at the psychological moment. Grant's army was never weakened by executive interference. The knowledge that his enemies in the Government were as active against him as his enemies in the field, intensified in McClellan a certain caution of which undoubtedly he already had too much. He exaggerated both the numbers and the equipment of the Confederates. After a battle he could never quite understand that while his own troops were shaken, the enemy's army must be shaken quite as much. He seemed not to realise that what the foe could do, his men could also do if urged. And so he balked at obstacles of which Lee made small account; he waited for supplies of food and clothing, while

*Wilkeson, *Recollections of a Private Soldier*, p. 192 (New York, 1887).

†Lee, *Recollections and Letters of General Lee*, p. 416 (New York, 1904).



GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN

the Confederates marched hungry and in rags; and therefore he failed to follow up successes when prompt action might possibly have dealt a crushing blow. Judgment is given against McClellan because of the sequel to the battle of Antietam. Speaking of this, President Lincoln said to Mr. Albert D. Richardson:*

*Richardson, *The Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape*, p. 324 (Hartford, 1865).

"I adhered to him [McClellan] after all my Cabinet advisers lost faith in him. But do you want to know when I gave him up? It was after the battle of Antietam. The Blue Ridge was then between our army and his. We enjoyed the great advantage over them which they usually had over us. We had the short line and they the long one to the rebel capital. I directed McClellan peremptorily to move on Richmond. It was eleven days before he crossed his first man over the Potomac; it

was eleven days after that before he crossed his last man. Thus, he was twenty-two days in passing the river at a much easier and more practicable ford than that where Lee crossed his entire army between dark one night and daylight the next morning. That was the last grain of sand which broke the camel's back. I retired McClellan at once."

There is really no answer to be made to this. Yet it must be noted that when precisely the same thing occurred after Gettysburg, no official censure was passed on Meade, who let Lee slip away, although the Southern army was badly broken, and although the Potomac in the rear of the Confederates was swollen by a flood and for a time practically unfordable. In that case, however, Lincoln merely wrote to Meade a "fatherly letter," and even then refrained from sending it.* McClellan, in fact, received one kind of treatment, while Meade and Grant received a very different one.

What confirmed and fixed the unfavourable opinion of General McClellan which many Americans now entertain, was the book which, after his death, was published under the editorship of Mr. W. C. Prime. McClellan had left in manuscript, for the private reading of his children, his own account of his military career. This was put into the hands of Mr. Prime, together with all the letters which McClellan while at the front had dashed off to his wife from day to day. Mr. Prime most injudiciously gave to the public not merely the manuscript, but also the private letters. These letters were the confidences of a fond husband to an adoring wife, and they were never meant for any eye but hers. They are the hasty and unpremeditated expression of a man labouring under immense responsibility, and with every nerve strained to the highest pitch, and they reflect accurately the moment's mood. Read fairly, seven-tenths of what they contain should be eliminated in passing judgment on the writer of them. The bursts of impatience, the unreserved freedom of criticism, the blunt comments upon men and things, are of no more real

significance than the casual ejaculations and careless words of any one who finds that it relieves his mind to speak without restraint to a wholly sympathetic listener. Knowing that she to whom he wrote would rejoice in any honours that were paid him, he tells her many things of which no man would ever speak, save to a loving woman, and then for her delight and not for his. Yet all these little confidences, these tokens of affectionate intimacy, were set forth in cold type, and they have been made to justify a condemnation of McClellan. Even so sensible and fair-minded an historian as Mr. Rhodes speaks of McClellan's "puerile vanity," while upon the public mind there has been left a painful and quite false impression of fretfulness, and pettiness, and egotism. All this is due to the mistaken zeal of Mr. Prime, who in discharging the duties of a literary executor dealt a cruel blow at the reputation of a gallant soldier. For with all his military defects—and these he shared with many others whose fame is now secure—McClellan was a brave, unselfish lover of his country, which, in the hour of its black despair, he served both faithfully and well.

Whenever a pure democracy undertakes a great and bloody war, some of those who serve it are certain to be sacrificed as the price of its education into an understanding of just what is needed for success. In the American Civil War, it was McClellan who was sacrificed. By the time when Grant was ordered from the West and pitted against Lee, the North had fully learned the lesson over which it had so badly bungled for three melancholy years. All the buncombe had been knocked out of it. Even the dullest minds perceived that a hostile army could not be routed by flag-raising and florid oratory. That very Chinese mode of waging war was at an end, and men buckled down to the grim realities. Sentimentalism had no more place. Soldiers were now food for powder and nothing more. Money was not to be saved and counted, but must flow like water—must be wasted even, rather than withheld. Military amateurs to the rear, professional soldiers to the front. Even law was silent amid the clash of arms.

*Of Meade's mistake, Lincoln said to General Howard: "He expended all the skill and toil and blood up to the ripe harvest and then let the crop go to waste." *Speeches*, ii., p. 373.

Citizens in the North who criticised the Government were seized by soldiers and hurried into fortresses. Newspaper offices were broken into and their presses stopped. The courts were open, but their writs no longer ran. A telegram from Washington could send any man to Fort Lafayette. A few lines scribbled by a general officer served to annul an order of the Chief Justice of the United States. Everything was forced to yield to the supreme exigency of war. Democracy for a time gave way to military despotism. And so when Grant was called to Washington, he was invested with a power which none of his predecessors had possessed. There was no check upon his authority in the field. He was freed from Stanton's interference.* Even the President forbore to meddle and direct. And the Treasury poured out three millions of money every day to replace the regiments as fast as they were slaughtered. Grant was a tactician as McClellan was a strategist. As a soldier he resembled a lump of clay in which are embedded grains of gold. His normal mediocrity was at times lighted up by gleams of genius. He had moments of stolidity so dense as to be almost dullness; and again he would rise to heights of magnificent efficiency. The moral-military qualities of courage, responsibility, and self-confidence, he possessed in a rare degree, and these were reinforced by a strong good sense which often served him as an admirable substitute for theo-

retical knowledge. For his own technical deficiencies he once made a sort of *apologia* in the following shrewd sentences:

"Some of our generals failed because they worked out everything by rule. They knew what Frederick did at one place, and Napoleon at another. They were always thinking about what Napoleon would do. Unfortunately for their plans, the rebels would be thinking about something else. I don't underrate the value of military knowledge, but if men make war in slavish observances of rules, they will fail. No rules will apply to conditions of war so different as those which exist in Europe and America. Consequently, while our generals were working out problems of an ideal character . . . practical facts were neglected. To that extent I consider remembrances of old campaigns a disadvantage."

Yet Grant's two signal triumphs—Donelson and Vicksburg—were won by a close adherence to the established rules of warfare. The operations about Donelson have been compared with Napoleon's at Ulm; and at Vicksburg his well-executed plan of crushing the enemy in detail was essentially Napoleonic. It was, indeed, at Vicksburg that Grant's military powers rose to a climax. Never again did he show so admirable a combination of strategic and tactical capacity, so much skilful planning and so much energy of execution. He seems himself to have understood this, for he said long after: "I don't think there is any one of my campaigns with which I have not some fault to find, and which, as I see now, I could not have improved, except perhaps Vicksburg." Certainly he never again rose to the same height. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the difference in military skill between his two opponents, Pemberton and Lee. Placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, he fought the useless and bloody battle of the Wilderness—that name of horror—from which he was forced back with a loss of twenty thousand men. At Spottsylvania he made three desperate frontal attacks upon a strongly fortified position, with no result except a lavish loss of life. Then came the crowning blunder of Cold Harbour, where again the Confederate intrench-

*Stanton once demanded, in his impatient manner, an explanation of an order given by Grant.

"I think I rank you in this matter, Mr. Secretary," was the quiet answer.

"We shall have to see Mr. Lincoln about that," the Secretary replied.

"All right," said the Lieutenant-General. "Mr. Lincoln ranks us both."

They went to the White House.

"Won't you state your case, General Grant?" said Stanton.

Grant replied: "I have no case to state; I am satisfied as it is."

Mr. Stanton stated his case. Then Lincoln answered:

"You and I, Mr. Stanton, have been trying to boss this job, and we have not succeeded very well with it. We have sent across the mountains for Mr. Grant, as Mrs. Grant calls him, to relieve us, and I think we had better leave him alone to do as he pleases."—Church, *Ulysses S. Grant*, p. 249 (New York, 1897).

ments were assaulted from the front and where within an hour twelve thousand Union soldiers fell. It was here that Grant, unmoved by the frightful loss of life, ordered a third charge, and the army

disgrace. Even Grant himself in after years spoke of Cold Harbour with remorse.* In this one campaign, which earned for him the title of "the Butcher," he lost more men than Lee had in his



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remained motionless, refusing to obey.* Had McClellan or Hooker or Meade been guilty of so terrible a failure, the whole nation would have demanded his

*Wilkeson. p. 134.

entire army. But Lincoln said, as he had said after Shiloh: "I cannot spare this man. He fights." Here lay, indeed,

*Grant, *Memoirs*, ii., p. 276 (New York, 1886).

the secret of Grant's ultimate success. He had grasped the one great central fact that his true objective was not Richmond, but Lee's army. To grapple with that army at any time or any place and at whatever cost in soldiers' lives, sums up the plan to which Grant held inflexibly. Lee could no longer be reinforced. His war-worn troops could with the greatest difficulty be fed and furnished with munitions. Back of Grant there was always an unlimited supply of men, of money, and of all that money can procure. Hence, in the end, Lee must succumb to the process of attrition involved in constant fighting. There was no genius in this plan. It bore the same relation to military science which slogging bears to scientific boxing. But it was certain to succeed when carried out by one who had alike the authority to pursue it and the iron nerve to look unmoved on fields of slaughter. When Lee finally surrendered, there was nothing but a fragment of his army left, half-starved and ragged, and at the very limit of what flesh and blood can bear.

The character of General Grant is usually held to be an easy one to read, and yet its curious contrasts indicate a singular complexity. There were in it elements of undoubted greatness, and yet few men have lacked so utterly the external marks of greatness. A keen observer,* who saw him for the first time in 1864, described him as short, round-shouldered, utterly devoid of presence, rough, and with a rather scrubby look, one who neither marched nor walked, but "pitched along as though his next step would bring him on his nose." "He had a cigar in his mouth and rather the look of a man who did, or once did, take a little too much to drink." The only softening of this description is found in the mention of a clear blue eye and a look of resolution as of one who could not be trifled with. General Horace Porter gives an almost pathetic picture of Grant, in the midst of the Wilderness campaign, clothed in a shabby, tarnished uniform, and whittling a stick, with hands encased in brown thread gloves, through

the frayed finger-ends of which his nails protruded.* At the surrender of Lee, the Confederate commander came to the interview, as courtesy required, in complete uniform and wearing at his side a jewelled sword. Grant came clothed in the garb of a private soldier, spattered with mud, swordless, and with no sign of rank save the stars of a general stitched upon his faded blouse. He carried this excessive simplicity into everything. Bred as a soldier, he had no liking whatsoever for military pomp. When he visited Berlin in 1877, the Emperor offered for his entertainment the spectacle of a military review, only to be met by the remark: "A military review is a thing which I hope never to see again." He could not even bear the sound of martial music.

The contradictions in his character are difficult of explanation. Considerate, tender-hearted, and as merciful as Lincoln himself, he could yet order the sacrifice of thousands and look upon their slaughter with a perfectly impassive face. Shrewd and practical in military administration, he failed to make even a comfortable living in civil life; and when the war broke out, he, at the age of thirty-nine, was a debt-ridden clerk in a country "store," with an annual salary of \$800. Incorruptibly honest, he was, nevertheless, surrounded throughout his presidency by stock-jobbers, money-sharks, ringsters, and blacklegs of every sort, whose baseness he could not be made to see, so that he stood by them to the end with a loyalty which was at once sublime and pitiful. His last years were clouded by the shadow of disgrace which came upon him from his business association with a common swindler, by whom Grant himself was ruined, together with hundreds of unfortunate persons who had been lured to beggary by the misuse of an illustrious name. In any other man, such trustfulness, such blindness to the truth, would have been little less than imbecility. In Grant it was only one of the many paradoxes in a character which in its depths must always be inscrutable. When he died, his countrymen, moved by the pathos of his end,

*R. H. Dana. See Adams, *Life of R. H. Dana*, ii., p. 271.

*Porter, *Campaigning with Grant*, p. 65 (New York, 1900).

forgot the sordid drama of his presidency, and remembered only the days of his true greatness, his courage and tenacity, and his noble magnanimity to a conquered foe. Throughout the future, when his name is spoken, it will inevitably recall the picture of a silent man on horseback, unmoved, unflinching, undismayed—one whom the mists of time have already blurred into a figure of heroic mould.

Mr. Tilden was a type of man quite antithetical to this. He is the supreme illustration in American political history of sheer intellect unrelieved by any of those human qualities which win men's love as well as their respect. Born with a body so frail that he never knew a day of perfect health, he had no boyhood; but, even as a child, his mind was given wholly up to the mastery of government and politics. In his father's house he heard political discussions between some of the most adroit and wily party managers of that day. By the time when he was fifteen years of age, he was as well informed in American political history and in the manoeuvres of political strife as any one of those whose revelations he had listened to so greedily. He studied law and soon rose to high rank in that profession. With its pursuit he blended political ambition, and both in law and politics he brought to bear all the resources of a cold, calculating nature, unmoved by passion or by prejudice, able to bide its time, to temperise, to dissemble, and to plan, not merely for the present, but for the distant future. He knew that money was a power in political life, and he accumulated a large fortune as a railroad lawyer, making political prominence a source of gain, though, as a matter of far-seeing wisdom, setting his face against political corruption. At the time when Tweed and his vulgar bandits began their sway in the city of New York, Tilden made no sign of opposition. He even used this rascally despot for his own ends, until the moment came when he could strike with deadly certainty; and then the Ring was smashed and its two servile judges, Barnard and Cardozo, were driven from the bench. Elected governor in 1874, he ruled the State with such intelligent integrity as to win for

himself in 1876 the Democratic nomination for the presidency. The nation at large, wearied by the scandals and corruption of Grant's second term, saw in Tilden the very leader demanded by the hour, a true reformer fit to cleanse and purify the departmental sewers at Washington. In the election he received not only a majority of the popular vote, but likewise a majority of twenty votes in the Electoral College. To destroy this majority it was necessary for the Republicans to alter the result in the States of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, and in the State of Oregon. This was accomplished by the superb political management of the Republicans, who received their cue from Mr. Chandler's famous telegram: "Claim everything." Through the Electoral Commission, voting always on strictly party lines—8 to 7—the four doubtful States were given to Hayes, who was declared elected by a majority of a single vote. The announcement was made only two days before the new President was sworn in.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Tilden was rightfully elected. Such was apparently the view of President Grant himself, if we may credit the statement of his intimate friend, Mr. G. W. Childs. Every Democrat in the country was convinced of it, and not a few Republicans. Had Mr. Tilden been a different sort of man, he would, perhaps, have said the word to precipitate a civil war. But he was not the one to seek his ends by force; and so he accepted a result which he and all his friends believed to be a triumph of injustice. It must be said, however, that the Electoral Commission was not invented as a partisan device, but as a means of securing an honest decision. In Congress, the bill creating it was passed in each House by a combination of Republicans and Democrats. Had the Democrats voted solidly against it, the Commission could not have been established. It is not unfair to say that the Commission was more truly a Democratic than a Republican affair; for it was the Republicans who at first feared that it would give the presidency to Tilden. Therefore Tilden's party was logically bound to accept the final verdict, even though it believed that the majority of

the Commission had acted not as judges but as partisans.

Mr. Tilden never was so highly honoured by his countrymen as in the hour of his defeat. Unfortunately for him, the scandal of the so-called "cipher telegrams" robbed him to a great degree of the respect and sympathy which until then had been so freely given him. In January, 1877, a number of telegrams relating to the election of the previous

year had been delivered to a committee of the House of Representatives, of which the chairman was a Democrat. More than thirty thousand other telegrams were furnished to a committee of the Senate, of which a Republican was chairman. Mr. William H. Orton, the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, a thick-and-thin Republican, had first allowed certain members of his own party to examine these



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despatches and to abstract such ones as they required. Many of the telegrams were written in cipher, and in a mysterious manner they found their way to the office of the *New York Tribune*, where some ingenious person worked out the key to their decipherment. On October 8, 1878, that paper published the translation of a number of telegrams relating to the disputed Florida election, and on the 16th of the same month it gave the translation of another batch of telegrams relating to the canvass in South Carolina. From these it appeared that offers had been made in behalf of the returning boards in Florida and South Carolina to cast the electoral votes of those States for Mr. Tilden in return for a large sum of money. It subsequently became known that like offers had been made to Mr. A. S. Hewitt by persons representing the Louisiana returning board. Some of these despatches had been addressed to Mr. Tilden's residence in New York City, and had been delivered to his nephew, Colonel Pelton. The Republicans at once charged that Tilden had endeavoured to secure the presidency by bribery, or at any rate, that he had been in negotiation with scoundrels concerning such a plan.

Mr. Tilden wrote to the chairman of the Congressional sub-committee, then sitting in New York, and asked to be heard as to the inquiry which it was making. He appeared before it on February 9, 1879, and was subjected to a rigid examination by Mr. Thomas B. Reed, a Republican member of the committee. Tilden was in a state verging upon physical collapse. Partly paralysed, and with limbs contracted, he dragged himself haltingly to his seat, and gave his answers in a voice so feeble and so hoarse as to be almost inaudible. As the probe was relentlessly applied, his pallid face became mottled with excitement, his lips twitched, and his hands trembled, until the sight of him was painful. If one were to base a final judgment upon the record of this examination, it could scarcely be in Mr. Tilden's favour. He answered clearly with regard to every circumstance which helped his case; but at times he seemed afflicted with a most extraordinary lapse of memory, and

many of his answers were vague, evasive and unsatisfactory. He seemed to avoid all categorical replies. "I presume I did," "I do not remember," "I guess not," "I may have done so," "I do not believe so," "I think I did not, so far as I remember," "I think not," "I may have seen it"—this is the way in which Mr. Tilden again and again made answer. The effect of this examination upon public opinion was distinctly bad. It lost him the sympathy of thousands of Republicans; and, to some extent, it led his own followers to qualify the confidence which they had in him. He seemed for the time no longer the stern reformer and high-minded patriot, but rather the sly and foxy politician, stooping at least to contemplate dishonour. That Mr. Tilden was actually unaware of what was going on in 1877, and that he knew nothing at all of the telegrams which were received in his own house by a near relative, and in a matter of such vital interest to him, is very difficult to believe. That he had any corrupt purpose, however, is quite incredible. He may have hoped to lay a trap for his opponents, or to secure evidence to discredit the venal canvassers of the doubtful Southern States. This is, at any rate, a reasonable theory. The facts undoubtedly acquit him of anything more serious. These facts are very convincingly summed up by Mr. Tilden's biographer, Mr. Bigelow: Only one vote was required to elect Tilden. The votes of three States were in the market and at a price which Tilden could easily have paid. Tilden did not get that vote. Hayes needed all the votes of three States. All were for sale. Hayes got them all and was elected, and within six months after his inauguration every person known to have been concerned in securing or giving those votes, from the highest to the lowest, received an office, or the offer of one, from Mr. Hayes.

Tilden as a politician was a combination of Jefferson and Van Buren. His hold upon his party was stronger than that of any other leader since Jackson's time. An admirer wrote of him:

"His qualities were of the solid and reflective type that are slowly recognised by the masses,

but when once perceived, constitute the strongest claim upon public attention and yield to their possessor the largest influence with his fellows. . . . The secret of Mr. Tilden's success in life as a lawyer, a man of business, and a statesman, was the thorough way with which he did everything that he attempted to do. He never took anything for granted. He never went into court with a case until he had searched every nook and cranny of the law. He never made an investment until he had personally studied the last details of the business. He never went into a political campaign without looking out after every individual voter. In the campaign of 1876, he took everything into account up to the closing of the ballot boxes, and he beat his opponents according to the rules of the game. If the election laws of the whole country had been like those of New York, he would have been President of the United States."

As a man, he was one to be respected, but hardly to be liked. His whole life was given up to his ambition. He had a lust for power, and to this all else was sacrificed. His feeble health contributed to isolate him from the great mass of humanity. He was all intellect, and this intellect was dominated always by the spirit of calculation. Frugal, cautious, cold-blooded, he was absolutely destitute of the emotions and the passions which are felt by normal men. His friendships, such as they were, never led him into any warmth of feeling. He treated his friends as though at some time they might become his enemies. In all the years of his life he never loved a woman. The very naïve biography of Mr. Tilden, written by his friend and literary executor, says of him: "Tilden never married, only because he never felt the need of a wife. . . . Women were, so far as he could see, so unimportant to his success in any of the enterprises upon which his heart was set, that marriage never became a subject of leading interest."* Just as, when a boy, he had no part in sports and games, "never whittled a stick, tossed a ball, climbed a tree, ran a race, or pulled an oar," so in his maturer years he had few pleasures such as render the mind elastic and cultivate the taste. He knew little or nothing about

art. Music he never cared for. He read much, but solely because he sought the power which knowledge gives. Physical exertion was distasteful, and he enjoyed massage because it gave him exercise without exertion. Such was Mr. Tilden—less a man than a highly intelligent machine, a machine which worked with absolute precision, but in which the only thing to be admired was the perfection of its mechanism.

The year 1886 was marked by serious disturbances arising from strikes and other labour movements, which recalled the events of 1877, when the industries of the country were paralysed, and when, at the great centres of traffic in twelve States, conditions existed that seemed to threaten civil war. In 1886, there was less violence, yet the social unrest was so widespread as to be at once significant and ominous. From the shipyards in Maine to the railways in Texas and the Far West there was continual disorder in nearly every branch of industry. In New York City, the employés of the street-car lines began a strike on February 3d, which was ended on the 18th by a victory for the strikers. The disturbances, however, broke out again on March 2d and continued intermittently until September 1st, when the managers of the roads once more gave way. On one day, every line in New York and Brooklyn was "tied up" completely. In June, the elevated railways had a similar, though much more brief, experience. The mania for striking seemed to be in the very air; and on April 20th, in Boston, even the children in two of the public schools struck for a continuous session, and adopted all the approved methods of the conventional strike, stationing pickets, attacking such children as refused to join them, and causing a small riot which had to be put down by the police.

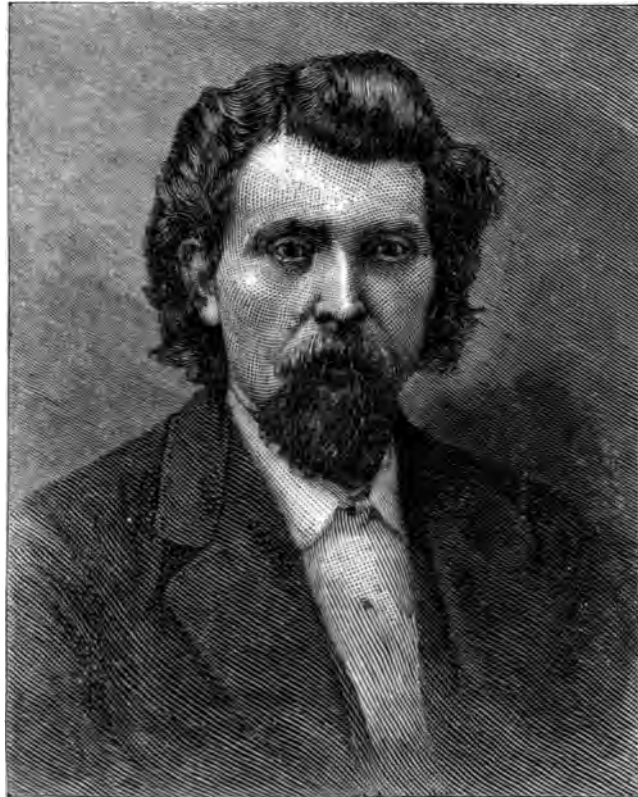
The storm centres of labour agitation were St. Louis and Chicago. At St. Louis a demand was made by the employés of the Texas Pacific Railway for the reinstatement of a foreman who had been discharged. The receiver refused the demand, and a strike took place which very soon extended to the Missouri Pacific, and, in fact, to all the roads con-

*Bigelow, *Life of Tilden*, ii., p. 374.

stituting the Gould system. Traffic throughout the whole Southwest was practically suspended, and before long the strike took on the form of riot and incendiarism. United States troops were sent to maintain order, but their numbers were insufficient, and the rioters cared nothing for the special deputies who had been sworn in to keep the peace. A squad of these deputies fired upon a crowd, killing or wounding a number of persons (April 7th). This act inflamed the mob, which armed itself, and for a time was master of the city. The torch was applied to railroad property, factories were closed, and great losses were inflicted, not only upon the railroads, but upon the entire population. The leader in these depredations was a Scotchman named Martin Irons, a typical specimen of the ignorant fanatic, exactly the sort of man who comes to the front whenever the populace is inflamed by passion and

bent on violence. Sly, ignorant, and half an animal, he nevertheless was able to play upon the prejudices of his fellows and to stimulate their class hatred so artfully as to make them deaf to the counsels of their saner leaders. For a time he had his way; yet in the end this strike collapsed after those who shared in it had forfeited hundreds of thousands of dollars in wages, and after the railroads had incurred an even heavier loss.

In Chicago, the men in the Pullman works began a strike in May, and before long nearly fifty thousand men were out. In a conflict with the police a number of workingmen were shot. Chicago had for some time been the headquarters of a small but very active group of Anarchists, nearly all of whom were foreigners. The strikers had no sympathy with Anarchists, nor any affiliation with them. Nevertheless, the Anarchists believed that the proper moment had now



MARTIN IRONS
From *Harper's Weekly*

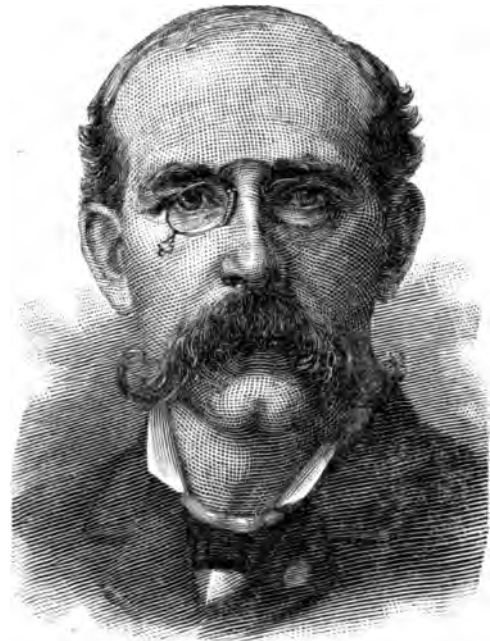
come for them to strike a blow, hoping thereby to win to their support new followers from the ranks of the discontented. There were published in Chicago two newspapers, one in English (the *Alarm*), conducted by a man named Parsons, and one in German (the *Arbeiter Zeitung*), conducted by one August Spies, and both of them devoted to the anarchistic propaganda. About the time when the strike began, there appeared in the *Alarm* a most inflammatory article, of which the following is a part:

"Dynamite! Of all the good stuff this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe, plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighbourhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. . . . The dear stuff can be carried around in the pocket without danger; while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves."

On May 4th, a mass meeting of workmen was held in the Haymarket Square to protest against the acts of the police. Late at night, after some rather tame addresses had been delivered, an Anarchist leader, an Englishman named Samuel Fielden, broke forth into a violent harangue. He denounced all government in the most savage terms, yelling out, "The law is your enemy! We are rebels against it!"

Word had been sent to police headquarters, and while Fielden was in the midst of his wild talk, a battalion of nearly two hundred policemen marched into the Square. Their captain commanded the gathering to disperse. Fielden replied, "We are peaceable." He was, however, arrested. A moment later, a pistol was fired, apparently as a signal, and at once a bomb was hurled into the ranks of the police. It exploded with terrible effect. Nearly fifty policemen were thrown to the ground, and seven of them were so badly wounded that they died soon after. With splendid discipline, the ranks were at once closed up and a charge was made upon the mob which scattered it in flight. Of the

Anarchists arrested for this outrage, seven were sentenced to death by Judge Gary. Of these seven, four—Engel, Spies, Parsons and Fischer—were hanged; one—Lingg—committed suicide; and two—Schwab and Fielden—had their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life. Eight years afterward, a Governor of Illinois, Mr. Altgeld, moved partly by the appeals of sentimentalists, and partly by his own instinctive sympathy with lawlessness, gave a free pardon to such Anarchists as had been imprisoned.



TERENCE V. POWDERLY
General Master Workman of the Knights of
Labour (1879-93)

In June, 1886, in New York, the disturbed conditions were mirrored in political agitation, though here, also, the Anarchists showed their heads. They were, however, dealt with before they could do mischief. One of their leaders, named Johann Most, and three of his companions, were imprisoned on the charge of inciting to riot. Most was a foul creature, at once murderous and cowardly. When arrested, he was found hiding under the bed of his mistress, and was taken away whimpering in abject terror. With him and with his kind the

workingmen of New York had no affinity, but sought to redress their grievances at the polls. In this year Mr. Henry George was nominated as the Labour candidate for the mayoralty of New York City against Mr. A. S. Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the candidate of the Republicans. Although Mr. Hewitt was elected, it was only by a plurality. He received some 90,000 votes against 68,000 votes given to Mr. George; while Mr. Roosevelt stood at the bottom of the poll with a little more than 60,000 votes.

Wherever throughout the country the labour element had shown its discontent, the name of the Knights of Labour was, in one way or another, pretty certain to be heard. This organisation was one whose origin and evolution are of great significance in the social and economic history of the United States. Prior to 1866, such organisations of workingmen as existed were either societies for general purposes, not necessarily connected with labour questions, or else they were trade unions in the narrowest sense, confining their membership to men and women engaged in particular and special industries. In 1866, however, there was formed the National Labour Union, of which the purpose was to promote the solidarity, not only of skilled workmen, but of the masses in general, with a view to the amelioration of their condition. This body, unfortunately, almost from the first, fell into the hands of politicians, and in 1870 it died a natural death. Its aims, however, were adopted by a number of garment-cutters in Philadelphia, in 1869, who at first formed a secret order—secrecy being adopted because of the hostility of employers to labour organisations. This was the beginning of the Knights of Labour, who admitted to membership in the order all persons above the age of sixteen, except saloon-keepers, gamblers, bankers, and lawyers. In 1882, it ceased to be a secret order, and thereafter it rapidly increased in membership until, in 1886, it was said to number more than seven hundred thousand persons. The principles which the order officially acknowledged were distinctly socialistic. It advocated equal rights for women, the

common ownership of land, and the acquisition by the Government of public utilities, such as railroads, telegraphs and telephones. It is here that we first find in the United States a large and influential body of men pledged to the support of what was in reality a system of State Socialism.

In order to understand the significance of this movement, and to explain the rapid propagation of socialistic principles, it is necessary to set forth a few important facts relating to the American economic history of the preceding thirty years. One effect of the Civil War had been the rapid acquisition of great fortunes by individuals, and the growth of powerful corporations. Conspicuous among the latter were the railway companies. The period succeeding the war had been a period of railway building. Between 1860 and 1880 more than sixty thousand miles of railway had been constructed and put into operation. They represented an enormous amount of capital, and this capital represented an enormous amount of influence, both political and social. How much the nation owed to its railway system was very obvious. The easy distribution of its products brought prosperity to every section. Population was extended over new areas. Great cities sprang up in the remotest prairies at the magic touch of the railway builder. Moreover, in one sense, the unity of the Republic itself was the work of the railway, which proved to be a great assimilator, annihilating distance, bringing one section into easy communication with another, and thereby creating not only common interests, but a common understanding. On the other hand, a moment's thought will make it clear that railways were essentially monopolies, and that their growth lodged in the hands of their owners the right to tax at will the public from whom they had received their charters, and whose interests they were supposed to serve. In 1870, when there were only 53,000 miles of railroad in the United States, the revenue collected by the railway companies from the people amounted to \$450,000,000, representing a transportation tax which the owners of the roads imposed at their own discretion, and

without the intervention or consent of any other authority. At that time Mr. Charles Francis Adams wrote:

"Certain private individuals, responsible to no authority and subject to no supervision, but looking solely to their own interests or to those of their immediate constituency, yearly levy upon the internal movement of the American people a tax . . . equal to about one-half of the expenses of the United States Government—army, navy, civil-list, and interest upon the national debt included."*

Even if the individuals to whom this irresponsible power was entrusted had been always wise, unselfish and public-spirited, this right of taxation would have been an anomaly in a free State. But as they were very human, serving their own interests, and naturally seeking their own enrichment, abuses, and very gross ones, were inevitable. Still, no hostile sentiment would have been aroused against them had they levied their transportation tax equitably upon all and without discrimination. That they did not do so, and that in consequence they began, about 1870, to create and foster other still more gigantic combinations inimical to the public welfare, are facts which serve to explain the prevalence throughout the country of great social discontent, beginning in 1870 and growing deeper and more intense with each succeeding year. An instance—the most striking of all instances—of an abuse of corporate power by the railways, is found in the history of the Standard Oil Company.

In 1862, a partnership for the refining of petroleum was formed between John D. Rockefeller, his brother William Rockefeller, and an English mechanic named Samuel Andrews. This partnership grew into a corporation which, after 1870, became known to the country as the Standard Oil Company. From 1860 to 1868, the oil-wells in Pennsylvania and West Virginia had enriched the people of several States and had added very largely to the wealth of the entire country. By the year 1870, the production of oil had increased to such

an extent that this country exported to Europe not less than one hundred million gallons a year. A hundred new wells were drilled every month. The people of this region had created in ten years a new industry at the cost of patience, self-sacrifice and labour, supplemented by invention. New cities and towns had sprung up, humming with life, and full of hope and confidence in the future. Churches, schools, libraries, banks, and all the machinery of prosperity had been established, and these were supported by the oil wells and refineries. Presently, in some mysterious way, all this activity was checked. It was found that certain shippers were obtaining from the railroads rates so low as to enable them, by underselling other oil producers, to drive their competitors out of business. These favoured shippers turned out to be a body of thirteen men, among whom were the two Rockefellers,* who were gaining a complete monopoly of the oil business. They were united in what was known as the South Improvement Company; and with the South Improvement Company the oil-carrying railroads† made a secret contract which provided (1) that the freight rates should be doubled to all other shippers; (2) that this increase collected from competing shippers should be turned over to the South Improvement Company; (3) that any other changes in the freight tariff necessary to crush out competition should be made; and (4) that the railroads should inform the South Improvement Company of all the details of its rivals' business. The result, of course, was the ruin of the oil producers. They were faced with the alternative of selling out to the South Improvement Company at a merely nominal figure, or else of giving

*Before an investigating committee of the New York Senate (February 28, 1888), Mr. J. D. Rockefeller stated under oath that he had not been a member of the South Improvement Company. On April 30th of the same year, he told a Congressional Committee that he and his brother had had an interest in that company.—Tarbell, *History of the Standard Oil Company*, i., p. 138 (New York, 1904).

†These were the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the New York Central and Hudson River. The contract was signed on behalf of the railroads, by Jay Gould, Thomas A. Scott, and William H. Vanderbilt.

*Adams, *The Railroad System* (Boston, 1871). Included in *Chapters of Erie and Other Essays*, p. 361.

up their business altogether. Some of them went to the officials of the Erie and of the New York Central roads in order to expostulate. They were told, "You had better sell out. There is no help for it." Many did sell out to the oil monopolists at fifty cents on the dollar. One refinery, which produced annually an average profit of \$40,000 and which represented an investment of \$150,000, was abandoned to the monopoly for the sum of \$45,000. The owner (Mr. Robert Hanna) said: "I would not have sold out if I could have got a fair show with the railroads."* The blow fell alike upon producer and refiner. Within two days after the secret contract went into effect, the prosperity of the oil region was at an end.

"The entire business of the oil regions became paralysed. Oil went down to a point seventy cents below the cost of production. The boring of new wells is suspended; existing wells are shut down. The business in Cleveland has stopped almost altogether. Thousands of men are thrown out of work."†

Naturally so gross an outrage was not accepted meekly. The law was tested in a great number of suits, some of them brought by individuals, and some of them technically in the name of the State of Pennsylvania. Indictments for criminal conspiracy against the Rockefellers were found by a Grand Jury, but with no result. The State officials seemed strangely unwilling to push these cases. Officers of the law of a sudden became wonderfully listless. Governor Hoyt of Pennsylvania refused to issue a requisition for the extradition of the Rockefellers. The highest court in Pennsylvania interfered to stay proceedings in the lower courts. The oil monopolists boasted with cool confidence that the case against them would never come to trial. Law having failed, a political agitation was started, accompanied by outbreaks of disorder, which led to the calling of a Constitutional Convention in 1873. A very able lawyer, Mr. Samuel C. T. Dodd, addressing this Convention, used very forcible language:

*Report of the Hepburn Committee, New York Assembly (1879), p. 2525.

†Titusville Herald, March 20, 1872.

"In spite of the law we well know that almost every railroad in this State is to-day in the habit of granting special privileges to individuals, to companies in which the directors of such railroads are interested, to particular business, and to particular localities. We well know that it is their habit to break down certain localities, and build up others, to break down certain men in business and to build up others, to monopolise certain business themselves by means of the numerous corporations which they own and control, and all this in spite of the law, and in defiance of the law. . . .

"The railroads took one of those charters which they got from the Legislature, and by means of that they struck a deadly blow at one of the greatest interests of the State. Their scheme was contrary to law; but before the legal remedy could have been applied, the oil business would have lain prostrate at their feet, had it not been prevented by an uprising of the people, by the threatenings of a mob, if you please, by threatening to destroy property, and by actually commencing to destroy the property of the railroad company; and had the companies not cancelled the contract which Scott and Vanderbilt and others had entered into, I venture to say there would not have been one mile of railroad track left in the county of Venango—the people had come to that pitch of desperation. . . . Unless we can give the people a remedy for this evil, they will sooner or later take the remedy into their own hands."*

As this subject will be more fully dealt with hereafter, it need not, for the present, be treated in detail. Suffice it to say that the secret contract between the South Improvement Company and the railways was ostensibly cancelled. Yet the freight discriminations continued just the same. Furthermore, the example set by this one monopoly was copied and improved upon by other corporations in all parts of the country; and the railways lent their aid unscrupulously to combinations of all kinds in restraint of trade, and in discouragement of individual enterprise. In 1882, the same Mr. Dodd who had so bitterly denounced both the oil monopoly and the railways, but who had soon after accepted a large salary as general counsel to the

*Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania (1873), iii., p. 522.

Standard Oil Company, invented a form of trust agreement under which the Standard Oil Company was reorganised in such a way as to provide that the stockholders of each of the companies composing it should assign their stock to a few trustees, thus giving them a permanent and irrevocable power of attorney. In return for the stock so assigned, the trustees distributed trust certificates to the stockholders of the separate companies. On these trust certificates the profits were divided. This trust agreement was finally pronounced illegal by the courts; but for several years it was a favourite form of organisation with the great corporations, so that in popular language the word "Trust" came to be applied to all combinations of capital which had a monopolistic tendency.

The long struggle between the Trusts and their less powerful competitors brought out very clearly one great central fact. The backbone of monopoly was to be found in an abuse of the power which the railways of the country were exercising so oppressively. Unless, in some way, this power could be checked and regulated, the individual citizen was at the mercy of a comparatively few men whose command of money made them indifferent or superior to the ordinary processes of law. Popular sentiment then became so hostile to the railway interests as almost to justify the violence which had been shown in the strikes of 1886. It was during President Cleveland's first administration that Congress made a vigorous attempt to grapple with this subject.

The President's very long message of December 6, 1886, did not touch directly on the relation of the railroads to social discontent, though some passages spoke of the relation of capital to labour and to the public interests. The events of the preceding summer, however, were fresh in the minds of all; and, therefore, early in the session, a bill was reported in both Houses, intended to regulate and control the railways, under that clause of the Constitution which gives Congress the right to regulate commerce among the several States of the Union.* This

*During the preceding session, the Senate had proposed a mild sort of bill looking to

was not the first time that such an attempt had been made. Ten years earlier, a flood of petitions had poured in upon Congress, together with copies of resolutions passed by public meetings, chambers of commerce, and boards of trade. On May 16, 1876, Mr. Hopkins of Pennsylvania had asked unanimous consent of the House to introduce a resolution for a committee to investigate the charges against the railroads, and to report a bill for the regulation of interstate commerce. Immediately, Mr. Henry B. Payne of Ohio rose and made objection—an objection which he refused to withdraw at the request of other members. Mr. Payne subsequently went to Mr. Hopkins and explained that his objection was based upon considerations of economy. A special committee would be too great an expense, he said. He begged Mr. Hopkins to re-introduce his resolution and ask that it be referred to the Committee on Commerce. This was done. When the Committee on Commerce met to consider it, a representative of the Standard Oil Company (Mr. J. N. Camden) took his seat beside the Chairman, whispering suggestions in his ear and practically presiding. The treasurer of the Standard Oil Company, Mr. O. H. Payne, and Mr. Cassatt, the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, were summoned to testify. Both of them refused to answer questions. The Committee adjourned, ostensibly to consider means for compelling these witnesses to answer. It never again took up the subject; it never recalled the witnesses; it never made any report. When Mr. Hopkins afterward asked to see the record of the testimony that had been taken, he found that it had been stolen.

The bill which was now reported by a conference committee, was much more stringent than either the Senate bill or the Reagan substitute of the preceding session. It provided for the appointment of a Commission of five members, to whom authority was given to inspect the books and other papers of all railways

the same end. The House had framed a similar measure, known as the Reagan Bill. Upon the basis of these two bills, a conference committee drafted the document which was now reported.

engaged in interstate commerce, and to summon witnesses and compel them to answer any questions relating to railway management. It forbade discrimination in rates, and also the "pooling" of freight revenues by competing railways, or the division of such revenues between them. It forbade also a greater charge for a "short haul" than for a "long haul" over the same line and in the same direction. The Commission might appeal to the United States courts to enforce its mandates, either by injunction or by attachment, and the courts might impose a penalty of \$500 for each offence, and a fine of \$500 per day during such time as an offending railroad remained in contumacy. This bill was opposed by railway attorneys, both outside and inside of Congress. No one ventured frankly to defend the past conduct of the railways, but a vast amount of concern was expressed lest the proposed act might be unconstitutional. Congress, however, did not dare to reject the measure. The problem of the Trusts had already become a leading political issue, so that both parties were anxious to make a satisfactory record. A conference committee reported the bill to the Senate on December 15th, and it was passed by a vote of 43 to 15, fourteen Senators being absent or not voting. It was reported to the House and was passed (January 21, 1887) by a vote of 219 to 41, fifty-eight members being absent or not voting. The Interstate Commerce Act became law on February 4th, on which day it was signed by President Cleveland.

As will appear later, this law did not by any means attain the object sought by its framers. It established, however, an important precedent, and marked a long step forward in the direction of a complete national control of railway management. The President appointed to membership in the first Commission, Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, a very eminent jurist, with William R. Morrison of Illinois, August Schoonmaker of New York, Aldace F. Wheeler of Vermont, and Walter A. Bragg of Alabama.

This session of Congress was unusually fruitful in other salutary legislation. Very important was the Electoral Count Act, which definitely ended the possibility

of such a dispute as that which followed upon the Hayes-Tilden contest of 1876-7. By the bill which now became law (February 3, 1887), each State must, through its own tribunals, determine the result of a disputed election. Only when it fails to do so, does Congress have jurisdiction, and even then no electoral vote shall be rejected except by the concurrent vote of both Houses. In the case of a disagreement between the Senate and the House, "the votes of the electors whose appointment shall have been certified by the Executive of the State, under the seal thereof, shall be counted." A stringent Anti-Polygamy Act was also passed, making polygamy a criminal offence. It became law without the President's signature. Other non-partisan measures which were enacted provided for the withdrawal of the "trade-dollar" from circulation, for the extension of the free delivery system of the Post Office Department, for the reference of private claims to a Court of Claims, and for the granting of land in severalty to the Indians. Finally the Tenure of Office Act with which the Senate had attempted, as already told, to hamper the President's freedom in making removals from office, was repealed. The repealing bill was introduced into the Senate by a Republican, Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts. He very shrewdly perceived that in the contest between the Senate and President Cleveland, popular sympathy had been with the President. "The people, both Republicans and Democrats, expected that the political control of the most important offices would be changed when a new party came into power."* Senator Hoar's action irritated most of his Republican colleagues, especially Senator John Sherman, and only three of them voted with him; but with the solid support of the Democratic Senators the repeal was carried, as it was also in the House; and thus was blotted out a law which, as the President had said in his message of March 1, 1886, had properly fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

During this session, Mr. Cleveland continued to veto private pension bills, accompanying his vetoes, as before, with

*Hoar, *Autobiography*, ii., p. 143 (New York, 1903).

caustic words. Had he done nothing more in this direction, he would have continued to receive, from the country at large, more gratitude than criticism. But on February 11, 1887, he returned without his approval a bill known as the Dependent Pension Bill, which granted a pension of twelve dollars monthly to every honourably discharged veteran of the war, who had served three months and who was dependent upon his own labour or upon others for his support. It granted a like relief to the dependent parents of all such veterans. This was, in effect, a general service pension, and the President vetoed it, with a message in which he said, among other things:

"I cannot but remember that the soldiers of our Civil War, in their pay and bounty, received such compensation for military service as has never been received by soldiers before, since mankind first went to war; that never before on behalf of any soldiery have so many and such generous laws been passed to relieve against the incidents of war . . . and that never before, in the history of the country, has it been proposed to render government aid toward the support of any of its soldiers, based alone upon a military service so recent and where age and circumstances appeared so little to demand such aid."

The veto of the Dependent Pension Bill and the terms which the President had employed in expressing his disapproval, brought upon him the loudly-voiced enmity of the Grand Army of the Republic. This organisation, established in 1868, was composed of veterans of the Civil War, and in 1887 it had a membership of more than four hundred thousand persons. Ostensibly non-political, it had always taken a keen interest in pension legislation, and the fear of its influence had been very powerful, alike with Congress and with the officials of the Pension Bureau; for, directly and indirectly, it was believed to control not less than a million votes. The Grand Army men were now unrestrained in their abuse of the President. They called him an "enemy of the veterans," a friend of the Confederacy, and charged that his action on the pension bill had been taken to please his supporters, "the rebel brigadiers." Their wrath was not allayed

by the retorts which were published in the newspapers that defended Mr. Cleveland's veto. These pointed to the long list of pension frauds in the past, the extravagance of the Pension Bureau, and the tricks of the attorneys who made a specialty of pushing shady pension claims. It did not soothe the anger of the members of the Grand Army to be characterised as "blood-suckers," "coffee-boilers," "pension-leeches" and "bums." A very bitter feeling was engendered and was still intense when President Cleveland perpetrated a colossal blunder. There were stored in the custody of the War Department a number of Union flags captured by the Confederates during the Civil War and afterward recaptured by the Northern troops, and also a number of Confederate flags taken by the Union armies. On April 30th, after Congress had adjourned, Adjutant-General R. C. Drum addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, suggesting that all these flags, Union and Confederate alike, be returned to the respective States in which the regiments bearing the flags had been organised. Secretary Endicott submitted this letter to the President, and it was approved by him (May 26th), whereupon the Adjutant-General drafted letters to the governors of the different States, offering to return the flags in the name of the President.

No sooner had this action become known than a yell of indignation arose throughout the North and West. The "Rebel Flag Order," as it was called, was denounced in the most violent language and by men of every shade of political belief. Naturally, the Union veterans were the most deeply moved. Scores of Grand Army posts met and passed indignant resolutions. General Sherman in a letter said: "I know Drum. He has no sympathy with the army which fought. He was a non-combatant. He never captured a flag, and values it only at its commercial value. He did not think of the blood and torture of battle; nor can Endicott, the Secretary of War, or Mr. Cleveland." Others pointed out that the President had exceeded his authority in approving such an order. These flags, they said, were the property

of the nation, and could not be disposed of in any way except by the authority of Congress. Looking into the matter more carefully, Mr. Cleveland found that such was indeed the case; and so he was obliged to take the humiliating step of publishing an Executive Order (June 16th) admitting his mistake and annulling the action of the Adjutant-General.

This did not end the affair, however. The President had been invited by Mayor Francis, of St. Louis, to be present at the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in that city in July. He had accepted the invitation; but after the issuance of the "Rebel Flag Order" he began to receive threatening letters from all parts of the country. It was declared in them and was generally believed that should he attend he would be publicly insulted. Facts seemed to bear out those assertions. A number of Grand Army "posts" held a meeting in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. A street parade was one of the features of this meeting, and various banners had been suspended over the line of march. One of them bore the words: "God Bless Our President, Commander-in-Chief of Our Army and Navy." Nearly all the posts halted when they reached this banner. Then, refusing to pass beneath it, they folded and reversed their flags, and marched around it through the gutters. Soon afterwards, the President addressed a letter to Mayor Francis (July 4th), revoking his acceptance of the invitation to St. Louis, and saying:

"The threats of personal violence . . . which scores of misguided, unbalanced men, under the stimulation of excited feeling, have made, are not considered. Rather than abandon my visit to the West and disappoint your citizens, I might, if I alone were concerned, submit to the insults to which, it is quite openly asserted, I should be helplessly subjected if present at the encampment; but I should bear with me there the people's highest office, the dignity of which I must protect."*

The President at this time likewise exposed himself to a hot fire of criticism from his former supporters, the Independents and Civil Service reformers

*Parker, *Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland*, p. 398 (New York, 1892).

generally. He himself had not altered his mind as to the value of the merit system; but in practice, the various departments had departed from his theory. There was a general relaxation of principle all along the line. A reformed Civil Service had become more and more unpopular among leading Democrats. In the Senate, the leaders of the President's party were openly hostile to him on this issue. Senator Vance of North Carolina, Senator Pugh of Alabama, and Senator Beck of Kentucky took the lead in this opposition within the party. Few of the Democratic Senators liked Mr. Cleveland personally.* Senator Vance even made an effort to have the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission discontinued. He failed in this; but the attempt seems to have nettled Mr. Cleveland and to have called out in him a certain petulance which was one of the noticeable traits of his character. Giving way to this mood, he let things take their course for a while, with the result that removals and appointments were made by his subordinates from strictly partisan motives. The most conspicuous instance of this was found in the Post Office Department. Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois had been made First Assistant Postmaster-General. He was an old-school Democrat, a thorough believer in the spoils system; and he now set to work unchecked to sweep Republicans out of office. In the political slang of the time, "thousands of heads fell into the basket," and Democrats all over the country wrote and uttered panegyrics on "Adlai and his Axe." Had Mr. Cleveland allowed these removals early in his term, he would at least have won the gratitude of his own party leaders. Had he stood fast by the principle of reform, he would have kept his hold upon the Independents. As it turned out, however, he had yielded too late to propitiate the former, while the latter were rabid in their denunciation of him. Mr. Stevenson got all the party applause, while the President got all the Mugwumps' abuse. Senator Hale of Maine laid before the Senate a table

*"The Democrats in the Senate disliked him very much and gave him a feeble and half-hearted support."—Hoar, *Autobiography*, ii., p. 145.

showing the changes in office effected during two years of the Cleveland administration. A part of it may be quoted as illustrative:

Offices.	Number.	Changes.
Fourth-class Postmasters....	52,609	40,000
Presidential Postmasters....	2,379	2,000
Foreign Ministers.....	33	32
Secretaries of Legation.....	21	16
Collectors of Customs.....	111	100
Surveyors of Customs.....	32	all
Naval Officers.....	6	all
Internal Revenue Collectors.	85	84
District Attorneys.....	70	65
Territorial Judges.....	30	22
Territorial Governors.....	8	all
Local Land Officers.....	224	190

Years afterward, in speaking of this time to a personal friend, Mr. Cleveland remarked: "You know the things in which I yielded; but no one save myself can ever know the things which I resisted."

Mr. Cleveland had the misfortune to alienate the sympathies of the press at large. He had always had a dislike for the newspapers, possibly because of the manner in which he had been attacked in 1884, and perhaps also because of the journalistic discourtesy which had been shown to him at the time of his marriage. This dislike he took little pains to hide. The Washington correspondents, the élite of the profession, declared that he had snubbed them at public functions. On December 12, 1885, he wrote a letter to Mr. Joseph Kepler, the editor of *Puck*, in which he said, among other things:

"I don't think there ever was a time when newspaper lying was so general and so mean as at present; and there never was a country under the sun where it flourished as it does in this. The falsehoods daily spread before the people in our newspapers, while they are proofs of the mental ingenuity of those engaged in newspaper work, are insults to the American love of decency and fair play of which we boast."

On July 25, 1886, he addressed another letter to Mr. C. H. Jones, an editor in Jacksonville, Florida, in which he said:

"I am surprised that newspaper talk should be so annoying to you, who ought so well to

understand the utter and complete recklessness and falsification in which they so generally indulge."

Again, in the speech which he made at the Harvard banquet (November 8, 1886) he spoke of

"the silly, mean, and cowardly lies that every day are found in the columns of certain newspapers, which violate every instinct of American manliness, and in ghoulish glee desecrate every sacred relation of private life."

The newspapers certainly did their best to justify these strictures. Pretty nearly every public or private act of President Cleveland was misrepresented and made to appear in a light that was either unfavourable or ludicrous. When he went fishing on Memorial Day, this was interpreted by the press as a studied insult to the memory of the Union dead. When Secretary Manning lay ill of the malady from which he soon after died, it was reported that Mr. Cleveland never sent to inquire after his condition, but rather ostentatiously went down the river to attend a dinner given by a duck club. When the President made a short journey to the Middle West, delivering occasional speeches on the way, the *New York Sun* at once asserted that all these speeches had been compiled, sometimes word for word, from an encyclopædia. The same paper professed to believe that Miss Cleveland had written her brother's messages to Congress, and that his famous phrases, "offensive partisans," "pernicious activity," "innocuous desuetude," and "ghoulish glee," had been coined by her. Reports were printed to the effect that the President had quarrelled with his sister because she had published a book, and that she had left the White House because she disapproved of his marriage. Three newspapers, the *New York Tribune*, the *Sun*, and the *Washington Critic*, took to inventing imaginary dialogues between the President and the members of his household, including his private secretary, Colonel Daniel S. Lamont. These dialogues were, for the most part, stupid and rather silly, but they were widely copied by the press throughout the country, and they annoyed the President far more than one would think. One of the earliest

of them shows fairly well a purpose to perpetuate the notion that the President's tastes were rather primitive:

Servant (to Mr. Cleveland). "The cook wants to know, sir, what you will have for dinner, sir?"

Mr. Cleveland. "Isn't Miss Cleveland in?"

Servant. "She dines out, sir."

Mr. Cleveland. "Oh, yes. I had forgotten that. Dinner—let me see. Rose dines out and Dan is at Old Point Comfort. Good enough. We'll have pigs' feet, fried onions and a bottle of extra dry."

Another, published at the time of Congressional elections, derived its point from the spoilsmen's assertion that Mr. Cleveland was no Democrat.

"Daniel," remarked the President this morning, as he sat at his desk with two or three political almanacs and several tables of last year's figures spread out before him.

"Yes, sire," replied Daniel, who was pasting an editorial from the *New York Times* into the Presidential scrap-book.

"The election is in progress to-day, I believe?"

"Yes, sire."

"I remember it because I have \$500 on it, Daniel."

"Yes, sire."

"Do you think we will win, Daniel?"

"*We*, sire?" inquired Daniel, upsetting the paste-pot on the scrap-book.

"I said 'we,' Daniel."

"To whom do you refer by 'we,' sire?"

"The Democratic Party, of course, Daniel," said the President, a little sharply.

"Oh!"

And Daniel slapped the scrap-book shut and went out of the room with a pernicious activity which surprised and shocked the President.

Toward the close of 1887, both parties began to look forward to the Presidential contest of the following year. In spite of all the uproar that had been raised over the President's pension vetoes and over his partial failure as a reformer of the Civil Service, the Republicans felt that they had no genuine issue upon which to make a strong appeal to the country. The people, as a whole, seemed very well satisfied with the President; and while they recognised his mistakes,

they had come to admire his sturdy independence. On the other hand, although the Democratic leaders personally disliked him, because they found him hard to manage and exceedingly plain spoken, there was really no other candidate possible for the party. The Congressional elections of 1887 showed a slight falling off in the Democratic vote; but the party still retained control of the House, while the Senate was almost evenly divided. If the President acted with discretion, so his friends told him, and precipitated no new issue, he might be fairly certain of a re-election. The Republicans were secretly depressed. The theory of their invincibility had been shattered in 1884, and they had no great confidence in their immediate future. Mr. Blaine was in Europe. His health was said to be very bad. The party lacked at once a leader and an issue. If the Democrats raised no new question, their prospect of success seemed good. But the President would not take advice. He had made up his mind that something must be done with regard to the national finances. For the coming year, it was estimated that the surplus in the Treasury would be, in round numbers, \$140,000,000. That so much money should be withdrawn from general circulation and locked up in the Treasury seemed to him likely to disturb business, to diminish the circulating medium of the people, and at the same time to be a perpetual temptation to extravagance in Congress. As this huge surplus, wholly unnecessary for the needs of the government, was due to the operation of the tariff, he made up his mind that the tariff ought to be revised. In this he was only following good Republican precedent. General Garfield, in a speech of July 13, 1868, had declared that there must be "a rational and considerate adjustment of the tariff." President Grant, in his message to Congress in December, 1874, had said: "Those articles which enter into our manufactures and are not produced at home should be entered free." A Republican Tariff Commission appointed by President Arthur in 1881 had, in its report, recommended "a substantial reduction of existing duties." The Commission advised such a reduction to the extent of an average of

twenty per cent. Finally, the Republican national platform of 1884 had specifically pledged the party "to correct the inequalities of the tariff and to *reduce the surplus*."

President Cleveland, therefore, prepared a message which he proposed to transmit to Congress at the opening of its session in December. Departing from an unbroken line of precedent, he resolved to devote his message to the single subject of tariff reform. His intimate friends to whom he disclosed this purpose were aghast. They thoroughly believed in the measure which he advocated, but they told him that the time was not opportune. The Presidential election was at hand. The message would be styled by the Republicans a free trade document. The protected manufacturers would be alarmed. The people would not understand. To send such a message at this time would mean the loss of the election. Mr. Cleveland, however, stood firm. He admitted that the election might be lost, but he said that he had a duty to perform and that it must be performed regardless of any personal consequences to himself. "It is more important to the country that this message should be delivered to Congress and the people than that I should be elected President."* The message would at least give to the party and the people a living issue for the future, which would ultimately lead to victory.

Congress met on December 6th and the message was sent to it. After speaking of the condition of the Treasury, the President proceeded to recommend a reduction of the duties on raw materials, and especially upon wool—a recommendation which had been made by President Grant in 1874. Toward the close of the message occurred the following sentences:

"Our progress toward a wise conclusion will not be improved by dwelling upon the theories of Protection and Free Trade. This savours too much of bandying epithets. It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory."

The reading of this message created an immense sensation. The Republicans now felt that they had a fighting chance.

*A. K. McClure, *Recollections*, p. 129 (Salem, 1902).

The Democrats, on the other hand, saw that their one prospect of success lay in accepting the doctrine of the President, in closing up their ranks, and in presenting a united front. The party lines were very closely drawn. The word was passed that Democrats who would not speak and vote for tariff reform were no longer to be considered members of the party. A tariff measure was introduced in the House by Mr. Roger Q. Mills of Texas. It removed the duty upon raw wool and made other changes intended to reduce the customs revenue by some \$50,000,000. The average reduction in the tariff contemplated by this bill was seven per cent., or less by half than the reduction proposed by the Republican Commission of 1881. The House of Representatives passed the Mills Bill by a party vote. The Senate proposed as a substitute a bill reducing the duty on sugar by one-half, and repealing altogether the internal revenue tax upon tobacco. Republicans intimated that they were willing to abolish the internal revenue taxes entirely rather than lower the customs duties. Debate waxed hot. The Republican proposal was jeered at by the Democrats. They said that it meant free whiskey and free tobacco, while their own proposal simply meant free wool. All over the country, Republicans raised the alarm-cry of "Free Trade and the destruction of American industries!" The battle for the next presidency was already on.

There was a general feeling among the Republicans that Mr. Blaine was entitled to receive the next nomination. No other candidate could make so strong an appeal to his own party, and there was, besides, a great deal of sympathy with him because of his defeat in 1884. Mr. Blaine, however, on January 25, 1888, addressed a letter from Florence, Italy, to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, saying that because of "considerations entirely personal to myself," his name would not be presented at the next national convention. Many were unwilling to accept this as a final withdrawal; but a second letter, from Paris, made it practically certain that Mr. Blaine was out of the running. Putting him aside, the names most often heard as

of probable candidates were those of Senator John Sherman of Ohio, for whom a number of Southern States presently instructed their delegates to vote; Mr. Walter Q. Gresham of Illinois; General Russell A. Alger of Michigan, and ex-Senator Benjamin Harrison of Indiana.

The Democratic Convention met at St. Louis on June 5, 1888, and by acclamation nominated Mr. Cleveland. For the Vice-Presidency, the nomination went to Mr. Allen G. Thurman of Ohio. Judge Thurman was an old-fashioned Democrat who had been a Senator, and whose popularity in the West was reckoned upon to carry the doubtful State of Indiana. It was thought possible, too, that he might succeed in his own State of Ohio, which had given Mr. Blaine a rather small majority at the last election. Judge Thurman was a somewhat picturesque figure in politics and was popularly styled the "old Roman"; but he was now advanced in years, feeble in health, and belonged wholly to the past. The average voter knew little about him except that he was in the habit of carrying and frequently brandishing a large red bandana—a fact which gave point to a remark made by Senator Riddleberger of Virginia soon after the Convention. Some one asked the Senator what he thought of the nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

"Think?" said he. "Why, I think that you've simply nominated a pocket-handkerchief."

The Republican Convention met in Chicago on June 19th. It was not until the third day and after seven ballots that it chose its candidate. Senator Sherman led with a vote of 249 out of 830. Gradually, however, his vote fell off, while that of General Alger and of Mr. Harrison increased. Sherman afterwards declared that the Southern delegates who had been instructed for him were bought over by the Alger interest. If so, Alger did not profit by the bargain. After the third ballot, General Harrison's vote rapidly grew, until at last he obtained a clear majority. Mr. Sherman charged that this was due to a secret and corrupt arrangement made with a member of the New York delegation, presumably Mr. Thomas C. Platt, and that friends of

Harrison had made pledges on his behalf in order to secure the New York delegates.* For the Vice-Presidency, the Convention nominated Mr. Levi P. Morton, a New York banker, who had served a term in Congress and had been United States Minister to France.

Mr. Harrison was descended from Governor Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was therefore the grandson of President William Henry Harrison. By profession he was a lawyer, and he had served in the Civil War under Sherman. He was an excellent public speaker, a man of unblemished character, and a citizen of the State of Indiana, the vote of which was thought to be necessary to Republican success.

The campaign was comparatively a quiet one. No bitter personalities marred it. The battle raged around the issue presented by Mr. Cleveland in his tariff message. The Republican canvass was conducted with a feeling akin to desperation. Their speakers sought to alarm the manufacturing interests by the cry of "British Free Trade," and in this they were successful. Large sums of money flowed into their campaign treasury and were spent like water. It was in this campaign that the old-time torchlight processions were generally given up. Political clubs were organised in their place, and did effective work. As in the Harrison campaign of 1840, party songs were sung to stimulate enthusiasm, and at all Republican meetings this crude minstrelsy held an important place. There was something almost fanatical in the spirit with which the Republicans strove for victory. They were not very hopeful; yet all that unlimited money and careful organisation could do for them was done. The people at large admired the courage with which President Cleveland had raised an issue of principle, even when it jeopardised his political prospects. Early in October, it seemed quite certain that in addition to the solid vote of the Southern States he could count upon that of Connecticut and New Jersey. The only two States that were really doubtful and that were needed to re-elect

*See Sherman, *Recollections*, ii., p. 1029 (Chicago, 1895).

him, were Indiana and New York. Both parties recognised the fact, and the supreme efforts of each were concentrated upon these two States. As Mr. Harrison was a citizen of Indiana, he was thought on the whole to have the better chance; but the Republicans left nothing to luck. They proceeded to pour great sums of money into Indiana and to arrange quite openly a scheme for the purchase of voters on an elaborate scale. A letter, said to have been written by Mr. W. W. Dudley, the treasurer of the National Republican Committee, and unquestionably emanating from that Committee, was sent to the party leaders in Indiana. It contained the following famous sentence:

"Divide the floaters into blocks of five and put a trusted man in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away, and that all vote our ticket."

In New York, which was President Cleveland's own State, he might have looked for a majority had the political conditions there not been peculiar. A large number of Democrats who represented the Tilden wing of the party were very hostile to Mr. Cleveland. They accused him of gross ingratitude to Tilden. According to their story, Mr. Cleveland's nomination in 1884 was due to Mr. Tilden's favour. They asserted that in June, 1884, Daniel Manning had gone to Mr. Tilden and had asked for his aid, promising in return to give to Mr. Tilden "any assurances he required in regard to the naming of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, should he be elected.*" After Mr. Cleveland became President, he neglected to consult Mr. Tilden until every Cabinet place but one had been filled. He then asked Mr. Tilden to advise him about the appointment of a Secretary of the Treasury. On Mr. Tilden's recommendation, Mr. Manning was appointed. He found himself, however, in an unfriendly atmosphere, as his letters to Tilden show. He wrote (December 21, 1885):

"I am living in an atmosphere that is full of mischief, and where the whirl is so great that one is inclined sometimes to doubt whether

he comprehends his associates or fully understands anything of what he is about."

It is quite evident that Tilden had expected, as Mr. Bigelow expresses it, that the Cleveland administration should be "a continuation of the Tilden dynasty," with Mr. Tilden himself as the power behind the throne. One can scarcely blame the President if he resented this assumption of control, though he might, doubtless, have been more tactful in declaring his independence. Practically, however, he proscribed all Mr. Tilden's friends; he ignored Mr. Tilden's recommendations; and he made Mr. Manning feel that he was regarded with unfriendliness because of his relations with Tilden. Between the President and such a man as Mr. Tilden, indeed, there could be in any case little real sympathy. They had no more natural affinity than has a mastiff with a fox; and the result of this temperamental antipathy was an unfortunate one for Mr. Cleveland. When Secretary Manning finally left the Cabinet in 1886, his friends felt that he had been greatly injured; and his death, which soon after followed, was even ascribed to the harshness with which the President had treated him. Consequently, in New York there were many Democrats who were not unwilling to punish the President by helping to defeat him at the polls. Tammany Hall was also disaffected. Its leaders had never liked Mr. Cleveland, and now they liked him even less. As it happened, too, there now arose in New York politics a personality which sought to profit by Democratic dissension.

When Mr. Cleveland became President he had resigned the governorship of New York. The Lieutenant-Governor succeeded him. This was Mr. David Bennett Hill, a sublimated type of the practical politician. He was now a candidate for Governor, and he, or his friends for him, appear to have entered into an alliance with the Republicans under an arrangement by which Democratic votes were to be cast for Mr. Harrison in exchange for Republican votes to be given to Mr. Hill. The campaign in New York in consequence had some peculiar features. Flags bearing the words "Harrison and Hill" were displayed all over the

*Bigelow, *Tilden*, ii., p. 280.

State, meetings were held and were addressed by speakers who urged the election of Hill and said nothing about Cleveland. On the whole, the Democratic prospects in New York grew more and more unfavourable.

Toward the end of October, the Republicans prepared a genuine *coup*. Mr. Cleveland's tariff position had been described by the campaign orators as essentially pro-English. It was difficult, however, to represent Mr. Cleveland as a partisan of England; because in dealing with the Canadian fisheries question, he had urged Congress to pass measures which would have brought the country within appreciable distance of a war with Great Britain. Hence, the Republicans resorted to a trick to put the President in a false light on this issue. On September 4, 1888, a letter dated at Pomona, California, was addressed to Sir Lionel Sackville-West, the British Minister at Washington. This letter, which was signed "Charles F. Murchison," but which was actually written by a man named Osgoodby, purported to come from an Englishman, naturalised in the United States, and asked Sir Lionel for information as to whether Mr. Cleveland's policy toward Canada was sincere, and whether he was not really a friend to England. The following sentences, very artfully framed, deserve quotation:

"I am unable to understand for whom I shall cast my ballot, when, but one month ago, I was sure that Mr. Cleveland was the man. If Cleveland was pursuing a new policy toward Canada, temporarily only and for the sake of obtaining popularity and continuation of his office for four years more, but intends to cease his policy when his re-election in November is secured, and again favour England's interest, then I should have no further doubt, but go forward and vote for him. I know of no one better able to direct me, sir, and I most respectfully ask your advice in the matter. . . . Mr. Harrison is a high tariff man, a believer on the American side of all questions and undoubtedly an enemy to British interests generally. . . . As you . . . know whether Mr. Cleveland's policy is temporary only and whether he will, as soon as he secures another term of four years in the Presidency, suspend it for one of friendship and free trade, I apply to you

privately and confidentially for information which shall in turn be treated as entirely secret. Such information would put me at rest myself, and if favourable to Mr. Cleveland, enable me, on my own responsibility, to assure many of my countrymen that they would do England a service by voting for Cleveland and against the Republican system of tariff."

To this letter Sir Lionel Sackville-West was indiscreet enough to make the following reply:

SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th inst. and beg to say that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in casting your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which openly favoured the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and that the party in power is fully aware of the fact. The party, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Great Britain, and still desirous of settling all questions with Canada which have been, unfortunately, reopened since the retraction of the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate and by the President's message to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, be made for the political situation as regards the Presidential election thus created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which President Cleveland may pursue in the matter of retaliation should he be elected; but there is every reason to believe that, while upholding the position he has taken, he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the question involved in his message. I enclose an article from the *New York Times* of August 22d, and remain yours faithfully,

L. S. SACKVILLE-WEST.

The Republicans held back this correspondence until October 24th, when they published it both in the newspapers and in millions of handbills. A shout went up that Mr. Cleveland was now undoubtedly the "British candidate." President Cleveland took no action at first, but his party managers insisted that something should be done to neutralise the effect of the Murchison letter. A telegram informed him that "the Irish vote is slipping out of our hands because of diplomatic shilly-shallying. See Lamont at once. Something ought to be done today." The clamour increased, and Presi-

dent Cleveland then showed the one and only trace of weakness that can be detected throughout his whole career. To gain votes he demanded that the British Government recall its Minister. Lord Salisbury demurred. Naturally enough he did not see why the diplomatic relations of the two countries should be strained because of the exigencies of an American political campaign. Thereupon the President ordered that Sir Lionel's passport should be given him, and he left Washington.

Had this action been taken as soon as the Murchison letter was published, it might have saved some votes. Had no action at all been taken, the President's dignity and his reputation for political courage would not have been impaired. As it was, he had obviously yielded to expediency and, therefore, he gained nothing whatsoever. At the election, Mr. Harrison won by a majority of sixty-five electoral votes. He carried both Indiana and New York, though in the latter State



SIR LIONEL SACKVILLE-WEST
From *Harper's Weekly*

Mr. Hill was elected Governor.* Cleveland carried the South and also New Jersey and Connecticut. The Republicans were successful in the Congressional elections, having a majority of ten in the next House. An analysis of the vote showed that Mr. Cleveland had been defeated by a very narrow margin. Even in Mr. Harrison's own State he had come within 2000 votes of a majority, and had obviously lost the State through the use of money, just as he had lost New York through the treachery of his own party. In the popular vote, as against Mr. Harrison, he had a majority of over 100,000 votes. The sentiment of the country as a whole, therefore, still seemed to be on his side.

But the victorious Republicans in their exultation took small account of these

*Harrison had a majority in New York State of 12,096 votes; Hill had a majority of 18,481 votes.

considerations. They had won, and they believed that their party had come back to stay. They spoke of Mr. Cleveland as of one whose political career was at an end. On the night before the inauguration of Mr. Harrison, Washington was filled with civic and military organisations which had come to celebrate the glorious victory. Late in the evening, a motley crowd proceeded to the grounds of the White House. The windows of the executive mansion were darkened as though to symbolise defeat. Then the crowd of revellers, made up of "marching clubs," drunken militiamen, and hoodlums of the city, lifted up their voices and chanted in discordant tones the ditty which had been most popular of all, in the late campaign:

"Down in the cornfield

Hear that mournful sound;

All the Democrats are weeping—

Grover's in the cold, cold ground!"

RESURRECTION

When trees stand forth transfigured, fair
In the golden gleaming glory
Of the Fall, and later, trembling bare
Their boughs before the hoary
Winter's ice and shrouding snow,
And seem to some so sad
Before their frozen sleep; I know
They are not sad, but glad,
From consciousness that after death
Comes life's perfection—pure
And strong and true—borne on the breath
Of Spring which shall endure.

Louis V. Ledoux.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

There is no better test of a novelist's lasting hold upon the hearts of his readers than his ability to portray characters that remain with us as delightful memories, long after the details of the plot have faded. Unfortunately, this ability is rare among the writers of the younger generation—even among those who hold out the best hope of a sane and healthful realism in American fiction. Among the romanticists it has always been rare. The Admirable Crichtons of romance, past and present, are marionettes, not men; symbols of an impossible superiority, whose sole business in life is to be invincible; beings as far removed as a dinosaur or pterodactyl from those touches of nature that count for kinship the whole world over. And the reason why the elder Dumas is cited almost to weariness as a shining exception among the authors who begot him and those whom he in turn begot, is that he emphasised the weakness as well as the prowess of his heroes. You may forget the details of the mad dash to London, the subject discussed under a rain of bullets at La Rochelle, the long drawn-out tragedy of Felton and Milady. What you still remember, after a score of years, with affectionate indulgence, is the Gascon wit of D'Artagnan, the courtly pride of Athos, the secret gallantry of Aramis, the simple-minded arrogance of Porthos, "my château, my land, my air."

In romantic fiction, then, we have no right to complain if a decade gives us nothing better than a Brigadier Gerard or a Barlasch of the Guard. But from realism we expect better things than from the *Graustarks* and the *Castle Craneyscrows*. There is no single feature of American fiction during the past few years than its steady encroachment upon every sphere of human activity, the mercantile and financial and political world, the theatre, the law-courts, the college and the church. But it sometimes seems, as one looks over these big, ambitious

pictures, mankind in the mass transferred to broad canvases with sweeping brush-strokes, as though it had been done at the expense of the individual human interest; as though the author had been so busy studying man that he had forgotten to study men—forgotten, in short, that the whole end and aim of the realistic method is to trace back the net results of aggregate human life to their source in the idiosyncrasies, the greed or generosity, the virtues or the vices, of the individual man and woman.

It is too early, by many years, to measure how great an influence has been exerted by French naturalism on the writers of the younger school in this country. Only those who wilfully shut their eyes fail to recognise that without Zola, Frank Norris would never have written a *McTeague* or an *Octopus*, and that Norris himself gave American fiction a new and powerful impetus which is still gathering momentum. But Zola, in his broadest and most complex panoramas, remained always a marvellous and inimitable portrait-painter. He seldom drew a lovable character; but in all the thousands that he did draw, each likeness was distinct and unmistakable. It would be easy to point out half a dozen widely praised books of the past year which, after a lapse of a few months, leave no stronger impression of individual portraiture than the story of a community of worker ants. It would be an easy and an interesting experiment for any reader to make, to see how many names he can recall offhand of the characters in the last dozen novels that he has read. If he averages as high as one from each book, he may congratulate himself upon his length of memory.

A good many reasons might be given for the dearth of characters in contemporary fiction whom we care to enroll in the company of our treasured friendships in the world of fancy; but it may be said with some assurance that the fault lies

oftener with the nature of the plot than with the characters themselves. It is in the little every-day occurrences of home life, rather than the crucial hours of national or of family history, that human nature reveals itself. A dozen men, who might face a crisis in Wall Street, or a panic in a crowded theatre, in precisely the same spirit would each have their own individual way of adjusting a necktie or carving a Thanksgiving turkey. A dozen women who might nerve themselves to sit day after day, calm, tireless and smiling, by the sick-bed of their nearest and dearest, would each develop a surprising originality in facing such minor tragedies as the non-arrival of a ball-dress or an insurrection in the kitchen. Mr. Howells has for years been criticised for confining himself too much to the trivialities of life. Yet it is due to these very trivialities that we have from him a lengthier portrait-gallery than from any other American novelist, of men and women whom we know with some degree of intimacy, and with whom, if we met them to-morrow in real life, we could talk freely, with no preliminary breaking of conversational ice, no awkward collision with their favourite prejudices.

One powerful factor in modern fiction, which is in danger of becoming a detriment, is the journalistic training which a majority of our younger writers have received, and the exaggerated importance which they attach to the so-called "news interest." The novelist of to-day chooses characters who will attract you from the opening sentence, men of audacious achievement, women of flamboyant picturesqueness, people whose lives would make effective scare-heads in a yellow journal. They will not, they dare not, take time to make the reader understand the quiet beauty of unpretentious lives, outside the rush and turmoil of the world at large. And yet the characters and incidents that have made enduring fiction are largely of a sort in which a typical city editor would have failed to discover even the remote possibility of a "story." Newspapers, as a rule, do not bring us near to the human side, but only to the spectacular side of life. Day after day we may encounter the same names in the theatrical, or financial, or society columns

of the press, and learn to know much of the superficial and external life of men and women, who still remain strangers to us, stirring neither our affection nor our hate. And the journalistic method in fiction achieves the same result. A novelist may hold you breathless throughout four hundred pages, over the bitter fight between two railroad kings, with some much prized terminal line as a bone of contention. But no matter how cleverly he works the story out, no matter how much you admire the craft, the resourcefulness, the bull-dog pertinacity of the contending magnates, he cannot force you to like them and give them your lasting friendship, unless he shows them to you in slippers and dressing-gown, so to speak. You are willing to take their knowledge of stocks and bonds for granted; what you want to know is, how do they treat their wives and daughters, and what kind of cheese do they take after dinner, and have they a favourite horse or dog?

It is for lack of such seemingly trivial details that types are commoner than individuals in current novels. It is a frequent experience to feel, as you read, that you have known a dozen women just like the heroine; it would be a higher tribute to the author if you felt that you had never known a woman precisely like his heroine, but that you would be very glad to know one. When Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* appeared, one of the most frequent forms of praise was to the effect that the whole country, from east to west, teems with Selma Whites; and the name has passed into the current vocabulary of criticism. But the immortal characters in fiction are not types in this sense. No one ever said that he had known a dozen Colonel Newcomes, or a dozen Mr. Pickwicks, or a dozen Mulvaneyes. It would be a rare privilege to know a single one of them.

Another reason for the dearth of characters that really live, the sort that seem almost ready to step from their pages and take on visible form, is due to what, for lack of a better term, may be called the callousness of the modern author. It is, of course, no longer the fashion for an author to inject his personality into a story, intervening constantly, after the

confidential manner of Thackeray, keeping us ever conscious of the showman who pulls the wires that make the puppets dance. Yet no matter how conscientiously he adheres to a purely objective style, the writer who is bubbling over with a righteous joy in the children of his brain, who believes in them and lives with them, and glories in their virtues and their cleverness, and even has a sort of secret pride in their foibles and their vices, will infallibly put something of this same spirit into his pages. And another writer who fails in genuine affection for his characters, and looks upon them only as so many pawns to carry out the moves of his game, will strive in vain to kindle an affection for them in others. He may weave the cleverest of plots, and hold you breathless, chapter after chapter, until the end is reached and the curtain run down. But if there is no proper pride in his heart for the heroine, you will not remember her name throughout the week.

Broke of Covenden, by J. C. Snaith, is a good example of the compelling force of an author's boundless faith in the little world he has created. It is an unusual book; one may define it with some confidence as a rather big book, one of the few genuine surprises of the season; a book to be placed upon the same shelf with *The House with the Green Shutters*, by the late George Douglas Brown. As the comparison implies, it is a grim book; and the author has found a grim joy in it and forced the reader to share it with him. It is perfectly obvious from the opening page that for the time being there were no people in the whole broad world half so real or half so interesting to Mr. Snaith as those whose history he is here recording. He reaps the reward that is due to intense earnestness; he has made them not only real but unforgettable.

Briefly stated, *Broke of Covenden* is the story of a man with an iron will and an inflexible pride that bids defiance to the worst that fate can do. Only an occasional touch of sardonic humour relieves the tension of the story; yet one would no more think of characterising it as a morbid or repellent book than one

would think of pausing in the midst of some great calamity in real life to apostrophise it as morbid or repellent. The book grips one too hard for that—its grip is like that of the grim realities of life.

Mr. Broke of Covenden had for the enlightenment of his middle life one son and six daughters. The son had learned already to live beyond his income like a gentleman; he was one of those seductive fellows whose frank laugh re-echoes among the hollows of his understanding. . . . The daughters had been educated in a Spartan manner. In the technical metaphor of their Uncle Charles, "The little chestnut fillies had been broken to harness before they had their teeth." Indeed, they never failed to respond to the hand, and would have trotted prettily without blinkers over the face of a precipice had that course been deemed expedient by the president of their destinies. . . .

Mrs. Broke was a superb disciplinarian and born to organise. She put her faith in God and kept her powder dry in the true sense of that prime military axiom. She recommended herself to Providence by a vigilance of the most perfect kind. Waste there was not; neglect was unknown. In the course of a year she reclaimed the pittance of a younger son by force of management. Indeed, if Broke had not rejoiced in the possession of one of this salutary spirit to trim his affairs, foreign and domestic, the ever-impending crash must have fallen on his ears long before the period at which we find him.

Such is the author's introduction to the family of Broke, and his opening hint at the tragedy which confronts them. A proud but impoverished country family, a house tottering toward its ruin; a son too headstrong to be guided, too rattle-brained to serve the family fortunes; six dutiful but unmarriageable daughters; and old Broke himself, encased in adamant obstinacy, defying all the powers of good and evil to make him yield a single hereditary principle of the house of Broke—whether it be to recognise the social equality of his attorney or his daughter's tutor, or to forgive and receive back again the son or daughter who marries against his will. It is useless to attempt to convey an idea of the peculiar

grimness of some of the later scenes of the book—a house made desolate by the disappearance, one after another, of the bright young faces that alone have relieved its grey monotony. It is a sort of prose epic of a dour and uncouth Titan defying fate; and in the end fate turns and crushes him.

A good example of a book possessing considerable originality of plot, a certain sustained interest, and no small degree of pictorial vividness, and which nevertheless does not contain a single character that one cares to remember or to meet again, is *The Silence of Mrs. Harrold*, by Samuel M. Gardenhire.

It is always rash to base an argument upon the assumption that an author has pursued a particular method in the construction of his book. Yet in the present case it seems reasonably sure that Mr. Gardenhire first concocted his rather extraordinary plot and then had some difficulty in conceiving the right sort of characters to carry it out. His heroine, for instance, had to be a woman still young, lovely and of great charm of character; who nevertheless had grown to womanhood neglected and untutored, and in defiance of her parents' wishes had made a runaway match with a member of a travelling circus. A strange malady has blotted out her memory of the past, yet she knows at least that the shadow of no less a crime than murder overhangs her family, and that its disgrace may follow her wherever she goes. And yet this knowledge does not deter this woman, who is constantly upheld as a model of all that is pure and womanly, from marrying again and binding her husband by a solemn oath that he will never inquire into the secret of her past—and this, too, in spite of the fact that she knows he more than half suspects that her secret is that of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. It is not surprising that the woman who fills this paradoxical rôle should be found lacking in the charm which the author feels bound to assure us over and over again that she possesses. Of course, the silence referred to in the title has to do with the grim secret of Mrs. Harrold's past life, which she only half remembers.

It is a secret which crops up awkwardly years later, drives her husband to the verge of madness with jealousy, lifts a cloud from the title of some iron mines of fabulous value, and finally reunites three generations of a much scattered family, with all the agreeable nonchalance of an opéra-bouffe. And yet the book is not melodrama. It is written with a certain self-restraint, and built up with a fairly shrewd understanding of the sort of thing that a certain proportion of the reading public like.

It is not necessary to remind the readers of Eden Phillpotts's earlier books that he excels equally in picturing the tors and woodlands of Dartmoor, its mists and shimmering sunshine, and in interpreting the strong, rugged, elemental men and women who inhabit it. Natures like these are swayed by primitive passions. *The Secret Woman* is the story of a tragedy as old as human nature itself. Anthony Redvers is in his heart a rebel against the laws of marriage, social and divine. According to his secret creed, "'Tis only a wicked saying of the parson's that a man can't love two women true an' tender. Love's an honest thing, an' them as have made it to be a wicked thing are black-coated devils that would starve the nature out of human life, if they could." He sees no lack of loyalty toward the faithful, austere, prematurely ageing wife, after fifteen wedded years, in giving a share of his own turbulent and lawless affections to the young woman whom fate has flung secretly into his arms. The only shame and wrong would be to let the knowledge come to his wife and distress her. One day, however, the secret is betrayed, and the wife, in a jealous phrensy, strikes her husband dead. It chances that both the erring women, the murderess and her rival, escape detection; and the book becomes the history of two long and silent martyrdoms—that of the wife, longing to confess her guilt, and that of the other, who dare not openly mourn her dead. Mr. Phillpotts has written nothing since *The Children of the Mist* that compares with this volume in strength of theme and careful character drawing.

When Dr. Streeter wrote his prosaic history of a farm run for revenue only, and called it *The Fat of the Land*, there was little

"Dr. Tom."

reason to suspect him of having a dormant talent for writing fiction. Accordingly, *Doctor Tom* came as a distinct surprise, doubly welcome because it was a clean, wholesome story of a strong, gentle, lovable nature, whom it is a pleasure to have known, if only in the pages of a book. Doctor Tom is a physician, whom love for his native mountains has drawn away from civilisation back to the home of his kinsmen, where whiskey is still made in defiance of law, and feuds are handed down from generation to generation. The book is nothing more pretentious than a record of how Doctor Tom reformed a whole district single-handed, simply by the force of his own genial, frank, undaunted personality. He is boldly idealised. Yet while we read we believe in him quite cheerfully. We share his dreams for the future with a gracious "red-brown lady" who comes into the pages all too seldom; and we resent as a sort of gratuitous injury on the part of fate the unforeseen tragedy with which the book closes. As a novel, the book rests on a fragile framework. But it is no slight thing in these days to have produced such a consistent and finely drawn character study as that of Doctor Tom.

To the average sane, well-balanced Anglo-Saxon mind, it is difficult to believe that such people ever lived as those

who move passionately and tumultuously through the pages of *The Garden of Allah*, by Robert Hichens. It is best

"The Garden of Allah."

described as an orgy of local colour, a carnival of Moorish pageantry and African sunshine. The picture is drawn with considerable power; it is full of the mystery, the languor, the thousand blending sights and sounds and scents of the Orient. And yet it never quite carries conviction with it. But there is one figure in it whose memory haunts you—the Trappist monk, Androvsky, who, after twenty years of silent obedience to his order, breaks his vows, escapes from bondage, and meeting Domini Enfielden, an independent English girl with a lawless strain of gypsy blood in her veins, woos her with a gauche and timid ardour, and carries her off for a mad, fantastic honeymoon into the heart of the African desert. The desert, so says a Moorish proverb, is the garden of Allah; and here the renegade monk, fleeing from his conscience, with confession ever on his lips, yet dreading still more the anguish of his innocent bride, finds the solitude too vast and too lonely to be endured. It drives him back to the haunts of men, even in the face of a premonition that his secret will be laid bare and his short-lived joy be over. It is a fantastic piece of word painting, done with the tropical luxuriance of a Théophile Gautier. It is at least a worthier book than *Felix* or *The Lady with a Fan*.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. II. III.

THREE WHITMAN BOOKS*

Mr. Platt is well known to the readers of the *Conservator* as an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman. That fact does not, however, detract from the merit of this biography. It is frankly the statement of a partisan; it contains little or no new material; it follows closely the phraseology of previous writers and quotes rather too liberally from them; but it is a clear, compact, sensible summary of the facts of Whitman's life, so far as they are known, and as such deserves commendation.

The volume suggests, however, the wider question whether it is wise for the friends and admirers of Whitman thus placidly to rest on their oars before carefully investigating all possible records that would bear upon the facts of Whitman's life. To some of us he seems a very great poet indeed, and to many readers of modern literature he is at least a remarkable and puzzling personality, richly worth deep and patient study. He was, too, a man of our own time, the records of whose career have not perished from the earth. As students of literature, we are often impatient with men like Boccaccio, who lived in Dante's own city only a few years after the poet's death, yet scarcely raised his hand to search for the rich biographical material which must then have existed, preferring rather to garnish his narrative with anecdotes and gossip—true enough perhaps in their spirit, but untested in detail. Are we not, in large measure, making the same error in regard to Whitman? A poet's life

has undoubtedly the closest connection with his work, and interpretative criticism must often base its judgment upon biography. Have we enough facts about Whitman's life for the interpretative critic to use? From a recent and careful study of the biographies that have been published, I should certainly reply in the negative. Take, for instance, the simple matter of Whitman's ancestry: Mr. Platt merely repeats the conventional statements about the poet's descent from the Rev. Zachariah Whitman, and the settling of that branch of the family in Huntington, Long Island. But the published genealogy of the Zachariah Whitman family shows that it is by no means certain that Walt Whitman was descended from him, and although a large part of the town records of Huntington have been printed, no attempt has apparently been made by any of Whitman's biographers to show which of the many Whitmans there mentioned were the poet's lineal ancestors, or what part they played in the stirring history of that exceedingly interesting little town. The whole record of Whitman's early life is full of such gaps, and we virtually know little that is definite about many matters with regard to which accurate information is probably still obtainable.

Is there, again, no clew to be found to his inner life and thought during the years when his great poem was maturing? What relation do the juvenile tales and romances bear to it? Have all possible sources been searched for other poems and tales? We have Dr. Bucke's interesting theory that at a certain time in Whitman's manhood he received a direct spiritual visitation, to which Dr. Bucke thinks he finds reference in his poems. The theory seems wild, but the fact remains that within a short space of time there was wrought the most extraordinary change possible in Whitman's whole manner of thought and expression, and to that change was due the essential character of the *Leaves of Grass*. Are there no possible documents that would throw light on the nature of that psycho-

*Walt Whitman. By Isaac Hull Platt. *Beacon Biographies*. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company, 1904. 75 cents.

Walt Whitman's Diary in Canada, with Extracts from Other of His Diaries and Literary Note-books. Edited by William Sloane Kennedy. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company, 1904. \$2.50.

An American Primer. By Walt Whitman. With facsimiles of the original manuscript. Edited by Horace Traubel. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company, 1904. \$2.00.

logical change? We believe that there are, and that a few years of honest toil on the part of some disciple of Whitman would be richly rewarded by the material found. Certainly, it is hopeless to begin the careful and systematic criticism of Whitman's work until every source of information has been exhausted.

The two thin volumes edited by Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Traubel are not merely for collectors; they will be valuable to all students of the poet. In Mr. Kennedy's volume are brought together some records of Whitman's visit to Dr. Bucke in Ontario in 1880, and of his trip with him down the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay, together with various fragments of a later date. Like all of Whitman's travel journals, they are full of life and vigour, and reveal his genius for discovering everywhere the most healthy and human traits of new communities. Mr. Traubel's volume has even a deeper importance. It was apparently written, in large part, in the early fifties, about the time at which he first attained his new and extraordinary vision of the world, and was intended by him as a "primer of words for American young men and women, for literats, orators, teachers, musicians, judges, presidents, etc." The existing fragments embody something of his new conception of the relation between language and life, and of the attitude of the literary artist toward his material and his medium. Its main theme thus bears a striking similarity to that of Dante's unfinished treatise *On the Vulgar Tongue*. The language of the books, he saw, was not the language of the people, and, in so far as it was merely conventional, stood as a barrier between the writer and the world. He would have us realise that words are not original things, but accidents, transitory experiments of mankind in the classification of emotion and ideas, and that all who deal publicly with expression must be co-workers in the confused and laborious process by which the new conceptions and new moods of a new nation find adequate symbols. The poet, too, must build upon things rather than words: "latent, in a great user of words, must actually be all passions, crimes, trades, animals, stars, God, sex, the past, might, space, metals,

and the like—because these are the words, and he who is not these, plays with a foreign tongue, turning helplessly to dictionaries and authorities." Such ideas are now not unfamiliar, but they were not current in New York in 1850, and to grasp them, to evolve them for himself, was for Whitman a long stride toward his goal.

G. R. Carpenter.

IV.

MARTIN W. BARR'S "MENTAL DEFECTIVES"*

Hardly can a heavier burden be placed upon the parental shoulders than that of a "feeble-minded" child. While the mother's heart has always gone out toward the defective, it has been the prevailing idea until very recent years that his condition must be considered as a direct act of the hand of God, and that the situation must be accepted piously and without question. Least of all was it dreamed that anything could be done through education to redeem the child from even part of his curse. But devoted men and women have been found whose lives have been dedicated to the study of the "unfinished infants," as the French call them. These children have been rigidly classified and sifted; suitable gymnastics have been prescribed for their imperfect minds; suitable occupations have been provided for their enfeebled attention, and useful citizens have resulted.

In his interesting study, Dr. Barr has spoken to an audience of teachers and parents, rather than to scientists. He has demonstrated conclusively that thorough training of imbeciles renders many useful beings, some imitative artisans and mechanics, while others, though absolutely irresponsible, may be kept from crime and its penalty. The true idiot, on the other hand, who should be carefully differentiated from the imbecile, is

*Mental Defectives; Their History, Treatment and Training. By Martin W. Barr, M.D., Chief Physician, Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children, Elwyn, Penn. 152 illustrations. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son and Co.

hopeless, and must be under custodial care all his life.

The history of the movement for the amelioration of this class of defectives is most interesting. The part of this great work that was done in America begins with the experiments of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Boston, Massachusetts, whose tutelage of Laura Bridgman will immediately be recalled. The first experimental school in America was organised in 1842. It was in 1846 that Edouard Seguin made the first scientific classification of mental defectives.

Dr. Barr commits to asylum care the idiot, whether unimprovable or improvable in self-help only; also the idio-imbecile, who may be improvable in self-help and helpfulness, or trainable in a very limited degree to assist others. He recommends for custodial life and perpetual guardianship the Moral Imbecile, whether (a) mentally and morally deficient; (b) of low grade, and trainable in industrial occupations, with a bestial temperament; (c) of middle grade, trainable in industrial and manual occupations, a plotter of mischief; or (d) of high grade, trainable in manual and intellectual arts, with a genius for evil. He would relegate to long apprenticeship and colony life under protection the imbecile, whether (a) mentally deficient; (b) of low grade, trainable in industrial and simplest manual occupations; (c) of middle grade, trainable in manual arts and simplest mental acquirements; or (d) of high grade, trainable in manual and intellectual arts. For a place in the world he would fit the Backward or Mentally Feeble, including those whose mental processes are normal, but slow and requiring special training and environment to prevent deterioration; whose defect is imminent under slightest provocation, such as excitement, overstimulation or illness. His experience dictates the following precautions and procedures: separation of the normal from the abnormal in schools; asexualisation in early youth of those who, by competent authority, have been adjudged actually mentally defective; permanent sequestration, with separation of the sexes in colonies providing asylums for

the care and protection of the unimprovable; close custodial life for the moral imbecile, where strenuous work, alternating with active amusements, will give constant vent to superfluous energy; home life and congenial employment to those trained to aid in self-support and in the care of others. In this way a beginning will be made in the solution of some sociologic problems, and some resistance may be made to a fateful heredity.

Albert Warren Ferris.

V.

MISS SINCLAIR'S "THE DIVINE FIRE"*

A new novel by a hitherto little known author has accomplished the difficult feat of taking a genius for its hero and making him seem plausible. The gifted characters in novels are seldom plausible. We try to believe that they have gifts because the authors are so insistent on the subject, but it is a rare character that suggests even a moderate talent in anything he says or does. The illusion of greatness is made to depend on the applause of the other characters, and when the great man speaks we wonder why the author should so grossly flatter him. Much as we respect the abilities of Mrs. Humphry Ward, for example, and anxious as we are to oblige, we never can bring ourselves to believe that her extraordinary men are extraordinary. They are good men, but their talents do not bear out her advertisements. Kept in the background looming through a mist the great ones of current fiction might look their part, but at close quarters exposure is inevitable. A good general rule for novelists who exhaust the vocabulary of admiration on the intellectual qualities of a character is to keep him henceforth well out of hearing. Yet in *The Divine Fire*, Miss Sinclair has violated this rule and committed every kind of indiscretion, even to quoting from her hero's poems, and we still believe in him. She broods over him maternally, pets him, praises him, writes of his genius as if it were an aureole visible even to his Bloomsbury

**The Divine Fire*. By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1905.

landlady, makes him talk and arranges a claue for him, expounds his views on art, life, love, nature and the principles of criticism, and gives us nearly six hundred pages of him, all without shaking our faith.

The novel records the triumph of one Keith Rickman, Cockney poet, son of a sordid London bookseller, over various disadvantages of birth and breeding (including the habit of dropping his aitches) and over equally diverse temptations in trade and journalism, his escape from many vulgar entanglements, and his final apotheosis which takes the form of a romantic marriage with a young woman whom he and the author have steadily idealised. It is written on a large scale and abounds in details about bookshops, boarding-houses, editors' offices, magazines, newspapers, critics, literary rivalries and debates. Rickman's career and Rickman's poetry afford a chance for putting the various types of editors through their paces, and they discourse endlessly on literary themes. She has read her periodicals carefully, and if London reviewers are at all as they seem in their writings, a good many of them would talk as she makes them.

"It [individuality] isn't a merit; it's a vice, *the* vice of the age. It shrieks; it ramps. Individuality means slow disease in ethics and politics, but it's sudden death to art. When will you young men learn that art is self-restraint, not self-expansion?"

"Self-expansion—it seems an innocent impulse."

"If it were an impulse—but it isn't. It's a pose. A cold, conscious, systematic pose."

"So deadly artificial and so futile, if they did but know. After all, the individual is born, not made."

"I believe you."

"Yes; but he isn't born nowadays. He belongs to the ages of inspired innocence and inspired energy. We are not inspired; we are not energetic; we are not innocent. We're deliberate and languid and corrupt. And we can't reproduce by our vile mechanical process what only exists by grace of Nature and of God. Look at the modern individual—for all their cant and rant, is there a more contemptible object on the face of the earth? Don't talk to me of individuality."

"It's given us one or two artists——"

"Artists? Yes, artists by the million; and no Art. To produce Art, the artist's individuality must conform to the Absolute."

* * * * *

"And if the artist has a non-conforming devil in him? If he's the sort of genius who can't and won't conform? Strikes me the poor old Absolute's got to climb down."

"If he's a genius—he generally isn't—he'll know that he'll express himself best by conforming. He isn't lost by it, but enlarged. Look at Greek art. There," said Jewdwine, a rapt and visionary air passing over his usually apathetic face, "the individual, the artist, is always subdued to the universal, the absolute beauty."

Jewdwine, who holds the wordy end in the above discussion, is represented as a priggish but refined and scholarly Oxford don who has come to London to edit *The Museion*, "the one solitary literary journal that had the courage to profess openly a philosophy of criticism." He is just such a man as might have written certain columns that we recall in the *Athenæum*. He is fair game, but the author has made him a little too preposterous. We recently read in a London review a paragraph on "blatant modernity," with vague generalities about high standards and trumpet calls to high ideals and never a sign that the writer had anything in particular in mind or personally knew the difference between the high and low. He wrote as Jewdwine talked. But he would never have talked as he wrote. That is the weakness of Miss Sinclair's description of what is sometimes grandly termed the "literary life." She reconstructs the people from what they write. They are never so bad as that. Editors are not fighting moral battles within themselves. Prostitution of talent is a thing one reads about, but seldom sees. Few newspaper men so shape their lives that they spell out little allegories of Art. The author knows things about them, but she imagines them as types, and the types are, for the most part, conventional. And like all women novelists, she is given to the creation of self-consciously ultra-mannish men.

But she has devised a sound plot and

created a remarkable character, and it is rare that a novel framed on so ambitious a scheme comes so near to its realisation. Its faults are mainly those of excess. In purifying Rickman through suffering, she torments him needlessly. She keeps the two lovers apart through scores of

pages by the most palpable artifices. But no page bears evidence of careless work. It shows throughout unusual knowledge and an unusual degree of skill in applying it, and it ranks unmistakably among the best of recent novels.

F. M. Colby.

AUTHORS' LETTER BOXES

I.—STEWART EDWARD WHITE

A good deal has been written about the extraordinary letters writers receive from unknown correspondents. The subject is old, and the logic of the subject has possibly long since been exhausted, but in its details it is always of interest, and individual experience I believe always amusing, at least.

The most extraordinary development has seemed to me the number of doubles a man possesses scattered about the civilised globe. Out of the depths of space continually are emerging coy damsels who have at last found out who you are.

"I believe it must be you who sent me the lines on a Christmas card," begins one with an English postmark and a general appearance of the better class. "Only the other day I came across the lines in *The* — (one of my books) and so now I know who you are."

This would seem meagre evidence to most, for others than the authors have been known to quote, but this trusting lady goes on with perfect assurance:

I have often and often wanted to say something to you, and now I find you wrote it, part of it, before I felt it, and long before I thought of it, for it took me some time to know what I did feel. Among other things they taught me that "without love each kiss adds to the woman's regard for the man, but takes away from his desire for her."

This was the quotation in question, by which she had discovered me. But, mystery of mysteries, in the language of Cherokee Hall, where did she get action on it here?

And I would like you to know that there are some women whom it hurts forever most bit-

terly and makes them feel too cheap and nasty for words. One feels so mean to all the ordinary men who have really cared for one. I never knew quite how it happened at that garden party. You were so different to all the men I know, I suppose.

Evidently the lady has been surprised into a stolen and indiscreet caress, and is sorry for it. Also I must have done it.

I thought you might perhaps think lightly of me once or twice when your mind turned that way, and then forget; but if you sent the lines, you must remember, and so I want you to know that to a woman who tries to be good and true to herself, it's terrible to think that a man who doesn't love her has kissed her. *Please* don't let me have lowered your standard of ideas about women. How you found my name and address, I do not know.

The document is signed simply by an initial, and the postmark is blurred. The writer was evidently sure of her facts; so sure that for a brief moment she made me wonder whether I had not actually in the astral body personated some bold and dashing American youth who had attended a garden party in England, made swift love to an impassive English beauty, dazzled her into a brief surrender, and then departed on my anonymous way.

This that follows is an equally pat example of a woman's tendency to jump to a conclusion, and then to stake the very privacy of her affairs on the tenability of the conclusion:

I suppose by the time you have opened this you will have seen that you have lost your wager,—but still I'll be honest and fess up—I shouldn't have pierced your disguise and discovered your identity if your face hadn't

peered at me from the advertising pages of — Magazine. That little half-tone will cost you another Tennyson to replace the one you so coolly tossed into the Big Muddy. To tell the truth I didn't think you could be so stony-hearted as to have waited until I found you all by myself,—even if you did go off in a huff. Of course I told you that you mustn't write to me, but if you had wanted to very much—!

This is interesting. There is evidently some one who looks at least like my picture in — Magazine, who visited the banks of the Big Muddy, hurled an unfortunate copy of Tennyson therein, and departed into the unknown. The letter drivels along, sounding constantly the note of coquetry evident in the last sentence quoted above:

Do you know, you looked much more boyish when you were here than you do in the photograph? The night after you left I went up on the north bluff and I'll flatter you enough to admit that I was almost lonesome for an hour or two.

There is much talk of a "golden Dakota twilight," "the black loom of the bluffs against the dusky saffron sky," and other things interesting to poetic and twin souls. It ends with this wonderful bit of unconscious but accurate self-analysis:

I presume that I have edified you considerably by this time,—but I only wanted to show you that I can sometimes make a "discovery,"—even if, as you said, I am "always jumping at conclusions."

For a brief moment another document caused the manly bosom of the writer to swell with pride. It was addressed to the editor of a certain magazine:

I am asking you to do a small favour. I saw in your magazine a picture which attracted my attention and set me to wondering. It was of a young man, very nice looking, and I am at a loss to know whether it was a real photograph or a painted one. If this man be single and you ever chance to see him, give him my P. O. address or let him see this letter. You will be doing me a great favour and you will never regret it.

Now, wouldn't that make any man buy a new suit of clothes? But, alas! there follows a damaging postscript:

P.S. The photo is very much blurred.

A large proportion of an author's mail is composed of letters requesting something. I do not suppose my case is exceptional. Once I committed the indiscretion of offering a certain address to those practically interested in what it represented. I received over six hundred requests for that address. After a little I had, perforce, to adopt a certain system. Those who enclosed stamped and addressed envelopes I answered. Those who enclosed stamps merely I forwarded in batches to the owner of the address in question. Those lacking in courtesy or thoughtfulness, I threw into the wastebasket.

"Dear Sir," said one, "send me immediately address mentioned in —, page 17. Yours truly,—"

Not even a please nor a thank you. Others seem to think the third person necessary. Perhaps they are afraid the use of the first person might encourage me too much.

Mr. James Reginald Boggs would thank Mr. — for the address mentioned on page 17 of the —.

Other amiable people cherish the illusion that they are the only correspondent an author has. They are so evidently well-meaning that it costs a pang to turn them down, and yet it must be done.

"Dear Mr.—," they say, "never in a long course of reading have I perused a book that has meant as much to me as —. Would you mind sketching for me a three years' course of travel, giving places to stay, sights to see, cost of canoes and guides, list of outfit, and probable expense?"

This is not greatly exaggerated as to fact, and not at all as to spirit. One anxious father of a family wanted to know whether I should advise him, when camping, to cause his offspring to assume flannel bands!

Of course, the request to criticise the MSS. of youth is too common to be novel. Sometimes, however, it is fun. They all take themselves so seriously, and are generally so hopelessly incompetent, and it is so very difficult to do the right thing. Really it is a serious matter to take out a young person's soul and heart and explain to them that their perturbations are

not the tuggings of genius toward higher expression, but merely growing pains. Almost invariably the correspondent announces his intention of going on with writing or abandoning the proposed literary career wholly in accordance with the writer's opinion. Naturally this is a responsibility few would care to assume—especially on the basis of a quatrain of verse or a few hundred words of prose. The following is a very good sample:

"Dear Sir: Your recent successes in a literary way leads me to believe that you would do me a favour" (observe the beautiful logic and naïveté of that!). "I am one of those persons who think they must write poetry. The enclosed verses are a sample of what I write, and if you will be kind enough to do so, I want you to tell me whether or not they have any merit. I feel sure you can do this. Please do not be diffident about criticising them adversely, because if I cannot write acceptable matter, I want to quit altogether."

Here follow the "verses." I have offered leather medals to those who will paraphrase them into intelligent English. The medals are still in my possession.

A speaking voice obtrudes the mind
With words that whisper of the right
To startle forth or searching find
The thoughts that cannot bear the light.

After much cogitation I have hit on the following as a sort of First Insult to the Injured. It leaves out of account those whose work is worth trouble, and the aiding of whom brings its reward in the satisfaction of having helped in a worthy cause. Those are in a class apart:

DEAR SIR: The MSS. which you did me the honour to send I really cannot criticise. I feel that an author is rarely the best judge of another's work. My advice, since you ask it, as to whether or not you should continue to write is this: *Don't, if you can.* If you cannot, then probably you are a writer.

I have saved until the last a class of letter which brings to every writer the keenest delight. I mean the personal criticism or appreciation of his writings. Let there be no mistake about it, an author likes to get them. Better a single line of handwriting than four columns of type. One is spontaneous; the other paid

for. One springs from impulse, the other from a trained perception. The latter may be more valuable from a technical standpoint, but the former is more heart warming from the human standpoint.

Strangely enough, the letters of praise usually begin with an apology for "intruding on a busy man's time." Why, bless your hearts, no one of us is too busy to have our fur stroked! Perhaps it is the sincerity of the tribute that pleases most, for it is unsolicited and can by no possibility accrue to the material benefit of him who offers it. I most decidedly do *not* mean the type that reads:

Never have I bought (*sic*) a more elevating work of genius than your latest book. . . . We are giving a fair for the benefit of the Little Home for Dogs with Mumps, and are to conduct an auction of autograph copies of authors' books. Won't you please send us one or more of yours?

That sort of thing means nothing. It's the fellow who has had typhoid and against the doctor's orders has beneath his pillow hidden for the night watches a copy of your book, and who on recovery writes to tell you about it whom you love. More power to him!

But occasionally—it would be honest to say, very often—you get a cold or hot blast from some one who scorns you utterly and generally rips you up the back. These delight your soul as do no others, for at least you have succeeded in stirring up the animals. One individual paid me, indirectly and unintentionally, perhaps, the sincerest compliment I ever received. I had written a magazine story in which unavoidable necessity compelled me to kill my heroine. Almost by the next mail came this fiery epistle—from Tennessee.

How *could* you be so cruel—just for the sake of literary *faddishness*? Isn't there enough of misery and tragedy in life that you story-spinners must make us sup on horrors? Wretch! Why couldn't you let the bullet *glance*, and spare us her death and the awful unguessed, unbreathed possibilities that wait on poor little Walter? You think it art! Bother your art! Next time I see your name at the head of a story, I'll remember what an adroit and cold-blooded assassin you are, and *skip*!

Stewart Edward White.

MR. HENRY JAMES AS A LECTURER

Mr. James has not come among us—if one may use a phrase so intimate—with the manners and intentions of certain other novelists from across the water, nor has he been greeted as we greeted Dickens in the breezier eighteenth-forties, with a brass band. He has come to take a look at us—our social amenities, our conception of afternoon tea, and, if he can find them, those marks of a purely American refinement which we may have developed in the last thirty years quite independently of Europe. He has, indeed, a lecture in his pocket, but rather as though it were part of his luggage than as the motive of the enterprise. Yet he no doubt knows well enough that he could count on a discreet and sufficiently large audience in every educated American community. There are perhaps more than he imagines who would jump at the chance to hear this great virtuoso interpreting *de vive voix* his own felicities of language. In January, his lecture "The Lesson of Balzac" was delivered to two Philadelphia audiences. It was his *début* as a lecturer, though it had by no means the air of an experiment. About ninety per cent. of his hearers were women, as was to be expected. Nine men out of ten will tell you that they can't read Mr. James; they haven't "the patience" or "the time." A man when he sets out to read a novel prefers to unbend his mind. He wants to be amused; he does not object to a mystery, but it must be cleared up in the end, even if it takes detectives. Above all he likes *les situations nettes*. If certain relations exist between the characters, let him have it straight. Now, though Mr. James talks a good deal in his novels about "giving it" and "having it straight" the thing you vulgarly want to know is *not* given you straight. You must guess it from that unemphasised fact of a later train, that damning absence of an overcoat, that unconventional call in Venice, that otherwise unaccountable burst of tears. When Mr. James finesses the essential incidents, when you are left to gather the presence of a card of

greater value from the very fact that he plays low, he estranges the masculine attention, and intrigues the soul of the feminine reader. A woman does not resent the omission of the theme, if Mr. James will provide the variations. And, excepting always, of course, that tenth man, on whose existence one must insist in passing, it is on the feminine mind that the linguistic art of Mr. James, his fearful symmetry, casts its spell. You could see the feminine intuitions leap to meet it as he lectured in that "delicate and fascinating speech which burrows deeper and deeper like a mole." To hear Mr. James lecture is an excellent lesson in reading him aloud, that exercise so taxing to one's attention. He speaks in a monotonous, agreeable voice, paying out the carefully chosen words like the links of a chain that is obviously hand-made. The adverbs, for which he has a fondness amounting to mania, fall into the places that only he would have prepared for them; the long period with its heaped-up images closes with a snap, a click as though the joint were in place again at last. You could almost feel the audience breathe their relief. Mr. James would then give them a straight look, reminding one a little how a certain sophist in the later days of Greece, the days when public lectures had supplanted all other forms of eloquence and the drama itself, used to smile at his hearers at the close of each long and twisted period, to show them how painlessly it was done.

The images in this essay on Balzac were as rich and thick as ever. Mr. James has a passion for metaphors that relate to water in all its depths and shallows. He has constantly in his eye the submersion of things and persons. One remembers how in his last novel, *The Golden Bowl*, his characters are always, figuratively speaking, in aromatic baths, sprinkled with impressions or up to their chins in them, scrambling out of ponds to shake themselves like spaniels, immersed, rather unpleasantly one would think, if one didn't like water so much, in tanks, splashing loudly at evening par-

ties, or paddling alone and rather dangerously on mystic lakes, with the anxious husband watching from the shore and all ready to take off his coat and swim to the rescue. So in the Balzac lecture he pictures Jane Austen—"your dear Jane, my dear Jane, everybody's dear Jane"—carried very high up the shore by the tide of modern appreciation; the "colloquial dodge" to show the lapse of time in the machine-made novel is said to "spring a leak." That last pleasing violence of language reminds one of an immortal passage in Mr. James's essay on Zola, in which "the idea," in danger of shipwreck, "is got down in however dead a faint, into the lifeboat." When Mr. James's characters are not in the water they are in boats. Any one who knows something of the history of oratory must be reminded, in listening to the finished rhetorical prose of Mr. James, of the Asianism, as it was called, of certain Greek and Roman speakers. It was in the Asiatic manner to crowd one's speech with images, to be florid, to lavish epithets that gave colour and vividness. Mr. James's eloquence, too, is tidal, and climbs and rises with images. The bloom, the branch, the tree, the forest, you are led through the whole series. So he spoke of "the laden chariots, the tugging teams, the marching elephants, the immense consignments," required to furnish material for the work of his favourite Balzac, the "master of us all," of all novelists, that is. Mr. James is never weary of these gorgeous processional images. He makes Maggie Verver picture to herself the resentments and rages of jealousy as "a wild eastern caravan, looming into view with crude colours in the sun, fierce pipes in the air, high spears against the sky, all a-thrill, a natural joy to mingle with. . . ." As the pleasant even voice of the lecturer uttered strings of images like these, his audience almost seemed to breathe, "O still delay, thou art so fair!" and still Mr. James delayed. He apologised for omitting part of the introduction to his lecture on the score of time, an introduction that was "a portico paved, you are to believe

me, with marble, and beautifully overtwined with flowers." As it was, however, the approach to Balzac himself was leisurely enough, and no one could wish shorter those appreciations of the atmosphere suggested by a series of famous novelists, from Hawthorne, whom Mr. James pictured "sitting up late, uncannily late," to the great French master himself, walking in his "ambulatory," a "great glazed gallery," with framed portraits down the one side, and, on the other, numerous clear windows looking out on to his garden, "the garden of France."

This lecture pays the second instalment of the debt that Mr. James acknowledges to Balzac, and may well supersede his earlier essay. Mr. James heaps scorn on those who devote their leisure to the "loose twaddle" of the machine-made novel that to-day has so great a commercial success, when they might, in the name of closeness and the hand-made, read Balzac. If what we are told is true, that at least eighty per cent. of novel-readers are women, one may reflect that it is astonishing that *they* do not read Balzac. A great part of his success was no doubt due to his popularity with French women. He demonstrated that it is the woman of thirty, not the *jeune fille*, who reigns and is adored in a highly civilised society. The Anglo-Saxon novelists, confronted, of course, with a rather different condition of society, have failed for the most part to realise that this is *le bel âge*, and their middle-aged love-stories usually have the air of an exercise of ingenuity. The woman of thirty had had her poet before Balzac, and he had sung:

"Vous n'en avez pas moins d'attraits,
Vous en connaissez mieux l'usage:
C'est le vrai moment d'être heureux;
On plaît autant, on aime mieux."

But this was not destined to become the classic view till Balzac made it his. In flattering the woman of thirty he propitiated all women. That is his long suit.

Wilmer Cave France.

AMERICAN MUSICAL CRITICS

A certain musical critic, so the story runs, had four sons, all in their teens. When several performances occurred the same evening the four youths were sent to as many operas and concerts, the father himself attending the most important one. Afterward all met at a beer garden, and from the sons' reports, plus the father's knowledge, came the five criticisms.

The story is typical, for the duties of the musical critics in the big cities during the musical season are hard. Five, and often six, performances of grand opera take place every seven days in that time. Perfunctory notices, based on past performances, will rarely serve, owing to the few repetitions of grand opera in which the stars and the conductor are the same, and at nearly every one of the performances, therefore, the press critics are in their seats. Their offices, too, may have them review in a single week symphony and choral concerts, pianoforte recitals, five performances of grand opera and the première of a light opera. In New York and Boston and the other musical centres the musical critics are men of note, a number of them of remarkable influence.

And their work is conscientiously done, sometimes despite surface evidence to the contrary. An incident illustrative of this happened last fall in the Press Room on the grand tier floor of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The Press Room is to the crowds of musical students frequenting the Metropolitan a lady-or-tiger enclosure, whence may come some day praise or blame, spelling success or failure. To the throngs of curiosity seekers on "popular price" occasions it is a part of what they pay to see, and many a critic has had to stop writing there to draw the curtain and shut out a gaping crowd.

On the occasion in question the curtain was drawn from the other side, and by Heinrich Conried, manager of the Metropolitan. The third act of the first performance of *Tosca* was about to begin, and in the Press Room was practically

every musical critic in town, busily writing.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Conried, parting the curtain just enough to get his head through, "aren't you going to hear Mr. Caruso sing his great air in the last scene?"

The busy writing kept on. Nobody looked up. Mr. Conried went away.

But Mr. Conried is good-natured. One of the critics referred to the incident in his newspaper, and a week or two afterward Mr. Conried again came to the Press Room. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said, "I hope it won't be in the paper that I looked in."

An anecdote is told of two prim Boston ladies who attended a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and did not know that Philip Hale, the musical critic of the Boston *Herald*, had written the critical programme book, a task hitherto performed by W. F. Apthorp, critic of the *Transcript*.

Mr. Hale has been called the wittiest man in Boston. His wit sometimes is risqué. One of the passages of comment that the Boston ladies saw was that a certain performer had sung the part of Venus in *Tannhäuser* first in Paris, but that she had assumed the rôle at birth.

The ladies gasped.

"This doesn't sound like Mr. Apthorp," said one.

Then she forgot herself. She turned to the cover and saw Mr. Hale's name. Up went her hands. "Why, it ain't," she cried. And she was from Boston!

Some persons question whether the critics do justice to a performance. "In Boston," a critic from that city once declared, "we always stay through a performance, even if our criticisms aren't finished until 2 A.M." It was at the début in this country of a foreign artist as Juliet. The New York critics had occupied their seats until after the balcony scene, and then had withdrawn to the Press Room. "How long does it take you," one of them retorted to the Boston man, "to find out that a woman can't sing?" Another retort, often heard, to

such an assertion is William Winter's declaration that it is not necessary to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad.

The point is that the first-rank critics, like Mr. Hale and Mr. Apthorp, of Boston, and Mr. Krehbiel, Mr. Finck and

usually arranged for their convenience, and they learn much about the performance by attending these. Sometimes, granted, they come to grief by carelessness. One of them, now dead, was of an especially social disposition, and used often to stay away from the opera alto-



H. E. KREHBIEL

Mr. Henderson, of New York, and others are not tyros. They know most of the operas so well that they wait in their room till they hear the preliminary strains of those parts they wish to listen to down in front, and then out they file. The dress rehearsals of new operas are

gether, writing notices for his paper—an evening journal—based on what he expected to happen. One day he criticised *Carmen* in detail; neither opera nor singers had appeared the night before. But such occurrences are rare. It must be borne in mind that in New York

Henry T. Finck has been musical critic of the *Evening Post* continuously since 1881, Henry E. Krehbiel of the *Tribune* since 1880, and W. J. Henderson continuously since 1883, first on the *Times*

An indictment sometimes found against the New York critics is that they form a close corporation. Said the Boston *Transcript* in an editorial a decade ago: "They do say that there have been



HENRY T. FINCK, OF THE NEW YORK EVENING "POST"

and now on the *Sun*, to say nothing of the other veterans. If at times their notices appear cynical, can they be blamed for "musical dyspepsia" by a public that has a very bad attack of "Parsifalitis?"

productions in New York of works, favourably received elsewhere, which have been deliberately neglected by the entire gang—beg pardon, College of Critics—because Mr. X or Mr. Z of the coterie had passed the word for faint

praise or concealed censure or absolute indifference. But the charge that the methods of the trade unions have thus been imitated is really too shocking."

As against this, it is a fact that most, if not all, of the critics have a rule, and keep it, not to discuss a performance until after their notices of it are in type. True, their criticisms may often be strikingly similar. Mr. Krehbiel, Mr. Finck and Mr. Henderson will tell you of a quartette performance they attended. When it was over, they went together to a restaurant and there did their writing, sending their "copy" to Newspaper Row by messenger. Next day they discovered they had said almost the identical things in almost the identical way.

Coincidence? Yes, and more than that. With many a question, opinion has nothing to do. As Mr. Krehbiel writes in his *How to Listen to Music*: "Granted that the critic has a correct ear, a thing which he must have if he aspire to be a critic at all, and the possession of which is as easily proved as that of a dollar bill in his pocket, the question of justness of intonation in a singer or instrumentalist, balance of tone in an orchestra, correctness of phrasing, and many other things, are mere determinations of fact."

All musical critics are naturally thrown together a great deal. Often they ride to their offices together after a performance. And just here comes another charge they have to face—is it good criticism when it must be done so rapidly? The answer is easy to one acquainted with the facts. It is *not* done too rapidly for care, although there is not time for dreaming over it. In the first place, as has been said, the critics have considerable acquaintance with the opera before it begins. Several paragraphs, therefore, at least, can be written with perfect safety, and put into type if need be, a day ahead of time, with opportunity for revision on proof. In the second place, even if he stays through an opera, the critic will rarely be kept after midnight. He has, then, over half an hour from midnight to get the last of his "copy" to the typesetter, so that it will appear in the first or mail edition of his paper. But he has had time between acts to write of the second and the third, and frequently

there is little for him to do after the opera is over.

Well, it may be said, if he waited a day or two would not his criticism be still more valuable? The answer to this is the simplest of all. It is, in Mr. Henderson's words: "If there was no news in amusement criticism it would not exist in the daily papers." It is, in Mr. Krehbiel's words: "The newspaper now fills the place in the musician's economy which a century ago was filled in Europe by the courts and nobility."

That all kinds of influences are brought to bear on the critics in behalf of artists who wish complimentary notices is beyond question. Equally certain it is that so far as the reputable critics are concerned these attempts fail always, despite the occasional playful assertions that so-and-so receives favourable criticism whenever she sings at the Metropolitan, because her husband is a wine connoisseur.

Many singers, however, are themselves conscientious in this respect. One well-known artist from Vienna came with a letter to one of the foremost critics in a musical centre from a personal friend of his in her native city. She did not send the letter to the critic until after his first notice of her singing had been published. Some critics make it a rule not to meet an artist until they have heard her perform. It is indeed more common for the singers to dine with the critics than the critics with the singers. And the latter, at such times, knowing they are not being lionised, leave off the stiff and formal manner they often have at receptions where they are the chief attraction and invited as such. The de Reszkes among their friends are like two schoolboys, and are exceedingly clever, for instance, at imitating their fellow singers and various musical instruments.

No more effective are the requests of the paper's business manager. Scathing criticism of a performance often appears in the same issue with a large advertisement. Back in 1878 the *Tribune* printed a criticism of the first night of Wagner's *Die Fliegende Holländer* at the Academy of Music, in which the critic liked the performance well enough to remark that "things seemed to have gone very wrong

with every member of the troupe" and also that a certain "gentleman fairly out-did himself; his acquaintance with his part was evidently of the slightest, and though he groped through it, and felt carefully after each note before he sang it, it was a matter for amazement how few of them were right when he did sing them." The manager of the company withdrew his advertisement, whereupon the paper printing an editorial defending the criticism as confined "to pointing out positive faults of execution," and declaring that such occurrences had happened before and could happen again, for the advertiser had no right to expect to modify in the slightest degree the critic's opinion. It is every reputable newspaper's stand.

Indeed, the feeling sometimes is that the critic has his own way *too* much. Horace Greeley himself, just before the Civil War, wrote from Washington of Fry, the *Tribune's* musical critic, to Charles A. Dana, substantially this:

MY DEAR DANA: What will it cost to have the Academy of Music burned down? Please inquire, and if not too much, have it done and send me the bill. I couldn't find a word of my matter in the *Tribune* this morning, but I find five columns of Fry's on the opera. Now you know that Fry will never be satisfied until he has an opera house in which none but his music will be played; so burn down the Academy and give me a chance.

Against libel—journalism's chief horror—the critic must, of course, guard. It was not long ago that Victor Herbert got \$15,000 damages for this from the *Musical Courier*. Here the critic's newspaper training is at his side.

"I have been a sporting reporter and an editor-in-chief, a book reviewer and a copy reader," wrote Mr. Henderson, several years ago. "We were reporters long before we became musical critics. Krehbiel was twenty-five years ago the best baseball reporter in the West, and when he first came to New York he did some of the star news work on the *Tribune*."

It was Mr. Henderson, too, who wrote of the musical critic: "He must know the history and literature of music. He must know general literature. If he means to do more than accept facts at

second hand he must know languages, Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian, and he must be acquainted with modern scientific methods of historical and critical investigation. He must be a good writer, who can present the results of his thought in a clear-cut, forcible, picturesque, and entertaining style."

Both these qualifications, the newspaper man's and the scholar's, a number of the American critics have to a notable degree. Mr. Krehbiel, a clergyman's son, left law study to be a reporter, and left reporting for criticism. He is well known as a lecturer, is an authority on folk-songs, and was liked so well by the Iroquois, whose ceremonials and songs he studied, that they made him a chief. The decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour came to him for his work on the Jury of Awards at the Paris Exposition of 1900. His *How to Listen to Music* has had a very large sale, and his *Music and Manners of the Eighteenth Century* also is notable. Mr. Krehbiel's musical scholarship is very thorough. He is an authority, for instance, on Chinese music, playing a number of their instruments. Mr. Krehbiel has been called by his fellow critics "the Goliath of Gath."

Mr. Finck started in philosophy, and received from Harvard, where he took his A.B., a fellowship with which to go abroad. He developed the striking theory that romantic love, until Dante's time, was unknown—a theory first embodied in his *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*. Others of his books are *Primitive Love and Love Stories*, *Spain and Morocco*, *A Pacific Coast Scenic Tour*, and *Lotos Days in Japan*. Mr. Finck joined the *Post* staff the same year that Carl Schurz, E. L. Godkin, and Horace White became its political editors.

Mr. Henderson, when he leaves musical criticism, goes far afield—or afloat—to making sea books. Once in grave danger of becoming a poet or novelist, he has written, besides yachting stories, especially for boys, a practical treatise on the *Elements of Navigation*, which has had, for a work of its kind, a large sale. He is no land-lubber spinner of yarns of the sea, either. For thirteen years he was identified with the naval militia, and when the Spanish War broke

out he was commissioned lieutenant, junior grade, though his services did not happen to be needed in that contest. By way of contrast to a Princeton M.A., Mr. Henderson holds a merchant master's license. He has written the scores of light operas.

A scholar also was F. N. R. Martinez, musical critic of the *World*, who died last December. With excellent command of languages, he often aided the paper by rapid translations. In connection with Mr. Martinez it is interesting to note that James Creelman, the *World's* special correspondent, was referred to in certain London dailies the day after the first performance of *Parsifal* last December as the leading American critic—a blunder due to the fact that many correspondents wholly untrained to such work covered the *Parsifal* first night. Into the Press Room of the Metropolitan, which accommodates about twenty, on that occasion twice twenty tried to force their way, to say nothing of the reporters, men and women, assigned to the "fashion end," the "society end," the "crowd end," and the "outside end." There is some justification for saying that "horse reporters" occasionally "cover" Wagner.

James Huneker, recently critic of the *Sun*, was long its musical critic, and, indeed, what he says of plays often teems with musical comment. Gustav Kobbé, poet, novelist, and magazine writer, M.A. of Columbia and graduate of that university's law school, is another veteran, now with the *Morning Telegraph*. He was one of the four men—Mr. Krehbiel, Mr. Finck, and Frederick A. Schwab, then of the *Times*, being the other three—of whom the *Musical News* said in 1885: "These are the only critics worth talking about. The four papers which they represent are the only ones which print criticisms. The rest print drivels of idiocy."

Other well-known New York musical critics are Richard Aldrich, of the *Times*, a particularly scholarly critic; Rupert Hughes, author of *The Whirlwind*, a novel; J. Max Smith, of the *Press*, who is an admitted lawyer; W. E. Walter, of the *Commercial Advertiser*; William B. Chase, of the *Evening Sun*, who says he always sleeps with a typewriter under his

pillow for emergencies, thus evincing his newspaper training; Samuel Swift, of the *Mail and Express*; Edward E. Ziegler, of the *World*, and August Spanuth, of the *Staats-Zeitung*. Mr. Spanuth is extremely well known as a pianist. Reginald de Koven used to do some musical criticism.

It is Mr. Ziegler, of the *World*, who is credited with remarking that the reason certain dramatic companies that wished to produce a version of *Parsifal* would fail in their endeavour was that no leading man would be willing to have his feet washed nightly.

Mr. Hale, of the Boston *Herald*, is a graduate of Yale and an admitted lawyer, and exceptionally erudite. He has been editor of the *Musical Record* and *Musical World*, both of Boston, and is organist of Dr. de Normandie's church in Roxbury. Mr. Aphorp, of the *Transcript*, who is now in Europe, is a Harvard graduate, and has had a notable musical career, though he has done also some translating and some dramatic criticism. Roy R. Gardner, his assistant, is now doing his work. Louis C. Elson, of Boston, is widely known as a lecturer and newspaper correspondent. He has translated and arranged about two thousand musical works, and among his original books are his humorous *European Reminiscences* and his *History of Music in America*. Howard Malcom Ticknor, now musical and dramatic critic for the Boston *Journal*, was a member of the publishing firm of Ticknor and Fields and assisted Lowell in editing the *Atlantic Monthly*. He spent ten years in Italy in the consular service and has done much newspaper correspondence and dramatic work. Mr. Ticknor is a Harvard M.A.

The honour of writing the descriptive programme books for the Philadelphia Symphony concerts has fallen to Philip H. Goepp, of that city, for years. Mr. Goepp is another admitted lawyer among musical critics. He is an experienced musician and music teacher and has composed a number of piano pieces. Two volumes on *Symphonies and Their Meaning* are his work.

In Chicago, among those to be noted, are Frederic H. Griswold, of the *Record*—

Herald, and W. L. Hubbard, of the *Tribune*. Mr. Griswold has taken an active part in the campaign to make the Chicago Orchestra, which now has more than eight thousand subscribers, permanent. Mr. Hubbard has had much practical newspaper experience, having been a special correspondent at Vienna. He was bookkeeper on the Chicago *Evening Journal* when he did his first musical criticism. William Armstrong, formerly musical critic of the Chicago *Tribune*, and later of the New York *American and Journal*, was the first American to

lecture before the Royal Academy of Music in London. Miss Amy Leslie has done most of her criticism on the drama, but has done some musical criticism as well. She is with the Chicago *Daily News*.

In San Francisco are H. J. Stewart, who has been with the *Examiner* and the *Evening Post*; Peter Robertson, formerly of the *Chronicle*; Mrs. E. C. Simpson, and Ashton Stevens. Mr. Stevens, now musical critic of the San Francisco *Examiner*, once had a theory that the banjo was the only national instrument of the



JAMES HUNEKER

Mr. Ware interrupted himself significantly. "There is no divorce in South Carolina; once married, a man and woman are bound. I believe in this," he approved sternly, his clear, bright eyes on the listener, who did not speak. "Mr. Euston has gone on his emancipated, brilliant way, leaving behind him in the dust, as it were, a human soul and life which he swore before Christ and His Church to protect. . . ."

Amanda had not heard one slowly pronounced, solemn word since he had given her the bare fact of Euston's liberty! She had no plea to advance for the man—it was indifferent to her whether or not the whole world blamed him! She did not! she gloried in the fact that no human life or influence was near him—no woman's influence, above all.

Instead of interestedly following out the points the rector suggested by entering into a religious or ethical discussion, Amanda said, leaning forward a little:

"The lecture you heard in Atlanta Mr. Euston repeats to-night at his place called the Barracks: I want you to take me to hear him."

Mr. Ware remained in speechless stupor, staring at her. Then he echoed:

"Take you? Why, my dear Miss Morgan! it is out of all possibility! Some women do go—I believe, mill-hands only. Mr. Grismore . . ."

But she frowned here, and so darkly that Mr. Ware, who had several times seen it best not to gainsay this strong-minded beauty, stopped short, the manufacturer's name on his lips.

". . . has nothing to do with it!" Her tone was unmistakably decided.

"Why, Euston speaks in a *saloon*," emphasised the priest, "where liquor is sold against the law."

And his hearer at this point was a curious study. Her red lips twitched; she laughed a low laugh at remembrance of scenes in her past, exquisitely secret and far from her present. She seemed to smell the pungent casked liquor—the pure white fusel-oil drink she had seen distilled. She sighed, and looked away from Ware.

"Yes?" she murmured. "*Liquor against the law!* Oh, I know all about *that traffic!*"

"The crowds that go to Euston's are of the roughest," continued Mr. Ware. "There are disturbances—even shooting, sometimes. His own life is menaced; of course . . . it is unsafe for a man . . . and for you!"

Amanda fanned herself. She said, smiling:

"What a terrible man he must be! You all fear him so greatly. The sinister importance you give him ought to flatter him very much. A reprobate drunkard, a man unfaithfully brutal to his wife, an unbalanced venial leader of hot-headed discontent . . . why, he should either be suppressed—or ignored! Your very attitude towards him, and Mr. Grismore's, compliments him too much. But I happen to have read his reported speeches, and more temperate, clear-visioned standpoints would be hard to conceive. *I intend to hear him!*"

Poor Ware, in real distress, considered the elegant figure of the woman before him.

"You can't go," he said with a firmness at which he trembled himself; he grew red.

Amanda bit her lips, glanced up from under her hat at him, and said "*Oh!*" with actual surprise and, it must be confessed, with a little scorn.

Mr. Ware did not apologise. He blinked. Then she said coolly:

"If you can't engineer this adventure, Mr. Ware, I will go quite alone. But going I am!"

If this Beatrice had offered to conduct Mr. Ware to Inferno, he would more gladly have girded up his loins to follow. The escapade was distasteful to him. Mr. Grismore was North, and his absence made feasible an otherwise utterly impossible adventure.

Their bold scheme accordingly, through Mr. Ware's efficient if reluctant arrangement, was confided to a middle-aged woman, a spinner in the city mills. The good creature, an old parishioner of Ware's and ardent partisan of Euston's, received Amanda and prepared her for her essay.

CHAPTER VI.

About three miles out from Rexington, in the central room of a roughly-con-

structed frame building, once a house and later a boarding-house for the operatives of the Carson Mills, some fifty operatives were gathered to hear Henry Euston speak.

The audience was formed of the best type of cotton-mill hands, employés, chiefly in the city mills, men whose lives since childhood had been spent before the loom, and in whom a superior intelligence had at length stirred to consciousness of their own and their fellows' miserable conditions. The room in which they met had the air of a free library; newspapers and pamphlets were scattered on tables at which some of these men lounged, whilst others found their places here and there on the benches and chairs placed with no attempt at order throughout the room. Most of the occupants on this night had been caught in the storm, and in the high temperature of the night steam rose from the soaked garments. Amongst the auditors were not more than five women, one a very aged creature. Her thin, coarse hair, wet with rain, came down over her wrinkled brow like hay. She alone represented the Crompton settlement, and had walked out from the district in the rain; now, wet to the skin, she sat huddled in her corner, the water dripping from her garments to the floor.

Two late-comers joined the silent group of women—a big, comely, middle-aged creature and one younger. They quietly took seats close to the wall in the shadow.

The speaker was late; he had just returned from Washington, where he had been to see his chiefs, and in a little alcove at the back of the reading-room he was divesting himself of hat and overcoat and shaking off the rain. After a second or two the door opened sharply, and he came out amongst them.

Standing close by the table where most of the men were gathered, he drew a chair towards him, and leaned on its back.

"I'm sorry"—he spoke in a hesitating voice—"if you've all come expecting to hear what you call a 'Favourite Speech!'—I shall have to disappoint you."

His voice was so low that one pair of ears, eager not to lose one word, strained to hear.

"... There will be no speech to-

night. I have come from Washington with orders I will give you all—and then there are a few questions I want to ask."

As he stood directly under the electric burner, the crude illumination cast its pallor on his face; thrown thus in sharp outline by the white light's pitiless frankness, it was defined with brutal absence of art.

The face revealed was that of a man to whom life had been significant. Marked by deep thinking—tense feeling: marred by deep grief and still illumined—the countenance was brilliant. Age it was difficult to connect with him, although the hair at his temples was silvering; although the lines he bore were like scars.

His indomitable determination imparted to him the vigorous power that means youth, that is its best possession.

He was clean-shaven: his mouth's expression strong and sensitive. Ten years of a control almost Titan had recast it in a new and splendid mould. The lips, which he still moistened from time to time, were red for a man, and now and then he compressed them firmly, as if a vigorous check were needful, even at this day of his apparent utter triumph over himself. The alertness and activity of the North spoke in his intelligent eyes, whereas his gestures reflected the slow grace of the Southerners, whose companion he had been for long. Horrible scenes he had witnessed; morbid immoralities indulged on all sides of him; the spectacle of overworked human machines had stirred morality in this complex nature. Euston lifted himself out of the mire of indulgence for his friends' sakes; he emancipated his body from the slavery of fourteen hours' daily labour for them. Through the sublimity of human pity he regenerated himself that he might be fit to act for them. For them he controlled his shaking, inebriate voice that had fainted and failed too often with the wax and wane of his passions, with his misfortunes and defeats. Now it possessed a thrilling quality, a note of passionate vibration. It was the accumulative expression of his own soul and the cries of his fellows.

His deep-set eyes searched every face before him save one—the face of a woman

sitting in the shadow quite concealed by her sun-bonnet.

"We have failed to obtain recognition," he said slowly—"that is to say, in Rexington. The hands have gone back to work in the Rexington Mills, as you know. You couldn't hold out—how could you! Two weeks of idleness and hunger have gained you nothing and you are ready to tell me you are worse off than you were before. . . . If you say it, you are wrong! If you tell it to me over the bodies of your children whom your refusal to work has starved to death, I will say—you are wrong still! Shall I show you why? In your struggle—hopeless, if you like, failure, if you like—you have proved yourselves creatures with souls and minds who refuse to be ground to powder that from your bodies' substance others may make gold! Now, if in your revolt you have been crushed down . . . you have made a breach with your faithful hands, and others shall pass through. You have become a stepping-stone for others to go over.

"This is not any comfort to you? I can't blame you if it is none! And to bid you eat your miserable bread of defeat with composure, to ask you to be content with the disheartening conditions at Rexington—I am not here for this. My colleagues in Rexington are angry with me . . . that is why there are so few of you to-night."

Here an old man near him spat vociferously on the floor all his jaws held of tobacco-juice.

"Not reg'lar *mad*—fer to say, Henry. I reckon they-all ain't thinkin' 'bout much 'cept fer ter keep thayre stummicks full; they-all suttinly's 'bout starved aout las' week."

Euston drew his shoulders together as if he had been struck. The words hurt.

"I know . . . I know . . . and if it had not been for the obstinacy of one man, would have succeeded. That man so completely controls the manufacturing interests here that you are air in his hands! you have no substance! you are not even visible! In twenty-four hours, if we had not laid down our arms, there would have been two thousand or more imported labourers at work on the looms."

One young fellow here interposed, and his language sounded odd with his drawl:

"We'd of shot 'em, like damned raats."

"Not a shot would have been fired," replied Euston. "We have neither money nor power, and the State is against us."

He took in the occupants of the room before going on. Sitting near to the aged spinner from Crompton was a girl whose sun-bonnet flapped close round her face. Euston did not recognise her as he passed on to Falloner—very nervous Falloner, truth to say. He had consented to bring this lady to hear a celebrated speech, and the fact that Euston was about to hold a confidential meeting alarmed him; but he did not dare to suggest an exit.

The leader here began to speak in short, abrupt sentences:

"Either the mill-hands of this district are to remain poor-spirited slaves, or else they are to free themselves. Now, if you are men and women, I am here to give my life's blood for you, if need be. If you are machines and content to run thirteen hours out of twenty-four for a miserable pittance of money . . . if you will work your children to death . . . if you will degrade yourselves under the basest form of unnatural toil—such as this machine-labour is—an unprogressive, uncivilising work, year after year the same; if you are willing to accept all the conditions without revolt, I will leave Rexington and go on . . ."

Here there was a murmur, very low and pathetic; one man stretched out his hands unconsciously, as though he would stay the passing of this human, sympathetic friend, the first and only creature who had ever spoken for and to their weary existences.

"Ain't we-all stud by yo', Henry?"

"Yes," he answered passionately, "God knows you have indeed! And you weavers of Rexington deserve a better issue than this first failure. But the Grismore Mills are as cold as ice. The giant of that man's power has crushed you all at Crompton."

"Thayre's a po'ful lot stirrin' now," said Falloner quietly. Twelve years had altered him, too. His appearance was that of the sober, hard-working operative in his Sunday clothes. He was foreman, although a weaver still. "Janet's organ-

ised, so to say, and Crompton's sprinkled well through with us."

Here the old woman rose painfully from her chair. She was stiff with fatigue.

"Ih went to ma spinnin'-frame at five-forty-five thisyer mo'nin', 'n' wo'ked through noon, sos to git off a spell earlier, 'n' Ih left the mill at seven o'clock, 'n' Ih walked hyar in the rain, tew. Ef Ih'm a machine," she said dryly, "Ih reckon the mo' you-all's got o' my kine, the bet-tah yo' strike 'll turn out."

She shook her old hand in the air; it trembled like a withered leaf at a bare branch's end.

"Sit daoun!" The girl on her left pulled her back by the dress. "He-all cayn't talk none fer thisyer gabblin'."

The look Euston cast over to the poor creature was benignant.

"You shall not walk to Crompton; I will see that Falloner drives you women back.

"I have never led you yet to open discontent," he continued. "I was loth to sanction the Rexington disturbance, but, instead of the labourers engendering a strike, as a rule, it is forced upon them. It takes the place of the instinctively lifted hand and arm against a blow. It is an attitude of self-defence against the raid of capital. But the world doesn't recognise this. Now I counsel a strike for Crompton—Janet and the Grismore concerns. I have a little money from Washington; if I had ten thousand, I could agree to win, but even if we are certain to march to utter failure we must make this gesture of self-defence.—Falloner, you are in direct communication with the Crompton hands—sound them!"

His eyes wandered to the old spinner, whose face was still working with the emotion caused by Mrs. Raikes' story.

"Ih suttinly will lead the Janet women, Henry. Ih'll haul 'em aout from thayre 'sides.' . . ."

He nodded at her.

"You will—you can; you're a brave woman, and I would to God you were at peace before your hearth in your old age! How long have you spun in the mills?"

"Forty years."

Until now the masculine element had been silent and laggard, leaving the sen-

sations to the women, but here a man who had an invalid wife and six children said:

"Ef Ih'm aout of work fer two weeks 'n' more ma wife suttinly will tek sick."

The man was a loyal, one-souled fellow, valuable to whatever cause he espoused; in respect to Euston's principle, he had taken all his children from the mills.

"I will personally insure the wages of any man present to-night during the strike," the chief said.

There was a perceptible stir here. The men drew themselves together in the rags and cotton-covered clothes. They were to be protected—there was to be for them a chance for manhood.

"Moreover, I will make a petition for more funds, but they are not inexhaustible. If we have four thousand hands on strike (as we should have), the best the organisation can promise is bread and beans and coffee for the strike's duration, and our point is only—Recognition—Only—that when a picked few of us present ourselves at the mill-owner's door we shall be received, conferred with, man to man—Recognition! Then"—Euston leaned forward—"then we will ask for shorter hours—a working day that will permit you to breathe, to rest, to keep clean—to read, perhaps; to think, to remain human beings in spite of benumbing machinery. We will ask for hours that will allow the women to stay at home before and after their children are born . . . time for them to make homes for you men . . . to constitute a domestic life. We will demand the privilege to give a tithe of time to labour, not the sum of our beings, until the heart is sick and the head faint; till (as I have done!) you stagger up the steps of your shanties at night too blind with fatigue, too weak with cruel exhaustion to see the path. Time for your faculties to develop, before your brain is befogged and stultified; your ears deafened (as mine have been) from the din of wheels, the whirl of the spindles, the click of the looms. Then . . . that a broader life than this bounded by four factory walls may be yours, that you may see. This is the anarchy of which I am accused. These are the unreasonable mad-man schemes I plead for you—I hope for

you! Schools for your children—a spirit awakened for yourselves that will force you to desire the best for them; to sacrifice yourselves for them as this weaver—Fox—does here! There must be laws to force you to this, those of you who are too blind to see the needs.

"These things will all be! When? Ah, perhaps not in the grasp of all of us here. There will be model mills run by humane and kindly men; you shall one day share fairly in the profits of your toil. . . ." Each man and woman felt personally addressed. "You will hasten this time if you are men and women fit to possess the freedom and the rights of human beings. . . . Everyone who accomplishes an end must have an ideal. Effort is useless, heavy as stone, unless fired by love. Animate yourselves with this thought, and as you bravely respond to the courageous and drastic means I shall suggest, be alive with a higher thought than your own good. The souls and futures of your children—make of them a mighty reason for your discontent. . . . Be convinced that you are working toward an ultimate, sure success, which you pray to live to see."

He ceased; and when his voice fell to silence, it seemed to the simple souls as though heavenly bells, all atune and vocal, had stilled. His power over them was tremendous; if need had been, they would have followed him—then and there—to certain death.

The three women now reappeared from the back-room, and Euston turned to speak with the desolate widow. He gave her all the money he had. He lived on nearly nothing, his expenses being rigidly kept within a sum known to his fellows. His appearance was their pride; the fact that they were represented by a gentleman diffused a curious sense of satisfaction. They knew the details of his struggle and victory, and it was to them as if it had been their own. In his control, his distinction, they saw what they might be and attain; the difference of breeding and education most of them were too ignorant to take into account. To them he had risen from their ranks, and they burned to follow! As he came back now into the room, his face revealed great fatigue. The journey from Wash-

ington, the harangue, a long unbroken fast, told; his eyes were glassy.

Someone had opened the door, and the air from without, though scarcely less hot, was fresh and sweet, delicious with the rain. Overhead the sky was starlit; from a distant marsh came the croaking of the frogs.

He wanted the people to go; to leave him to rest, to think, to stretch his limbs and breathe in solitude. The weight of his decision, the responsibility of many souls and lives, hung on him. He leaned forward from the shoulders, bowed as though he carried a burden.

But everyone had a word to say—a shake of the hand to give; it was some ten minutes before they cleared the room—Mrs. Conrad and the old spinner were to drive to Crompton. The strange girl had taken off her sun-bonnet, and her head, under the light of the electric bulb, was unlike any mill girl's he had ever seen—a beautiful crown of copper-brown hair, little strands, loose, curling golden at the ends, and clustering around her ears and brow. Her back had been to Euston, but, not perceiving him, she turned—so that he plainly saw her for a brief second. If a smart blow had been dealt him it could not have produced a more stinging sensation, withal agreeable. It was a shock, however; and he at first seemed plunged into an ice-cold bath—suddenly he felt the ice crack and snap with his plunge; then came the hot sweep of the reacting blood in revolt. Why, this was a dream! a vision! a not-to-be-explained hallucination—brought on by overstrained nerves and eyes! It was all caused by his own visual gift. *Such resemblances do not exist!* Was it a real woman? Or, if he rubbed his eyes, would both she and Mrs. Wiggin disappear? . . .

Falloner, at his side, said: "I have pretty well gone through the Janet, Henry. With a little help she could be organised to the last man."

The girl had replaced her sun-bonnet. If it were . . . ? Why, then, she was a *mill-hand* still! He grasped Falloner's arm.

"Who is the girl with you and Mrs. Wiggin?"

Falloner, guilty and anxious, said:

"It's a frien' of mine, just a gyrl from' Rexington."

"Where does she work?"

"To th' Ralings Mills."

"What is her name?"

"Matty," fabricated Falloner quickly.

They were now the last inmates of the room, and Euston and Falloner came over to join Mrs. Wiggin and her companion, who stood already at the open door.

"You have a clear night to go back to Rexington," said Euston, "but it will be wet underfoot."

Down in the slushy meadow, at a considerable distance, the outline of the rock-away could be distinguished. All four were outside the door, and Falloner, to anticipate whatever curiosity the vehicle might occasion, explained:

"I jest driv' 'em over, it was so po'ful rainy."

Euston, saying he would go along a step with them, fell by the newcomer's side; a little behind, Mrs. Wiggin and Falloner chose their way through the morass of rain-soaked grass.

Now, Amanda . . . face to face—nay, rather side by side—with Henry Euston after all these years, the wet meadow-lands around you, in the distance the clicking looms of Carson's City Mills, overhead the eternal stars, what will you say! Or does your heart beat so against the cotton of your common frock that you cannot speak!

* * * * *

"Mr. Falloner tells me that you are working in the Ralings Mills. Like the rest, then, you, too, have gone back to work?"

She nodded and murmured what he took to be, "Yes, suh."

"The failure of the Ralings strike was a bitter blow to you all; but we are sure to win, and soon! The fact that you have taken the trouble to come all the way out here to-night indicates you are willing to work with us?"

Before she could reply Falloner and Mrs. Wiggin turned round to them; they were near the rockaway.

"I must say good-night." Euston extended his hand; the stranger put into it one as cold as ice.

"Good-night; thank you for coming."

And she threw her head back a little;

he saw her face again—not plainly enough for his interest and curiosity—pale as a lily, with eyes like stars, the features not clear in the starlight. But, as though she feared he might speak, as, indeed, his lips seemed parted to do, she drew her hand quickly away, and hurried after the others. Euston remained motionless, staring at the figures of Falloner, Mrs. Wiggin, and a man who hastily bundled the women into the carriage, and sprang in himself.

When the driver turned the horse's head Rexingtonwards, Euston retraced his steps across the soggy meadow back to his house, which waited for him with the door still wide to the night.

CHAPTER VII.

All that she had heard from the lips of Henry Euston, the antagonism the daily contact with Grismore awakened, determined Amanda to leave the detested atmosphere of Rexington and go to some neutral place to make herself a factor in Euston's schemes, reveal herself and aid him in as far as she might.

With no clear plan for her first step, but eager to be gone from this house, she went to Grismore's study to break to him the news of her decision to leave. As she came in—unexpected and welcome—he greeted her with delight.

"Well! This is a pleasant surprise! I thought you had gone to bed long ago."

Perhaps at no time in her life had she felt as ill at ease as at this very moment. She had dealt with a variety of temperaments with tact and cleverness. She had been exposed to actual danger in her youth. Here she felt dangerously impotent. There was no meeting between the gross sensualist and herself; no neutral plane on which she might summon to her the kindly soul of a man who would respond to ideas of justice and humanity. She was afraid of him. She had not realised, during the week of his absence, how distinct his individuality was, nor, in her interest in the mills, her concentration on Euston's life, had she in truth considered him as a person at all. Now she must do so, and here he was, his eyes lighting with a sentiment all too

horrible, his face more antipathetic than ever under its guise of affection.

"I didn't wait up to give you a surprise." Her voice was as cold as she could command it to be. "I stayed to say that I'm going to-morrow."

His hands on his knees, in their usual outspread position, relaxed.

"Going to-morrow!" he repeated in a totally changed tone. "Where to, pray?"

"That," she said, and drew a breath of relief, "I don't know yet."

For a second neither spoke. With the habit of adjusting his mind to difficulties, he prepared his attack.

"I didn't take in that I've been such a poor host. I'm brusque, I know—a rough-and-ready sort of chap—but I confess I don't quite see what I've done so monstrous that I am driving a guest out of my house without word or warning."

His tone was a complete change from the habitual arrogant swagger she so detested and shrank from. He spoke with dignity and sincerity, and she had no immediate reply ready. What was there to say?

"You have been, on the contrary, very kind indeed; it is *I* who am impossible! I begin to discover I should be rude again. Our ways of thinking are so different."

He broke in sharply.

"Well, that's not so strange! You're a young woman who has struck the luck to inherit what is a very pretty sum of money. I'm a hard-working, self-made man. I've had to sweat like a nigger for every cent I've got. If I seem to you a hard, cruel master, there's no reason why I shouldn't improve—is there?"

She shook her head.

"It's not for me to criticise you."

He had cleverly disarmed her. A hot protest from him would have greatly aided her flight, but this meek attitude was difficult to affront; he had never appeared so nearly attractive.

"I don't see why you shouldn't criticise me," he said quietly. "I'm ready to listen, to learn as well, and your heart is honestly engaged in the work you've been at over in Crompton. Why, it seems to me it's worth a little effort to discuss ways and means. See what you could do for those four thousand souls under my

jurisdiction!" He watched her with a cunning of which she was unconscious. "Not," he parenthesised, "that I pretend to say I'm all wrong, and you're right. But I say, if I'm a barbarian in my relations with my mill-hands, I'm willing to consult with you, and to see your side, and improve my methods."

He was willing to do more than this—he was ready at that moment to make her his wife; but he knew that if he evinced one shade of personal interest in her now, his cause was hopeless henceforth. His hands were cold with excitement, and, in spite of the brandy, his florid colour had faded; only his nose remained red and somewhat swollen; the veins palpitated in it.

Amanda refrained from looking at him as much as possible.

"I promised Mrs. Morgan"—purposely using her adopted mother's assumed name—"to come back to Rextington to see you—to tell you, as I have, of her life and death, to fetch you her pardon. And when I had done this I spoke to you then, in her name, of certain qualities which she possessed—qualities it is good to have—I spoke to you of certain mercies to be done. You were not moved then to hear me—why should you be now?"

The reference to his wife irritated him at this juncture; it served to chafe the smoothness of his mood. He said, with a brusque gesture:

"Come! If I wasn't affected then by what you said—if I've never been decent in my life, that's neither here nor there. I'm giving you a chance that the philanthropist idiots and the Labour people would sell their souls for. If you care to visit here a little longer, a little longer"—he looked at her from under his eyelids. Her eyes were straight before her; the light from the lamp danced in the silver roses on her bodice—"why, I'll put the reins in your hands" (here she did look at him quickly, and exclaimed "Oh!"). "If you don't ruin me," he mitigated, "you can have things pretty much your own way."

Just how completely she took him at his word he did not care; his point once gained, he could temporise, delay, circumvent.

Euston flashed to her mind—"Do as she liked . . . !" She raised the book she held, and pressed it to her heart. Grismore put out one hand as if to ward off the flood of benefits already threatening to pour over from a horn of revolution. "*So long as you don't ruin me!*" The millennium that even with half his permission she might herald to those bound slaves blinded her! She could prevent the strike; she could secure Euston from the danger of his enterprise!

"You mean to tell me that if I will consent to remain here a little longer you will give me free sweep with the mills?" . . . And before he could ratify or hedge she was struck by the expression of his face. . . . "Why," she asked in an altered voice—"why do you do this?"

She had risen, and was making her way toward the door as if to run from the stifling atmosphere, and murmured, "No, no; I must go from here to-morrow!"

But Grismore had sprung up as well, and was before her at the door, his hand on the knob.

"By —! you shan't go! Not like this! I've done nothing to make you scorn me, Amanda. What have I done or said that you treat me like the dirt under your feet? I've just made you the biggest offer a man could make; I put the biggest interest of my life in your hands."

"I have no right to it—no desire to have!"

"Never mind that. I ask nothing in return. Stay two weeks," he urged, "and don't shake the dust of my house off like this. I swear to you I won't offend you by word or deed—I swear."

She wavered. The scene at the moors the night before came vividly to her mind. By his proposition he placed the fate of the miserable cotton-spinners in her hands. What was she that she should not sacrifice her tastes, her inclinations, her prejudices, her principles almost, if she might even ever so little lighten that vast burden? Two weeks!

"It is a bargain." She tried to say it lightly and to look at him with less loathing. "I stay two weeks, and I am mistress of the mills!"

In sheer triumph and overwhelming

satisfaction, he seized her hand, but let it fall at once, murmuring an apology.

"Will you open the door for me? Good-night."

And she slipped out so swiftly and disappeared so rapidly that he feared his uncontrolled touch of her had lost her to him, and that the morning would find her gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the past twelve years Euston had seen the traditional grain of mustard-seed fulfil its promise.

From an uncouth little band, a handful of men gathered at old Ireton—power had gone forth to be felt throughout the entire Southern cotton belt. In 18— the first strike organised by Euston secured an hour's reduction on the day's work. Thereafter an altogether miraculous success met him wherever he went; his relations with toiling humanity—the confidence of his chiefs—the consciousness of power, created for him a certain happiness entirely based on unselfish devotion to an ideal cause. Peace was a natural enough reward to Euston, for he was a conqueror, and the sense of victory had not been disturbed until the last meeting on the moors.

He avoided Rexington; its associations were painful to him. The greater part of the years had been passed in the districts of Alabama, Georgia, and in the North, where he had gone directly from old Ireton. He had put himself in touch with Labour chiefs and philanthropists, become a student of the social questions of the times, an active agitator—"of discontent," his enemies said; "an awakener of souls," he chose to believe.

After the events in Penvallon, a delegation from Ralings Mills in Rexington sought Euston out, and he reluctantly acceded to their demand for organisation. But once in Rexington, despite its disagreeable, sad, and haunting memories, he decided it must be his definite place, after all! it was the thick of the combat—the vortex of opposition—and the vortex of need.

Here Mr. Grismore represented joint interests of the richest Northern cotton capitalists. Regarding this man Euston

had a superstitious feeling. He had never seen him since the hour Grismore had insultingly driven him, a drunkard, from his employ. Euston believed they would some day come face to face over a vital issue.

The strike at Ralings was an absolute failure. Euston's chagrin in this instance had been overwhelmed by his pity and sympathy for his wretched disciples. He had been obliged to observe two thousand men and women at the time of direst need and in the fatal mental state of inertia combined with despair. The gentle, docile character of these operatives was particularly touching; their obedience to him, their blind adoration, made him at times feel a criminal as he looked from their wasted forms to the silent mill, and knew that it required only a nod of acquiescence from him to send them all back to their looms.

This strike—a hasty one—forced upon him against his judgment, proved, however, that the situation at Rexington was ripening fast. These people were less naïve than the hill-folks of Penvallon and Ireton. They were more close to citizenship, living as they did in one of the largest towns in the South; in constant touch with daily events. They chafed in their bonds, longing for a leader, and they embraced Euston's theories with an ardour that inflamed him too quickly. Unfortunately, he had been unable to reach them all, and they had prematurely rushed to meet Grismore's bulldog obstinacy, only to realise the limitation of their funds and their impotence.

Euston's command to capitulate came none too soon. Grismore, in event of their holding on against him for a longer time, had determined on a "lock-out," which, if carried into effect would have starved the exhausted creatures like victims of a plague. Close upon this the purchase of Penvallon came with balm.

A Northern manufacturer stopping at the Rexington Hotel begged Euston to meet him there for a private interview. It was none other than William Ireton, proprietor of the Ireton concern, the rich son of a richer father. He talked several hours *en tête-à-tête* with the Labour agitator.

In the lobby of the hotel, at the close

of the interview, Ireton paused, and said: "You don't connect me with your past at all—Mr. Euston?"

Euston confessed—no! There was so little of his past he cared to connect with his present . . . that he would not lose this pleasant memory! What did Ireton mean?

"You were at Harvard in 18—; I remember you with pleasure, although you repulsed my friendship, and if I am out of sympathy with your theories, I can't ever be entirely antagonistic to *you*."

In closing their conversation, he said: "If I can purchase Penvallon, I will. You may organise there on one condition, before you incite my people to revolt give yourself the trouble of *coming first to me*. There is a great deal of talk about arbitration. It seems to me that mutual understanding between employer and employés is not a bad beginning."

Ireton argued that things forbidden possess temptations quite likely to disappear when the fiat is withdrawn. He believed that his "hands," freely permitted to organise, assured, moreover, of confident access to himself—would find the spirit of discontent nipped in the bud. Euston accepted his suggestion.

Euston saw him leave the hotel—young, respected, wealthy, an able employer, a representative of one of the strongest types of the country. His honourable position from his birth had been assured. As he watched him going briskly out into the afternoon sun, he thought to himself: "This I might have been if I had had a father to educate, to care for me! if I had not been summarily flung into the very face of adversity—a challenge, as it were, for Fate and circumstances to do their worst!"

* * * * *

Although Labour questions and beneficent schemes absorbed Euston, he wondered very continually who the woman could be that Falloner had brought to his meeting.

What use, if it were Amanda, to see her or renew relations? If she appeared upon his present, it would be to tax him with the desertion of her sister, as she had done twelve years before, in the Rexington gaol. Euston recalled the scene perfectly, and the little accusing face, the

pretty hair filled with burrs. He had taken a yellow leaf from the tangles; he had kept it a long time. Memorably that day Amanda had first appealed to him; it had not required more than a week to disillusion him with the degraded nature of the girl he so rashly wedded. Viewed in the calm of his later years, it was the direst folly of a desperate, half-sane youth.

The feelings which Amanda had later awakened in him were of quite another quality. Gratitude, admiration for her strong, unselfish character, the tribute she forced all people to pay her of respect—followed in his case—in an easy sequence by gentler sentiments. It was not until weeks later, when they had lived together in the same house, worked in the same mills, that he realised how absorbed he had grown in the little sister of his wife. He had thought of her as a little girl, and he woke one day to the knowledge that she was a woman. The talk at the scaffolding in Crompton village, when with his farewell sight of her came the knowledge that it was Amanda he had so passionately embraced in the cabin of the backwoods! vividly impressed him, and the pulse of it had taken long to wear away. It was this remembrance, in its natural fever, in its fatal force of animal passion, that returned to him now when he found himself alone with his problems in the little house on the moors. If this were Amanda Henchley, as far as he could tell in that brief sight of her, she had developed into a very unusual woman. If it were Amanda, he would avoid her for every reason in the world, and if it were *not* Amanda, he did not care to see her again. After having thus decided, he set himself to plan out the intended strike, which should have for its first modest plea the demand for recognition from the manufacturers.

CHAPTER IX.

A little out of the disorderly ugliness of Rextington is the one beauty the town possesses—a church dating back into the early part of the nineteenth century. It is surrounded by a cemetery, where, under magnificent oaks and lin-

dens, the tombs of the city's forefathers crumble and decay, the lines in quaint English half effaced by the fingers of the moss. Vines and myrtle run luxuriously over the grey tablets and over the church itself, its soft pink granite warmed by the genial climate and the mellowing years.

The coolness of the enclosure and the shade of the trees made in the late afternoon an especially attractive place for a tired man to withdraw to seek rest and refreshment. Euston, returning from Penvallon Mills toward six o'clock, saw the church, dim and inviting, and wandered back, intending to stroll through the gardens, and rest beneath the heavy shades of the trees. The day had been exhausting, but its close promised coolness and relief. The copper sky clouded a little, and a wind stirred heavy with the scent of jasmine and lily growing in abundance in the enclosure. Euston opened the rusty gate and went in, glad to see he was alone, and master of the place and time. The door of the church was wide open, and within he could see the cool darkness of the aisles and naves. The sound of the organ, low and vibrating, told him his solitude was not unbroken, and rather than come face to face with some unfriendliness, as he was too often likely to do, he went across the grassy lawns to the opposite side of the curfew under a giant oak. There in its profound shadow he took off his hat, stood with uplifted head, thoroughly enjoying the sweetness of the delicious air. The soft melancholy undertone of the music reached him here. Someone was playing pianissimo an evening hymn, and it contributed delightfully to Euston's mood.

After a little the music ceased, and he could hear within a man and a woman talking together. They were coming out of the church, and Euston was in full sight of the open door.

Mr. Ware, the little clergyman of Grisimore's mill, came out first. By his side was a woman in white dress, white hat, a blue scarf round her waist. Drawing on her gloves, she stood a few moments talking to the clergyman.

Suddenly she turned and saw Euston standing bareheaded under the trees. Without explaining to the clergyman, she

left him abruptly, and came directly onward toward Euston, traversing the green very quickly, then slackening her pace.

He gazed at her in bewildering surprise not for long—not for long! She put out her hand to him, smiling deliciously, and, before she had spoken a word, he knew it all in a flash.

In a voice full of sweetness and emotion, she said:

"Don't you know me?—don't you remember me? I am Amanda."

And this had been their meeting. Overcome by its suddenness, embarrassed and constrained, the woman, more quickly at ease than the man, had spoken a few indifferent words. With hearts full of wonder and delight at having found one another again in the waste of life—changed—yet still unchanged, they stood for a space too short, and looked into each other's eyes.

In his house the same night Euston walked to and fro, a man in a waking dream. It was then a thousand years since that morning—since, in a composed frame of mind, he had harangued a little band of men and women in Penvallon, and then gone forth to his various duties and absorbing interests? Well, so they were, so they had been! Did they not touch most vital questions at issue all over the modern world? In this moment of excitement they seemed toy shapes compared with a living, breathing body. They hung in clusters of ashen fruit—white, pale—beside the tense centre of a flame.

Euston's life might be divided into definite parts. For sensations, which touch not alone the senses, but the soul, mark the real epochs in the history of men and women. When he discovered at the hour of his mother's death his illegitimacy, his regeneration on the night of the meeting at old Penvallon, now a third! At first he gave himself up to the heavenly realisation the afternoon had been. Amanda Henschley, connected with an evil past, was a beautiful woman—tender, humane—with a spirit as high as her brow was white, with a tenderness as deep as those profound, serious eyes. She had remembered him all these years when

she might well have forgotten him with proper disgust! Not alone had she remembered him,—but she had sought him out to renew their relationship. True, she had not found him where she had left him! . . . She was in an atmosphere at present antagonistic to Euston, but she had taken pains to express to him, in words whose beauty he could never forget—her sympathy. What had she said?

"I have read your speeches. I have no words to say how great I think you have become. I assure you, the night I heard you speak, I was nothing but Amanda Henschley again—a mill girl—palpitating with my people's wrongs, echoing from my heart all you pled for."

She had asked him no question; not one word had taken either of them back into the past. Now, as he thought of her, he saw that he would like better than anything else to tell her of every step of his way.

They had only been together a few moments. Mr. Ware drove up for her far too soon, and she had left Euston with a good-bye and a promise to find means to see him again. . . . Deep as was her sympathy in all he had done, sincere as was her confidence, she disapproved of his proposed strike at the Grismore Mills; she begged him to wait ten days—for what reason?

Oh, she would show him soon! She would prove to him that she was more his friend than Grismore's; she begged a certain trust in her! She had heard Mr. Ireton of Penvallon the night before at dinner speak so admiringly of Euston. Had he not given Euston recognition without the necessity of a strike? . . . If in ten days Mr. Grismore did not extend this same reasonable courtesy, she would withdraw her demand, then Euston should strike as he saw fit. Give her this time!

But when he left her he had time to wonder, with something like jealousy, what she could do with Grismore that would make him grant a concession Euston believed nothing in the world could wring from him but force? He regretted that he had concealed this. He longed to see her again, to prove to her that the time was ready for the insurrection. He

longed to see her again—in fact, this alone was reason enough!

took as Divine ordering—in this separation he would cure his disease, he made no doubt.

CHAPTER X.

Justus Ware would perhaps have known as little and as much of life at one time as another had the advent of Amanda not traversed his horoscope.

Educated at Oxford, the son of a ritualist dean, he had come to the States in the position of tutor to a Manchester cotton-merchant's son. On their way to Florida, the young men made a tour of inspection through the largest mill concerns. Ware, impressed, not by the squalid misery he saw, but by the spiritual darkness, took a sudden resolution, and after accompanying his pupil to England, himself returned to America as missionary priest. Alabama and Georgia had been pretty thoroughly traversed by him when he first appeared at Lily Bud Euston's door twelve years ago, and was forthwith the means of Euston's emigration to the old Ireton Mills.

As a young priest he had taken the vows of celibacy, and of late those promises, so sacred and expedient, had become chafing bonds. From the hour he was conscious of Amanda, as an adorable woman, began for Justus Ware the real suffering and struggle of his life. He would have as soon contemplated suicide as the breaking of his vows, and after a little he perceived the breaking of vows would avail him nothing, for in Amanda's eyes he was exactly what he had schooled himself to express—a spiritual essence, a symbol, a priest, nothing more!

These things in his case were not to be cast out by prayer and fasting; the animalism of the flesh needed sterner reproof. He relegated himself to the Middle Ages, and used the scourge. In his little room of Crompton Parsonage cruel blows fell on his body. Amanda was far from imagining that the timid man had shed his blood because of her too earthly beauty and his vows.

In order to put temptation from him he renounced his parish in Crompton and assumed a charge in Ireton's Mills at Pen-vallon. That there was an opening he

CHAPTER XI.

At the end of her first week Amanda felt she had compressed a lifetime into the embrace of seven days.

Much of it she had spent *tête-à-tête* with her host, papers and plans between them. On her part a confused whirl of philanthropic ideas made toward the impossible millennium to the enthusiast who would alter the face of the industrial world by a few reforms. But Grismore's well-ordered thinking machine comprehended the whole situation, *and that present conditions will continue as long as industrial supply and demand employ flesh and blood instead of mechanism.* He knew labour and capital to be inherent enemies, whilst as indispensable to each other, as close-knit, as the Siamese twins. Grismore clung to his clause, "So long as you don't ruin me"; and with contracts to deliver, bewildering amounts of cloth to bewilderingly many countries with competition hard on his heels, he forced her common-sense to temporise even as she projected and planned. Eight hours a day! How impossible the time seemed with Grismore before her! Share in profits! What a film-like theory to propose for the backwoods cotton-mill hand! She was fain to content herself with what, in slow sequence, she could evolve from the most crying needs. Although her host refused nothing, he made her by his subtlety demand almost nothing! until she felt that only a revolution could free these white slaves.

Besides her friendly liking and respect for Mr. Ware, he was invaluable to her in furthering her plans for seeing Euston. She had been able to contrive for just one interview, exciting and unsatisfactory. The tremendous point at issue, "What shall I urge upon Mr. Grismore? What can I do for the mills?" became no longer a simple question when she stood face to face with this man, who, despite the change in both their fortunes, was unalterably linked to her life.

Euston himself, prevented by his prom-

ise to her from active agitation in the matter of his cause, had thought of nothing but Amanda during the week's time. What was she doing at Jacob Grismore's house?

No sooner did Euston meet Amanda for the hurried few moments Ware had arranged for them, than he outright put the question that had been in his mind tirelessly reiterating itself.

"You asked me to delay aggressive actions; I have done what you wished, because Grismore is to give us recognition. *Now why does he suddenly accede to a concession he has sworn to refuse? What means has worked the miracle?*"

They were walking side by side at the foot of the main street. They had taken an open road leading along to the river bank. Amanda was ostensibly absent on a visit to a poor woman in Rexington. At a little distance Mr. Ware kept watch of the two figures.

Amanda realised that the memory of this man had been the intensest thing in these intervening years, and if she had in absence idealised him, the ideal was short of the strong reality! She said slowly, choosing her words:

"I seem to have a civilising effect upon Mr. Grismore. One does not always recognise facts in one's environment—it needs sometimes an outsider to present them."

Euston interrupted her.

"A woman can have but one real influence on a man! any other sensation is incapable of compelling a man to do what he doesn't want. . . ."

In dread lest he should pursue the subject, she said: "I came to Rexington to fetch him a message from Mrs. Morgan. I have stayed longer than I wished, hoping to be of some good. Don't you think that under the very roof with the man who controls the lives of my people—I can, perhaps, have some influence. . . .?"

And Euston, knowing he had no right to question or forbid, said simply:

"It is, of course, not my affair. You know I despise the man—I hate to have you in his atmosphere; but you have asked me to wait until you bring some powerful issue—I have promised."

No doubt she was to marry Mr. Grismore. Unable to endure the thought of

her in such relationship, he stopped short in his walk as though the interview were at an end.

His manner was such that Amanda was frozen. He had gone far from her in these years! The fact that she was to return thus unstrengthened to that house—and to Grismore's detestable presence sickened her.

She said flashing: "I leave Mr. Grismore's in another week, then I shall be quite free."

Her expression was unfortunate. Euston caught it.

"Free? From what?"

"Free," she answered quickly, with feeling unmistakably real, "from the contact of a man whose character I abhor. But how callous you would think me—how hard-hearted I should be—if I came back here indifferent to all I see and know! To help the cotton-spinners you have given your life. Is it too much for me to give a fortnight for their sakes?"

He felt reproved.

"But you say such strange things," he interrupted irritably. "The limit of time—why two weeks? And if it is a bargain, as it sounds, what are its conditions?" He stopped; he had no right to thus rush on into her life.

Her knowledge of Mr. Grismore's sentiment embarrassed her here; she could not speak frankly, and he was conscious of it.

"I put a limit on my stay because I have other plans. I shall perhaps go to Ireton to work there; I have wondered whether I could go into the mills as an operative."

Euston smiled, despite his strange humour.

"You—a mill hand again!"

"I don't know what will be best. I want to talk with you: you will advise me."

"Why do you choose Ireton?" And even as he said the name, its owner came vividly to his mind. Ah, rich manufacturer! In an instant with one of those remarkably dull visions passion is famous for—he saw a romance. "Oh, yes," he exclaimed, then hurried. "It is a splendid mill, and Ireton is a splendid fellow; there will be no better adviser than Ireton himself." He put out his hand as

though in good-bye. "I must go, Amanda, and it is unwise for you to come here like this, you know, you must not, for all reasons."

She was hurt, she was suffering under his unexpressed suspicions, which she could not understand.

"You mistrust me." She coloured deeply. "I don't know why you should; perhaps you even distrust my motives." Her eyes actually filled with tears. "What can I do to prove my good faith, Henry?"

He made no answer, and the river at their side in the silence spoke madly for them. For the man its voice of tempest was a fitting expression. Never in his life had he seen the like of this fair, lovely woman, whose life was so strangely linked to his. Even in this distance, in the relationship by a tie that forbade a nearer, she seemed to him to be his.

"The river is quite mad to-night," he said, and his voice was gentle. "It is higher at this season than in fifteen years; that was before we knew each other."

She exclaimed, wide of his remark: "Do you mean you won't let me work with you, Henry?"

"I mean,"—his voice was slow, very slow, for the rein of control held it now tense—"I mean you ought not to be here at all. How can you work with me? I am an outcast—a marked man." He was about to say, "And how can you remain when you are at Mr. Grismore's?" but he refrained.

Mr. Ware was slowly coming toward them.

"A woman has a right to devote herself to philanthropic work," Amanda hurried. "I am seriously determined. You shall see! You think fortune has altered me; you think me proud and spoiled, no doubt. You shall see. If you won't help me to help them, I shall work alone." As he still made no response, she repeated softly, "You think me then so changed, Henry?"

"Yes," he exclaimed brusquely, "you are, thank God!"

"Ah, then, for that very reason," she said triumphantly, "if you think fortune has saved me, as I see you do, body and soul, *shall I not do what I can to help them?*"

Her voice was soft with the birthright

of all Southern voices. It had a swing and sway; it made him think of the wind in the trees, the summer wind. He could listen to it for ever as it pleaded at his side.

Mr. Ware joined them; he spoke to Euston with great courtesy and friendliness, but Euston saw them go away together with a feeling of anger and impotence such as he had never known.

He turned from them to continue alone his walk along the Bye. How much he had crushed down and out! It is said that men do not eradicate hereditary passions. In his case it had looked as though there were glorious exceptions to that rule! It was twelve years since he had tasted a drop of liquor. Up to the present he had been absorbed, amalgamated with the people and their cause. But the inertia of the past days, when his projects were all held in abeyance because of his promise to Amanda, argued ill for him. He was fatigued, overstrained, restless, nervous, his mind at loose ends.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Ware sought Amanda at Mr. Grismore's house, and found her sewing in the library, to which he was given instant admittance.

"Euston writes me that he must go through the Crompton Mills. He says the people are disaffected, and it is important he should show himself among them. You see, he puts himself in my power, and in my hands." Ware took a letter from his pocket, and turned it over; he was troubled.

She put out her hand for the letter with eagerness.

"You won't refuse him, Mr. Ware?"

"I am Mr. Grismore's servant," he said simply, "and I should consider such a thing a shocking piece of treachery."

She opened the letter and read it, her face showing marked excitement.

"You are quite right. It would be dishonourable. You have already been patient with us." (Us! She linked herself completely with the antagonists.) "In fact, this letter is not for you; it is for me; I can tell by the wording. Mr. Euston knows I will find means to do this for him."

Ware shook his head.

"Hardly. He has supposed from my appearing with you now several times that I am friendly to the Union. Euston would not apply to a woman like you to aid him in a dangerous scheme."

Ware was accustomed to her enthusiasms. A new plan, a point gained, a step advanced, threw her lively, responsive nature into an agitation agreeable to watch. The quick colour that dyed her fairness like a rose, the darkening of her eyes till their blue-grey hue was black—all were familiar to him. She was now most keen and alive.

"Is it dangerous, then?"

"Eminently; if Mr. Grismore knew of his presence on his ground his life would be cheap."

She drew her brows together, and Ware said:

"He must not be permitted to come here."

She was silent for a moment, then said appealingly: "You will, out of friendship for me, remain neutral? . . . Mr. Ware, you will not oppose me?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I shall take him through Crompton to-night myself—"

"Oh, you are mad," he exclaimed. "I certainly shall, and do, oppose!"

She smiled.

"No, I am quite sane, as you will see."

"He will be recognised."

"I think not. Last week it would have been impossible. As it chances, every overseer is new in Crompton since yesterday. And as for the hands, he has nothing to fear there. Moreover"—she clasped her hands, the letter in them—"don't you see it is the only thing to do? With me, going through Crompton as my guest, he will be quite safe. Mr. Grismore dines in . . . and will not be back until nearly morning. It all falls wonderfully well," she said with enthusiasm, "and I am so glad I can serve him."

As Ware remained discouragingly silent, she added: "It will be useless to try to dissuade me. You see what he says—if you cannot aid him, he will go through unaided. You do not know Euston. . . ." And when the words were out she realised they said a great deal! But she was considering the let-

ter, her eyes following every line with the deepest interest.

"He writes well"—her voice had an accent of pride—"a clever hand, too; don't you think so, Mr. Ware?" It was the first writing of Euston's she had ever seen. But her former remark implied too much for Mr. Ware to let it pass.

"You say that I do not know Euston, and you spoke as if you did, but it is quite impossible. What do you know, Miss Morgan?"

When Ware came in Amanda had been sewing a little print dress for a child. She now went on with her work for a few seconds without speaking, then she said:

"Mr. Ware, I have long thought I should like to tell you something. You will respect my confidence. It will help you to understand me, and to better aid me one day when I may need you."

She need him! His face glowed.

"You may count on me."

"I do."

She drew a deep breath, dropped her work in her lap, her hands on it, and turned for a moment away, looking out of the window to the garden.

"I don't know whether or not you have heard any rumour about me or my life, but I am of the people. I was born a white-trash child in a cabin in the backwoods. Later I was a cotton-mill hand—over there, in Crompton."

She bit her lips. The reality of it, the great difference of it all, was a marvel to her even now. For a moment she passed her hands across her eyes as though to hold the scenes until she could depict them.

"I have spun from dawn to night, from night till dawn. I have gone nearly naked, shivering in the winter and burned in the summer. I have been hungry and tired, and bowed with toil. I am part of this fabric, of the warp and woof. I am the fibre of these creatures you have seen me weep over. Fate, or God, as you like, has seen fit to ransom me."

The priest was marvelling at her beauty, enhanced as it was by her emotion. Her lips were scarlet, like berries in the snow, her eyes humid.

"I knew Henry Euston then," she continued, "when I was a little spinner and

he was a weaver at the old looms Mr. Grismore has so greatly improved. I knew Henry Euston, and . . ."

Ware interrupted excitedly: "How marvellously strange! I knew him then, too! I knew his wife; her name was Lily Bud. . . ."

"She is my sister," said Amanda.

Then in a flash Ware recalled his visit to Crompton, and his first knowledge of the Eustons. He seemed to hear again the drawl of the coarse, sickly woman at the mill boarding-house.

"Ih suttinly dew get et hayrd. Ih suttinly hev got the devil of a sistah. She done like tew kill me, yes, suh; 'n' she's boun' fer tew git ma husban' away from me."

This was the devil of a sister! To flee this girl's toils, the celibate priest had advised the Eustons to leave Crompton.

In order to control her emotion Amanda resumed her sewing, her head bent low over the child's dress. This explained it all; to Ware it told volumes.

"What you tell me is beyond words to believe," he said earnestly. "I thank you for your confidence. I look at you in amazement. God has dealt wonderfully with you. You should consecrate yourself to Him, Miss Morgan."

"You don't wonder at my interest in the mill?"

"I wonder the more! Most women would have shaken the cotton from their skirts and never have returned."

Amanda said: "Anything but that! All I have been and enjoyed—and it has been much—I can forget and put from me—all, everything but what lies about us just here. The mill called me, and I heard it in my sleep."

Mr. Ware thought he knew better, and that the summoning power was other than the vibration of electricity and steel.

He rose in his agitation, his eyes bright, his cheeks actually reddening.

"What a wonderful history!" he exclaimed, and looked down at the re-counter. She bent over her work, her breast heaving, her eyes full of tears. They fell. She raised the little print frock to wipe them away.

Then, choosing the moment whose like might never be his again, he said softly:

"What can you not do? What do your life and example not teach? . . . Think of the women you can save and snatch from wrong, the influence you can have——"

Tact, delicacy, that made him always successful in his relations with Amanda, kept him from speaking of her sister.

"I do think of it," she said softly.

He stopped in his nervous walk in front of her. She lifted her face from her work, and put up her slender hand to him.

"And you will help me, won't you?—I need to be shown the way myself—you know—I am a barbarian, too! I have only been civilised twelve years!"

(To be continued.)

LITERATURITIS A MODERN DISEASE

Not long ago a book was published in France which might be useful to many other countries. It is about a new kind of illness which has caused, for some ten or twenty years, considerable harm among civilised nations. Those who suffer from it are almost incurable; at any rate, physicians have from the very beginning admitted that they were absolutely powerless, and have never altered this cruel declaration. None of them has thought it worth his while really to try and

investigate the matter with a view to discovering the fatal microbe. In France, where it perhaps found its first victims and from which country it spread over both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, the evil has been christened lately *la littératurite*, or, in English, *Literaturitis*.

It is much older, however, than its name. As is the case with so many other illustrious diseases, people suffered from it long before anybody realised the danger. History records a number of exam-

ples where there can be no doubt as to the existence, several centuries ago, of literaturitis; all the symptoms are clearly indicated. In the seventeenth century, for instance, we are told of several attacks of the disease which befell Malherbe, the famous poet and theoriser about the French language. The last one was on his dying bed; he had apparently lost consciousness completely already, when the nurse who had taken care of him happened to use an incorrect expression. At once returning from the realm of shadows, the master opened his eyes, sat up, reproached the woman for her unclassical language, then his head fell back upon the pillow, and a few moments later he passed away for good.

Only a very short time after this, a violent epidemic of literaturitis spread from Paris all over France, the most serious cases occurring among the frequenters of the salons of the time, the *Précieux* and the *Précieuses*. Those people, we are told, could not possibly use plain language, but were forced by some irresistible impulse to express themselves by elaborate and subtle figures of speech: chairs were "les commodités de la conversation"; a mirror was "le conseiller des grâces"; a laquais was "un nécessaire"; a sedan chair was "un retranchement contre les insultes de la boue"; a violin was "l'âme des pieds," and so forth. Moreover, a historian to reach fame in those wonderful "salons" must put in the form of "madrigals" Roman history, while a scholar would draw from Ovid's "Metamorphoses" subjects for innumerable "rondeaux."

Then came an interval of relief.

But again at the end of the eighteenth century alarming symptoms become manifest again, *e.g.*, when Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the author of *Paul et Virginie* proposed to render the teaching of some dreary or difficult sciences, like orthography and mathematics, or even some prosaic occupations, like bakery, attractive and poetical by putting into verse their rules and precepts. In the nineteenth century the disease appears again everywhere with renewed force. The romanticists especially are badly affected; one of them arouses the greatest enthusiasm among his colleagues by promising

one day to write a book the title of which is indeed suggestive enough, *De l'Incommodité des Commodes*. In the next generation again literaturitis assumed a very acute character. The sufferings of Flaubert are well known; his friends say that he carried with him for his whole life a deep remorse: he had one day sent to the printer a sentence in which occurred two successive genitives: "Une couronne de fleurs d'oranger"—this remembrance caused the poor author intolerable pain. Speaking once of a book which was soon to be ready, he told Théophile Gautier: "I have finished—about ten pages more to write, but already I have all the cadences of my sentences" (*toutes mes chûtes de phrases*).

Still more recently we have the case of the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, who hardly ever uses other language than verse, even with his servants. A few years ago, for the benefit of his admirers, he put in verse a part of the Gospel, a few parables, passages from the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, etc. There had been a persistent rumour also that he was to read his *Discours de réception* in the French Academy in verse; this idea, however, was finally given up, and so the literary microbe has not entered the doors of the French Academy as yet.

But while for a long time literaturitis was confined to one class of people, threatening symptoms have now been pointed out among the general public, and even in the lowest classes of society. This is the reason why it has attracted so much attention of late, and has been openly denounced as a social evil.

I read lately of a traveller who was badly under the spell. He undertook long journeys in order to ascertain whether some famous books treating of subjects in far-away countries had faithfully rendered the "couleur locale," and whether the facts related by the authors were accurately reported. Thus the man found that Flaubert, in *Salamambo*, had, to a wonderful degree, hit upon the right adjectives, that both the appearance of the country and the researches of the archæologists had graciously combined to make reality match fiction. In the same

spirit he came to America, following exactly in the steps of Paul Bourget, so as to verify the accuracy of the statements made in *Outre-Mer*. He thought that there were no other places worth seeing in America but the spots illustrated by a great writer.

It may be difficult to believe, but not even the tramp has escaped the infection of "literaturitis." A very few years ago the French papers reported the following incident of a poor fellow from Lyon answering to the name of Onésime Loye. With all his misery he was a devoted disciple of the Muse. On a beautiful and warm day of August he was tramping along the dusty roads of the old Province of Berri, enjoying the sun, the flowers of the fields, the birds singing in the trees. It was already late in the forenoon when an acute pain suddenly reminded him of the fact that he was not only a poet, but also a man afflicted with a stomach. He went to a farm near-by and begged for a piece of bread. But this was to be a day of hard luck; a heartless gendarme at once arrested him, for it is not allowed to beg on the roads of France. Loye was in consequence taken to prison, and when he appeared before the judge he pleaded not guilty in the most pathetic and poetic fashion.

"What is your name?" was the first question of the judge to the tramp.

"Onésime Loye, c'est ainsi qu'on me nomme."

"Your age?"

"Violà bien cinquante ans que je suis honnête homme."

"Your residence?"

"La terre est mon seul lit, mon rideau le ciel bleu."

"Your profession?"

"Aimer, chanter, prier, croire, espérer en Dieu. . . ."

"You begged a loaf of bread?"

"J'avais faim magistrat, aucune loi du monde."

"Ne saurait m'arrêter quand mon estomac gronde."

"You seem to be an educated man; why do you not write as you talk?"

"Hélas! les éditeurs sont de terribles gens"

"Qui se montrent pour nous assez peu complaisants."

"Quand vous serez célèbre, ont-ils dit, mon cher maître,

"Nous nous occuperons de vous faire connaître!"

The fact that the man suffered obviously from literaturitis was no extenuating circumstance before the law. Loye was condemned to twenty-four hours of confinement. As he heard the sentence, he bowed before the judge and thanked him:

"Oh! magistrat, merci! . . . Ton arrêt me sourit,

"Car pendant un grand jour je vais être nourri."

This example shows very plainly that no one is really safe against literaturitis, and therefore the book by André Beaunier, referred to at the beginning of this article, was most timely. Thanks also to the energetic treatment of the subject by an author who has earned of late a high reputation as a critic, it was bound to create a sensation.

It is in the form of a novel: *Les trois Legrand ou Les dangers de la littérature*. (Paris: Fasquelle.)

The family Legrand—father, mother and their son Pierre—was living an honest and happy life in some remote provincial town. One day they are suddenly taken ill with literaturitis and they decide to go to Paris in order to allow Pierre to earn both fame and wealth as a writer. The future great man begins by failing in his examination for the A.B.; this circumstance is considered by him and by his worthy father as an indisputably favourable prognostic: have not all great men made a very poor show in school, while all the faithful and prize-winning students have failed in life? Thus absolutely confident in his genius and success, Pierre decides that he is destined to shine as a lyric poet; his father shares these views. But, of course, experience of life in its fullest sense is indispensable for a lyric poet—think of Villon, of Musset, of Verlaine; so Pierre Legrand leaves his parental roof in order to "live"; he makes nightly expeditions into Paris, faces deliberately the most "risqué" adventures, spends gaily large sums of money which are cheerfully provided by Legrand senior. Passionate verses are the outcome of the disorderly conduct necessary

to be a great writer. Madame Legrand cannot help feeling uneasy at times; her mother's heart goes through terrible trials.

In the meanwhile, days and weeks elapse and Pierre does not become celebrated. At last he is obliged to admit that perhaps his vocation is in another direction. He suddenly feels in himself a great disposition for the stage. "Excellent idea!" exclaims the father, every play of Rostand is worth a million. Pierre sets to work. It does not take him very long to write what he thinks to be a match to *Cyrano*. The masterpiece is at once sent to Sarah Bernhardt, but she returns the manuscript without reading it. Stage managers do not prove more accessible. All hope to succeed as a dramatist is by and by given up, but by no means the hope of achieving fame in some other literary field. Moreover, the purse of the complaisant father is not altogether empty yet. Why not try and write a novel? Realistic novels are still selling very well. Pierre, the intrepid, at once starts out on a hunt for material again. Unfortunately he is taken for a police detective by some tramps whose manners he intended to study, and so roughly treated that, without further curiosity for lower classes, he abandons that profession also. But there still remains journalism. Who could not succeed in journalism? Provided you do not try to pose as a moralist, there are as good chances there as anywhere. Pierre chooses one of the suspicious paths indicated by Maupassant's *Bel Ami*. He finds out, however, that while it is relatively easy to be a thorough rascal and that this fact does not necessarily interfere with success in a newspaper office, yet all by itself it is not sufficient.

The failures of Pierre, by this time, are no longer the only ones to weigh heavily upon the little family. Father Legrand, in order to meet the expensive needs of his son, has been obliged to contract large debts, then he begins to speculate, and fails. In the meanwhile Madame Legrand, having heard so much talk about the rights of passion and nature, and the absurd prejudices of conventional ethics, becomes extraordinarily lenient in her ideas about worldly pleasures, until

one day her husband finds an elegiac poet reciting verses at her feet and kissing her hands passionately. . . . Our three heroes are now about as low down on the ladder of life as they can get. Finally, to avoid further catastrophes, putting together the little of common sense that remains in them, they go and settle in some out-of-the-way Parisian quarter as barkeepers, regretting the quiet provincial life of yore, but at least cured forever of literaturitis.

Such is the Odyssey of the Legrand family. The tone of the book is that of a cruel and forcible satire; so much so that it will appear to many to be out of proportion with the evil attacked, which is, after all, not so tragic as it is ridiculous and funny. One must remember, however, that the novel was published in France, where circumstances are not altogether similar to those elsewhere. Moreover, there are two sides to the question, or let us say two forms of literaturitis, viz.: graphomania and bibliomania. The first is comparatively harmless in France, as well as anywhere else; with a few exceptional cases, no one suffers from it except the patient himself, and therefore lighter irony would be sufficient to chastise the victim. It is somewhat different with regard to bibliomania. While in several other countries, e.g., in America, literature is essentially an art of recreation, in France there are two sharply distinct literatures, the one more popular and light, the other the literature for the intellectual classes.* The last mentioned takes into account only a small body of readers, a selected public, and treats vital problems of life from a philosophical point of view. Now the general public very often gets hold of such works and reads into them something absolutely different from that which the author meant to say; and if, for instance, an author makes an attempt to take up a moral or social problem from a point of view which is not the conventional one, the public is likely to see only the negation of current principles of ethics and to act accordingly. One of the purposes of Beaunier was certainly to show that writers are not so much re-

*We have treated this subject in detail in *THE BOOKMAN* of November, 1902.

sponsible for the misdeeds committed in the name of literature as is the public which misunderstands them. Every one can agree with him that the authors are not responsible; by no means, however, does it follow that the public should be so. When a work is recommended by critics of high standing, the public reads it; nothing more natural; but it is natural, too, that the critic who praises will do it from the higher point of view of the specialist, not from the point of view of the crowd. Thus the circumstances alone are responsible. In other countries public opinion has often become strong enough to prevent serious writers from speaking freely, owing precisely to the danger mentioned above. French writers have never allowed themselves to be bound by such considerations. It does not come within the pale of this paper to discuss which system is right. That there is danger in the French system has been shown by Beaunier.

But does our author suggest a remedy?

—No. And as we feel quite sure that he would never for a moment advocate the abandonment of pure art on account of social risks connected with them, there is no remedy which he could possibly propose. For he cannot expect to prevent the bourgeois class from buying whichever books they please; indeed, if they were to stop buying, the artists would have to stop writing. Consequently while the novel is still amusing to read, it has no practical value as far as a solution of the problem is concerned. The case is very different from that of Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, for instance. There the author's satire was a protest against a superficial and bourgeois ideal that was threatening France, and he intended plainly to suggest a reform; a reform that was practicable, too. Beaunier does not make any claim of this sort; he sees something undesirable and ridiculous, and he laughs; but that is all; his laugh presents us with no antidote.

Albert Sching.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

JUDITH OF BETHULIA. A Tragedy. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

It is not often nowadays that a tragedy in verse by an established American author is both published and produced upon the stage. Mr. Aldrich's poem-play of *Judith* is, therefore, worthy of the sympathetic attention of those who care for literature in the theatre. Furthermore, the old Apocryphal chronicle furnishes material for powerful dramatic representation. Holofernes the Assyrian is besieging the city of Bethulia, and has reduced it to the direst straits. Judith, a widow of the city, is summoned by a vision of the Lord to go forth into the Assyrian host to save her people. Holofernes falls in love with her. At a banquet in the tent of the Assyrian, Judith drugs his wine; and when he has fallen into a drowse she smites off his head with a falchion. When she returns to Bethulia with the head of Holofernes, she is received with wild acclaim; but she resumes her

widow's weeds, and decides to live in retirement thenceforth.

It can hardly be claimed that Mr. Aldrich's handling of this story is dramatic. It is narrative rather. There is no thrill of suspense, no agony of crisis, no terror of catastrophe in the play. The piece is dignified, slow-moving, and only occasionally impassioned. It presents a series of narrative pictures, each of which is beautiful, but only one of which approaches the dramatic. Judith drifts through the play from the beginning to the end, instead of impelling herself through the action by the fired might of an indomitable will. When Holofernes lies drugged and sleeping before her, Judith feels the dint of pity; and only after a prayer to God can she nerve herself to slaughter the Assyrian. Here we have in essence a true dramatic motive,—a motive which, properly developed, would have made the play intensely thrilling. If Judith, going forth valiantly to slay the Assyrian whom she had never seen, had been struck

dreaming by his vigorous and manful beauty; if she had been drawn toward him by a powerful physical attraction, that made her first pity and then love him, and if, in spite of this love, she had forced herself to slay him bloodily for the sake of her people, Israel,—then we should have had a play that was a play. Mr. Aldrich's treatment of the story, however, is unenthralling because it is unvirile.

In the present play, Mr. Aldrich has resumed many passages that appeared in his narrative poem of *Judith*, published many years ago. Some of these passages, like the lovely song-ballad of *The King's Ghost* and several Homeric similes, are examples of the sort of poetry that is good enough to make you wish that it was great. The versification of the play is correct but elementary. The lines are masculine and end-stopped, and show no variety of pause or cadence.

As a play, *Judith of Bethulia* fails to hold the interest, and as a poem it fails to reach inspired heights. But it is well worth reading in a quiet hour, because of its simplicity, its chasteness, and its serenity.

Clayton Hamilton.

COLLECTED SONGS OF LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.
Edited by Frank Damrosch. New York: G. Schirmer.

Dr. Leopold Damrosch died just twenty years ago. Despite the vast development in musical taste during the two decades, the immense musical activities that have intervened, his influence is still potent. That speaks eloquently for his contribution to the advancement of musical learning. When Dr. Damrosch came to America to lead the Arion Society's concerts, he had already made himself felt in Europe as a powerful organiser and a conductor of great force. In New York his field was broader than that he had left in Breslau, but he showed himself well able to develop it fruitfully. The Oratorio and Symphony Societies owed their existence to him; but his largest achievement was the organisation of the first great German opera troupe in America. The season opened brilliantly at the Metropolitan Opera House in the winter of 1884. But, exhausted by his almost superhuman

efforts, in the first flush of success, Dr. Damrosch fell an easy victim to pneumonia.

The recital of his activities would occupy a larger space than is permitted here; but the publication of a volume of his songs is excuse enough for dwelling on his many-sidedness. Over fifty songs of large variety in mood and method have been collected and edited by his son, Frank Damrosch—surely a labour of love. They all speak of deep musicianship and intimate acquaintance with modern harmonic resources. In the statement that they are none of them the spontaneous utterance of a great composer, belittlement should not be understood. For Dr. Damrosch well knew where his powers best lay and devoted comparatively little time to composition. But he had something definite to say even though it was not strikingly original. He selected familiar poems by Heine, Geibel and other German lyricists and had sufficient command of the idiom to express their sentiment in music. A number of the songs might with advantage be placed on the programs at song recitals, notably "Es War ein Alter König" and "Mädchen mit dem Rothen Mündchen," in Opus 10, "Der Lindenzweig," Opus 13, No. 1, and "Mignon," Opus 17, No. 2.

Dr. Damrosch pays his devoirs to Wagner in a great many of the songs, as, indeed, who among modern composers does not? It would serve no purpose to pick out examples of this. Rather is it pleasant to point to such songs as "Trost," "Lenzes-Lust" and "Zauberstudien," in Opus 8, songs of considerable freedom of utterance and of delightful simplicity in style—almost Schumannesque in manner.

In conclusion, Dr. Damrosch the composer, as shown in this collection of his songs, is entitled to the respect and the regard of earnest art-lovers for his thoroughly musical and interesting work. It need hardly be added that his memory deserves the tribute at the hands of an American publisher. Schirmer has brought out the collection in a neat volume, the typography of which is unusually good. It is prefaced by a good likeness of Dr. Damrosch and a concise statement of his life history by Mary Lawrence Webster.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

In the Days of Shakespeare. By Tudor Jenks.

A companion volume to "In the Days of Chaucer." The author has endeavoured to present Shakespeare as he was known to his friends and neighbours, to tell the story of his life and times, and to record the happenings that influenced him. The book is an addition to the Lives of Great Writers series.

The Century Company:

Mediæval Civilization. By Dana Carleton Munro and George Clarke Sellery.

A work designed for the use of beginners in mediæval history. It is also intended as an aid for teachers of history.

In the Name of Liberty. By Owen Johnson.

A story of the Terror. The sub-title gives an idea of this tale, which presents in story-form a description of the French Revolution. The taking of the Tuileries, the massacre of the prison occupants, the famine, the horrors of the guillotine are all pictured clearly by the pen of the author. There are three heroines, girls of the common people but with human and womanly hearts. A double romance runs through the book.

Henry Frowde:

Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated into English Prose by the Rev. H. F. Tozer.

A translation into English prose intended primarily for readers who are not acquainted with Italian. Mr. Tozer has endeavoured to give Dante's meaning as fully and clearly as possible without adhering too literally to the words; and at the same time to present the poem in a fairly readable form.

Harper and Brothers:

The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. By Samuel M. Gardenhire.

The reader of this novel gets a general insight into various phases of life existing to-day in Manhattan. Because Mrs. Harrold could keep a secret, a talent which men accord to but few women, a plot is developed which involves all the characters of the book. Only the crisis of the story is reached in the last chapter.

The Wonders of Life. By Ernst Haeckel.

A volume written to satisfy the large number of inquiries and criticisms evoked by Professor Haeckel's previous work, "The Riddle of the Universe." This present book is confined to the realm of organic science, or the science of life. With biology as the key to science, the author explains the various processes and mysteries of life.

The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. 6 vols.

This set of six volumes contains the whole of Swinburne's poetical works, his portrait and his autograph. The first volume includes poems and ballads; the second, songs before sunrise and songs of two nations; the third, poems and ballads, second and third series; the fourth, the Arthurian poems; the fifth, studies in song; and the sixth, "A Midsummer Holiday," "Astrophel," and other poems, "A Channel Passage," and other poems. The books are well bound and supply a long-felt want for a library edition of the poetry of Swinburne.

Hinds, Noble and Eldredge:

The Most Popular College Songs.

A selection of the best known solos, unison songs, male quartettes, and choruses taken from the song books of the various colleges. In order to give a clear idea of the variety of songs, we quote the following titles from the index: Bingo, Bohunkus, Danube River, Forsaken, Dear Evelyn, Good Night Ladies, Drinking Song, Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes, Juanita, H₂SO₄, Solomon Levi, Jingle Bells, The Lone Fish Ball, My Bonnie, Nut Brown Maiden, Old Black Joe, Upidee, and many other favourites.

Home Protection Publishing Company:

The Mormon Menace. By John Doyle Lee.

Being the confession of John Doyle Lee, Danite, an official assassin of the Mormon Church under the late Brigham Young. In this sub-title the reader will recognise a timely subject. An introduction by Alfred Henry Lewis explains the Mormon purpose. Lee's autobiography was written while in prison awaiting his death, and although published soon after this event occurred, was suppressed by Brigham Young. It is now published to warn American men and women "of the Mormon viper still coiled upon the national hearth."

William R. Jenkins:

Simple Rules for Bridge. By K. N. Steele.

In pamphlet form, and of a convenient size for carrying in the pocket. A revised edition.

El Cautivo De Doña Mencía. By R. Díez de la Cortina.

A story written in Spanish and annotated extensively in English, with historical and biographical dates, especially designed for use as a text-book in universities and colleges.

John Lane:

Egommet. By E. G. O.

A series of fifty-three essays originally published in an English magazine. In his preface the author says they "are simply the book-talk of a book-lover, that and nothing more."

Dear Fatherland. By Ex-Lieutenant Bilse.

The story of a young lieutenant in the German army, from the time he entered the service to his downfall, the result of debt brought upon him by the false standard of living prescribed by army life. This novel is a pen picture of the evil social and moral effects of army life existing in Germany.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

In the Arena. By Booth Tarkington.

A collection of six stories, the titles of which are Boss Gorgett, The Aliens, The Need of Money, Hector, Mrs. Protheroe, and Great Men's Shoes. More extended reference is made to this book in Chronicle and Comment.

"My Appeal to America." By Charles Wagner.

The first address delivered by Pastor Wagner to an American audience. The profits of the sale of this little volume are to be given over to the fund being raised in America for the purpose of a suitable site for the new church of which Mr. Wagner is to be the pastor. Dr. Lyman Abbott has contributed the introduction to the book.

The Color Line. By W. B. Smith.

A scientific discussion of the race problem, taking up the question of miscegenation, social, political and commercial equality for the negro from a scientific standpoint. The one purpose of the writer has been to convince the reader as thoroughly as he himself is convinced.

The Macmillan Company:

The Manœuvres of Jane. By Henry Arthur Jones.

Mr. Nangle, a wealthy widower, places his wilful daughter in charge of Mrs. Beechinor, retired matron of a young ladies' boarding-school, in the hope that she will transfer her affections from a

man who is in moderate circumstances to Lord Bapchild, a nephew of Mrs. Beechinor's. Jane arranges matters to suit herself and marries the man whom she loves. The comedy has four acts.

The Life of Florence Nightingale. By Sarah A. Tooley.

A biography written to commemorate the jubilee of a well-known heroine of the Crimean War. The author has secured the assistance of a number of Miss Nightingale's closest associates in writing this life story. It includes descriptions of the literary career of Miss Nightingale, her home and friendships, hospital work, work for the soldiers after her return, and her life at the present day.

Thomas Moore. By Stephen Gwynn.

A biography of the Irishman who was said by Lord John Russell to be the greatest of English lyrical poets. It is included in the English Men of Letters series.

The Secret Woman. By Eden Phillpotts.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this magazine.

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. III. Planned by Lord Acton. Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, Stanley Leathes.

This volume recites a series of conflicts of which the origin or the pre-
tence has for the most part to be sought in the great religious schism with which Volume II. was concerned. The titles of the twenty-two chapters include The Wars of Religion in France, French Humanism and Montaigne, The Height of the Ottoman Power, The Empire under Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II., The Revolt of the Netherlands, William the Silent, Mary Stuart, The Elizabethan Naval War with Spain, The Last Years of Elizabeth, The Elizabethan Age of English Literature, etc.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors in the Submission of Manuscripts to Publishers.

A new and enlarged edition of a little paper-covered guide for authors who submit manuscripts to publishers. If authors would freely consult this booklet they would save themselves—and the publishers—much inconvenience and annoyance.

Who's Who, 1905.

A volume issued annually. The 1905 edition contains over 17,000 biographies and about 400 obituaries, and is better and more complete than any previous edition.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Busy Life; or, The Conquest of Energy. By Rev. Charles Wagner.

A companion volume to "The Simple Life" and to "The Voice of Nature." While the purpose of the book is to awaken the soul of the young reader, the reader of maturer years will be able to glean many helpful thoughts from a study of its pages.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

England Under the Stuarts. By G. M. Trevelyan.

Although the first book to be issued, this is the fifth, in chronological order, of a series of six volumes covering the history of England from the earliest times down to the year 1815. In order that the curiosity of the general reader on several subjects may be satisfied, and to explain the conditions which gave rise to civil and religious liberty in England in the seventeenth century, the author has devoted the first two chapters to an account of England at the time of the accession of James I. The general purpose of the book is to bring the social and religious aspects into connection with the political.

Hours in a Library. By Leslie Stephen.

A new edition of the essays of Sir Leslie Stephen, bound uniformly and well. These literary articles are thirty-two in number and include short discussions of such persons as Macaulay, Charlotte Brontë, Charles Kingsley, Cowper and Rousseau, Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, DeQuincey, Coleridge, George Eliot, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, Crabbe, Horace Walpole, Sir Thomas Browne, etc. There are also essays on De Foe's Novels, Richardson's Novels, Balzac's Novels, Pope as a Moralist, Dr. Johnson's Writings, Disraeli's Novels, The First Edinburgh Reviewers, Country Books, Carlyle's Ethics, etc.

Daniel Webster. The Expounder of the Constitution. By Everett Pepperrell Wheeler.

This volume represents the research made during twenty years in the brief intervals of time afforded a busy and well-known lawyer. Its main object is to present and consider the arguments of Daniel Webster on questions of constitutional and international law.

Modern Civic Art. By Charles Mulford Robinson.

This second edition of a work which has met with marked success, has been greatly improved by the numerous illustrations which now embellish the book. These illustrations include architectural arrangements for city squares, water fronts, and other places of like importance from a decorative standpoint.

Poetry as a Representative Art. By George Lansing Raymond.

A revised edition of an essay in comparative æsthetics. While the subject is intended to be complete in itself, it is included in a series of volumes unfolding the general subject of Comparative Æsthetics.

Thomas Cranmer and the English Reformation. By Albert Frederick Pollard.

An addition to the Heroes of the Reformation series. In this biography the author has endeavoured to clear up some of the mysteries surrounding Cranmer, who has been said to be the most mysterious figure in the English Reformation. The obscurity, so the author informs us, is not in his character, but in the atmosphere which he breathed.

Genesis of Art-Form. By George Lansing Raymond.

An essay in comparative æsthetics showing the identity of the sources, methods, and effects of composition in music, poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture. A revision of the first edition.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens.

"The Garden of Allah," the name given by Arabs to the desert, is a very appropriate title for this novel, the scenes of which are laid in the Sahara. The story concerns a beautiful Englishwoman, Domini Elfiliden, and Boris Androvsky, whom she meets in a little town on an oasis. Soon after their marriage she discovers his secret and leads him back to the monastery. In addition to the charm of the romance, the descriptions of the Sahara are vivid and interesting.

E. B. Treat and Company:

Thoughts for the Occasion. Fraternal and Benevolent Societies. Compiled by Franklin Noble.

A reference manual of historical data and facts; of assistance in suggesting themes, and in outlining addresses for the observance of timely or special occasions of the various orders.

Thoughts for the Occasion. Makers of the American Republic. By David Gregg, W. W. Goodrich, and Sidney H. Carney, Jr.

A collection of lectures on the early Colonists; such as, the Virginians, Hollanders, Pilgrims, Puritans, Huguenots, Quakers, and Scotch. Other subjects dealt with are The American Foremothers, The Oldtime Minister, The Bench and Bar, Some Medical Men of the Revolution, The Church and the Republic, The Black Forefathers, etc.

BOSTON, MASS.

L. C. Page and Company: An Explanation.

In the Chronicle and Comment of our January number we printed a paragraph about "The Trail of the Musketeers," together with pictures of D'Artagnan's lodgings in Paris and the château D'Pierrefonds, in which Porthos lived during his years of magnificent idleness. These illustrations were from Dumas's "Paris," by Francis Miltoun, and published by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company, of Boston. Through an oversight credit at the time was not given.

*Richard G. Badger:**Corporal Day.* By Charles Henry St. John.

A love-story of New England told in verse. The hero, who makes his appearance into the tale as a clerk in a village store, becomes a corporal in the army. The village schoolmistress, who is the heroine, goes to the field and nurses her wounded lover back to health.

A Sky Panorama. By Emma C. Dulaney.

This story in verse tells how a rainy day was made very enjoyable by Grandma.

The Retreat of a Poet Naturalist. By Clara Barrus.

A poet lore brochure. It is a short sketch of the life and a tribute to the works of John Burroughs. A portrait of Mr. Burroughs is the frontispiece to this paper-covered booklet.

Memories. By Kathleen A. Sullivan.*The Dial of the Heart.* By Philip Green Wright.*Poems.* By Hildegard Hawthorne.*The Palace of the Heart and Other Poems of Love.* By Pattie Williams Gee.*As Thought is Led.* By Alicia K. Van Buren.*Poems.* By Annie M. L. Clark.*Echoes.* By Elizabeth H. Rand.*Echoes from the Forest.* By H. W. Bugbee.*Heart Lines.* By Frank A. Van Denburg.*Contrasted Songs.* By Marian Longfellow.*The Dawn of Freedom, or The Last Days of Chivalry.* By Charles Henry St. John.*April Days.* By Luella Clark.*Songs for Moments of Hope.* By Clara E. Vester.

The first five volumes are composed of short poems, sonnets, and lyrics on various themes; the remaining eight contain selections of longer length.

*Ginn and Company:**A Little Brother to the Bear and Other Animal Stories.* By William J. Long.

The fifth volume in the Wood Folk series. The purpose of the book is to emphasise some of the unusual or unknown things of the animal world, not dwelling on the general habits and specific classification. Besides the story of the bear are those about the woodcock, the frog, the kingfisher, the wildcat, the deer, etc. Numerous illustrations add to the interest of the reader.

New Second Music Reader. By James M. McLaughlin and W. W. Gilchrist.

Educational. A continuation of the work begun in the "New First Music Reader;" containing material for a year's course in music.

*John H. West Company:**John Brown the Hero.* By J. W. Winkley.

A biography written for the most part from the personal reminiscences of the author. It is largely made up of historical material presented for the first time in this volume. Hon. Frank B. Sanborn, the author of the standard work on John Brown, has written the introduction to the book.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

*The Brooklyn Eagle Press:**Being Done Good.* By Edward B. Lent.

A new illustrated edition of a comparatively recent work. Mr. Lent relates his experiences with physicians of various schools who undertake to effect a "cure" upon an obstinate attack of rheumatism. The book is written in a humorous style.

CHICAGO, ILL.

*Fleming H. Revell Company:**The Culture of Simplicity.* By Malcolm J. McLeod.

The intent of this volume is to emphasise the saying of James Russell Lowell's, that the "highest outcome of culture is simplicity." An idea of the book is shown by a glance at titles of such chapters as Simplicity and Wagner, Simplicity and Spirituality, Simplicity and Solitude, Simplicity and Happiness, Simplicity and the Home, Simplicity and Sorrow, Simplicity and Religion, Simplicity and Culture, etc.

*E. P. Rosenthal and Company:**Thoughts of a Fool.* By Evelyn Gladys.

A message to the inner life of man. In keen words the book endeavours to lay bare the heart and mind of the world. Satire, irony, and derision in all their forms are used to expose human nature to its own gaze.

CLEVELAND, O.

The Arthur H. Clark Company:

The Philippine Islands 1493-1898. Volume XXI.-1624. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne.

This volume is entirely devoted to religious matters, ecclesiastical or missionary in their scope. The documents included are Ecclesiastical affairs of the Philippines, Conflict between civil and religious authorities in Manila, Seminary for Japanese missionaries, Extract from letter to Felipe IV., and Royal orders regarding the religions.

The Future of Road-making in America. By Archer Butler Hulbert and others.

Volume XV. in the Historic Highways of America series. Besides the first essay, the subject of which gives the title to the book, there are discussions on the following topics: Government Co-operation in Object-Lesson Road Work, Good Roads for Farmers, The Selection of Materials for Macadam Roads, Stone Roads in New Jersey.

The Old Family Doctor. By Henry C. Brainerd, M.D.

A little book describing the "family doctor"—the sunny, practical, always-ready, self-sacrificing kind. The reader is given six views of this old friend: on his rounds, in his office, two of his nights, as a man, in his home, and when he answers his last call.

DETROIT, MICH.

The Book-keeper Publishing Company:

The Credit Man and His Work. By E. St. Elmo Lewis.

A volume submitted to the broad-minded public, in the hope that it may suggest practical ideas and methods along the lines of credit. The various points of view from which the subject is treated is shown by the following chapter-titles: A Few Things a History of Credit Teaches, What is Credit, The Character of the Business, Business Methods Affording Credit Data, Personal Character of the Management, Competition's Effects on Credit Risks, Capital and Resources, Getting the Money, The Successful Credit Man, etc.

GALESBURG, ILL.

Albert S. Humphrey:

The Wooing of a Violin. By Albert S. Humphrey.

A drama in four acts. The hero, a young Italian stolen from his parents at the age of two years, while playing

his violin in a public square in the city, falls in love with a beautiful girl who has stopped her carriage to listen to the music. He makes his way into the girl's home by means of his violin and is instrumental in saving the father's life from a threatening mob and his business from ruin. The play ends happily for the two young people.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Prize to the Hardy. By Alice Winter.

A romance in which there appear pen pictures of people of various types to be found in everyday life. Among them are Mr. Windsor, the self-made man, uncouth in speech but with a warm heart; his daughter Vera, the heroine, a charming young woman who has inherited some of the courage of her Indian ancestors; Frank Lenox, the hero, a young man of sterling integrity; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lyell, the couple who needed a fierce forest fire to bring them to a mutual understanding; Cyril Kemyss, a villain in the guise of a gentleman; and several minor characters. By undaunted courage and perseverance, Mr. Lenox wins not only a high place in the esteem of his employer, Mr. Windsor, but the hand of his daughter as well. The scenes of the novel are laid in Minnesota and other parts of the West.

The Millionaire Baby. By Anna Katharine Green.

A clever detective story dealing with the disappearance of a beautiful little girl from the home of her father, the owner of a sumptuous residence on the banks of the Hudson. The finding of the child brings to light a number of important secrets. To say more about the plot of the story would mar its interest to the reader.

MADISON, WIS.

Wisconsin State Printer:

Selections for Arbor and Bird Day. 1905. For Use in Wisconsin Schools. Compiled by Maud Barnett; issued by C. P. Cary.

An attractive paper-covered collection of poetry and prose suitable for Arbor and Bird Day exercises. An effort has been made to include only the best selections.

MENASHA, WIS.

Log Cabin Inn:

Bravest of the Brave. Captain Charles de Langlade. By Publius V. Lawson.

In addition to the story of the life of this brave man, the book contains descriptions of the battle of Butte des

Morts, Massacre at Old Mackinaw, The Battle of Bennington, Massacre of St. Louis, etc., and gives de Langlade's experiences in numerous other encounters.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Historical Tales. Spanish-American. By Charles Morris.

A good idea of the variety of subjects covered by these thirty-two stories may be obtained by a glance at such titles as, The Isles of Beauty beyond the Seas, The Early Days of a Famous Cavalier, The Romantic Story of the Prince of Tezcuco, Pizarro and the Inca's Golden Ransom, Lieutenant Hobson and the Sinking of the "Merrimac," The Faithful Miranda and the Lovers of Argentina, etc.

On Holy Ground. By William L. Worcester.

Bible stories with pictures of Bible lands. The stories are taken from both the Old and New Testaments. The work is copiously illustrated, and well bound.

Diseases of Society. By G. Frank Lydston.

A study of the social conditions in this country. The police criminal, the anarchist, and the large number of moral and physical law-breakers are here discussed. The author also deals with such questions as the oppression of wealth, the rights and wrongs of organised capital and labour, the negro question, and the offences of society at large. The book is well illustrated.

Modern Industrial Progress. By C. H. Cochrane.

A book dealing with the advance made in the last few years, especially in the fields of invention and modern construction. Among the numerous subjects discussed are electricity, including the progress made by Marconi, great canals and tunnels, bridges, tools of destruction, great farms and farming machinery, the iron horse and the railways, foods, engineering enterprises, newspapers and periodicals, instruments of science, cotton, wool, and texture manufactures, etc. The volume is thoroughly illustrated with over four hundred illustrations.

St. Peter and His Training. By Rev. John Davidson.

An addition to the Temple Series of Bible Handbooks. The purpose of the book is to give an appreciation of the life of the Apostle Peter from the materials found in Scripture. Special attention has been given to the training of St. Peter in the school of Christ.

An Angel by Brevet. By Helen Pitkin.

A picture of life in New Orleans. The belief in voodooism and warlockry, which exists among creoles, is interwoven into the story. Angélique, the heroine, is very jealous of the affection which Numa Deléry bears her cousin, Carmelite, as she imagines herself to be in love with him. Angélique makes a nightly visit to a voodoo sorcerer and takes part in a superstitious performance which is intended to bestow upon her the love which Numa has for Carmelite. By a strange coincidence, Carmelite becomes dangerously ill the following day. This has the effect of opening Angélique's eyes to the fact that it is not Numa whom she loves, but the grave clergyman who has been a frequent visitor to her home as long as she can remember and who has always been her ardent admirer.

The Campaign with Kuropatkin. By Douglas Story.

A volume purporting to be a complete account of the campaign in the East from start to finish. Mr. Story says it has been the "effective barbarism" of the Japanese soldier that has won the battles of this campaign. The book is well illustrated from photographs taken by the author, and the cover design includes the Cross of St. George, the highest reward in Russia for conspicuous valour in the presence of the enemy.

Life of Thomas Hart Benton. By William M. Meigs.

The life story of a man who was one of the first of the public men of his day. This biography includes descriptions of many historical events with which Benton was directly or indirectly connected, such as the admission of Missouri as a State, the election of Andrew Jackson as President of the United States, the panic in 1837, the admission of Texas into the Union, etc. The frontispiece of the book is a reproduction of the steel engraving of Benton contained in the "Thirty Years' View."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. M. Robertson:

The Long Ago and the Later On. By George T. Bromley.

The recollections of this autobiography extend over a period of eighty years. Mr. Bromley records the varied experiences of an unusually eventful career. The last chapter includes some tributes of friendship in verse form.

LONDON.

Gay & Bird:

Poems. By R. Henderson Bland.

A small volume of verse dedicated to

Shelley, Keats and Byron. The typography and appearance of the book deserve special mention.

PARIS.

Ernest Flammarion:

L'Envers de la Gloire. By Adolphe Brisson.

This book throws some curious sidelights on the great works of people of artistic distinction. There is a chapter which tells of the financial arrangements made between Victor Hugo and his publisher for the rights of "Les Misérables." Other chapters deal with Emile Zola and the sister of Alfred de Musset, the last days of Henri Heine and the humble birthplace of Rachel.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Marathon Mystery. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Written in Red. Montague and Dyer. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
2. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Common Lot. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Robert Cavalier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Georgians. Harben. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Science and Immortality. Osler. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Marathon Mystery. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Æquanimitas. Osler. (Blakiston.) \$2.00.
6. Letters and Reminiscences of R. E. Lee. Lee. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$2.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. With Kuroki in Manchuria. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. Routine and Ideals. Biggs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.00.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Zelda Dameron. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Marathon Mystery. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Captains of the World. Overton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Law of the Land. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Kitty of the Roses. Barbour. (Lippincott.) \$2.00.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Adventures of a Vice-President. Read. (Devereaux.) 25c.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

THE BOOK MART

III

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
2. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. Frenchy. Sage. (Musson Book Co.) \$1.50.
4. Pathfinders of West. Achaut. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
5. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Poverty. Hunter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 net.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. An Angel by Brevet. Pitkin. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Black Friday. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. Doctor Tom. Streeter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Touch of Nature. Lord. (Amer. Unitarian Association.) \$1.00.
6. Heroes of the Storm. O'Connor. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Traitor and Loyalist. Webster. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Long Ago and Later On. Bromley. (A. M. Robertson.) \$1.50.
6. Japan. Hearn. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$2.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.

5. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. In the Closed Room. Burnett. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.50.
3. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. A Belle of the Fifties. Clay. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$2.75.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. John Gilly. Norton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 60c.
6. The Common Lot. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.....	275
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....	171
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.....	165
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.....	135
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	98
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....	80

PROPERTY
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALBANY ROOM.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

APRIL, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

There is in Washington what we may venture to describe as a literary emporium, though it is officially known as an "Institute." It deals with literature on strictly business principles. Authors are encouraged to send their manuscripts to the Institute, which then endeavours to "place" them with publishers or with editors of magazines. The Institute sends out every month a *Bulletin of the Manuscripts Sale Department*, describing briefly the wares which it has "listed" and which it offers for sale. We have just received the February *Bulletin*—a little belated. It offers only six manuscripts, so that the Institute astounds us by its moderation. One of these stories is described as "well adapted for a farm journal." That lets us out. Another is said to be "especially suitable for a Southern magazine." That also lets us out. A third is "a story based on superstition and cleverly portraying its existence in the minds of bright, cultured people. The setting of the story is a fashionable home at the hour of dining. A romantic thread runs through the story." We are afraid that we don't want this. We can too easily divine its plot. We seem to see already the bright, cultured people sitting in their fashionable homes at the hour of dining—say twelve-thirty. There is a melodeon in one corner of the room, and a highly gilded subscription book is

Respectfully
Declined.

carelessly displayed upon a little black walnut table. A young woman is in love with a young man. When she sits down, she finds that thirteen persons are present. That seems to spoil her chances with the young man. The young man is, however, also secretly fond of her. But as he takes his place, he finds that the knives are crossed. That seems to end *his* chances. Both of them are so agitated that they spill the salt. Both of them, however, throw salt over their left shoulders, and it subsequently turns out that the other two hoodoos cancel each other, so that all ends happily in the front parlour after the rest have gone. If that isn't the story, then we present this plot to any bright, cultured person who wants to work it out. The Institute also offers to us "a pretty four-verse poem, lofty in sentiment and good to use as a "filler." Somehow or other, we should hate to use a poem that is lofty in sentiment as a "filler," and so we also turn that down. Then there is "a 1600-word dainty storiette." It is a matter of principle with us never to look at storiettes, serialettes, paragraphettes or itemettes, just as we also avoid booklets, jokelets, playlets and reviewlets. Such is our invariable rule. Finally the list contains "a simple little dog-story of 1,500 words." We might consider that little dog-story were it not "simple." If the lady who wrote it has anywhere in stock a complicated little dog-story, let her send it on.



ANDREW D. WHITE

Andrew D. White's *Reminiscences*, which are to be published this month, cover a very wide range of interests and activities. Very few Americans have had Dr. White's opportunities for observing and studying at close range European statecraft. As Minister to

Andrew D. White's "Reminiscences."

Russia and Ambassador to Germany he was thrown in contact with nearly all the men who have made recent Continental history. A great part of the book is given to the founding and growth of Cornell University.

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The death of General Lew Wallace in

February removed a figure of unquestionable literary importance.

The Late General Wallace. For years he had not written a line of note.

Such intelligent criticism as was directed toward him was almost invariably disparaging, and yet utterly futile have been and still

are all attempts to eradicate in the minds of tens of thousands of American readers the stubborn belief that *Ben Hur* is one of the very greatest novels that the world has produced. Indeed there are many readers whose literary horizons do not extend beyond this one book, who do not bother their heads with the fact



OLIVER HERFORD

Mr. Herford's recently published "*Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten*" is one of the exceptions that proves the rule that books of verse are seldom profitable either to author or publisher.

that fiction has anything more to offer than the Chariot Race, the Sea Fight, the journey of the Wise Men and the other episodes of this wonderfully cherished book. When *Ben Hur* first leaped into fame Americans as a general rule were not the fiction-fed people that they have become during the last decade. General Wallace's book reached them not because of the ingenuity of any publishers' publicity department, but because the story was praised and discussed in a thousand pulpits.

From the point of view of the literary workman *Ben Hur* is rather poorer than General Wallace's *The Fair God*; and it is easy enough to pull either of the books



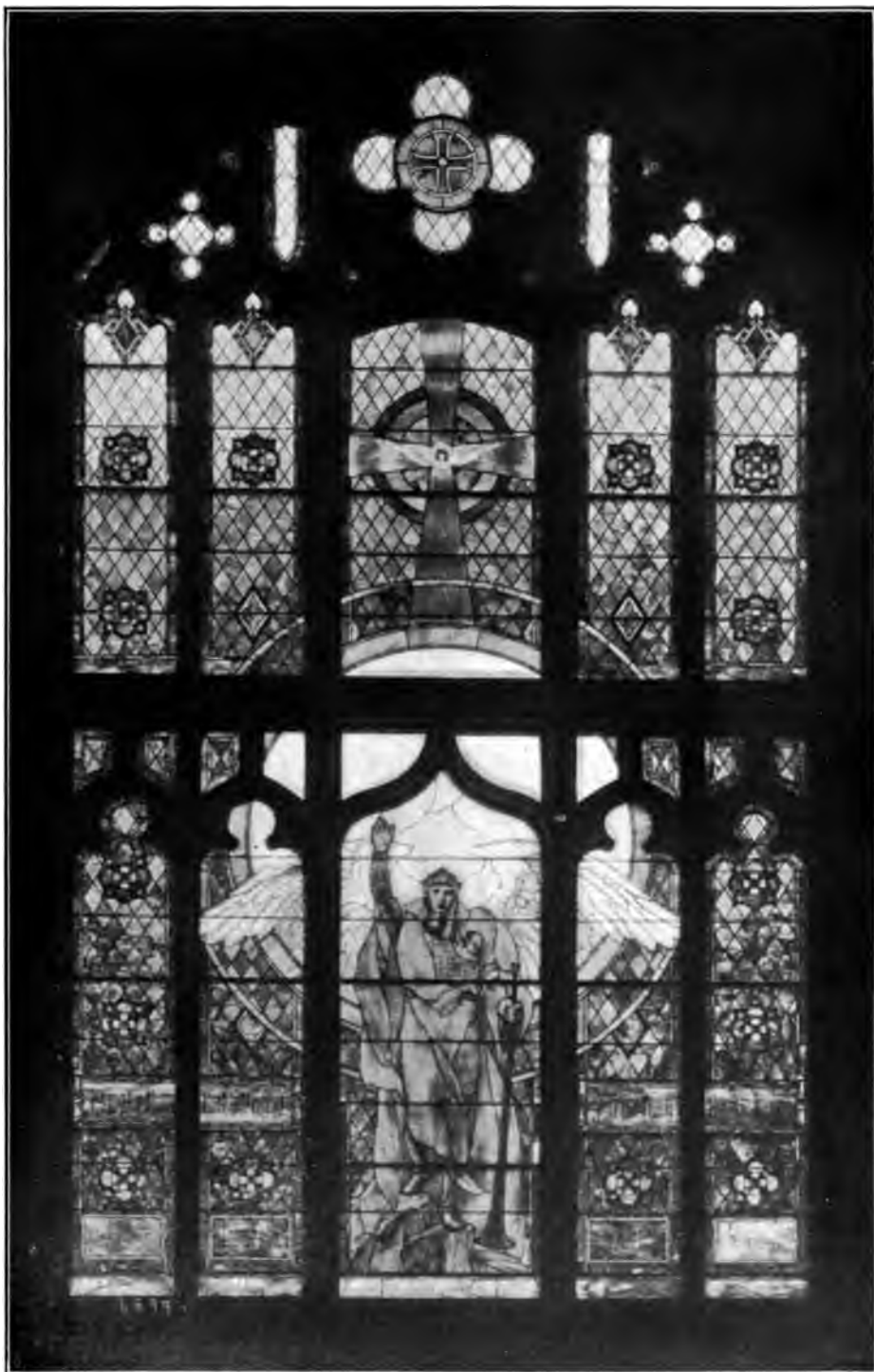
THE LATE GENERAL LEW WALLACE

From a picture taken during the Civil War.

to pieces, as well as *The Prince of India*, though that would hardly be worth while. The colouring of *Ben Hur* is all false and exaggerated, the veneer of erudition smells of ready encyclopædic reference, the book is full of obscurities, ambiguities, absurdities. Nevertheless, in parts, it gives an impression of real power. We should feel more kindly toward the Chariot Race if it had not been butchered by so many thousand amateur elocutionists. The fight of the

Roman galleys with the pirates, and the escape of Ben Hur and Arrius make good reading and show considerable dramatic strength. Be its faults what they may the book has meant much to countless thousands, and perhaps there is genuine regret in the fact that one cannot always be fifteen years old and retain that age's impression of the lasting greatness of *Ben Hur*.

Poe's tales should offer many suggestions to the dramatist, but we should hardly have picked out **The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether.** his *System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether* as especially promising in that respect. Mr. Haag has found in it, however, a hint for an amusing little one-act play, which was presented in New York recently with Mr. Frank Keenan in the leading part. It was in no sense a dramatisation, and if it had been, it would have failed, for the story shows Poe's manœuvres and artifices too plainly while we read and on the stage would seem too glaringly mechanical. Not content with making all the inmates of a private insane asylum unite in overthrowing their keepers and shutting them in the cells, when alienists tell us lunatics never co-operate, Poe puts them successively through their paces before the eyes of the astonished visitor, in so systematic a way that the whole thing seems managed for comic purposes. In its weaker moments Poe's fancy could move only in a bee-line, and here it is at its weakest. The tale is more stagy than the play, for Mr. Haag has kept only the main situation and invented the details, which are at once more plausible and more surprising. There is no concerted rising, but a single lunatic, Dr. Tarr, succeeds in locking up the superintendent and his assistant mainly by his own efforts. Nor is there a long string of lunatics monotonously rehearsing the parts prepared for them and all mad in the same manner. The visitor, who in the play is an investigating State Senator, finds himself in the power of the mad superintendent, who, with two other lunatics, compel him to do all manner of strange things. Poe's text is drawn upon here and there



THE BENJAMIN HARRISON MEMORIAL WINDOW

This window was recently placed in the Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, where the late President worshipped for so many years.



H. V. ESMOND'S "LOVE AND THE WOMAN"

for the dialogue, but the play as a whole rises far higher than its source. It is a very slight affair, but it is a welcome escape from those dreary dramatisations which seem to drag down in a common ruin both novelist and playwright. In this and in the other short pieces in his repertoire Mr. Frank Keenan has added to the reputation which he won in *John Grigsby* a few years ago.

In *Love and the Woman* Mr. Esmond has ventured into a very serious region and the play resembles a dramatisation of one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels. It is clogged with talk and not very interesting talk. The hero, a young Parliamentary leader, regarded by many as the foremost statesman of his

**Mr. Esmond's
New Play.**

day, renounces his political ambition for a woman's sake, but she refuses to accept the sacrifice and restores him to his country. Later as Premier he saves the country from a war and in the end, the woman's husband dying, there is no bar to a happy marriage. Despite one or two good dramatic moments, the play as a whole neither aroused nor amused, and it was hard to believe that the author of *Imprudence* could have written it. It seemed to be his notion that the situations were so interesting in themselves that he need not be at any pains with his characters. So good an actor as Mr. Forbes Robertson deserved better lines. He made the most of the hero, but could not efface the goody-goody stamp the author had left on him.

Another playwright whose abilities have seen better days is Mr. Augustus Thomas. *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots* is amusing for the moment, but it exhausts itself in funny situations. In *The*

**Mr. Thomas
and Farce.**

Other Girl and even in the *Earl of Parwicket* some of the characters were amusing in themselves, but here we have merely a series of rather mechanical devices for surprising an audience or making it laugh. He has written at times with genuine humour and it is a pity to sacrifice it to the mere craft of comic exaggeration. *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots* recalls in parts some of the old Hoyt plays, but as if to atone for levity, it sounds now and then the note of melodrama. It is incoherent and suggests a professional entertainer under a heavy strain trying a little of everything. One well-developed character of comedy is worth a thousand of these tricks of farce. To give an instance from a new play, there is in Mr. DeMille's football drama, *Strongheart*, one Billy Saunders, a large, vociferous, impulsive youth, with a picturesque vocabulary, whom any college man will recognise immediately. There is a duplicate of him in every college in the country. As played by Mr. Herbert Corthell the illusion was perfect. One of your classmates had cut recitations and was walking the stage. As a wonder-

fully lifelike humorous sketch it has not been matched this season.

**Mr. Shaw
on
Shakespeare.**

At it again, scaring Shakespeareans out of their boots, tickling the bald heads in the pews, and trying to get himself arrested, Mr. Shaw resumes his place in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*. "Like all Shakespeare's comedies," says he, "*Much Ado About Nothing* contains nothing beyond the capacity of a child except the indecencies which constitute the staple of its badinage."



MR. EDESON AS STRONGHEART

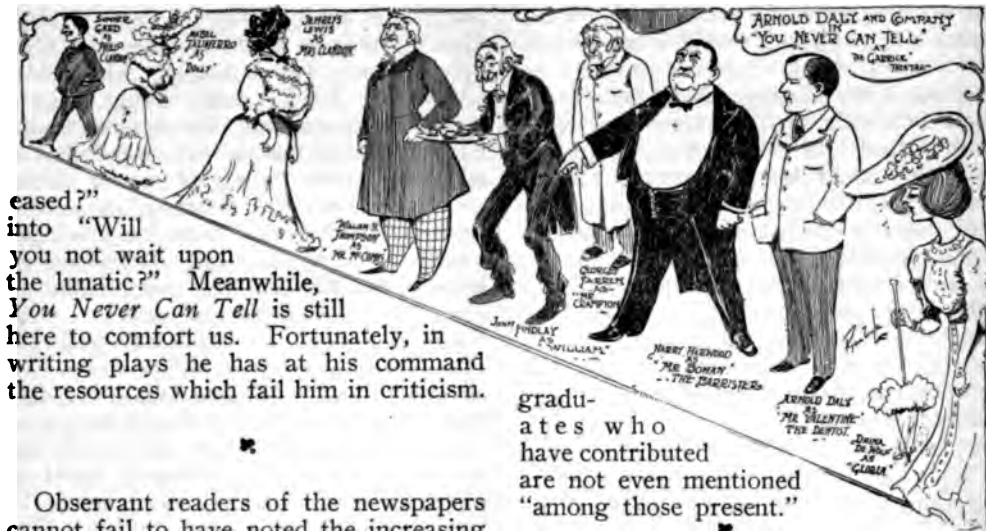
Paraphrase the dialogue of *Much Ado* in mere utilitarian prose, and you will find speech after speech awkward, superfluous, dragged in by the ears, and consequently irritating and tedious, fatal to the crispness of the action. The characters lose their glamour: one sees that the creator of the merry lady with her bar-maidenly repartees and the facetious bachelor with his boarding-house funny man's table talk, was no Oscar Wilde. . . . The story is a hopeless one, pleasing only to lovers of the illustrated police papers. It was all very well for Shakespeare to say, "It does not matter what the story is, provided I tell it; and it

does not matter what the characters say, provided I turn the phrase for them." He could make that boast good only to people with an ear for his music and a born habit of thinking in his language.

And so on quite breathlessly as if throwing bombs, all to show that if Shakespeare had written like somebody else he would not have seemed like Shakespeare—a matter illustrated by Matthew Arnold some years ago, when he told of the man who turned the line, "Canst thou not minister to a mind dis-



BLANCHE WALSE IN "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE"



ceased?" into "Will you not wait upon the lunatic?" Meanwhile, *You Never Can Tell* is still here to comfort us. Fortunately, in writing plays he has at his command the resources which fail him in criticism.

Observant readers of the newspapers cannot fail to have noted the increasing frequency of announcements to the effect that some philanthropist has made a large gift to one of our colleges or universities upon condition that an equal sum be secured from other donors. Since this ingenious form of benefaction was first brought into prominence by the oily and trustful Mr. Rockefeller, it has spread so rapidly that half of the college presidents of the United States must now be engaged in scouring the country for subscriptions. While higher education doubtless profits largely by such gifts, other consequences resulting from them are not so happy. It is coming to be as much as a man's peace of mind is worth to have his name on the alumni list of a growing and ambitious college. The loving sentiment of the "old grad" is being capitalised on all hands at considerably more than its market value. His mail is deluged with insistent prayers that he shall not allow the small matter of a cheque for five hundred, or fifty, or even for ten dollars, if he can afford no more, to stand between his dear old college and the realisation of its most cherished dream. In the end the seemingly impossible is achieved, the corner-stone is laid, the munificent Mæcenas who has given five hundred thousand secures at half price the honour of having his name blazoned above the portal of a million-dollar edifice, while the hundreds of

graduates who have contributed are not even mentioned "among those present."

Another consequence of gifts made on this basis is the increase in the burden of purely financial work demanded from the heads of our great institutions of learning. It has often been the subject of complaint, coming sometimes from college presidents themselves, that the heavy administrative duties of their high offices made it impossible for them to produce anything or even to keep up with the progress of research. Many a man of the brightest promise as an original investigator has found the coveted presidential chair to be the grave of his scientific ambition. With this tendency already accentuated in American institutions of learning, it seems a great pity that the necessity of spending a large part of the college year in seeking subscriptions should be added to the already heavy routine duties of the college president. "Well, what would you have us do about it?" they might retort. "Isn't the money badly needed?" Of course it is. As Mephistopheles remarked with regard to the church, so also it might be asserted with regard to modern education, that it "has a good stomach." Heaven forbid that we should go a step farther with the eminent authority just cited and maintain that any of our modern universities "*kann ein ungerechtes Gut verdauen*" without showing at least minimum evidence of moral dyspepsia. Our point is not concerned with the ethical implications of the case, but

rather with ways and means. Under existing circumstances, would it not be well for boards of trustees or regents to appoint some distinguished member of their own body, or some one else of equal probity and business acumen, to undertake the honourable and arduous task of securing the subscriptions necessary to nail down gifts that have a string attached to them? Or shall we be obliged to install two presidents at the head of each of our great institutions of learning, one to be known as the financial or collecting president, the other to continue ancient tradition as the literary or academic president?

Mr. Jack London's candidacy for the mayoralty of Oakland has revived the familiar discussion of the literary man in politics. It is the practice on these occasions to treat the political aspirations of the American literary man in a jocular manner, to recall the fate of his predecessors and to exhibit the supposed incongruity between our belles lettres and our practical politics. A newspaper writer, enumerating recent failures, carelessly counted in Mr. Winston Churchill; whereupon Mr. Churchill protested that he at least was an exception, being at that moment a member of the New Hampshire legislature. The newspaper man had hinted that our writers went into politics merely in the hope of finding literary material. Mr. Churchill replied that he had gone in as a citizen, not as a literary man, and from the tone of his

letter it is evident that he regards New Hampshire with entire seriousness. Our sympathies are strongly with Mr. Churchill. So far from taking it as a matter of course that our popular novelists should fail in politics, we find it a subject not only for regret but for astonishment. They are a hardy, sagacious, business-like breed. They are predominantly civic and practical. They have as keen an instinct for what people want as brewers, hat-makers, or grocers, and they are aiming, unconsciously perhaps, at results as immediate and tangible. In no other country is there so slight a difference between the qualities of the popular novelist and those of the successful man of business. The romantic novel of to-day is of pure business all compact. It is not created; it is compounded. Too little is said of the mercantile shrewdness that goes to the making of such novels as *Richard Carvel* and the publishing of them in the nick of time. Leaving aside any literary criterion, we hold that as high commercial qualities distinguish the author as adorn any Senator in Washington. It was a wonderfully apt and well-timed venture and the mind that conceived it was eminently practical. In *Richard Carvel*, as in the New Hampshire legislature, Mr. Churchill is entitled to our applause primarily as a citizen.

Nor is there anything disparaging in this. In denying literary qualities to the evanescent novelists of yesterday or to-day, we do but smooth away certain obstacles in their political career. It is well known that among men at large the word

THE LEGISLATURE'S SESSION AT ENGLISH'S



ONE AMERICAN WRITER WHO IS IN POLITICS

literary has a formidable and exclusive sound. Even the word book will frighten voters. We should devise another way of speaking of these things. When a popular writer runs for office, he should be referred to as a manufacturer of bibloids. Let it be once known how un-literary most writers really are, and there will be more of them in the Board of Aldermen. Of the novelists in this country to-day there are but two men whose talents are so essentially literary as to unfit them for political office. It is of course impossible to imagine a more unloved Assemblyman than Mr. Howells or a more scandalous State Senator than Mr. James. In their books they have disregarded a popular mandate on every page. But our other writers are guilty of no such divergence. Need Yonkers have feared Mr. John Kendrick Bangs? Was there any Pierian austerity about him? We all know that there are staple forms of humour and stock properties of romance and dozens of little recipes and formulas. Current literature is not a jealous god; nor does it breed unthrifty habits, or a visionary turn of mind, or levity, or a too personal view, or any other spiritual twist that should disable a man's politics. On the contrary, success in it often proves a man possessed of the politician's greatest gift, the instinct for majorities.

Apropos of Mr. Cahan's *The White Terror and the Red*, which is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOK-MAN, we are printing the accompanying reduced reproduction of a bit of underground Russian literature which had a remarkable effect. This blurred and badly printed manifesto may be said to have been almost directly responsible for the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius. It was printed immediately after what is known among Russian revolutionists as the Great Red Day—the day when the protesting strikers were shot down by the Russian troops—and came from the press of the circle which planned and executed the assassination of the Czar's uncle. There are between fifty and seventy-five secret printing offices in

operation by the revolutionary party in Russia. As the Russian police are always putting forth most extraordinary efforts to suppress them, the greatest ingenuity is needed to give them an outward innocent appearance. Some of these presses to the eye are merely bureaus or wardrobes. For two years a vast amount of Russian revolutionary literature, printed in Paris and in Switzerland, was

ЦАРСКАЯ МИЛОСТЬ

[illegible]

smuggled into the Czar's dominions inside of American refrigerators. By mere chance this trick was discovered, and since American refrigerators entering Russia are examined at the frontier with great care by the officials. But perhaps the greatest factor in the dissemination of revolutionary ideas has been the silent press which was invented some years ago by a Jewish locksmith. The Russian Government has been for a long time aware of the existence of this silent press. During the past five years it has spent over half a million dollars and made use of its best detectives in the attempt to find it. So far, however, all efforts have been futile. Week after week, without a break, the silent press has been turning out a publication containing as many pages as *Harper's Weekly*.

Very few recent stories have been so much discussed during their appearance serially as Mr. Edwin Twentieth Century Alchemists. Lefevre's *The Golden Flood*. The reason for this was not only that the story was founded upon a mystery, but that the very nature of the mystery was one to whet widespread curiosity. Briefly, the outlines of the story are as follows: A young man, comparatively unknown, one day goes into a New York bank and opens an account with a deposit of something over one hundred thousand dollars. One week from that day, at the same hour, he makes his second deposit, this time doubling the original sum. The third week his deposit amounts to five hundred thousand dollars. All these deposits are by cheques from the Assay Office. By this time the unusual methods of the young man have aroused the keen curiosity of the president of the bank, who with an air of assumed benevolence endeavours to wheedle out of the new depositor information as to the source of his wealth. All his attempts prove futile, the young man remaining perfectly polite and imperturbable, while Thursday after Thursday he makes fresh deposits, each twice as large as the one of the previous week. The curiosity of the bank president and his friends changes to terrified dismay. This golden flood, seemingly inexhaustible, threatens them with positive destruction. Even the vast resources of their combined wealth, even the cunning of the unctious Mellen, "the richest man in the world," are of no avail in solving the mystery. Where does he get it?

On the part of the bank president and his friends there grows a belief that the young man can come by this golden flood in only one way; that he makes it; that he has solved the world-old problem of the transmutation of the baser metals into gold. The fact that the meagre results of their elaborate investigations show him to have considerable skill as a metallurgist, and to spend much of his time in a chemical laboratory in his own house, lends colour to this theory. For the purposes of the tale it is right and proper that

they should cherish this belief, but were the author himself to try to palm off so stale a solution the story would, of course, tumble far below the mediocre. Yet obvious as all this is, not only did the great number of readers anticipate such an ending, but several letters to the author revealed the astonishing fact that belief in alchemy is prevalent to-day just as it was in the times of Cagliostro. Here is a typical letter:

Mr. Edwin Lefevre.

DEAR SIR: I have read the first chapters of your Story entitled *The Golden Flood*, And I wish to say, that I think the possibilities are a little overdrawn, Yet, You may disabuse your mind of its being impossible, as I have succeeded (after four years of chemical research,) in producing Gold from common Earth, also have partially succeeded in transmuting Iron and Silver into the same,

I am trying now to raise a few thousand Dollars to complete a Factory which I have nearly completed, and am doing so in the disguise of a Mining Co, If you wish to look further I think I can convince you that I am no Pipe Dreamer,

There are two conditions that will probably prevent you from giving the matter any further consideration, One is that I will not divulge the secret to anyone. Nor will I put in writing in escrow, and the other is that I will not consider anything less than 25% of the net as my portion, and only for a few years, Although I can produce Gold from Common Earth, I have found by experience that more values can be obtained from certain kinds, and those are the ones from which certain chemical properties have not been removed by nature,

Resply,

P.S. treat this letter confidentially, It does not come direct, But if I find that your mind is sufficiently broad to believe this discovery possible We may come together,

And here is another:

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Edwin Lefevre, Esq.

DEAR SIR: My attention was directed to your story *The Golden Flood*, and I read it with interest because you are writing nearer truths than you are perhaps aware. In July and September, 1903, I gave to the world the

general facts governing the transmutation of metals, and especially the changing of copper and silver into gold. The enclosed photograph represents the large plant to be erected in Philadelphia, near the United States Mint, for transforming silver into gold. It is my hope that we will be able to make \$100,000,000 in gold per year—not quite up to your figures for

humanity. I had plans already mapped out in the same direction. I shall read the future chapters when they appear.

Yours very truly,

✱

When Mr. Lefevre's *Wall Street*



EDWIN LEFEVRE

Grinnel. In building a large plant, many things may occur which may modify the rate of transmutation, but I shall not rest until I make the above amount per annum. Another thing in your story that struck me was that Grinnel proposed to use his gold for the benefit of

Stories appeared four years ago, readers who were familiar with the Street found amusement in identifying the characters. Here is a list which was drawn up at the time by a member of the Stock Exchange:

Samuel W. Sharpe.....James R. Keene.
Colonel Treadwell.....Roswell P. Flower.
John F. Greener.....Jay Gould.
Daniel Dittenhoeffer...Charles Woerishoeffer.
Silas Shaw.....Daniel Drew.

For the *Golden Flood* the following identifications have been suggested:

Richard Dawson.....James R. Stillman.
The Mellens.....The Rockefellers.
Isaac Herzog.....Jacob Schiff.

At the time Brander Matthews's *His Father's Son* was published, about nine years ago, a British weekly publication became very sarcastic because a Wall Street operator was represented of having a balance in a single bank of nearly two million dollars. But Mr. Matthews was able to come back at his critics effectually with the hard facts that such a balance, while unusual, was not at all improbable. Mr. Lefevre, likewise, is prepared for his censors. For instance, some readers have objected that the large fortune of Mr. Robinson was improbable in one comparatively so obscure. On this point Mr. Lefevre replies: "You must have been impressed with the frequency with which extremely rich men have been dying since the boom which began with McKinley's first election. It is not so long ago a man named Smith died. Smith, his name was, and he left forty odd millions. Since his death the securities which he left have been rising in price, and it is safe to say his estate is now worth fully sixty millions. You have never heard of this particular Smith. Six months ago a man named Jones died. Jones!—died—he left seventy-five million dollars. His own fellow-townsmen knew he was rich, they thought he might perhaps be worth say five millions, at a stretch seven. I have collected clippings to show that thirteen men who have died within the past six years were worth between them not far from a billion dollars, and of these thirteen nine were 'unknown' millionaires, happy, unsuspected cræsus. And I know men living to-day who are known to be rich, but who are worth from five to fifty times more than the public suspects. Of course men like Carnegie, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Astor—every-

body knows they are enormously rich, but the others are so far safe. Then, about the possibility that a man worth fifty million dollars in securities could sell the entire lot in the 1901 boom, why I know a clique of four men who receive for their holdings of stocks of constituent companies one hundred and forty million dollars par value of United States Steel, common and preferred. And they sold enough of their U. S. Steel shares to buy for cash nearly the entire capital stock of one of the principal railroads in the United States."

All that we have been able thus far to learn of Mr. J. C. Snaith, the author of

**"Broke of
Covenden."**

Broke of Covenden, is that he is an Englishman under thirty years of age and has already written several novels. As to the book itself, reviewers have generally perceived that it is on a different plane from the fiction of the day. No recent novel by a new writer, with the exception of *The Divine Fire*, has so aroused the humdrum reviewer. It is an embarrassing book, exaggerated, luxuriant and untrimmed, and the author rides a very high horse indeed, which tramples on the probabilities. One reads a few pages and resolves to give it up and then finishes it. Preposterous characters, mere symbols, some of them, are pushed monotonously along to their manifest destiny. He makes his hero narrow, dull and inordinately proud and then ruins him. He weighs down his characters with every absurdity that he and the gods may laugh at them. He stands off in the Meredithian manner and jeers at the things they do, but it is a broader irony than Meredith's, and there is about it a youthful conviction that the world is more foolish than it really is—

And as with chest hugely heaving and jowl inflamed he took from his pocket his bandanna handkerchief and gravely mopped away the signs of his discomposure, a perfect roar of applause greeted him in Olympian Theatre, though he heard it not, and the God of Irony in the author's box, allowing his grim visage to relax, grinned upon him in grateful admiration.



JOHN WISE, AUTHOR OF "THE LION'S SKIN"



OWEN JOHNSON, AUTHOR OF "IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY"

But while he is bold only where we all permit ourselves to be bold (for at such huge targets any one may venture a shot), there is no mistaking the zest with which he writes or the vigour or freshness of his description. Less elaborately wrought out than *The Divine Fire*, it has more native strength and distinctive quality. We should be lucky if we could point to two new writers of equal promise on our own horizon.

✻

The London *Academy*, in reviewing *Old Gorgon Graham*, says the letters of Mr. Lorimer's self-made merchant ought to be read by every boy and every girl in the Empire,

Old Graham Again.

"because the qualities the old merchant demands of his son are the qualities a nation wants of all her citizens." The book has received no more praise than it deserves, but it seems a pity that reviewers persist in identifying its merits with the moral value of old Graham's advice. Shrewd and sensible as that advice often is, old Graham is no

fit counsellor for anybody but his own son. He is a narrow-minded old curmudgeon, given to the over-statement of half-truths and broad generalisations from few instances. The Empire and Republic, both, are amply supplied with advice of this moral quality. As a teacher, old Graham is no whit better than Falstaff and a shade worse than Polonius, and we advise all innocent young souls to keep out of his clutches. As a character of fiction, he is among the best, admirably illustrating the good and bad qualities of the type he represents, by turns humorous and coarse, practical and limited, shrewd in some things, obtuse in more, an advocate of a cause and its satirist. He is one of those who are proud of their own limitations. He thinks he travels the faster for wearing blinders. The moral that he preaches is that of commercial concentration, with an occasional aside on "Honesty is the best policy." It is the piety of success and already the country fairly wallows in it. A most readable person, but no pattern for the citizen, he is quite as much a type of arrested de-

velopment as he is of practical wisdom, and we would rather take our chances with a nation of Emersonians.



From the mischievous air with which the *Atlantic* announced a series of "Letters to Literary Statesmen" by an anonymous writer we had expected something piquant or even shocking. The first of them, addressed to President Roosevelt and signed "Alciphron," has appeared in the March number of that magazine. If we may judge from this, "Alciphron" is a perfectly safe person, mild and conforming, no shatterer of idols, but rather a chaperon of established reputations. He is, moreover, a man of extraordinary literosity. In a scant two pages we note quotations from Disraeli, John Morley, Thiers, Condorcet, Garfield, Seneca, Tacitus, Milton, Lincoln, Thucydides, President Harrison, Cobden and Disraeli again; also several illustrative literary anecdotes, one Latin verse, and three lines of a poem in English. "Alciphron" ought not to do it. It makes us ignorant persons envious. Even when we do know, we must sometimes try and forget, for it is cruel to be as "literary" as you can. Not that we deny the appositeness of all these literary allusions, but a good many of them served only to show in what company "Alciphron" had been. They are, as you might say, merely his literary credentials, and even as such are less convincing than in the brave old days when there were no Bartletts or treasuries of prose or verse or Half Hours with Great Authors or Libraries of the World's Best Literature. The great unwritten law is, Never to quote merely to spare yourself the pangs of composition or merely to prove yourself acquainted with what the eulogist of Senator Quay has called the "best thought of all the ages." Never jingle your literary pockets just to tantalise the poor. "Letters to Literary Statesmen" is a capital idea for a series, but from this first one we gather only that "Alciphron" is undoubtedly a graduate. This of course is something, but from the later ones we are hoping to ascertain what he thinks.

Had we a good literary memory or a full note-book (which can be made to look as well) we might retort upon the "Alciphrons" somewhat in this wise: New kings are strict, said Æschylus (*hapas de trachus hostis an neon krates*), and he might well have said it of the newly learned, for they too abate no jot of their authorities, but approach all subjects augustly, clad in the robes of their predecessors. And for crown jewels, they have those "jewels five words long," which they never weary of displaying. Nor do they forget that Milton's style was "echo-haunted of many tongues," the style for which he became so famous and so shunned. They stay very close to Milton. But they ignore, alas, many wise sayings even from the time of the Chaldees. There was Elihu's warning, "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge and fill his belly with the east wind?" And there was Quintilian, who, if we mistake not, implied that whoso would seem learned to the vulgar seemeth vulgar to the wise. Plato himself was against them, defending not the borrowing of treasures merely for display, but praising rather the mind's activity with its own possessions, and a certain high inspired curiosity, for, said he, "a life without inquiry (*anexetastos bios*) is not livable by man." And from Plato we may pass to John P. Robinson, of whom it is perhaps superfluous to quote the well-known lines:

"John P.

Robinson, he,

Said they didn't know everything
down in Judee."



Nor is that reading the most fruitful which yields the quickest crop, particularly if it be only a crop of quotations, for that is like digging up your seed potatoes. A mind planted with the world's best authors must still wait for its own thoughts to grow, for, as Cicero said, all the arts have a common element (*quoddam commune vinculum*), and it is as true of letters as of agriculture that, as Sir Thomas Brown has somewhere tersely put it, "All celerity should be

contempered by cunctation." Scraps from a great man's writings are no sign of a sense of greatness, but many quote them as clear proof that they have seen Behemoth and "played with him as with

ple's words, but sentient, a pale survivor of ten thousand tags and hackneyisms like these which we have used. Something off your own bat (to use a coarse post-classic figure) is wanted now and



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF EDITH WHARTON

a bird." As Cobden said to Julius Cæsar, "Be to thine own self true," and this implies that you have a self, a poor thing, but thine own, submerged by other peo-

then. One learns little more about a man from the feats of his literary memory than from the feats of his alimentary canal.

An interesting feature of the new edition of the novels of Lord Beaconsfield is the key to the identification of the various characters. Whatever place may eventually be assigned to Disraeli as a novelist, his wonderful political career and the exalted positions of the men and women with whom he was thrown in contact make the key to his characters of infinitely greater interest to the general reader than can be the case with any of his contemporaries. Of what serious importance is it to know that Thackeray drew Foker in *Pendennis* from Andrew Archdekné? To the ardent Thackerayan it is an item of interest, of course, yet even to him the name Archdekné has no particular significance. On the other hand, the personages from whom Disraeli drew his characters were the makers of European history and their names and their works were known throughout the civilised world. Bismarck, Gladstone, Napoleon III., Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, King Leopold, Baron Rothschild—these were the people whom Disraeli described for the readers of his books. The following is a list of identifications which was sanctioned by the late Lord Rawton:

The Countess of Blessington,
Lady Doubtful, in *Vivian Grey*.
Monsignor Capel.....Catesby, in *Lothair*.
Sir William Harcourt,
Hortensius, in *Endymion*.
Sir Robert Peel....Fitzbloom, in *Vivian Grey*.
Alexander Humboldt,
Baron von H., in *Coningsby*.
Lord Granville.
Lord Rawchester, in *Endymion*.

Goldwin Smith,
The Oxford Professor, in *Lothair*.
Cardinal Wiseman,
Nigel Penruddock, in *Endymion*.
Bismarck.....Prince Terrible, in *Endymion*.
Gladstone....Oswald Millbank, in *Coningsby*.
Charles Dickens....Mr. Gushy, in *Endymion*.
Lord Palmerston,
Lord Rochampton, in *Endymion*.
Prince Metternich,
Beckendorf, in *Vivian Grey*.
Wellington,
The Duke of Waterloo, in *Vivian Grey*.
Thackeray....Mr. Sainte Barbe, in *Endymion*.
John Bright....Jawster Sharp, in *Coningsby*.
Robert Southey..Mentioned as the chief writer
of the *Attack-All Review*.
Bishop Wilberforce...The Bishop, in *Lothair*.
Harriet Mellon Coutts, afterward Duchess of
St. Albans....Mrs. Millon, in *Vivian Grey*.
Napoleon III..Prince Florestan, in *Endymion*.
Gortschakoff,
Prince Xlmnpqrstosklw, in *Vivian Grey*.
King Leopold of Belgium,
Prince of Little Lilliput, in *Vivian Grey*.
Lionel Nathan, Baron de Rothschild,
Sidonia, in *Coningsby* and *Tancred*.
George Canning,
Mr. Charlatan Gas, in *Vivian Grey*.
Alexander II. of Russia,
The Czarewitch, in *Coningsby*.
Richard Cobden,
Job Thornberry, in *Endymion*.
Marquis of Bute.....The hero in *Lothair*.
Cardinal Manning,
Cardinal Grandison, in *Lothair*.
Byron.....Lord Cadurcis, in *Venetia*.
Shelley.....Marmion Herbert, in *Venetia*.
Beau Brummel,
Julius von Aslingen, in *Vivian Grey*.
Lady Jersey..Lady St. Julians, in *Coningsby*,
Sybil, and *Tancred*, and *Zenobia*, in *Endymion*.





HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, BORN APRIL, 1805

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN



ANDERSEN was one of those happy lives about which there might have been much more to tell if in connection with its mass of dates, journeys and happenings the human note had had a clearer sound. No momentous event ever took place in the Danish author's experience; I doubt that he ever felt any great grief or any great joy save such sensation as the business of his career provided. He was really too preoccupied with his ambitious pursuits—among which was his aim to become the most famous of contemporary celebrities—to be able to pause and listen to the stories of other men. Andersen could tolerate no rival and, as was equally true, no rival could tolerate him. For many years during his whole struggle for pre-eminence among national playwrights he was challenged to pen-duel after pen-duel, and by a certain group of literary fellows he was regarded as the silliest ass of the day. They ridiculed his taste for novelty in dress, spun cheap anecdotes out of his habit of curling his hair, in short they succeeded more

than once in driving Andersen abroad to sympathetic friends, who knew him mainly as the author of a series of charming fairy tales.

And who does not so know him? In these days, one hundred years having passed since he first saw the dusty daylight of the rear room of his father's, the cobbler's shop in little Odense, many nations are remembering him with a certain fondness no critical sense can quite kill. The century that is to come will hardly dull this affection for him.

There are several "pictures" from Andersen's life whose appeal is rather special. We may turn to them as we sometimes turn to a charming drawing in a book heavily crowded with text. Among the Danish writer's friends few were dearer to him than the German poet Moser, whose little son was a staunch admirer, though not a very brave one, of the famous man. The child, in whose father's house Hans had been a visitor for several days, was anxious to present him with some token of its affection and esteem, but what to give and how to give it, those were questions! The first was simpler, however, than the second, since



THE BIRTHPLACE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

nothing could be too good for the long, lean man with the drooping shoulders. The poet's little son owned exactly two tin soldiers; with one of these he took leave, and, afraid to approach the guest himself, he sent his message through his father. And his message was: Would Hans Christian Andersen accept and keep one of those brave soldiers of metal? Hans took the gift, tucked it under his coat, in a spacious pocket, and he assures us that that tin soldier, who was of Turkish origin, faithfully accompanied him on all of his journeys.

In Copenhagen, where Andersen lived his bare bachelor life, he was as conspicuous a figure on the streets as the King himself. For some strange reason monarchs were remarkably cordial to the author whose friendship with members of the royal families of many lands gave him a unique distinction that added a rare lustre to his fame. King Christian VIII., a conservative ruler, was very fond of his celebrated subject, whom he favoured in many ways. His queen, Amalie, often went driving with Hans. As their separate carriages rolled down the boulevard children would gather and shout, "Hurrah! There's the Queen! There's Andersen."

One day when he was out walking, Andersen happened to pass a lady who was holding her two little boys by the hand. Upon seeing the author, one of them, a bright blue-eyed little chap, broke away and ran straight toward the astonished writer.

"Hello!" he cried, grasping Andersen's hand.

The boy's mother instantly summoned him and called him to account for accosting a stranger so brazenly on the street.

"He's no stranger, mother," said the boy, "that's Andersen; we all know him."

Then Hans, bowing low, came near, to explain that he considered it an honour and a joy (which was true) to be so well known to the little children of the town.

In 1857, when his farm was absolutely secure, Andersen made a second journey to England to visit Charles Dickens, at whose house he had been a guest ten years before. Andersen's admiration for his English friend was sincere and unselfish. These two writers understood each other

spiritually, as their letters prove, and Hans seemed to find in the author of *Oliver Twist* an older brother.

Following is an extract from a letter to Dickens. The "baby" referred to was probably the author's youngest child.

—Baby said to me the first day I came: "I will put you out of the window!" But afterwards he said: "I will put you 'in' of the window," and I think I may regard his words as those of the whole family. I am writing this early in the morning. It is just as if I myself were carrying it to you. I stand in your room at Gadshill, see, as I did the first day I came, the roses blooming in the window, the green fields that extend toward Rochester. I smell the fragrance of the wild-rose hedges out in the field where the children played cricket. How much will happen before I again see it, if indeed I ever do?

In his autobiography Andersen relates with some degree of pride several experiences with ghosts, one of which may be worth relating here.

In Jutland, the northern peninsula which joins Denmark to the European continent, the people were firm believers in spooks. Not so Hans Christian Andersen, who only laughed with curiosity at the prospect of being an eye-witness to some display of supernatural power. From his own account of the case we infer that Hans considered himself something of a detective and was anxious to test his ability as a sleuth. One day at Borghlum, a little village, his opportunity arrived. He was visiting friends who inhabited a mansion-like house, and luncheon being over, had adjourned to the hall with the hostess. All of a sudden, bells began to ring. There would have been nothing remarkable in this, if the noise had not issued from an unoccupied wing of the mansion, from a room that had been empty for years and years. The author was puzzled. What did it mean? He turned to his companion and expressed his surprise. Her reply made him feel even more uneasy.

"You have heard it too, then?" And the lady went on to explain that such noises were heard daily, especially late in the evening when the family was retiring. Of course, she firmly believed her house

was haunted. Hans didn't quite agree with her as yet, and though informed that the bells sometimes rang so loudly that the people in the cellar could hear them, he rather boldly said: "Well, let us look into it," just like an expert sleuth. So they marched through the long corridor, meeting a clergyman and the master of the house, both of whom instantly accompanied the leaders, while all the time the mysterious bells were grinding out louder and louder tones. Hans declared that there could be no such thing as a ghost, but the incessant bell-music was too much for his nerves; finally he exclaimed in a low voice: "I don't deny it, but I don't believe in it."

Into a big room they all stealthily marched. They looked and looked for some clew, but the chamber seemed to contain nothing that might explain the mystery of the chimes. The clergyman shook his head, the lady of the house sighed, and her husband looked hopelessly at Hans, whose eyes came to rest on the chandelier which hung under the ceiling. Ah, thought the author, that's the ghost, is it?

For many small pendants were in motion, and when they struck each other a sound was sure to be produced. Andersen, argus-eyed detective, didn't reveal his discovery at once to the others; he wanted to make his triumph complete. So he called to his companions: "Walk rapidly and heavily over the floor. They all did so, and behold! the glass pendants banged each other viciously and the room was filled with the same noise that had seemed inexplicable before. Now it was accounted for; it was quite natural, and the ghost proved to be a fraud.

It was not until Andersen had visited practically every country in Europe that he decided to explore the land of his birth. Travelling was troubled pleasure in the parts he set out to visit. From Borglum he journeyed north, bent on reaching the Scaw—where two mighty seas overlap each other—the Scaw where poets go to get music for their songs and artists find colour for their paintings. In those days the Scaw was a wilderness, though a picturesque one; now it's a delightful summer resort. Hans had engaged an old coachman to drive him

along the shore through the hard sands over which the waves were constantly rolling. The surf was tremendous; wreck upon wreck lay half buried on the shore. The carriage drove straight through what had once been a proud three master. In the air huge flocks of seagulls were screaming and the smell of salt was strong. The few houses were very small, mostly thatched, and seemed to be sinking into sand-heaps. Many curious sights met the eye of the traveller; for instance, a good-natured pig, tied to the figure-head of a wrecked ship, was strolling about in a potato patch. The animal was perfectly indifferent to the thunder of the surf, which was roaring within thirty yards of its pen. At last Hans reached the Scaw, where the great lighthouse throws its warning rays far, far across the waters toward distant Norway and England. It was here, by the way, that the author met a queer type of Dane, a sceptic, an outspoken mail-coach driver, who was inclined to take the celebrity for a simpleton. Andersen had a way of telling all the people he met who he was and what he had done—a way that made them feel somewhat humiliated, but when he started to advertise himself to this rustic the author met with one of the queerest experiences of his career. It appears that Hans had seated himself on the box beside the robust driver, who managed a pair of leisure-loving horses, and the vehicle was no sooner started on its way to the railway station than Hans began to exploit his adventures in Switzerland, Italy, Greece, etc. There was a twinkle in the native's eye which probably meant that he didn't believe in the truthfulness of the stranger.

"You say that you have travelled in all those fine places? Well, how is it that an old man like you can stand the shaking up you get on this rickety coach of mine?"

"Do you think I'm very old?" Hans asked, with some surprise.

"You are indeed a very, very old man," the driver solemnly replied.

"Well now, how old do you think I am?"

"You must be well on to eighty."

"Eighty!" Andersen exclaimed; "trav-

elling has certainly aged me. Do I look sickly?"

"Yes, you do look dreadfully lean," said the man with the reins.

Hans was somewhat discouraged. He began to speak about the beautiful lighthouse at the Scaw.

"The King ought to see it," he remarked, "and I think I shall tell him so the next time I see him."

This was too much for the driver; he turned appealingly to the other passengers, and there was a broad smile about his mouth.

"Listen," he said, "did you hear him? When *he* sees the King."

But Andersen's pride was wounded.

"Why, yes," he insisted, "don't you believe me? I have talked with the King and I have dined at his table."

Again the sceptical driver appealed to the passengers.

"*He* has dined with the King! Did you all hear that?" was all he said, but everybody could see that he thought he was dealing with an escaped lunatic. "He thought I was a little cracked," is how Hans himself puts it.

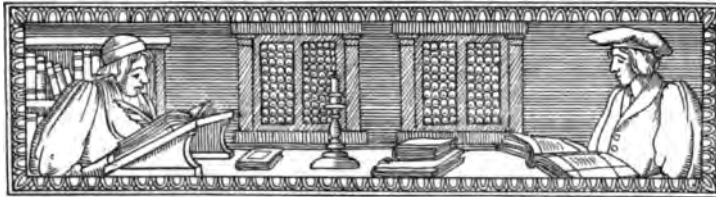
These few occurrences in the author's life may help to throw a little light on his personality. A literary portrait of our subject cannot be painted from the material any single incident in his career offers us. In spite of many outbursts of discouragement, etc., Andersen didn't take life very seriously. He was a grateful friend, a mild enemy, a sympathetic man if you knew him well. In the spring-day of his fame women flocked around him, with declarations of love, but Andersen, who

had had one unrequited passion, was never to fall in love again.

For the comforts of a home he seemed not to care. He readily made friends and took almost everyone into his confidence. It is known that his own opinion of the fairy tales that were admired by hundreds of thousands in all civilised countries was not very high. To a friend he is said to have expressed the view that they were unworthy of him. But the "bigger game" he was after never fell within his reach. As a child it was his great ambition to become a ballet dancer, as a man to strive for recognition as a dramatist. He has written but one play, that may last with his "wonder-tales," "*Liden Kirsten*," which means "Little Carrie."

Hans Christian Andersen is Denmark's most famous son. This fact is a riddle to many a Danish critic, who accordingly deprecates the world's judgment and taste. But Odense, the city of his birth, is consistently proud of him. His statue stands in the park, near the big railway station, and a stone's throw from the brook where he used to sail his little boats is the house to which his fondest childhood memories are attached. The water of this brook is a marvel of colour, fantastic, unreal. He used to stand on the bridge, just beyond the mill (it's there to-day) and gaze into the entrancing mirror of water, till his imagination grew fearful with odd pictures. But Hans Christian Andersen never showed much love for Odense, where so many people had laughed at him in the days of his earliest struggles.

Paul Harboe.



THE LAMENT OF THE MEN OF EGESTA AT THE TOMB OF PHILIPPOS

"But for Philippos the men of Egesta reared a tomb and over his tomb they built a chapel as for a hero. There they strove with sacrifices to turn away the wrath that might fall on those who had handed over such a form as his to the common lot of men."

Dorieus at Eryx.—Freeman.

Ai! Ai! Ai! Gods! we have slain a god,
Dear to the shelving shore and mountain-steep.
To-day, Philippos, thou art but a clod,
A handful of grey ashes folden deep
In sculptured marble. Let the lands of sleep
Rejoice with song and dances, being glad
That even the flameless torch is theirs to keep.
Trinacria mourns in mantle sombre-sad
For life that hath no more the loveliness it had.

With spear and shield and crested helm he came
When Dorieus wasted all the country-side.
Under the shield we met them. Is it blame
That men should for their city's sake abide
The battle-shock, and, borne upon its tide,
Being slain should slay, mad with the pæan's roar?
Are those beloved of Heaven who, fainting, hide
Where the wool heaps upon the pictured floor
And seek that grace from foes they should of gods implore?

So, when the fight was done, we found him there,
Browed like to Zeus with majesty divine,
Yet fashioned than Apollo's self more fair,
And lo! we, seeing, feared the wrath condign
And laid his ashes in a carven shrine,
Here, where our prayers unto high Heaven ascend
With savour of burnt flesh and fumes of wine,
From our Egestan hearths the curse to fend
Who have such beauty doomed to meet a mortal end.

Beauty! transcendent gift of gods to men:
Beauty! thou tribute rendered to the sky
By all the teeming Earth that blooms again
When Helios in his radiant car draws nigh
And the Spring calls:—by all we glorify:
By the soft verdure of the placid plain,
By the white foam of Ocean tossed on high,
Yea, by the mountain-tops that Heaven sustain
Curse not our blinded eyes; curse not our hands profane.

Ai! Ai! Ai! Gods! we have slain a god:
Never again to stand before men's sight,
Never again to tread where once he trod,
Filling the eyes with goodness. Lo! the night
Has covered him who was the day's delight.
Ai! Ai! Ai! pardon for us who slew!
Yet, though our grain and fruit-trees know the blight,
Though sickness fall for health and hail for dew,
Ne'er shall be woe so sore as in his death we knew.

Duffield Osborne.

THE FUTURE OF TROLLOPE



WE must believe that Trollope felt some small measure of delight in shocking the sensibilities of George Eliot, when at her table he declared, in regard to his literary methods, "It's not the head that does it—it's the cobbler's wax on the seat and sticking to my chair." We can imagine the look of dismay and remonstrance on the face of George Eliot, who had always to be carefully shielded in all her work; who mournfully exclaimed, "There are days and days together when I cannot write a line;" who declared, apropos of *Romolo*, "I was a young woman when I began it and an old one when I finished it."

In Trollope's *Autobiography*, a good book and one, as a whole, unusually candid and frank, we feel that there must be a touch of humour in his insistence in this attitude. He abhorred pose and pretence, and he felt that good work could be and had been done by writers even when the ideal conditions for wooing the Muse were not present. Jane Austen wrote her inimitable books in the common sitting-room, often surrounded by a band of laughing and chattering young people. Trollope felt there was much nonsense about the point of view that some writers held. He persisted in his creed: "I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than in the inspiration." He did not build a shrine and worship his wits, as some around him did. Nor, like others, did he think that literature was exempt from the laws and penalties of other professions. Of a man of this class he says: "He imagines that publishers and booksellers should keep all their engagements with him to the letter; but that he, as a brain worker and conscious of the subtle nature of the brain, should be able to exempt himself from bonds when it suits him. He has his own theory about inspiration. . . . All this has ever been odious to me, as being unmanly." Amid all the delightful gossip and confessions of his *Autobiography*, however, he has a distinctly high opinion of his profession, and declares: "There is, perhaps, no career in life so charming as that

of a man of letters." His naïve pride in the number of books he had produced has also been made the foundation of a charge of forgetting "the high glory of his calling."

Consider, however, for a moment the immense output of so conscientious and esoteric an artist as Henry James. His literary mechanics, after all, must have been very similar to those of Trollope to attain such a result. Trollope has, perhaps, paid the penalty for following this plan in regard to literary production in the number of comparatively poor novels he certainly has written. He is amusingly frank about some of these poor children of his brain. Of his first-born he declares: "I was sure that the book would fail, and it did fail most absolutely." Of *The Bertrams*: "I do not know that I ever heard it well spoken of even by my friends." He brackets *Dr. Thorne*, his most popular novel, with this work by saying: "They are of about equal merit, but neither of them is good." Of *Castle Richmond*: "This novel, however, is of itself a weak production; the characters do not excite sympathy." Again: "I think that *Brown, Jones and Robinson* was the hardest bargain I ever sold to a publisher." "I doubt now whether anyone reads *The Claverings*." Of *The Vicar of Bullhampton*: "As I have myself forgotten what the heroine does and says, except that she tumbles into a ditch, I cannot expect any one else should remember her." Imagine a father, though he have as many children as Brigham Young, speaking of his offspring in this fashion! Could one in any other way kill the sale of books more effectually? And yet he had a warm love for some of his productions; witness that Benjamin of his, *The Prime Minister*, to which his heart clung even after it had received such a severe slating at the hands of the critics.

Trollope may, to be sure, have written too much, but even authors of a slender product have had their failures. No shielding of cotton-swathed genius saved George Eliot from *Theophrastus Such*, and the enthusiasm of ill-advised friends of Jane Austen has inflicted on her lovers

a *Lady Susan*. Another penalty for his honest and manly autobiography was the attack on this giant by the merest pigmies, who with pitying superiority prated of his prolixity, lack of plot and general Philistinism. They all follow Carlyle, who, with a strange lack of generosity and discrimination, declares: "Trollope could never lack for characters so long as there were thirty millions of people in Great Britain, mostly bores." In postponing the publication of his *Autobiography* until after his death, Trollope must have foreseen in some measure its effect. He could not have suspected, I think, that it would give rise to sneers on the part of some of his alleged friends, who, I imagine, were really more touched by his sins of omission than those of commission.

The text for this discussion of the status of Trollope's fame will be found at the end of his *Autobiography*, where he modestly says: "I do not think it probable that my name will remain among those who in the next century will be known as the writers of English prose fiction." To a casual observer this condition may seem to have actually arrived. One finds him seldom mentioned in discussions of the great names of the Victorian period—Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens. The magazines, those arbiters of the drift of public opinion, have few references to him. Let us look a moment at the history of his vogue. During his life he was vastly popular. In the hearts of many of the passing generation there is a warm feeling for Anthony Trollope. In many private libraries he holds an honoured place, though some of the newer public libraries find that, though they must have Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Reade, and even Wilkie Collins, they can easily dispense with Trollope. And yet we know that in the days when *The Small House at Allington* was coming out in the *Cornhill Magazine* the fortunes of poor Lily Dale were followed with breathless interest, and that a new number of the magazine was awaited as eagerly as a new instalment of Dickens's last novel. How exactly reversed is the story of his fame from that of Jane Austen's. Her lack of popularity never surprised her. She accepted

with thankfulness the bare seven hundred pounds which she received for her novels. The publisher who bought *Northanger Abbey* for ten pounds was glad to sell it back to its author for the same sum, instead of venturing to publish it. Trollope not only enjoyed the other pleasures showered on a successful novelist, but states that in twenty years he made £70,000 by literature. "I look upon the result as comfortable," he declares, "but not splendid." How does the case stand to-day? One enters a large book-store and is offered beautiful, dainty editions of Jane Austen. Of course, it is delightful to feel that such an artist has at last come to her own. But somehow we are not quite certain even yet that all the possessors of these charming editions entirely appreciate the quaint loveliness of that delicate writer. One asks for Trollope and is told that it is difficult to get some of his novels, even some of his good ones. "It will be necessary to place your order," and "*The Autobiography* is entirely out of print."

In the face of all this let us make a sober statement which, I think, cannot be seriously disputed by any one who will take the time and trouble to do justice to this sterling artist. No one—no, not Thackeray or George Eliot, with all their greater natural gifts—has approached the vividness of portrayal of the mid-Victorian period, nor has made us see English social life in country and in city, in the close of a cathedral town or in Parliamentary circles, with more delighted interest. Again, this bluff old fellow of loud voice and awkward ways has seized and very finely divined that delicate and evanescent charm of young maidenhood—the period, short at best, when the maid realises herself as queen, while the world offers itself up to her a willing sacrifice. This it is which makes the tragedy of Lily Dale so touching. At one blow her kingdom is shattered. In short, the haunting charm of youth, with all its serious wisdom and calm unreasonableness, he could make us vividly feel, whether by his conversations, which are never forced but are remarkably convincing, or by his gradual and skilful working out of a character. He magically divines for us "the glory and fresh-

ness of a dream." He was a realist, but did not employ the photographic process, though his portraits are very lifelike. His best work is true literature, because his characters obtain an indefinable charm when passing through the medium of his personality. He entirely eschews pornography, that double-edged tool of the modern *soi-disant* realist. Nor does he strip the soul of all its rightful adornments. A naked soul is to him more indecent than a naked body. His presentation of love, though psychologically correct, does not entail dissection to the last nauseating detail, and yet it receives its true passional value. His works, of course, contain much of love, but it is not distorted out of its true value in the picture, but gains a correct perspective in relation to the other great realities of life. We enjoy him also for his limpid and flowing style, which represents exactly his thought but never distracts our attention from the subject in hand. He himself felt a natural and honest pride in his ability to make language serve his end, and a very difficult art it is, though with him the result seems so simple.

Hear his confession of faith in this matter, which he devoutly followed: "I call that style easy by which the writer has succeeded in conveying to the reader that which the reader is intended to receive with the least possible amount of trouble to him. I call that style lucid which conveys to the reader most accurately all that the writer wishes to convey on any subject. The two virtues will, I think, be seen to be very different." He was never a phrase-maker. He never stands back to admire the effect of some startling combination of words. He is not epigrammatic, and, indeed, it is difficult to find short quotable passages in his books. All through his sixty works, however, glow the sunniness of his disposition and the wholesomeness of his heart. We can picture with what disgusted amazement he would watch the gambols of some of our new-century authors, who calmly perform any antics of style or portray any distortions of life in the wild hope of catching the eye of the public, or, at any rate, that of the publisher.

Perhaps the most salient virtue of

Trollope is one which has been lacking in the case of many men of genius, a sturdy and abiding common sense in which the indiscriminating have seen only the commonplace. Such a successful artist as Charles Reade had this valuable virtue in very faint measure, and Dickens was sometimes sadly lacking in it, artistically, at least. But Trollope is not led away by his most pathetic incident to become maudlin; by his most dramatic moment to become stilted and theatrical; by his most moving presentment of wrongs to become unjust and hysterical.

Why, then, if these claims be true, is Trollope read comparatively so little? The "ignorant masses of educated people," as Howells calls them, are in a way responsible. A legend that Trollope is dull; the very knowledge that he is by way of being a classic; the feeling that his cult is not ultra in any way—these matters have wrought his undoing. It is true that his characters are never over-intellectualised, nor are they presented in an aggressively subtle fashion. The subtlety is there, but it is found in their conception. His books are never tracts or psychological treatises. And yet his work has a very high and definite ethical value. His artistic, may we say common, sense never allows him to obtrude this unduly.

Our author, to be sure, has some very definite foibles. The former idea of an English novel seems to have been that it was a personally conducted tour where the conductor was at liberty to obtrude his personality as much as he wished. The idea of detachment was taught us later by the Continental school. Trollope sins unpleasantly in this respect at times. In *Barchester Towers*, which, taken with its flawless predecessor, *The Warden*, is regarded by many as Trollope's highest achievement, he takes the reader into his confidence just before the close in a fashion which entirely destroys all the illusion which he has so delicately wrought. He treats us to a long discourse on the difficulty of ending a novel, and is doubtful of his ability to maintain the interest for the remaining pages and yet mete out a due amount of happiness to each of the favourite characters. In this same book, after he has imagined for us so charmingly the cathedral town, with

the intricate life of the close, he stops to declare his ignorance of Episcopal matters; in *Dr. Thorne* he confesses the same ignorance in regard to law, though for a layman we know that he had a very fair knowledge of each.

Compared with Jane Austen, who in all her six novels could never quite steel her gentle heart to kill off a single character, no matter how humble, Trollope is somewhat sanguinary. We can never quite forgive him for killing off Mrs. Proudie, though, like Conan Doyle in the case of Sherlock Holmes, he declares she was getting too much for him. We never could take much stock in that cock-and-bull story where he lays her demise to two men at the club whom he overhears discussing the intolerable Mrs. Proudie. He, and he only, shall be held responsible. There is poetic justice in the fact that "he lived much in company with her ghost." Then, the touching taking-off of gentle Mary Finn, which he effects in a shame-faced way, off the stage, as it were, between *Phineas Finn* and *Phineas Redux*—he shall be held strictly to account for that, though he callously declares that he could not permit his hero to be encumbered with a simple Irish wife in the later book. Trollope committed a similar deed when John Bold disappeared between *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. To be sure, by this act he was enabled to economise his material; as Eleanor, maid, played the heroine of the first book, while Eleanor, widow, did nicely for the heroine of the second. In *Dr. Thorne*—that new version of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid which Trollope turns into a glorified fairy tale in which the beggar maid, with acquired millions, saves the house of Cophetua—we forgive the killing of Sir Roger and his son, since the outcome is so eminently satisfactory.

Trollope, it must be confessed, had a peculiar taste in names. We feel that the illusion disappears and that we must be reading an allegory when he gives his characters such appellations as the Duke of Omnium of Gatherum Castle, Dr. Fillgrave, Sir Omicron Pie, Hon. Elias Gotobed and Mr. Toogood. It is snobbish, we know, but excusable perhaps, to object to a heroine called Mary

Flood Jones. And then, the titles of some of his novels—*Phineas Finn*, *the Irish Member* is an unprepossessing title, though we confess to a great liking for the Finns of literature, both Huckleberry and Phineas. Even the publishers objected to the hybrid title of *Phineas Redux*, but the author "could find no other suitable name." *Can You Forgive Her?* is an impossible title, cheap and tawdry—something his novels never are.

Trollope is never markedly successful in constructing plots. His best constructed story, if we except the perfect but slight *Warden*, is *Dr. Thorne*, the plot of which was suggested by his brother, T. Adolphus Trollope. He is never thrifty with his materials, but uses them lavishly as far as they will go, and then—goes without. He often repeats identical situations in different books. In *Framley Parsonage* there is the episode of the rector's placing his name on the paper of a friend, with the subsequent misery it entails. The same situation is used in *Phineas Finn*, though it is not so long drawn out, and we are quite as relieved as Phineas must have been when Laurence Fitzgibbons's sister settles the affair.

In *Dr. Thorne*, Frank Gresham severely punishes the man who jilted his sister. In *The Small House at Allington*, Johnny Eames inflicts a similar chastisement on "Apollo" Crosbie for jilting his sweetheart. Sweet Lucy Robarts faces Lady Lufton with a declaration of her entire right to marry her son, while base-born Mary Thorne faces Lady Arabella with a like claim.

Trollope's studies in the classics were a very real joy to him. It has become the fashion to decry his *Cicero* and his *Cæsar*, although the former, while it may at times be untrustworthy, is full of a generous and inspiring enthusiasm, and he is at least no more misleading than Froude. His delving among the ancients, at any rate, had the very definite advantage of making his later years sweet and happy.

I have been led to speak of Jane Austen in comparison with Trollope, for in a rapid reading of the novels of these two authors it has been interesting to note that there is a definite similarity in some points of their work. Of course, Trol-

lope's canvases were always large; his colours, though never glaring, were brilliant. Jane Austen, with her *genre* pictures chooses a very limited field. She entirely ignores the great world of Parliament and the larger social world in which Trollope revelled. He had a very real regard for Jane Austen, even though she had "that pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade," and once declared *Pride and Prejudice* to be the best novel in the English language. Their methods in carefully working a character out with a touch here and a touch there are similar, though the delicate satiric touch of Jane Austen gives place in Trollope to an unobtrusive humour. Their clergymen are very unlike, as their backgrounds are very different, but they are conceived with the same loving faithfulness. Lady Catherine de Burgh and Mrs. Norris give us the same sort of delight as Mrs. Proudie, and the same relief that they are safely shut up within the covers of novels.

It is sound advice, I think, to one to whom Trollope is an undiscovered country to begin, not with the famous Barchinensis series, to which he will inevitably come, but with *Phineas Finn*. He must not be dismayed by the title. Trollope thought he had made a mistake in choosing an Irishman for his hero, but it is his very Irish qualities which endear him to us—his open face, impetuous manner, his sturdy honesty and good faith, even when these qualities seem to be ruining his career; above all, his rapid falling in and out of love. To one sweetheart he proposes once, to another twice and to a third three times, while a fourth proposes to him. It may be interesting to remember that it is the courageous fourth who is made the final guardian of the affections of the doughty Phineas. There is, indeed, a plethora of proposals in this book. Lord Chiltern proposes five times before he finally wins the hand of Violet Effingham. The Parliamentary part of the book Trollope succeeds in making distinctly interesting, on the whole, and his work is entirely lacking in the strain of the Parliamentary scenes of Mrs. Humphry Ward. He is as painstaking as Zola himself in his careful gath-

ering of material for this series, and, as he tells us, was in almost constant attendance in the gallery of the House for two months. Our dashing hero is very human and comes near making serious mistakes, but his lack of vanity saves the situation in many cases. The theme of the story is identical with that of de Maupassant's *Bel Ami*. In each a handsome young fellow comes to the capital to make his fortune; he succeeds through the aid of various women, who succumb to the magnetism and charm of the hero. But Maupassant, with all his art, cannot save his story from being intrinsically vulgar, while Trollope, without seeming effort, keeps his tale on a very high plane.

Phineas Finn is not so finely imagined as the Rev. Mr. Crawley, whom we must agree with Trollope in regarding as his highest attainment. He is not the "perfect gentleman" that we are asked to see in Plantagenet Palliser. There is nothing pathetic about him as there is in the case of Mr. Harding, but he is every inch a man. Yet with all his charm he is appreciably overshadowed by the characters of Lady Laura Kennedy, Lady Glenora, Violet Effingham, above all, by the wonderful Marie Goesler, who gradually wins our hearts, as she did the heart of Phineas. For after all, Trollope's greatest bid to lasting fame is in his gallery of women. One of our latter-day prophets, who should appreciate Trollope, for the trend of his own talent is very similar, and who, in the character of Penelope Lapham at least, has treated a situation and a character in exactly Trollope's hearty and sensible way, offers the following tribute to his genius: "Upon the whole, I should be inclined to place Trollope among the very first of those supreme novelists to whom the ever-womanly has revealed itself." If this be true—and no student of Trollope can seriously doubt it—there is a very definite niche in the temple of fame for this artist. English letters are not so rich that such a real talent can be ignored. It is impossible to doubt that the present rather uncertain and sporadic recognition of his worth will in time spread and deepen until his true place is ungrudgingly allotted to him.

Eugene Wendell Harter.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART IV.—PRESIDENT HARRISON IN OFFICE



ENJAMIN HARRISON was inaugurated in the midst of a violent rainstorm, which, continuing all through the day, converted the streets of Washington into a muddy lake. While the oath of office was being administered, Mr. Cleveland good-naturedly held his umbrella over the bared head of his successor; and when the new President stepped forward to pronounce his inaugural address, the torrential splashing of the rain made his words inaudible to the sixty thousand men and women who huddled about the Capitol, drenched to the skin, and shivering in the raw east wind. Superstitious persons spoke of "the Harrison hoodoo," and recalled the fact that President William Henry Harrison had died within a few weeks after his inauguration, as the result of a chill contracted on that day. There was much criticism of the ceremonial arrangements, which had been unintelligently planned. Members of the House of Representatives complained bitterly of the insolence with which they were treated by the employés of the Senate, and they even discussed the subject afterward in a heated debate upon the floor of the House. The procession from the Senate Chamber to the East Front of the Capitol was so badly managed that it degenerated into an unseemly scramble. The customary review, in which nearly forty thousand men defiled before the President, was shorn of its impressiveness by the condition of the streets and the bedraggled appearance of the paraders. Altogether, the inefficiency of man seemed to combine with the disfavour of the elements to render this day of Republican triumph inauspicious.

Mr. Harrison's very long address con-

tained, in addition to the usual rhetorical passages, several paragraphs that were of interest as foreshadowing his future policy. He spoke of the development of the new Navy, and said that "the construction of a sufficient number of modern warships and of their necessary armament should progress as rapidly as is consistent with care and perfection in plans and workmanship." A general approval was given to the protective theory of the tariff, but on this head he probably thought it unnecessary to speak at length. There were a few sentences relating to the Trusts.

"The evil example of permitting individuals, corporations or communities to nullify the laws because they cross some selfish . . . interest . . . is full of danger, not only to the nation at large, but much more to those who use this pernicious expedient to escape their just obligations or to obtain an unjust advantage over others. They will presently themselves be compelled to appeal to the law for protection, and those who would use the law as a defence must not deny that use of it to others. If our great corporations would more scrupulously observe their legal limitations and duties, they would have less cause to complain of the unlawful limitations of their rights or of violent interference with their operations."

Regarding the matter of appointments to office, Mr. Harrison was very frank. Though he pledged himself to enforce "fully and without evasion" the Civil Service law, he added, for the encouragement of good party men:

"Honourable party service will certainly not be esteemed by me a disqualification for public office. . . . It is entirely creditable to seek public office by proper methods and with proper

motives, and all applicants will be treated with consideration. Persistent importunity will not be the best support of an application for office. . . . I hope to do something to advance the reform of the Civil Service. The ideal, or even my own ideal, I shall probably not attain. Retrospect will be a safer basis of judgment than promises."

The President established himself very quietly in the White House. He was far from being the object of that sort of public interest and curiosity which Mr. Cleveland had experienced. This was due, of course, partly to the fact that he was not in politics altogether a *novus homo*. Though not particularly well known in the East, his public career had been a long and honourable one. As colonel of an Indiana regiment in the Civil War, he had served with conspicuous gallantry, heading a bayonet charge at Resaca, and commanding a brigade at Kenesaw Mountain. Because of his share in the operations about Nashville in 1864, he had been breveted a brigadier-general of volunteers "for ability and manifest energy." After the war he practised law and was elected official reporter to the Supreme Court of Indiana, publishing subsequently a volume of judicial decisions. In 1876, he made his first appearance in politics as the Republican candidate for Governor, failing, however, to secure an election. In 1880 he was sent to the United States Senate, where he served upon several important committees, and won some reputation as a clear and forceful reasoner. With this record, and because his character had not been an issue in the Presidential campaign, it was natural that he should, as President, he made the subject of fewer "pen-pictures" and anecdotes than his predecessor. But still another reason is to be found in the fact that his personality was less remarkable.

President Harrison was a man of much intellectual ability. He had the mind of a trained lawyer—acute, penetrating and analytical. Something of the casuistry of the advocate at times appeared in what he wrote and said: but in the main he was eminently fair. An uncompromising adherent of his own party, he accepted its policy without question and

defended it without reservation.* This he could do the more readily in that his intellect, though cultivated, lacked breadth, so that his views of public questions were often narrow ones. He showed, indeed, during the first year of his Presidency a certain absorption in minor interests, a fondness for fussing over questions relating to petty patronage, and to all the minutiae of politics. This tendency he afterward largely overcame; for in him, as in most American Presidents, the pressure of great responsibility gradually broadened and developed his whole nature. His integrity was never questioned, and this inherent honesty often made it hard for him to endure the companionship of many whose good will it was politic to conciliate. He felt, in fact, a strong personal dislike for some of the most influential leaders of his party; and though, in his official intercourse with them he tried hard to treat them with cordiality, he did it with so bad a grace that his actual sentiments became perfectly well known.

As a public speaker, President Harrison attained to an unusual degree of excellence—in fact, more so than any other President since Garfield. While in the Senate he had always been listened to with interest; but at that time he had not yet matured his powers. There were invariably traces of formality and heaviness; and while he was always dignified, he was seldom graceful. His phraseology sometimes suggested the lay exhorter, the Presbyterian elder, or the leader of a prayer-meeting. One of his locutions was, "I lift up a prayer"—an expression which some of the newspapers caught up and rang the changes on with malicious glee. After his nomination, the party managers, who at first regarded him somewhat in the light of a respectable figure-head, urged him to be silent during the campaign.† But to this cautious advice he paid no attention; and when delegations visited him at his home, he made

*Senator Sherman wrote him soon after the election: "The President should touch elbows with Congress. He should have no policy distinct from that of his party; and this is better represented in Congress than in the Executive." Mr. Harrison lived up to this admonition all through his term of office.

†McClure, *Recollections*, p. 140.

short, off-hand speeches which were so neat and telling as to be regularly reported in the press, and to furnish many effective texts to his followers. In all he delivered ninety-four of these impromptu addresses, and surprised even those who knew him, by his facility and his felicity. As President, he never made a flat or feeble speech, nor one composed of platitudes. His oratory was marked by ease and finish, and a certain geniality of tone which by no means belonged to his ordinary conversation. In 1891, he made a journey through the South, and addressed often the throngs who greeted him. Here he was surrounded by those who were politically his opponents, and against whom he had fought at the time of the Civil War. It was no easy matter to speak off-hand under conditions such as these without saying anything to give offence, or without descending to the most obvious banality. Yet President Harrison never once did either; but rose above all criticism in a series of little speeches that are gems of occasional oratory—graceful, winning, suggestive and tactful to a degree.* In the longer addresses that he made while he was President, the same qualities were noticeable, and sometimes there was revealed a touch of that higher eloquence which combines dignity and reason with sincere, unstudied feeling.

At the time of his inauguration he was in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Almost abnormally short in stature, he seemed, nevertheless, to be taller than he actually was, owing to the length of his body and the dignity of his manner. Sturdy of frame, he enjoyed vigorous health. A greyish beard, cut nearly square, covered a good portion of his face. His neck was so short as to give his head the appearance of being set directly upon his shoulders, and he usually held his chin down and partly drawn back on his somewhat protuberant chest—a circumstance which led the irreverent to liken his appearance to that of a pouter-pigeon. If, however, he was not particularly impressive, his bearing was nevertheless the bearing of a gentleman, and he was one

with whom not even an intimate friend would have dreamed of taking liberties.

Mr. Harrison, unfortunately for himself, had two separate and distinct manners. With the members of his own household and a very few others he was genial, hearty and spontaneously cordial. But to the rest of the world he exhibited a wholly different and most unsympathetic demeanour. His tone and manner were as cold as ice. He lacked that most delightful of all personal gifts—responsiveness. To strangers, and even to political friends who had to do with him, he appeared almost ungracious in his aloofness and indifference. Those who talked with him were met with a frigid look from two expressionless steel-grey eyes, and their remarks were answered with a few chill monosyllables devoid of the slightest note of interest. The President had also some rather unpleasant little personal traits and habits which offended many of his visitors; so that, on the whole, an unfavourable impression got abroad with regard to Mr. Harrison as an individual. The whole matter was rather strikingly summed up by one who knew him well, in these two sentences; "Harrison can make a speech to ten thousand men, and every man of them will go away his friend. Let him meet the same ten thousand men in private, and every one will go away his enemy."

The new Cabinet, with two exceptions, was one of no very marked distinction or ability. The exceptions were Mr. Blaine and Mr. Tracy. President Harrison had been more or less reluctant to give Mr. Blaine a place in his official household. So brilliant, ardent and magnetic a personality was not likely to lend itself to subordination. The President felt that he might himself be overshadowed by it. In fact, his attitude toward Mr. Blaine resembled that of Mr. Cleveland toward Tilden. The President wished to be master in his own house, and it did not please him to hear Blaine spoken of continually as "the uncrowned king." Nevertheless, he had no choice. Precedent required that he should appoint to the chief Cabinet-office the man who might have had the nomination had he wished it, and who, it was said, had really given it to Mr. Harrison. Mr.

*These speeches were collected and published by Hedges, *Through the South and West with President Harrison* (New York, 1892).

Blaine had sent a telegram to his friends while the Chicago Convention was in session; and although its contents were kept secret, the Blaine leaders had given Mr. Harrison their support immediately after its receipt. It was claimed that, in return, Mr. Harrison had promised to make Blaine his premier. This was undoubt-

States District Attorney in New York, and was for two years an Associate Justice of the highest court in that State. Surprise was expressed that he should be chosen for the Navy Department rather than for the Attorney-Generalship. He was, however, so intelligent an administrator as fully to justify the Presi-

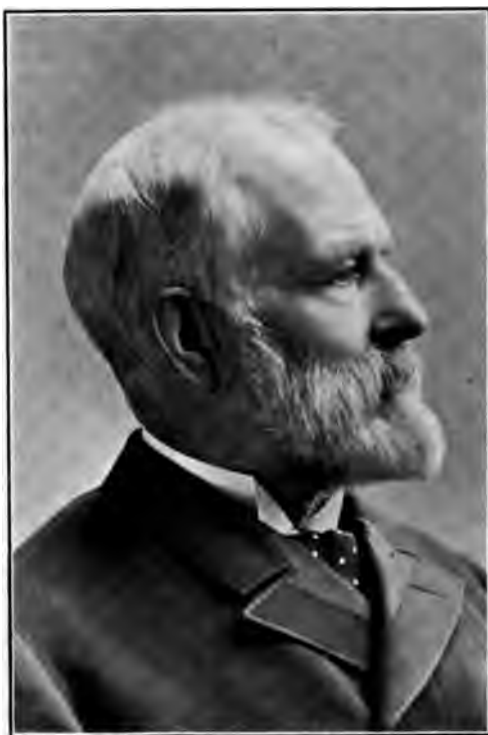


PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON

edly untrue, since such a pledge was quite unnecessary. The President really had no choice in the matter, and therefore with reluctance, and somewhat sullenly, he offered the portfolio of State to Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Benjamin F. Tracy of New York, who became Secretary of the Navy, was an eminent lawyer, a veteran of the Civil War. He had been United

States District Attorney in New York, and was for two years an Associate Justice of the highest court in that State. Surprise was expressed that he should be chosen for the Navy Department rather than for the Attorney-Generalship. He was, however, so intelligent an administrator as fully to justify the President's selection of him; and during the next four years he did admirable work in building up a modern fleet. Mr. William Windom of Minnesota, the Secretary of the Treasury, was a safe man of moderate ability. He had been for a few months a member of President Garfield's Cabinet, retiring at the accession of Mr. Arthur, and entering the United States Senate a second time. The new Secre-



BENJAMIN F. TRACY OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

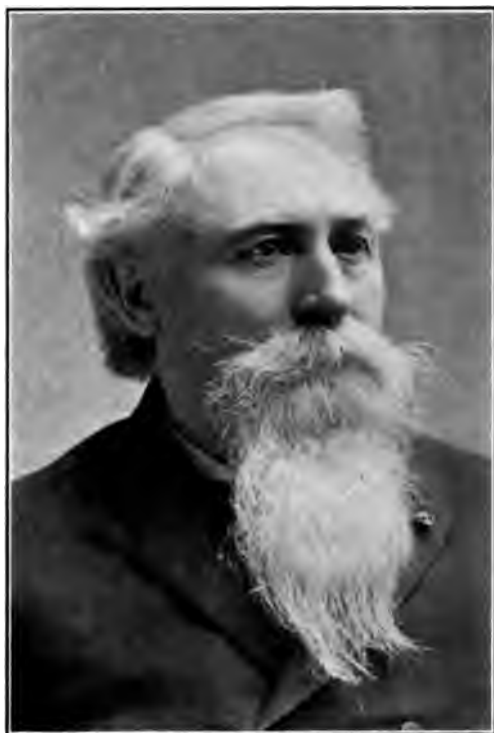


WILLIAM WINDOM OF MINNESOTA,
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

tary of War was Mr. Redfield Proctor of Vermont, a wealthy gentleman who had been Governor of his own State. Mr. Harrison's Secretary of the Interior was Mr. John W. Noble of Missouri, a veteran of the war and subsequently a practising lawyer. At the time of his appointment he was little known outside of his State. The new Postmaster General was Mr. John Wanamaker of Pennsylvania, a rich business man. To the Attorney-Generalship the President called his former law partner, Mr. W. H. H. Miller of Indiana. Congress had established a Department of Agriculture in addition to the existing Executive offices, and this office was now filled by Mr. Jeremiah M. Rusk of Wisconsin, a State of which Mr. Rusk had been Governor for seven years. Mr. Rusk was a somewhat picturesque personage. He had been in his early years a farmer; and his quaint and often racy speech still smacked of the soil. He had served all through the Civil War, and had displayed remarkable gallantry at Atlanta and during Sherman's march to

the sea, where, like Mr. Harrison himself, he had been breveted a brigadier-general. Next to Blaine, Mr. Rusk was the most popular member of the Cabinet. He had a bluff, hearty, unconventional manner; he administered the new Department with great success; and his frank honesty and quaint utterances endeared him to the masses, who spoke of him with affectionate familiarity as "Uncle Jerry."

The appointment of Mr. Wanamaker was one that called forth an immense amount of criticism. Mr. Wanamaker was the proprietor of a large shop in Philadelphia, and he was also conspicuous as a religious leader and a promoter of Young Men's Christian Associations and Sunday Schools. He had a smooth and somewhat unctuous manner, which went very well with the profession of a certain kind of piety. But during the campaign of 1888, Mr. Wanamaker had both himself contributed, and had collected from the rich protected manufacturers of Pennsylvania, an immense



JEREMIAH M. RUSK OF WISCONSIN,
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE



JOHN WANAMAKER OF PENNSYLVANIA,
POSTMASTER-GENERAL

campaign fund, which he turned over to Senator Matthew S. Quay, a notorious corruptionist. Mr. Quay was then chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, conducting the campaign; and the cash provided by Mr. Wanamaker had formed a part of the funds which, in Indiana, had influenced the "floaters," and consolidated the "blocks of five." The contrast between Mr. Wanamaker's piety and the purposes for which his money had been given was a little too glaring to pass unnoticed. Moreover, under the circumstances, his appointment to a Cabinet office distinctly savoured of a commercial transaction. His acceptance of the post, therefore, indicated conditions which, as was said by one critic, "President Harrison must know and, knowing, must deplore and feel ashamed of."

"That Mr. Wanamaker will administer the office respectably we have little doubt; and that this will after a while be used as an argument, even by clergymen and religious newspapers, in

favour of allowing Cabinet offices to be purchased by contributions to campaign funds, we have just as little. Nearly all corruption begins under some harmless guise. Votes are always bought for the good cause; decisions are always sold to the right side; and we finally get to the comfortable conclusion that not only is God with the big battalions but that He makes political debauchery one of His instruments for good."*

A feeling of irritation blended with disgust arose also from the fact that Mr. Wanamaker did not always keep his high political office distinct and separate from the interests of his shop. As the head of the nation's postal system, he was the absolute chief of thousands of country postmasters. These men were kept reminded by circulars and otherwise that the Postmaster-General was also a great retail merchant. When the Pan-American Congress, composed of delegates from all the American Republics,

**The Nation*, March 7, 1889.

was in session, its members visited Philadelphia; and, as a matter of courtesy to the Postmaster-General, they made an inspection of what he styled his "emporium." On leaving, each of these gentlemen had put into his hand a "souvenir volume," ornately printed and containing a florid description in haberdasher's rhetoric of the glories of the Wanamaker shop. Following the description was this extraordinary request:

"DEAR SIR: Confident of our commanding position in the mercantile world as leaders in the retail commerce, and believing that we have reached the highest point yet attained in our country in the science of retail trading, we beg leave to ask your acceptance of this souvenir of your visit to our place of business, *in the hope that it contains information sufficient to warrant its submission to your Government as a portion of your report upon the honourable Congress to which you are accredited.*"

Because of these and similar occurrences, the whole country was amused when the New York *Sun* gave an exhibition of its impish cleverness at the expense of Mr. Wanamaker. Picking out day by day the flamboyant advertisements of his wares which appeared over his signature in the newspapers, it treated them with great gravity, professing to believe that they had been personally composed by him as serious literary productions, and discussing in terms of æsthetic criticism Mr. Wanamaker's Essays on Ladies' Underwear, his unrhymed poems on Walking Skirts, his Reflections on Flannels, and his philosophical Musings on Muffs.*

But while the Postmaster-General contributed nothing to the prestige of the Administration, the new Secretary of State won laurels for himself and for his chief. The State Department was a post admirably suited to the tastes and intellectual qualities of Mr. Blaine. Like Disraeli, whom in some respects he strikingly resembled, Blaine loved administration on a large scale. He had long been the most conspicuous figure in national politics, and it gratified alike his ambition and his imagination to appear in the still more spacious theatre of international

affairs. His friends shared his enthusiasm and spoke with proud anticipation of the "spirited foreign policy" which was presently to be marked out. Mr. Blaine's opponents, on the other hand, professed a feeling of disquietude. They said that, with regard to the foreign relations of the United States, safety rather than brilliancy was to be preferred in the conduct of affairs. They prophesied that Mr. Blaine—restless, aggressive, and with a love of dramatic effects—would involve the country in some dangerous complication; and to justify this belief, they recalled what had occurred in 1882, when for nine months Mr. Blaine had been Secretary of State in President Garfield's brief administration, and until President Arthur relieved him.

The reminder of that time was an interesting one. Peru and Chile were then at war with one another; and Secretary Blaine had used his influence to preserve the territorial integrity and the independence of Peru, both of which were threatened by the triumphant Chileans. This action had given great offence in Chile and it had been severely criticised in the United States. It was Mr. Blaine's misfortune to have excited a suspicion that his motives were not disinterested. He had had some casual interviews with an adventurer named Shipherd, and in the course of the negotiations over this Chilean affair, he had taken up certain claims against Peru, known as the Landreau and Cochet claims, in which Shipherd was peculiarly interested. Mr. Blaine wrote a despatch (August 4, 1882) to the American Minister in Peru directing him to notify both the Chilean and Peruvian governments that no policy of peace between the two countries must be made until the Landreau claim should be settled.* This dispatch deeply angered Chile, as did the further activities of the Secretary at that time. Many thought that had not Mr. Arthur become President when he did, and had he not taken the matter out of the hands of Mr. Blaine, war might have occurred. The whole matter was investigated afterward by the House of Representatives. Mr. Blaine appeared before a committee of

*See, for instance, the *Sun* for March 15, 1889.

*Senate, Exec. Documents, No. 79 (Forty-seventh Congress), p. 507.

the House, and his appearance led to an exciting scene.* A Democratic member, Mr. Perry Belmont of New York, took a leading part in examining Mr. Blaine, and he asked such searching questions, and seemed so sceptical, that at last Mr. Blaine was nettled. Mr. Belmont was a new member of Congress and was, besides, a young and unknown man, while Mr. Blaine was the most conspicuous figure in American politics. He therefore tried to overawe his youthful cross-examiner by assuming the grand manner. The phrasing of a certain telegram was under discussion. Mr. Blaine declared that the words had been garbled. Mr. Belmont stuck to his own interpretation. "I am not in a police-court to be badgered!" said Mr. Blaine; and he went on to say that Mr. Belmont had intentionally altered the despatch and was persisting in a falsehood. Belmont's face grew white to the lips, and then flamed red with anger. He looked Blaine straight in the eyes. Then he said:

"I believe you are a bully and a coward!"

It was these incidents—the Shipherd connection, the so-called "guano claim," and the strained relations with Chile in 1882—which Mr. Blaine's opponents now brought up again; but most persons regarded them as ancient history, and waited with interest to see to what the new Secretary of State would first turn his hand. As a matter of fact, at the very moment when President Harrison was taking the oath of office, there existed in a far quarter of the globe a situation of affairs so critical that it might at any moment plunge the United States into a war with the foremost military power of Europe. To understand this situation one must recall the succession of events which had made it possible.

Ever since the humiliation of France at the hands of Germany in the war of 1870, the latter power had arrogated to itself a sort of supremacy over other nations. Allied with Austria and Italy, the German Empire set no bounds to its pretensions. Russia was quiescent; England was isolated; France was prostrate.

*See House Report, No. 1790 (Forty-seventh Congress).

Prince Bismarck, as he sat in his chancellery on the Wilhelm-Strasse, felt that there indeed was the true *omphalos* of earthly power. He had despoiled Denmark in 1864. He had humbled Austria in 1866. He had crushed France in 1870. He was now treated with almost servile deference by ambassadors and statesmen. A frown of his, an impatient speech, or a curt despatch, was enough to send the shivers down the back of every Foreign Minister in Europe. No wonder that he had grown arrogant, and that all official Germans, taking their



VICE-PRESIDENT LEVI P. MORTON

tone from him, cultivated a swaggering insolence which paid no heed to others' rights or feelings. In the early eighties, the Chancellor was pushing his scheme of planting German colonies in distant lands; and any unconsidered trifles of territory which he chanced to find unclaimed were promptly visited by German men-of-war and recorded on the official map as being German soil. This policy was quite openly directed against England as the great colonising power;

but England was under the spell of Germany's enormous self-assertiveness; so that Downing Street seemed timidly anxious to avoid a clash with the autocrat of the Wilhelm-Strasse. In course of time, Prince Bismarck cast his acquisitive eye upon the Samoan Islands.

The Samoan Islands are twelve in number, lying in the track of vessels which ply between the American seaports on the Pacific Coast, and Australia. They have, therefore, a certain commercial importance, and to a naval power a definite strategic value. Upon the principal island, Upolu, where the chief town, Apia, is situated, a number of Germans, Americans and English had settled. A Hamburg trading firm was established there, as well as a thriving American business house and a company of Scotch merchants. In 1878, a treaty was made by which the Samoan chief or "king" of that time gave to the United States the use of the harbour of Pago-Pago for a naval station.

As was natural, the small foreign community in Upolu, isolated from the greater world outside and thus thrown in upon itself, was rent by the small jealousies, intrigues and bickerings which arise when petty interests clash in a petty sphere. Race prejudice intensified the feeling, until Apia fairly seethed with pent-up enmities. Gradually, however, two distinct factions were formed, when the Americans and English made common cause against the Germans, who were the more numerous and who were also unpleasantly aggressive. About 1884, it became clear that Germany intended by hook or by crook to get control of the islands, and in doing so to ignore the rights of the English and American residents. The German consul, one Herr Stübel, began to manifest extreme activity. He had all the *morgue* and frigid insolence of the true Prussian official, and moreover he had at his beck several German ships of war, which always appeared most opportunely whenever Stübel was carrying things with a particularly high hand. The German residents assumed a most offensive bearing toward the other foreigners as well as toward the natives. In April, 1886, Stübel raised the German flag over Apia

and in a proclamation declared that only the government of Germany should thereafter rule over that portion of the islands. The British consul hesitated to act without instructions; but the American representative hoisted the colours of the United States and proclaimed an American protectorate.* This conflict of authority was serious, and led Secretary Bayard to energetic action. A conference at Washington between the representatives of Germany, Great Britain and the United States agreed that the action of both consuls should be disavowed and that the *status quo ante* should be preserved in Samoa pending further negotiations.

Bismarck, however, had no intention of abandoning his ultimate purpose, or even of abiding by his agreement. A new consul, Herr Becker, was sent out from Berlin and proved to be as obnoxious as his predecessor. He planned a stroke that was delivered with prompt efficiency. The native king, Malietoa, was favourable to the English and Americans. Becker, seizing upon the pretext afforded by a drunken brawl between the German sailors and a few Samoans, declared war upon Malietoa, "by order of His Majesty, the German Kaiser." Martial law was proclaimed in Apia; German marines were landed; Malietoa was seized and was deported in a German ship; while a native named Tamasese, a creature of the Germans, was set up in his place. From that moment events tended rapidly toward a crisis. The American consul, Mr. Harold M. Sewall of Maine, wrote vigorous despatches to Washington and sent emphatic protests to Herr Becker, who answered him with sneering incivility. The Samoans refused to acknowledge the German puppet king, and took to the bush, where the English and Americans furnished them with arms. But in Apia, a German judge was set up over the local courts, the captain of a German cruiser was made Prime Minister, and the German flag again flew over the soil which Germany had pledged itself to regard as neutral territory. A writer of genius, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who was a resident of Samoa throughout these troublous

*May 14, 1886.

times, has left a minute account of the intolerable bearing of the Germans and of the indignities to which other foreigners were subjected by them.* Mr. Sewall, single-handed, resisted their aggressions. The British consul sympathised with him, but the spell of Germany's predominance in Europe seemed to paralyse his will. At last, to punish those Samoans who were in arms against Tamasese, the German corvette *Adler* was ordered to shell the native villages, so as to inspire the people with a wholesome dread of German power.

Just prior to this time, there had arrived in Samoan waters the United States sloop-of-war *Adams*, under the orders of Commander Richard Leary. Commander Leary was to his very finger tips a first-class fighting man. His name, as Stevenson remarked, was diagnostic. It told significantly of a strain of Celtic blood in the man who bore it. Leary had, indeed, a true Irishman's nimbleness of wit, an Irishman's love of trouble for its own sake, and even more than an Irishman's pugnacity. When he had learned just how things stood in Apia, and when he had noted the bullying demeanour of the Germans, his blood grew hot. Until now the notes of protest addressed to Becker had been couched in formal phrases. The moment that Leary took a hand in the correspondence, these notes became suddenly pungent with a malicious and most ingenious wit, which made the sacrosanct emissaries of His Imperial and Royal German Majesty fairly gasp with indignation. The diabolical cleverness with which Leary followed up their every move was utterly infuriating, and no less so was his supreme indifference to what they thought or wanted. When the German warship fired rocket-signals at night, Leary used to sit on his quarter-deck and send up showers of miscellaneous rockets, which made their signalling quite unintelligible. He refused to recognise their appointed king, and in a score of ways he covered them with a ridicule which seemed likely to make them ludicrous even in the natives' eyes. All the more eagerly, then, did Herr Becker urge the

captain of the *Adler* to bombard a village. Surely the sound of the *kanonendonner* would bring the natives, and also the insolent Yankees, to their senses. Captain Fritze of the *Adler* therefore ordered up his ammunition and prepared for the bombardment.

Leary's ship, the *Adams*, was a wooden vessel whose heavy armament consisted of smooth-bores, only a few of which had been converted into rifled guns. The German corvette was also wooden, but its guns were of the latest pattern turned out by Krupp. Nevertheless, at short range, this superiority would count for little; and the *Adams* was commanded by a sailor who would rather fight than eat. At the appointed hour, the *Adler* steamed out with the German ensign flying at her peak. The *Adams* followed close upon her heels, as if for purposes of observation; but it was noticed that her deck was cleared for action. Soon the *Adler* slowed down and swung into position, so as to bring her broadside guns to bear upon the helpless village. Instantly volumes of black smoke poured from the funnel of the *Adams*, the long roll of her drums was heard as they beat to quarters, and the American ship dashed in between the *Adler* and the shore, where she, too, swung about, her guns at port and trained directly on the Germans.

Captain Fritze could scarcely believe his eyes. Such audacity had never yet confronted him. He could not fire on the village unless he fired through the *Adams*. He knew that his first shot would be answered by an American broadside, and that this would be the signal for a war between his country and the American Republic. He faltered, shrinking from so terrible a responsibility; and then, his heart swelling with humiliation, he turned tail and steamed sullenly away. That night there was joy in Apia; and the Germans, lately boastful, went about with shamefaced looks.

Soon afterward, Leary set sail for Honolulu, whence he might send despatches to his Government. In his absence, the Germans tried to accomplish on land that which they had failed to do on water. It was known that the Samoans had gathered in large numbers in

*Stevenson, *A Footnote to History: Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa* (London, 1891).

the interior of the island and that they were in arms against the king whom Germany had tried to force upon them. A dare-devil American named Klein, a correspondent of the *New York World*, was with them, and acted as a sort of military leader. The Germans laid a plan to surprise them and to seize their chiefs. On December 18, 1888, long before daylight, a battalion of marines was disembarked from the German cruiser and marched stealthily through the forest. An hour later, the Samoans fell upon them and whirled them back to the seashore with a loss of fifty men and several officers. The fury of the Germans was unrestrained. Vice-Consul Blacklock telegraphed to Washington soon after:

"Germans swear vengeance. Shelling and burning indiscriminately, regardless of American property. Protest unheeded. Natives exasperated. Foreigners' lives and property in greatest danger. Germans respect no neutral territory. Americans in boats, flying. American flag seized in Apia harbour by armed German boats, but released. Admiral with squadron necessary immediately."

Up to this time, the situation in Samoa had aroused but little interest in the United States. Samoa was very far away. Most Americans had never even heard of it. But this stirring cablegram, followed as it was by detailed accounts of German aggression and of insults to the American flag,* stirred the people to a warlike mood. To this mood Mr. Cleveland's Government responded. The war ships *Nipsic*† and *Vandalia* were hurried off to Apia, followed shortly by the *Trenton*, the flagship of Admiral Kimberly, a fine old sea-dog of the fighting type. The British Government at last took heart of grace and ordered the

cruiser *Calliope* to Samoa. The Germans were no less active; and early in March there were anchored off Apia, besides the vessels just enumerated, a German squadron consisting of the *Adler*, the *Eber*, and the *Olga*, all with their decks cleared and their crews ready for immediate battle. A single rash act might provoke a mighty war.

Such was the situation when President Harrison took office on March 4th. Four days later it was rumoured in Germany that the *Nipsic* had fired on the *Olga*. On March 10th, a despatch from Kiel, which was supposed to have come by way of Australia, repeated the report and added that the American vessel had been sunk by a torpedo from the *Olga*. A wave of excitement swept over the whole country. In San Francisco great crowds filled the streets and massed themselves about the newspaper offices to await the posting of further bulletins. The tone of the press was one of intense hostility to Germany. The Government at Washington began preparing for any emergency that might arise. All vessels of the Pacific Squadron were notified to be in readiness. The new steel cruiser *Philadelphia* was hastily equipped for service. But the news, when it came, was very different from that for which men waited. It told of a fearful battle, not with human forces, but with the elements. A terrible typhoon had struck the Samoan Islands on March sixteenth, and in a few hours six of the war ships that had been anchored in the harbour of Apia were driven from their moorings. The *Eber* was dashed against a coral reef and sunk. The *Adler* was capsized. The *Olga* and the *Nipsic* were hurled upon the sand; while the *Trenton* and the *Vandalia*, shattered and dismantled, settled to their gun-decks in the tremendous waves. The British ship *Calliope* alone escaped. Her captain with high courage staked the safety of his ship upon the chance of reaching the open sea. Crowding on every pound of steam until her boilers were almost bursting, and with her machinery red hot, the British cruiser fought her way out inch by inch against the hurricane. As she passed the American flagship, Admiral Kimberly led his sailors in three hearty cheers,

*The German sailors had taken a flag from an American named Hamilton, and had trampled on it and afterward torn it to shreds. Stevenson wrote: "These rags of tattered bunting occasioned the display of a new sentiment in the United States; and the Republic of the West, hitherto so apathetic and un-wieldy, leaped to its feet for the first time at the news of this fresh insult."—*Op. cit.*, p. 527.

†Klein took refuge on the *Nipsic*, whose commander flatly refused to surrender him to the German naval officers.

which were answered by the British seamen amid the shrieking of the storm. When the typhoon subsided, it was found that few lives had been lost; and Admiral Kimberly, parading the band of the *Trenton*, took temporary possession of Apia to the strains of the national anthem.

The news of this disaster dispelled all thoughts of war in Germany and in the United States. Prince Bismarck proposed a conference at Berlin to deal with the Samoan situation. He was confident that he could win by his strenuous diplomacy what he had failed to gain by bluster and a show of force. He felt perhaps that his personal presence and the greatness of his fame would overawe the untrained American commissioners, as it had invariably overawed the skilled diplomatists of Europe.

He had dealt with Americans before. In 1883, a Minister of the United States at Berlin, Mr. A. S. Sargent, had displeased him by one of his despatches. Bismarck therefore ordered the officials at the Foreign Office to speak only German to Mr. Sargent whenever he called. As Mr. Sargent spoke only English he was put in a very humiliating position, and for a whole year had to carry on all his official duties through his secretary of legation. During Mr. Cleveland's Administration, Germans naturalised in the United States were expelled from Germany with only twenty-four hours' notice. Mr. Bayard had tried to resent this breach of amity and of treaty rights, but he had proved to be no match for Bismarck. On the whole, then, the Chancellor felt quite easy in his mind.

The conference met on April 29, 1889. The United States was represented by Mr. J. A. Kasson, Mr. William Walter Phelps and Mr. G. H. Bates, Mr. Bates having already visited Samoa and made himself familiar with the conditions there. Prince Bismarck's object was to make a treaty which should recognise the political predominance of Germany in Samoa. After he had set forth his views, the American commissioners opposed them absolutely. They insisted that the United States, Great Britain and Germany should share alike, and that the rights of each should be recognised as equal. Bis-

marck was a great actor. He could assume at will a tremendous indignation, and work himself into a rage which his huge bulk of body made really awe-inspiring. He now resorted to this device, and frowned portentously as he growled out sentences that seemed full of menace. The Americans were thoroughly impressed by his manner, and they cabled to Secretary Blaine, informing him that the Chancellor was very irritable. Mr. Blaine at once flashed back the terse reply:

"The extent of the Chancellor's irritability is not the measure of American rights."*

This message so stiffened the backbone of the American commissioners that they held to their point with unyielding pertinacity. Their British colleagues, heartened by this example, united in supporting the American position. Bismarck found that he could accomplish nothing by either threatenings or cajolery; and at last the man of blood and iron backed down squarely, and conceded every point. Malietoa, whom the Germans had seized and exiled, was restored as King of Samoa. A general act was signed under which the three powers established a *condominium* in the islands. This was the first diplomatic reverse which Bismarck had encountered in all his great career, and he had met it at the hands of the United States. It was a signal triumph for Mr. Blaine and for the nation. The incident made a profound impression all over Europe, and most of all in England. The London *Saturday Review*, an organ known for its hostility to everything American, summed up the events in Samoa and then added: "It has been left for the navyless American Republic to give us a lead in the path of duty and of honour."

Taken by itself, this Samoan affair was but a trifling incident and might well be chronicled in a single paragraph. But in the light of subsequent events its ultimate significance is seen to have been very great. First of all, it revealed to the American people their need of a more powerful navy; and Congress soon after provided the sum of \$25,000,000 for the

*Hamilton (Dodge), *Biography of James G. Blaine*, p. 659 (Norwich, 1895).

building of new ships, a sum which was presently augmented by a further appropriation of \$16,500,000. By the end of the year 1890, the United States had under construction five armoured battle-ships, an armoured cruiser and an armoured ram, besides ten steel cruisers and six vessels intended for coast defence. Another and very far-reaching result was found in the growth among official Germans of an intense animosity toward the United States, for having, at every move of the Samoan game, thwarted and humiliated Germany. This feeling grew with the lapse of time; and nine years later, in another island of the sea, it was destined once more to drive the two nations to the very brink of war.

Even more impressive was the Samoan episode as the revelation of a new temper in the people of the United States. This has been well described by Professor John Bassett Moore in the following words:

"The chief historical significance of the Samoan incident lies less in the disposition ultimately made of the Islands, than in the assertion by the United States not merely of a willingness, but even of a right, to take part in determining the fate of a remote and semi-barbarous people, whose possessions lay far outside the traditional sphere of American political interests. The tendency thus exhibited, though to a certain extent novel, was by no means inexplicable. The intense absorption of the people of the United States in domestic affairs, which resulted from the Civil War and the struggle over Reconstruction, had ceased. . . . The old issues were no longer interesting. The national energy and sense of power sought employment in other fields. The desire for a vigorous foreign policy, though it jarred with tradition, had spread and become popular."*

Mr. Blaine was less successful in his attempt to establish for the United States the claim that Bering Sea was practically a *mare clausum*. The object of this claim was to secure to American sealers the sole right to take seals in Bering Sea. Seal catching was immensely profitable and

**The Cambridge Modern History*, vii., p. 663 (New York, 1903). See also Henderson, *American Diplomatic Questions*, p. 251 (New York, 1901).

was engaged in by Russians, Canadians and Americans. These sealers made their catches in so indiscriminate a manner, killing alike the females and the males, as to make it probable that before many years all seals would be exterminated. The Cleveland Administration had tried to establish American jurisdiction over Bering Sea and had seized several British sealing vessels in the open waters. These vessels were subsequently released; but the whole question still remained unsettled when Mr. Blaine began a correspondence with Lord Salisbury in support of the American claim. In this correspondence it must be said that the American Secretary did not appear to the best advantage. The traditions of diplomacy require the tone of all formal communications to be ceremonious and courtly to the last degree. However burning the question at issue may appear, the diplomatic duellists must everywhere observe the most punctilious etiquette, and never either in word or phrase overstep the limits of a stately self-restraint. These traditions Lord Salisbury on his side followed absolutely. His immensely able argument was couched throughout in terms of the finest courtesy, suggesting in every line the urbanity and graceful deference which mark the intercourse of high-bred gentlemen. Mr. Blaine's despatches, on the contrary, however plausible, were marked at times by a certain swagger, a tone of lurking insolence and an offensive assumption that his opponent's argument was one of conscious duplicity and falsehood. This perhaps was due to the fact that in his heart of hearts Mr. Blaine was quite aware of the weakness of his case. Certain it is that he accomplished nothing; and at last he betook himself from diplomacy to methods based on force. Instructions were issued to American revenue cutters to capture British sealing vessels even when found in open waters. The British Minister at Washington at once informed his Government, and immediately Lord Salisbury despatched a vigorous protest (June 14, 1890) which ended in the following very ominous words:

"The undersigned is . . . instructed formally

to protest against such interference, and to declare that Her Britannic Majesty's Government must hold the Government of the United States responsible for the consequences that may ensue from acts which are contrary to the established principles of international law."

What this really meant was that if American cruisers should molest British vessels in Bering Sea outside of the three-mile limit, British ships of war would forcibly resist them. The gravity of the crisis was sufficiently apparent; and Mr. Blaine, though he seems to have weighed the question of war and peace, decided presently for peace. In a very characteristic private note to the President (March 6, 1891) he said:

"If we get up a war-cry and send naval vessels to Bering Sea it will re-elect Lord Salisbury. England has always sustained an administration with the prospect of war pending. Lord Salisbury would dissolve Parliament instantly if we made a demonstration of war. On the other side I am not sure—or rather I am sure—that war would prove of no advantage to you. New York and Massachusetts are steadily against war with England unless the last point of honour requires it. Again, I think you will bitterly disappoint Lord Salisbury by keeping quiet. We should have all the fuss and there would be no war after all. Not a man in a million believes we should ultimately have war."*

The whole question was subsequently referred to arbitration. A mixed tribunal met in Paris in 1893 and decided that the American case was defective, and it was therefore lost upon every legal point involved. The final decision held: "That the United States have no right to protection of, or property in, the seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Bering Sea, when the same are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit."

While Secretary Blaine was confronting Bismarck, President Harrison was busying himself with the much less noble task of parcelling out the offices. The significant sentence in his inaugural, which declared that honourable party service would not be a disqualification for appointment, had been accepted by party workers as a special invitation. These now descended upon the Capitol and over-

whelmed the President with their importunities. Questions of petty patronage occupied his entire time, and they seem, moreover, to have greatly interested him. His activities for several months were those of an office-broker, and the spectacle was not altogether edifying. He observed the Civil Service law as it stood upon the books; and within the range of the classified service no changes were made from partisan motives. But elsewhere, what was practically a clean sweep was carried out. It cannot be said that the result strengthened Mr. Harrison even with his own party; since for every office-seeker who was gratified by an appointment, at least three or four expectant ones were disappointed, while the majority of the people viewed this office-mongering with something like contempt. It will be remembered that, according to Senator Sherman,* Mr. Harrison had received the Republican nomination, as the result of a bargain with Mr. T. C. Platt of New York. It was reported that to Mr. Platt had been promised the Secretaryship of the Treasury. If such a bargain had actually been made, it was undoubtedly made without Mr. Harrison's consent; for Platt was not appointed. Nevertheless, to console him, he was allowed to have a large share of Federal patronage; and the same concession was made to Mr. Quay of Pennsylvania. President Harrison likewise looked very carefully after the interests of his own relatives. Offices were given by him to his father-in-law, to his son's father-in-law, to his daughter's brother-in-law, to his own brother, and to several of his son's college chums. He also brought upon himself much criticism by bestowing important places on the editors of newspapers which had supported him in the late campaign. Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the New York *Tribune* received the mission to France. Mr. Thorndike Rice, who, as editor of the *North American Review*, had published an outrageously personal attack upon Mr. Bayard, was made Minister to Russia. Mr. Enander, a Chicago editor, became Minister to Denmark. An Oshkosh editor received the Peruvian mission, and an Indianapolis

*Dodge, p. 671.

**Recollections*, ii., p. 1029.

editor the English consul-generalship. One J. S. Clarkson, editor of the *Iowa State Register*, was allowed to distribute the fourth-class postmasterships. The editor of the *Utica Herald* became Assistant United States Treasurer at New York. Mr. Robert P. Porter of the *New York Press* was appointed head of the Census Bureau. Mr. Porter was an Englishman by birth, a Free Trader who had with suspicious suddenness become a convert to Protectionism. One of these appointments fell through. It was that of Mr. Murat Halstead of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* to be Minister to Germany. Mr. Halstead was rejected by the Senate for an interesting reason. During the Cleveland Administration the Ohio Legislature had elected as United States Senator Mr. Henry B. Payne, a warm friend of the Standard Oil Company.* Subsequent investigation showed that Mr. Payne's election had been due to the most barefaced bribery. Another Ohio legislature secured the necessary evidence of this fact and forwarded it to Washington, accompanied by a resolution asking the Senate to investigate the case of Mr. Payne with a view to unseating him. Senatorial courtesy was held to demand that Mr. Payne himself should welcome such an investigation and should ask for it, as an honourable man might have been expected to do. But Mr. Payne held his tongue, and though lashed by Senator Hoar with indignant sarcasm, he said no word. The Senate, therefore, declined to investigate the matter.† Mr. Halstead in his paper had declared that this refusal was due to improper influences; and the Senate now took its revenge by rejecting the editor's nomination.

All these circumstances—the attempt to subsidise the press, the Wanamaker appointment, the partisan removals and appointments, the affiliation of the President with such men as Platt and Quay, and the proofs of a petty nepotism—excited throughout the country a feeling of disgust which found expression in a most unexpected place. On April 29th and the two following days, there was cele-

brated in New York City the one hundredth anniversary of the first inauguration of President Washington. The details of the old-time ceremonies were carefully reproduced. Like Washington, President Harrison was entertained by the Governor of New Jersey, and then proceeded to Elizabethport, whence he was conveyed by water to the foot of Wall Street, landing at the very place where Washington had disembarked a hundred years before. A squadron of warships thundered a salute as the President came ashore; and there followed two public receptions and, in the evening, a gala ball. On the 30th, the President was escorted, as Washington had been, to St. Paul's Church, where, in the pew which Washington had occupied, he listened to a religious service conducted by the Bishop of New York, the Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter. When the Bishop entered the pulpit in which Bishop Provost had preached before Washington, the presidential party settled themselves down comfortably, expecting to hear a polished historical address, lightened here and there by a few graceful compliments to Washington's successor. It came to them with something of a shock when the Bishop, far from pronouncing a bland discourse replete with pleasant things, spoke out with something of the fire of an ancient prophet. In words that burned, he contrasted the simplicity, integrity, and honour of George Washington and of the nation's founders, with the vulgar display, the self-seeking, and the shamelessness of men in high places at the end of a hundred years.

"The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, which by their very existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swagger of our American speech and manners, mistaking bigness for greatness and sadly confounding gain and godliness—all this makes it impossible to reproduce to-day either the temper or the conduct of our fathers."

And then the Bishop spoke two sentences which struck home:

"The conception of the national government as a huge machine existing mainly for the purpose of rewarding partisan service—this is a

*See *Bookman* for March, p. 47.

†Cf. Lloyd, *Wealth against Commonwealth*, pp. 373-388 (New York, 1898).

conception so alien to the character and conduct of Washington and his associates that it seems grotesque even to speak of it. It would be interesting to imagine the first President of the United States confronted with some one who had ventured to approach him upon the basis of what are now commonly known as 'practical politics.' "*

This sermon caused a great sensation throughout the country. Some said that the Bishop was guilty of bad taste in choosing an occasion such as this for a rebuke so pointed and so personal. Others said that the whole discourse was on the very highest plane, and that the Bishop had shown himself a true priest of God, speaking out boldly the lesson which the hour and the place demanded, and undeterred from his duty by those considerations which too often influence the time-serving and timid ecclesiastic. Certain it is that his words were caught up and repeated all over the land, and that they voiced the sentiment of millions.

When Congress met on December 3d, the President's message took up the question of the surplus in the Treasury. At the end of the Cleveland administration this had amounted to something like \$97,000,000; and, as Mr. Harrison pointed out, it was more likely in the ordinary course of events to increase rather than to diminish. He recommended, therefore, a revision of the tariff and the removal of the internal tax upon tobacco. Congress, however, in both houses of which the Republicans had a working majority, took a very cheerful view of the surplus, holding, in the naïve words of Colonel Frederick Grant, that "a surplus is easier to handle than a deficit." The Senators and Representatives felt that if the surplus in the Treasury proved embarrassing, the easiest and simplest way to reduce that surplus was to spend it. Hence, Congress promptly passed the Dependent Pension Bill which President Cleveland had vetoed. At once the number of pensioners jumped up from about 350,000 to nearly 550,000, and steadily increased until, ten years later, it had reached 1,000,000; while the payments grew from \$65,000,000 to \$150,000,000, representing pretty nearly half the en-

tire annual budget of the United States.* Heavy appropriations were made for the Navy, and for an exposition in Chicago to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. Money was also poured out lavishly for various public works; until this Congress in its two sessions was responsible for an expenditure which exceeded that of any other Congress by \$170,000,000. The total amount of money which was voted for these and other purposes was roughly computed at \$1,000,000,000. Hence, the Fifty-first Congress was generally spoken of as "the Billion-Dollar Congress." When this name was uttered in the presence of Mr. Speaker Reed he remarked casually, "Yes, but this is a billion-dollar country."

The saying was very characteristic of this man, who now began to play a somewhat spectacular part in national legislation. Mr. Thomas B. Reed was a native of Maine, who had been a member of Congress for twenty-three years. Reed was a very striking figure. Fully six feet in height, of huge girth, and impressing the beholder with a sense of great reserved power, he was both physically and mentally a giant. A keen reasoner, alert, audacious, and absolutely self-possessed, his party recognised in him a leader who could be neither outwitted nor outfaced. His speech was caustic, his wit keen; and he took delight in destroying shams, sometimes even those shams which his associates defended. He had a nasal Yankee drawl, and the eyes which peered out of his large round face twinkled with an irrepressible humour. He was now elected Speaker of the House, and he was counted upon by the Republicans to force through some very controversial legisla-

*Mr. Harrison appointed to be head of the Pension Office, a loud-voiced demagogue, James Tanner, commonly known as "Corporal" Tanner,—a favourite of the Grand Army of the Republic. Tanner began "re-rating" the pensions illegally and bestowing "back-pay" at a lavish rate. Wealthy men, among them United States Senator Manderson, were thus made the recipients of large sums from the Treasury, simply by Tanner's mandate. Called to account by Secretary Noble, Tanner replied insolently that he was the Secretary's superior officer in the matter of pensions. The President had finally to remove him, so great became the scandal of his conduct.

*New York Herald; Sun; Evening Post, for May 1, 1889.

tion against a minority which was both large and decidedly pugnacious.

The measure which threatened to meet with the bitterest opposition was a Federal Elections Bill, intended to give the Federal Government power to supervise Congressional elections, and if necessary to use military force for the protection of every legal voter. This measure was directed against the South, where the negro vote had practically been suppressed. The fact was perfectly well known. The South was unanimous against any interference which would once more tend to restore the negro to political importance. Over the proposed bill, therefore, the fight was certain to be acrimonious and protracted. It was believed that the minority, by making use of filibustering tactics, by introducing dilatory motions and by demanding the roll-call upon each of these, could wear out the majority and thus prevent the passage of the bill. By refusing to vote, the Democrats could, under the existing rules, prevent a quorum of the House unless practically all the Republican members should be present. Speaker Reed and his party friends decided to thwart all such obstructions. They drew up and adopted a set of rules empowering the Speaker to refuse to entertain motions which were obviously intended to delay the business of the House, and also to "count a quorum,"—meaning by this that the Speaker could direct the Clerk of the House to record as "present and not voting" all members who were actually there and who refused to answer to their names at roll-call.

It required strong nerves and absolute presence of mind to enforce these rules to the letter; but Mr. Reed was fully equal to the task. The sessions of the House resembled pandemonium. Member after member on the Democratic side would rise and make motion after motion, shouting out the words at the top of their lungs; but the Speaker paid no more attention to them than if they had been miles away. While he counted his quorums, members sought to escape from the hall, but found that the doors were locked.* Then they raged up and down

the aisles, denouncing the Speaker in unmeasured language, yelling, shrieking, and pounding their desks, while the Republicans added to the din by cheering and whistling with delight. Passion waxed so hot that even the correspondents in the press-gallery shared in it, and many of them leaned over the railing, shaking their fists at the Speaker, and pouring forth a torrent of profanity which was quite inaudible amid the uproar. Through it all, Mr. Reed sat tranquilly in his chair, as serene as a summer morning, unheeding the torrents of denunciation which descended on him, while he would say slowly in his most exasperating drawl:

"When—the ex-ci-table gen-tle-man from Tex-as has come to or-der, the Chair will—rule—upon his point."

These tempestuous sessions continued day after day, and under the guidance of "Czar Reed," as he was called, the Federal Elections Bill ultimately passed the House. In the Senate, however, it died a natural death; because there existed in the upper House the right of unlimited debate; and an alliance was formed between the Democrats and a number of Republican Senators to prevent the passage of the bill. There was, as a matter of fact, little desire in the North for its enactment into law. That the negro vote was suppressed throughout the Southern States was not denied; yet most fair-minded men had come to feel that the enfranchisement of the negro had been a grievous error; and no one liked to contemplate even a partial return to the hideous scenes of the Reconstruction Period, when ape-like blacks had leagued themselves with the vilest whites in a repulsive and disgraceful political orgy.

Under the Reed rules were passed the Dependent Pension Bill, already mentioned, a bill for the admission of Idaho and Wyoming as new States, and bills to repeal the Bland-Allison Act and to substitute in its place the so-called Sherman Silver Law. This last provided that thereafter the Government should purchase every month 4,500,000 ounces of silver, and issue against this bullion, up to its full value, legal tender notes redeeming down the door and making his escape at one of these sessions.

*Mr. Kilgore of Texas, popularly known as "Buck" Kilgore, gained a transient fame by

able on demand in silver dollars. As the genesis and the operation of this new law will be discussed more fully in a subsequent chapter, it may be passed over here without especial comment. The most important legislation of the session was a

new tariff bill, framed by the Committee on Ways and Means, of which the Chairman was Mr. William McKinley of Ohio. The passage of this bill marked a new stage in the development of protective legislation in the United States.

AUTHORS' LETTER BOXES

II.—CAROLYN WELLS



PERHAPS the best solution of the problem how to be happy though literary, is found in the reading of one's daily mail. Aside from the editorial acceptances, which prove the merit of one's own work, aside from editorial rejections, which often prove the same thing, there is such a variety of strange and unexpected mis-sives, that the sensation is much like that of a child investigating his Christmas stocking. To classify one's unsolicited screeds is not difficult.

My experience has proved that letters from strangers always ask for something without offering a return; or offer something without asking a return; or propose an exchange.

Perhaps the first class is the least annoying. It seems to be a fact that the mute, inglorious Milton thinks the Milton who has crept into print owes him a living.

I recently received from an elderly and estimable clergyman an epic, which was Miltonic, at least in its extent.

The naïve divine stated that as he had no literary reputation, he wished me to read his poem and write a eulogium upon it, signed with my name, which, he declared, would insure its acceptance by any first-class publisher.

Although sorry to prick such a large bubble, I was obliged to inform him that a disciple of the cap and bells was all unfitted to judge the merits of a serious work, covering sixty closely typewritten pages. Another assured soul sent a bud-

get of doggerel with a notice to the effect that since I had acknowledged in a published interview my indebtedness to Authors Who Have Helped Me, common humanity demanded that I should help other strugglers. As the help required was nothing more nor less than the immediate placing of the doggerel with the best editors at the highest rates, I was obliged to demur.

A summary appropriation of my name, without permission, is an interesting phase of this attitude. I recently received from the editor of a well-known magazine a letter which had been sent to him from a Western city. The letter contained a contribution of impossible verses and was signed with my name. The name, however, was enclosed in quotation marks, and the writer's real name and address frankly, though obscurely, scribbled in a corner of the sheet. Presumably she merely wished to use my name as a *nom de plume*, which was, of course, a subtle bit of flattery.

A variation of this style of compliment was found in a letter from a young woman of New York City. She enclosed a short story which she had adapted from one of my books. So complete was the adaptation that she had retained the plot, the plan and even the jests and wording, changing only the proper names and locality. This composition, she calmly informed me, she sent for my perusal and amendment; for, she said, she felt sure that after such clever additions and alterations as I could make she could readily place it for publication!

An unwelcome type of letters to which



HOW ONE CORRESPONDENT ADDRESSED MISS WELLS

feminine authors are subjected are those of the Admiring Young Man.

And yet, though nine-tenths of these are mawkishly sentimental, and often ungrammatical and illiterate, yet there is occasionally a grain of wheat among the chaff, and the tenth writer proves to be interesting and congenial.

Indeed, I am quite willing to confess that some half-dozen or more of my real friends of to-day first introduced themselves to me through the mail. Recently I received an epistle beginning thus:

I have often wondered what kind of super-fools and idiots wrote letters to notables who

were strangers to them. Now I know, for I am one of them. The experience of being or achieving what you have always detested verbally and inwardly, is rather a novel one to me, etc., etc.

This overture brought about a most pleasant acquaintance, for which I have already had cause to bless my letter-box.

Another audacious stranger favoured me with his preconceived notion of my working methods. He wrote:

I picture thus the manner of your average day. You wake. "Ha," you say, "to-day will I write much nonsense. I will sit at my big desk and jingle a few lines—just enough to keep in practice. Then I will dash off a burlesque novel, a short story for girls, a shorter story for boys, write divers letters to members of the Mermaid Club, call on Mrs. Prunes who has such a lovely kitten, browse at the bookshops and lunch at the club. Afterward I will call on seven hundred and eighty thousand publishers and leave each a few manuscripts. By that time I must run to the matinee. Then I will have tea with Oliver Herford and talk over the illustrations for the forthcoming ninety-four books, then I will catch the 5.22 ferry from the Twenty-third Street station and go home to Rahway."

So nearly right did he guess my average daily performance that I was fain to learn more of him—and did.

The following letter is from a young Japanese poet, who afterward became



HOW THE CORRESPONDENT SIGNED HERSELF

rather well known in literature. Its broken English has a charm of its own.

DEAR MISS CAROLYN WELLS: Would you like to pardon me who takes the liberty to write to you?—Believing that you are one of my friends (Don't be affraid with my boldness!), although I know not you entirely, I have heard of the little of you through Mr. ——— since then—that's no matter. You indeed being such nice lady to write about me oftentime, so I am compelled to be thankful with this poor disordered letter. I am ———! Would you like to accept my thousand thankfulness to you?—I hope that you are so kind to appreciate with me. Of cause I have no any other desire with this missive, but to be thankful to you for such kindness indeed. I hope that—so you would like to be a friend to a young stranger to this continent—a poor Japanese student. Would you pardon me who takes the liberty to write to you?

I am ever yours sincerely,

YONE NOGUCHI

10th Feb., '97.
SAUSALITE, CALIFORNIA.

*"Jackson Balls" clutched at, not unthankfully
Lor bless you, Chile! I used to attend
Jackson balls before you were born. But
my dancing days are over, now*

Judge

EDITORIAL
ROOMS

10 July, 1904

The JUDGE is obliged to retain much excellent matter because it is impossible to find room for it.

EDITOR

*"Wild Animals" and "Mismomers" accepted,
with thanks and vague regrets.*

Judge

EDITORIAL
ROOMS

26 July, 1901.

The JUDGE is obliged to retain much excellent matter because it is impossible to find room for it.

EDITOR

"Conference of Powers" accepted, thanks.

Judge

EDITORIAL
ROOMS

6 August, 1901.

The JUDGE is obliged to retain much excellent matter because it is impossible to find room for it.

EDITOR

ODD ACCEPTANCES

P.S. You need not to tell to Mr. Burgess that I wrote to you.—I hope not also.

MY DEAR MISS CAROLYN WELLS: I am very glad hearing from you. I have read your let-



A TALENTED MINOR POET

ter of April 20 yesterday, as I was away from my cottage taking a trip for great Yosemite Valley at the heart of mighty Sierras. I came back here to Oakland after about two weeks' pilgrim. Such grand place where I long to see and appreciate! Although I could not have so much appreciation anyway, I am just now coming to understand how majestic she is. I am in these days resting at the heights of Oakland in the garden of Joaquin Miller. I hope that you will write me in Oakland, as I am not there or I will not be there in Sausalite, in future. Of cause I am not yet settled, but I will stay for a little while at this beautiful heights looking afar such serene Golden Gate Bay rising the sea-blue heaven evermore. I am sorry very much that I could not write you before telling I have verily much loves to hear from you. I am, indeed,

Yours truly,

Yone N.

What day is it to-day? it is Wednesday anyhow.

Probably because I follow the trade of a jingler, I receive many effusions in more



PEN PICTURE OF A POPULAR PUBLISHER

or less clever verse. The subjoined is a fair specimen, and if I thought this paper would reach the eyes of any or all of the kind young poets who have sent me waste-baskets full of similar rhymes, I would like to take this occasion to thank them *en masse*. Life is really too short to admit of individual acknowledgment, and, as a facetious Bostonian stranger wrote me:

I suppose you have so many effewgions sent you, that it's less than one that you remember to ten that you forget.

CHICAGO, July 12, 1902.

Carolyn Wells, with Yours Truly, to wit: with me

You have done well, for you've made a big hit with me;

Westernly speaking, you surely are It with me, Humour incarnate, whose friendship dispels Cares of this world and reflections how sad it is!

Yours is a spirit that makes me feel glad it is Saturday, so I can scribble. Though bad it is What is the difference, Carolyn Wells?

This my reality—

Nonsensicality—

Your immortality—

Our cap and bells.

'Nuf of this rot to-day,

More again—not to-day.

It's too—wow!—HOT to-day

Carolyn Wells!

And from another rhymester came a toy escritoire, completely furnished with tiny appointments, accompanied by these lines:

TO THE CAROLLIN' WELLS.

Oh, girl of the wisdom and wit,
Here's a nice little "Author's-own" kit.

Won't you christen it—*do!*—

With some neat billet-doux

Write to me? This once let me be "IT"!

Your nonsense is not even sense,
And your sense you know how to condense.
Yet, allow me to state,
That your sense is first-rate
And your *non*-sense is simply immense!

This is less flattering:

P.S.—Well, well, Carolyn Wells, Princess Perilla the weaver of shells, mistress of epigram, satire and wit, simile, metaphor, sally and skit; brilliant epistoler, slinger of ink, well on sensation, formality's sink, first-born of fantasy, wedded to grace, the devil can't head you when you set the pace,—*what* has come over you, I'd like to know, why have you fallen so hard and so low? I haven't a doubt that you couldn't do better but you've sent to me a most commonplace letter; hopelessly, horribly, foolishly flat, what do you say, now, your highness, to that!

But I started this paper with a coherent plan of composition, and I have drifted far away. I meant to treat first of the letters from unknown correspondents who ask for some favour—criticism, literary assistance, autograph, photograph, book-plate or books, without return of any sort; often without even return postage. Worse than these, however, are those who offer something without asking a return. The offerings are often frank compli-

A book, B. you-ti-ful to C.
Has been D. livered unto me.
My glad E. motions to contain
Has been an F. fort and a strain.
In my delight I shouted, G.
She's sent H. arming book to me.
And I would be every J.
Not to throw back a nice bo K.
T is a book to L. ove it;
Nought can from it M. anate
That can ever N. ervate.
© this book I'll oft P. ruse—
Rellick with your Q. rious muse.
By whose aid you R. alway
Printed full rhyme or prose S. ay
Nothing T. idious here to trouble U.
V. hement laughter'll rather W.
With X. citeament I am Y. ld—
Z. nth-ness S. like a child!

ments or criticisms, and unintelligent advice. Or they are free bestowals of plots, incidents or characters for the author's literary use. Again they are books or other material gifts, which compel a grateful, if mendacious, acknowledgment.

The third-class correspondents have a businesslike desire to exchange.

Many a volume from the precious complimentary lot sent me by my publisher have I been obliged to send away in exchange for an unwanted autographed copy of a contemporary's work.

But though I receive many letters from people not personally known to me, they are frequently signed with names which may be found between the red covers of *Who's Who*.

These letters are usually worth while, and it is a real delight to find in my mail a personal note from one with whom I have hitherto associated only in a magazine index. One of the most charming women in America, whose books often head the "Six Best Selling" list, wrote me recently:

I'm green with envy over your portrait in *THE BOOKMAN*. It seems to me you are little (if any) more beautiful than I, but you appear so!

Another woman writer of real literature sent me a most acceptable note of personal appreciation, and considerably added:

This requires no acknowledgment, unless you choose. I only wanted you to know.

Another interesting note writer is one of our best known Minor Poets.

His letters are gems of poetic prose, but as he has now remarked three times (quite unconscious of the fact that he was repeating himself), "I am one whom there are very few to praise, and none at all to love." I can't help thinking his bid for sympathy a bit stereotyped. (N. B. I would like to compare notes with other recipients of the wailings of this poet soul.) Another writer of humorous verse, one more nearly in my own class, sent the following, which naturally brought about a personal acquaintance.

FANWOOD, N. J. (six miles from Rahway),
December 2, 1901.

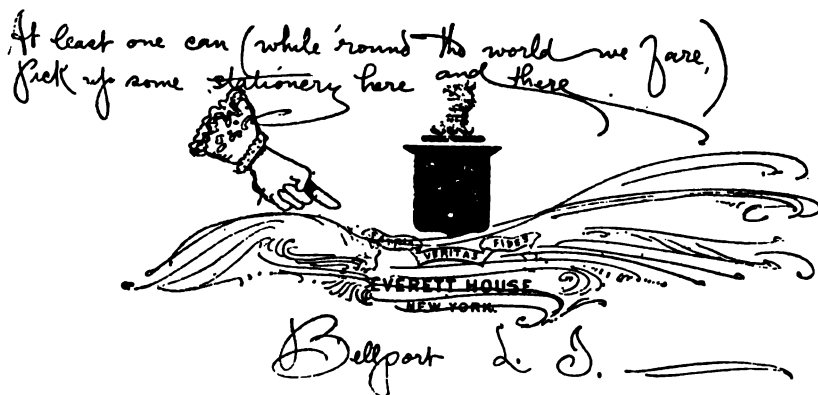
MY DEAR MISS WELLS: Why, how funny that looks! Never imagined that you were Miss Wells until this minute. If any one had asked me if I knew a Wells who wrote I'd have said "No," promptly. You are just as much Carolyn Wells as our animal friend is Seton-Thompson. Oh, good heavens, I forgot. He isn't any more. Only had been three hundred years anyhow, so I don't wonder he changed such a ridiculously transient name as that.

And since I live so near you, mayn't I come over on my wheel some day and see how you work?

·ANCHOR·
·LINE·



PORTRAIT SIGNATURE OF A NORMALLY DIGNIFIED
MAGAZINE EDITOR



I've just returned from a week's trip, during which I gave my lecture on "Unnatural History; or, Animals That Are Never Seen," illustrated with animals of my own imagining. This was written and drawn years before Oliver Herford and you did those clever things in *Life*. Never thought of using them in public, but private friends seemed to like them so much that at last I tried them upon that somewhat (but not overmuch) intelligent dog yclept Public and he wagged his tail and barked, so I have continued showing them and explaining them. One of them has a tree growing out of his head and at night he climbs up into the branches and roosts there.

Hoping to hear from you— But wait, let

compliment, for I am frightfully conceited, without having the big head.

Yours sincerely, _____

Then there are the Hospitably Inclined Strangers. One punctilious gentleman from Cincinnati, while staying in New York, wrote:

How delightful if I might invite you to luncheon, accompanied, of course, by a deaf aunt. But that I suppose would be entirely unconventional, unwarrantable and not to be discussed.

In contrast to this is a Chicago youth, who sent me an invitation to dinner.

As he received no response (not having enclosed a stamp), he wrote again, airily inquiring:

When are you coming to have your meal-ticket punched?

So much for the Westerners.

The microbe that causes these unsolicited epistles is no respecter of ages. One anti-Osler gentleman writes:

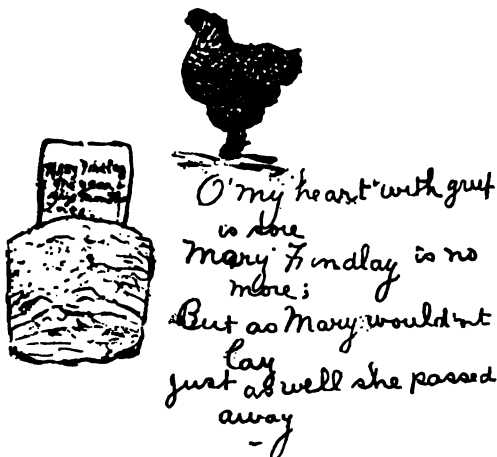
My eldest grandson has often laughed over your harmonious, humorous verses; but the lad has yet much to learn before he can approximate the appreciation of

Your obedient servant, _____

While a five-year-old infant writes:

Your book is lovely. I have read it all over the house. I think you are the smartest woman I know.

• Among the humorous letters I receive are often editorial responses from the makers of wise and important periodicals.



FROM A CHILD ON THE DEATH OF HER FAVOURITE HEN

me pay you a compliment. When I first began to notice your things I said to myself, "She's my kind." Now, if you knew me well you would see that that was a very Eiffel of a

One of the thirty-five-cent editors wrote thus, after reading a foolish contribution I had sent him:

September 9, 1903.

DEAR MISS WELLS: I feel so foolish after reading these that I can't go home to my family, for I haven't any to go home to!

I know it is foolish to write you thus and foolish to decline these, but you are responsible. I dare take no risks, for, as the proverb says: "A fool and his firm's money are soon parted." Isn't that regular tomfoolishness? See what you've done.

Yours with foolish regrets,

Another thus apologises for delay in publication:

If you are moved to disgust at the slowness of publication in this leader and guide to American literary cultivation, pray remember the words of the poick:

Speak gently to the editor—

Forgive him all his sins;

He always finds his must-leave-outs

More than his can-get-ins.

As always, yours very sincerely,

But even more delightful than verses or jests are the little illustrations that often accompany the text of letters. One who has reached the ultimate in the drawing of kittens sent me this hasty sketch.



Following he said:

I send you a wreath of kittens. If I were a poet I would write a poem about how I walked in the kitten-garden, and found a kitten-tree; and gathered all the kits to make this kitten-wreath for thee.

Later the same genius wrote, under this characteristic address:



TITE ST

London S.W.

Do you remember the kitten-wreath I sent you once? That was a great kitten year. Now the trees are bare, and only one little kitten have I been able to shake down for you.

I sent thee once a kitten-wreath,—

Now all the trees are bare;

And I can scarcely find enough

To make a kittonière.



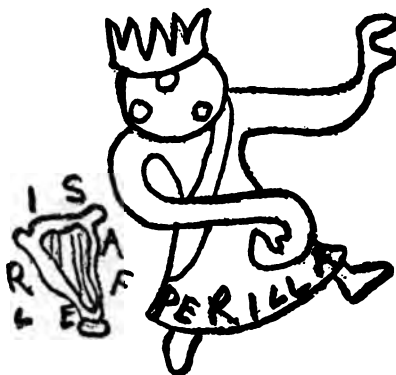
THE KITTONIÈRE

I send you the kittonière, and hope that next year will be brighter and more kittenful.

And by way of an appropriate tail-piece

I would like to offer this clever portrait of the Present Scribe, known in certain circles as the Princess Perilla:

Carolyn Wells.



THE PASSING AWAY OF THE EDITOR



THE word editor as applied to the conductors of magazines and newspapers is rapidly becoming a mere courtesy title; for the powers and functions formerly exercised by editors, properly so called, are being more and more usurped by the capitalist proprietor. There are not a few magazines where the "editor" has hardly more say in the acceptance of a manuscript than the contributor who sends it in. Few are the editors left who uphold the magisterial dignity and awe with which the name of editor was wont to be invested. These survive owing chiefly to the prestige of long service, and even they are not always free from the encroachments of the new method. The proprietor still feels the irksome necessity of treating their editorial policies with respect, though secretly chafing for the moment when they shall give place to more manageable, modern tools.

The "new" editor, in fact, is little more than a clerk doing the bidding of his proprietor, and the proprietor's idea of editing is slavishly to truckle to the public taste—or rather to his crude conception of the public taste. The only real editors of to-day are the capitalist and the public. The nominal editor is merely an

office-boy of larger growth, and slightly larger salary.

Innocent souls still, of course, imagine him clothed with divine powers, and letters of introduction to him are still sought after by the superstitious beginner. Alas! the chances are that the better he thinks of your MS. the less likely is it to be accepted by—the proprietor; for Mr. Snooks, the proprietor, has decided tastes of his own, and a peculiar distaste for anything remotely savouring of the "literary." His broad editorial axiom is that a popular magazine should be everything and anything but—"literature." For any signs of the literary taint he keeps open a stern and ever-watchful eye, and the "editor" or "editorial assistant"—to make a distinction without a difference—whom he should suspect of literary leanings has but a short shrift. Mr. Snooks is seldom much of a reader himself. His activities have been exclusively financial, and he has drifted into the magazine business as he might have drifted into pork or theatres—from purely financial reasons. His literary needs are bounded on the north by a detective story, and on the south by a scientific article. The old masters of literature are as much foolishness to him as the old masters of painting. In short, he is just a common, ignorant man with

money invested in a magazine; and who shall blame him if he goes on the principle that he who pays the piper calls the tune. When he starts in, he, not infrequently begins by entrusting his magazine to some young man with real editorial ability and ambition to make a really good thing. This young man gathers about him a group of kindred spirits, and the result is that after the publication of the second number Mr. Snooks decides to edit the magazine himself, with the aid of a secretary and a few typewriters. His bright young men hadn't understood "what the public wants" at all. They were too high-toned, too "literary." What the public wants is short stories and pictures of actresses; and the short stories, like the actresses, must be no better than they should be. Even short stories when they are masterpieces are not "what the public wants." So the bright young men go into outer darkness, sadly looking for new jobs, and with its third number *Snooks's Monthly* has fallen into line with the indistinguishable ruck of monthly magazines, only indeed distinguishable one from the other by the euphonious names of their proprietors.

Now, a proprietor's right to have his property managed according to his own ideas needs no emphasising. The sad thing is that such proprietors should get hold of such property. It all comes, of course, of the modern vulgarisation of wealth. Time was when even mere wealth was aristocratic, and its possession, more or less, implied in its possessors the possession, too, of refinement and culture. The rich men of the past knew enough to encourage and support the finer arts of life, and were interested in maintaining high standards of public taste and feeling. Thus they were capable of sparing some of their wealth for investment in objects which brought them a finer kind of reward than the financial. Among other things, they understood and respected the dignity of literature, and would not have expected an editor to run a literary venture in the interests of the illiterate. The further degradation of the public taste was not then the avowed object of popular magazines. Indeed—strange as it sounds nowadays—it was

rather the education than the degradation of the public taste at which the editor aimed, and in that aim he found the support of intelligent proprietors.

To-day, however, all this is changed. Wealth has become democratic, and it is only here and there in its traditional possessors that it retains its traditional aristocracy of taste. As the commonest man can be a multi-millionaire, so the commonest man can own a magazine, and have it edited in the commonest fashion, for the common good.

As a result, the editor's occupation, in the true sense, will soon be gone. There is, need one say, no lack to-day of men with real editorial individuality—but editorial individuality is the last thing the capitalist proprietors want. It is just that they are determined to stamp out. Therefore, your real editor must either swallow his pride and submit to ignorant dictation, or make way for the little band of automatic sorters of manuscript, which, as nine tailors make a man, nowadays constitute a sort of composite editor under the direction of the proprietor.

With the elimination of editorial individuality, necessarily follows elimination of individuality in the magazine. More and more, every day, magazines are conforming to the same monotonous type; so that, except for name and cover, it is impossible to tell one magazine from another. Happily one or two—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—survive amid the democratic welter; and all who have at heart not only the interests of literature, but the true interests of the public taste, will pray that they will have the courage to maintain their distinction, unseduced by the moneyed voice of the mob—a distinction to which, after all, they have owed, and will continue to owe, their success. The names of these magazines will readily occur to the reader, and as they occur he cannot but reflect that it was just editorial individuality and a high standard of policy that made them what they are, and what, it is ardently to be hoped, they will still continue to be. Plutus and Demos are the worst possible editors for a magazine; and in the end, even, the best always makes the most money.

Richard Le Gallienne.

CHARTRAN



IF the truth is, that the greatest joy for a man in middle life is to have realised the ambitious dreams of his youth, Chartran must be content. In spite of his family tradition, through the very strength of his vocation and the personality of his talents, he has won a high place among the portrait painters of our time. His father was Councillor at the Court of Appeals of Besançon (the birthplace of Victor Hugo), where he was born on the twentieth day of July, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. At home they wanted him to become a lawyer or to devote himself to a military career. A curious detail may be noticed in his family's origin: he is the nephew of General Chartran, executed during the Restoration, on account of his imperialistic tendencies; and through his mother, he descends from Count Theobald Dillon, murdered at Lille by his own troops, in a panic which occurred during the great invasion in 1792. At any rate, no artistic heredity seemed likely to turn him toward the study of æsthetics and the love of painting; but nothing prevented his inclination from growing and becoming, day by day, more irresistible.

As a boy at the lycée of his native town, he sketched the profiles of his masters. Then, when he was older, he went to Paris in order to devote himself entirely to study, and when eighteen years of age he attended the classes of Cabanel. In this *atelier* he soon began to attract attention by the boldness of his touch and the finish of his execution.

In 1871 he made the portrait of the Archbishop of Paris in his official robes and on his catafalque. This dignitary's (Monseigneur d'Arbois) body had in fact just been exhumed in order to receive the last honours; he had perished tragically during the disorders of the Commune. The painting made such an impression on public opinion that no one was surprised to see Chartran win the "Grand Prix de Rome," in 1877. He was

then in full possession of those qualities which won for him recognition as one of the leaders of the New School. He practised every kind of painting with equal success, and his decorations were not less appreciated than his *Tableaux de genre* or his landscapes. However, his preference was always toward portrait painting. In France every statesman, every aristocratic woman, every renowned artist, in other words the intellectual "élite" of the nation wanted to be represented by the young painter. Thus, in different exhibitions one can see the portraits of President Carnot, the Princess of Saxony, Mounet Sully, of the *Académie*, Emma Calvé, Marquis de Reverseaux, the Ambassador to Vienna, the Duchess of Rohan and her daughter and the Marquis de Montesquiou. Many are forgotten in this list of portraits, but there is one above all which deserves special mention; that of Pope Leo XIII.

Only a psychologist like Chartran has been able to give the predecessor of Pius X. in his real expression. He caught the subtle and at the same time decided character of the Pope, whose discreteness and prudence exercised from the Vatican a world-wide pacific influence during the most trying times.

From the painting we feel the refined intellect behind which were hidden such bold thoughts and deep feelings of realities, and it seems that the long, thin body would still come back to life by supreme effort of intelligence and will. All these details which appear in mutual contradiction Chartran has unveiled for the historian of the future. That is his masterpiece; for speaking from a technical point of view, Leo XIII. was considered by all very hard to portray.

The list of his portraits of Americans is a long one. Before he came to this country in 1893, at the request of the Belmont family, he had already painted in France the portrait of James Gordon Bennett.

The following anecdote shows his taste for work. A rich business man of

Chicago presented himself one day at Chartran's studio and asked him to make his portrait. "What will it require?" asked the visitor. Chartran, thinking that he referred to the price of the picture, stated his terms. "That is not what

I mean," said the Chicagoan, "I simply want to know how long it will take." "Well," replied Chartran, "it depends, —perhaps five or six days." The Chicagoan was so much astonished that Chartran, catching the humour of the situa-



CHARTRAN

tion, worked so rapidly that he finished with his subject and delivered the portrait in forty-eight hours.

He has had many similar experiences. He finds here many diversified types of beauty, and is said greatly to admire the

independent air and robust bearing of the American woman. As for the men, he finds many examples of physical force and there is no lack of models for his brush. Thus he has portrayed many of the well-known people of the New



SECRETARY SHAW

World. The most important of these works are the portraits of President McKinley, President Roosevelt and his family, Admiral Dewey, M. H. Siegfried, Mr. Root, Secretary of War, Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Knox, Attorney-General, Mr. Roebling, builder

of the Brooklyn Bridge, Andrew Carnegie, and many others.

Among the portraits of women are those of Mrs. Roosevelt and her daughter, reproductions of which accompany this article, of Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. and Miss Sloane, and of Mrs. George



SECRETARY ROOT



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT



SIGNING THE PEACE PROTOCOL



CARDINAL GIBBONS

Gould. There is not the space to analyse the particular traits of each. Wishing simply to say a few words of Cardinal Gibbons's picture, I believe it to be one of his best executed here; of a powerful style, of an irreproachable balance, it is really the human document required by the English School, which demands that a painter unveil the soul, the thoughts and the hidden elements of beings. The

contrasts of colours are striking and their effects are powerful.

I should also mention the picture presented by Mr. H. C. Frick to the National Government. It represents the signing of the Peace Protocol after the war with Spain. This work of an entirely different style shows another side of Chartran's art.

J. Francis L'Espigarie de Tessan.

RECENT AMUSING VERSE



REVIEWER who has kept his taste for books must often be tempted to neglect his specific duty for some home-made generalisation or reminiscence. The present writer has a weakness for harking back from new books to those which have but just ceased to be new. A book two or three years old is no longer much talked about by publishers and reviewers. It is in a state of limbo, and criticism seldom takes the trouble even to pray for its soul. This is a pity. The attention of people who read reviews, granted that there are such people, is sure to be riveted on the latest books, and yet it cannot reasonably ignore such of the next-but-latest as have really "made good." All which means that in saying even a little about recent amusing verse we may find it quite out of the question to confine ourselves to books of the season.

Let us say "amusing" lest we be irritated by the word humour, that red rag to every critic of spirit, into mere discourse. We have in mind nothing more pretentious than a word about certain books of familiar verse, of parody, and of burlesque of one sort or other. It is pleasant to see that in our familiar verse we are getting rid of the French manner, which was so sedulously cultivated a short generation ago. Sophomores no longer imitate Mr. Dobson, who has indeed almost ceased to imitate himself. The more robust, not to say crude, taste of this bumptious young century prefers

a *Barrack-Room Ballad*, or even an *Absent-Minded Beggar*, to all the rondeaux and triolets going or gone. Let us smash all the china-shops, patrician or academic. Arcadia, Belgravia—let them be *terra incognita* to us. What have we to do with a *Lyra Elegantiarum*, or a *Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich*? Aren't we busy enough with our radium, our murder-trials, our imperialism, and what-not, without being bothered with the learned prettiness of these rhyming fellows? They don't amuse us, and there is nothing more to say about it. Moreover, the frontiers of Bohemia seem to have grown more remote and dim during the past few years. We are plain blunt men in decent business suits, and we have an equal distrust of fops and of rowdies. For Heaven's sake let us have a poetry of real life: we have had enough of this "painting the thing as it isn't for the God of things as they ain't." Give us a poetry that, among other things, is not too good for advertising breakfast food.

But we must not be too hard on ourselves. There are signs of renewed activity in such freer forms of familiar verse as Byron and Landor cultivated. Mr. Lewis's *Garwayne and the Green Knight*, now a year or so old, is a happy *jeu d'esprit* in the familiar narrative style. It is handicapped for the present generation by its form; but its couplets are quite blameless of the eighteenth century seesaw to which even Dr. Holmes clung. Otherwise these "light changes rung on a fantastic theme," as the poet calls his cantos, are nowise dated by their matter

or manner; unless we might have guessed them the recreation of some gentleman of leisure writing in one or the other Cambridge say fifty years ago. They have the tone of unaffected intimacy, at once well-bred and confidential, which is, after all, rather too rare in this strenuous day of ours. We may sniff at such old-fashioned phrases as "polite letters," and the "humanities," but the commodities for which they stand have not vanished from the face of the earth because Kipling has sneered at them and Mr. Bernard Shaw has taken their name in vain. *Gayayne and the Green Knight* is—must it be confessed?—a sort of allegory. We may hasten to get done with it by quoting a few lines suggestive of its flavour in lighter passages. The poet discovers that he has been guilty of a moral discursus, and apologises in parenthesis:

There's anticlimax for you! Most provoking,
Just when you thought that I was only joking,
Or idly fingering the poet's laurel,
To find my story threatens to be moral.
But as for morals, though in verse we scout
them,
In life we somehow can't get on without them;
So if I don't insert a moral distich
Once in a while, I can't be realistic.

If to our reluctant taste there is something bordering upon the facetious in such asides, we shall do well to turn back to Byron, Lowell, and Holmes, in whose work, since it chances to be respectably aged or aging, we commend similar passages. These survivals, as the instances of Lamb and Landor suggest, and as, by Professor Wendell's sufficiently explicit, if not sufficiently proved, showing, most American writing attests, are not necessarily valueless because they chance to be belated.

Mr. Charles Henry Webb's verses are entirely lyrical, and are, for verses, pretty well known. They have been sufficiently "successful" (we do not suppose there was a fortune in them) to show that good familiar poetry may still hope for a respectable audience. *Vagrom Verse* appeared long enough ago to win praise from Lowell and Holmes. The poet was then (in 1888) fifty-five years old, and had been till that time known mainly as

a prose-writer of fertility if not quite of distinction. The distinction of his verse is undeniable, especially in his second collection, published not long ago, called *With Lead and Line*. He does not produce what Mr. Stedman, with the Dobson school in mind, called "patrician rhymes." He does not appear to work by artifice, or to be especially conscious of the consideration of "good form" in the narrow sense. His verse is, by the same token, the more hearty and human, an excellent product in what has been called "lyrical comedy." He sings the praises of all women, including his wife, and has a good-humoured shy at most men, including himself. The remarkable thing is, that with all his love of banter and all his lavishness of sentiment, he should so often attain that perfection of the intimate manner, *simplex munditiis*, which was the more obvious birthright of a Meleager or a Landor. As usual, we are helpless to explain the secret of this poetic "rightness." There is that contemporary of Mr. Webb's who has called himself "Ironquill." He also aspired to the familiar manner, and achieved popularity with the class of people which does not mind being slapped on the back and poked in the ribs. But his pseudonym was fatally appropriate: he wrote as if with a crowbar against the side of a house. Naturally some persons had to notice the result; but it is pretty safe to venture the prediction that the recent reprint of his rhymes will have no successor. "Ironquill" would no doubt, missing the yawp, consider "John Paul" a mere philanderer. He treats the fair sex with robust Western unction:

And as around our manly neck she throws
Her dimpled arms with artless unconcern,
And kisses us and asks us to be hern,
And pats us on the jaw, do you suppose
That we say "No," grow frightened on the
spot,
And faint away? Well, we should reckon
not.
Young man, come West!—You've got a lot
to learn.

And here is Mr. Webb ("John Paul"), himself by no means an effeminate Easterner, but, as chances, a poet:

. . . To love as yet thou hast not learned.
 What! sixteen years! Were it a week!
 But in less time have girls learned Greek;
 And in less time have eyes less blue
 Won hearts, yes, worlds,—and lost them too.

For such verses there is, to be sure, no patriotic argument to make: they shamelessly remind us of those by no means up-to-date poets of the Greek Anthology.

In earlier years Mr. Webb made some successful experiments in parody, a form which seems to have lost something of its popularity during the consulship of Dobson, but is now picking up, if we are to judge from the amount of the current product. Here, moreover, is a portent in the form of a *Parody Anthology*, edited by Miss Carolyn Wells, herself an accomplished parodist. Such a book can hardly hope to satisfy in detail any individual lover of parody. The unaccountable thing to one such reader is that this collection contains absolutely nothing from the *Rejected Addresses*. Here is actually a section of Wordsworthian horses whose tails hung down behind. No doubt the standard of English versified parody has risen since the day of that memorable, if not remembered, *tour de force*. As the authors admitted, the twenty years' "run" of their effusion was due quite as much to its occasional quality as to its abstract merit. That a poetical competition should be connected with the reopening of a popular playhouse gave the best possible chance for a series of parodies. Yet Miss Wells's omission reminds us that the book is, for "the general public," as dead now as most of the poets whom it hits off. In their essential quality those parodies are hardly to be excelled; they are imitations, not mere caricatures, as is attested by the tradition of Scott's quandary as to whether he must not at some time have written the verses ascribed to him. Compared with such modern work as Owen Seaman's they must be admitted to lack compactness and saliency. They drag a little now and then: there is not quite enough touch-and-go about them. The same thing is true of several of Calverley's

parodies, and of almost all Swinburne's. It is never true of Seaman's. Readers of *Punch* are just now being amazed and delighted by the brilliant series of poetical skits being put forth from time to time by Mr. Seaman; and they will look eagerly for the new volume of parodies, just announced as forthcoming from that master hand. It may be claimed quite seriously that this impersonator is the one writer of his day who is absolutely supreme in his field; he may fairly be called the greatest parodist that ever lived. His work will be ephemeral only as it deals now and then with poets who are doomed soon to be forgotten. It is hard to imagine him doing anything better than *The Battle of the Bays*. For the benefit of those who do not know that book at all, it will perhaps be safer to quote from the effective parody of Whitman than from any of the subtler numbers:

I note the Manhattan boss leaving his dry-goods store and investing in a small Gatling-gun and a ten-cent banner;

I further note the identity evolved out of forty-four spacious and thoughtful States;

I note Canada as shortly to be merged in that identity; similarly Van Diemen's Land, Gibraltar and Stratford-on-Avon;

Briefly, I see Creation whipped!

O ye Colonels! I am with you (I too am a Colonel and on the pension-list);

I drink to the lot of you; to Colonels Cleveland, Hitt, Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, O'Donovan Rossa, and the late Colonel Monroe;

I drink an egg-flip, a morning-caress, an eye-opener, a maiden-bosom, a vermuth-cocktail, three sherry-cobblers and a gin-sling!

Good old Eagle!

Probably the best bit of American parody was written by the late H. C. Bunner—an experiment (happily reprinted in Miss Wells's *Anthology*) a little similar to the *Rejected Addresses*. He gives five versions of "Home Sweet Home;" those after Swinburne, Bret Harte and Whitman are naturally pretty broad; but the lines supposed to be written jointly by Goldsmith and Pope, and especially the version "as Austin Dobson might have translated it from Horace, if it had ever occurred to Horace

to write it," are examples of the very finest kind of parody. Imagine this rondeau from the Sabine farm:

At home alone, O Nomades,
Although Macænas' marble frieze
Stand not between you and the sky,
Nor Persian luxury supply
Its rosy surfeit, find ye ease.

Tempt not the far Ægean breeze;
With home-made wine and books that please,
To duns and bores the door deny,
At home, alone.

Strange joys may lure. Your deities
Smile here alone. Oh, give me these:
Low eaves, where birds familiar fly,
And peace of mind, and, fluttering by,
My Lydia's graceful draperies,
At home, alone.

Of late, American parodists seem almost to have confined themselves to Fitzgerald, the "great American Pote," as he styled himself. Two new versions have just appeared, the work of writers well known to readers of amusing verse. Mr. Herford's *Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten* is excellent of its kind, and, as was to be expected, is reinforced by illustrations quite as dainty and amusing as the verses. One picture shows the kitten with a paw on each side of a small standing mirror:

A secret Presence that my likeness feigns,
And yet, quicksilver-like, eludes my pains—
In vain I look for him behind the glass;
He is not there and yet he still remains.

It is the simpler form of adapted, or, if you like, garbled verse, but it is excellently rendered. Mr. Herford has humour of the better kind; not so Mr. Gelett Burgess, whose *Rubáiyát of Omar Cayenne* is travesty rather than parody. But the inventor of the Goop pretends to nothing in the way of subtlety. There is but one Purple Cow and Mr. Burgess is its prophet. It remained for our practical age to make a cult of nonsense. Where Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear have led, what an army of the faithful have aspired to follow; even the leader of the Pre-Raphaelites, with a cult of his own upon his

hands, was not above his limericks. Miss Wells's book of parodies was preceded by a *Nonsense Anthology*. In that collection a proper conspicuousness was given to the most original nonsense-writer of this generation. Mr. Burgess's Goops are, after all, a version of that classical German figure, Slovenly Peter; but "Col. D. Streamer," though analogies could doubtless be found, struck out what was practically a new vein in his *Ruthless Rhymes*. They caught the public ear so promptly as to become a kind of legal conversational tender almost at once; so that "Little Willie, in his best of sashes," and Aunt Eliza, and her memorial filter, seem quite like lamented relatives to most of us. *Misrepresentative Men* is broad satire rather than nonsense, and certainly one of the most amusing books of its kind. The writer's instinct for condensation makes it possible to choose from each of these flights a stanza or so which is better than the rest; for example the attention called to Roosevelt's *carte du jour* in these lines:

At 6 A.M. he shoots a bear,
At 8 he schools a restless horse,
From 10 to 4 he takes the air,—
(He doesn't take it all, of course;)
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,
Some coloured man drops in to tea.

Or this thumb-nail sketch of Paderewski:

On concert platforms he performs,
Where ladies (matrons, maids or misses)
Surround his feet in perfect swarms
And try to waft him fat, damp kisses;
Till he takes refuge in his hair,
And sits serenely smiling there.

To the same general order of burlesque belonged the brilliant *Grimm Tales Made Gay* by the late Guy Wetmore Carryl. They are more compact than the *Ingoldsby Legends*, which in other ways they strongly resemble: especially in quality of humour and ingenuity of metrical treatment. The best thing of the kind done since then seems to me to be a book of the present season by the author of the *Love-Sonnets of a Hoodlum*. Mr. Irwin's *Nautical Lays of a Landsman* are a green spot in the desert of that unusually dull expanse of attempts at serious poetry which has con-

fronted the critical traveller this year. The Hoodlum poems showed Mr. Irwin's mastery of the sonnet form and the Bowery dialect, and his subsequent parody of Omar strengthened one's impression of his powers as a humourist in verse. The present book displays even more fully the versatility of his fancy and of his metrical skill. From the bareness of such mock-pathetic ballads as "Eberly's Fair Young Bride" and "The Fate of the Cabbage Rose" to the complicated structure of "The Sailor's Stovepipe," which is obviously after Kipling, and "The Deep-Sea Gudge," as obviously after Swinburne, the versifier is never at a loss for the right cadence and the right word. There is really nothing in such burlesque as this for long-faced rhymesters to condescend to. Mr. Swinburne has just shown his sense of the respectability of humorous verse by giving his parodies a place of honour in the first collected edition of his poetical work. Mr. Irwin might very properly, if he

should chance hereafter to turn his hand to serious verse, give "The Deep-Sea Gudge" a place beside his version (not in the Bowery dialect) of the Tristram and Yseult legend, or, haply, his rendering into modern verse of what he personally takes to be the things as they are. As for us who read, we ought to be able to be duly solemn over blank poetry about Men with Hoes, without quite sacrificing our right to be duly gay over such verses as Mr. Irwin's *A Grain of Salt*; which seems to me, on the whole, the most eminent poem of the year:

Of all the wimming doubly blest
The sailor's wife's the happiest,
For all she does is stay to home
And knit and darn—and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth
The sailor has the finest berth;
For in 'is cabin he can sit
And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

H. W. Boynton.

THE DAY'S WORK AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



One who is familiar with the shorter tales of Tolstoy can fail to remember the figure of Martuin Avdyéitch, the old shoemaker, in the one entitled *Where Love is, There God is also*. The tale itself is a parable of charity, one of a group written deliberately as tracts for the Russian people. But the part that refuses to be forgotten, long after the memory of the parable has faded, is the old shoemaker himself, working daily in his humble little basement shop, with its one narrow window, through which he can see only the feet of the passers-by. Yet he knows them, one and all, by their shoes, since few pairs in that district have not at some time passed through his hands,

to patch and stitch and half-sole; and from the quality of these shoes, from the way in which they have worn down at the heel, or out at the side, he judges the moods, the habits, the social condition of the wearers. In an allegoric sense, the world is largely made up of Martuin Avdyéitchs, men who look out upon life through the narrow windows of their own particular trade or calling, never seeing quite the whole of their fellow-mortals, but only that particular side or segment that comes within the narrow angle of their experience. It is a commonplace of criticism, that our novelists often fail to give us characters which convince us that they are living, breathing human beings. It might be complained, with even more justice, that they fail to give us charac-

ters that are living, breathing grocers, or lawyers, or bank cashiers—men whose speech and actions and views of life are largely what they are because for a score of years they have weighed out sugar, or browbeaten witnesses, or handled untold millions of other people's money; men who might have had a radically different story to record, had they elected to become tailors or doctors or mining engineers. The brewer does not necessarily carry with him an odour of hops, nor the tradesman eternally "talk shop" with friends and family; the conventional evening dress of to-day affords no hallmark by which to distinguish between merchant, broker and college professor. And yet no man can follow a particular business or profession for many years without becoming a trifle warped, limited, prejudiced, robbed of some part of his earlier elasticity of judgment. And the novelist who neglects this fact, and fails to emphasise the trades and professions of his characters as a factor of structural importance, has fallen short of a truthful interpretation of life.

A few years ago, M. Georges Pellissier wrote an interesting series of papers on the priest, the politician, the man of letters, and the like, in contemporary French fiction. A similar series, based upon the American novels of the day, would probably be disappointing. One might easily make out a list of several score of lawyers, doctors, bankers, railroad men, in the stories that have appeared during the last five years. But an attempt to analyse these characters, and deduce from them anything in the nature of national types, would probably prove a flat failure. In nine cases out of ten one brings away the feeling that the novelist has chosen his hero's vocation in life not from a conviction that it was the one vocation which a man of his hero's temperament and attainments was fitted to follow, or from an equally strong conviction that fate would have forced his hero into that particular channel, whether he liked it or not, but simply because the poor man must have some visible means of support, and accordingly is labelled with the first line of business that pops into his author's head. It is not alone the genius in fiction who is hard to believe in. It takes a Tolstoy to

give us even a shoemaker who convinces us all the time that he is every inch a shoemaker.

It would be interesting, if one had the space and time, to study the vital significance which novelists of the first rank give to the particular niche that each of their characters is filling in the scheme of the world's work. It is simply impossible to imagine a single one of Mr. Kipling's men serving in any other sphere of human activity than that assigned to him. Even the much reviled Pycroft is lastingly labelled naval engineer. The oil and grime of the engine room exude in every phrase he utters. The picturesque ruffians that Joseph Conrad creates with such amazing fertility are similarly cemented to their respective livelihoods. The toil and hardship of years seem to have branded upon their foreheads the names of trader, sailor, thief or cutthroat, in writing that the whole world may read. Among our own writers, the sailors of Mr. Connolly and Morgan Robertson are first, last and always sailors; the cowboys of Owen Wister, however much he may idealise them, are certainly nothing else than cowboys; while, if you should attempt to change the calling of any one of Frank Norris's heroes, to make McTeague other than a dentist, or Jadwin other than an operator in wheat, you would be robbing the structure of its very keystone.

But if you turn to the group of young American writers who are to-day doing good work in picturing the social life of town and city, especially in the Middle West, you will find that the distinctive mark which a man's life work leaves upon him is one of the points in which their touch is not yet sure. Elmore Elliott Peake offers a convenient illustration in his new volume, *The House of Hawley*. He has already done good work in *The Darlings* and *The Pride of Tellfair*; and his latest book is an even better example of the same sort of novel—a careful picture of average life in a small town in southern Illinois, drawn with a loving accuracy of minor detail, and pleasantly aglow with local colour, both physical and social.

"The House of Hawley."

The plot is a good illustration of the way in which the oldest and most hackneyed situations may become rejuvenated under a skilful touch. The substance of it may be given in one brief paragraph. A young girl, granddaughter of a fine old autocrat, gives her heart to a man whose politics happen to clash with those of her grandfather; and when it becomes evident that the obstinate old gentleman, who secretly suffers more than the girl herself from his opposition, will never yield, the young couple marry without his consent. The latter half of the book, picturing the old man secretly breaking his heart over the absence of the disobedient granddaughter, whose very name he obstinately refuses to have mentioned by any member of the household, is invested with no small dignity and pathos; and the final reconciliation, when the young wife's first child is born, forms a fitting climax to a pleasant, well-sustained story. There is a wholesome womanliness about Mr. Peake's heroines that makes them seem very convincing—far more convincing than his men, although old Major Hawley is a personage that you not only accept as real, but in the end become genuinely attached to. Most of the men, however, impress one as rather poor specimens of humanity. Christine Hawley's father died with the shadow of the penitentiary hanging over him. Her cousin's husband is a gambler and a drunkard; and Norman Colfax, the man who wins her in spite of her grandfather's opposition, and whom the author evidently admires and wants the reader to admire with him, somehow leaves one with the impression that the old gentleman was right when he declared him vacillating, reckless and unable to support a wife. Mr. Peake has seen fit to make Colfax a lawyer, although he fails to convince us that the young man had any legal talent. Apparently he spends most of his time dabbling in local politics, and squandering his savings in unwise mining speculations. And when, after the family reconciliation, Major Hawley promptly turns all his legal business into Colfax's hands, one is left with an uncomfortable suspicion that the old gentleman has not acted with his customary discretion.

To those who know Margaret Potter's earlier works, such as *Istar of Babylon* and *The Flame-Gatherers*, her new story of contemporary American life comes as a distinct surprise. Both in subject

"The Fire of Spring."

and treatment the book follows French models rather than Anglo-Saxon—one would say that she must have had in mind such books as Zola's *La Curée* and *Le Dernier Refuge* of Édouard Rod. The story has the fault so frequently found when women handle sex problems; as though fearful of not being understood, it insists upon unsavoury details with an unnecessary and repellent frankness. Euphemistically summarised, the substance of it is as follows: Virginia Merrill, a mere child, utterly ignorant of the significant facts of life, is married by a scheming mother to Van Studdiford, the millionaire plough manufacturer. In the whirl of preparations, the novelty of the trousseau and the wedding presents, she has no time to think or to ask questions. It is only when actually started on her honeymoon, and seated opposite him in the dining-car, that she realises, with a shudder of instinctive revolt, that this bald, red-faced man, who sucks in his soup with audible vigour, is her husband. In *La Curée* one recalls that there was a step-son who consoled *Renée* for the disillusion of a loveless marriage. In Margaret Potter's book there is a cousin, Philip Atkinson. In both stories the audacious intrigue goes on under the very eyes of the husband, too absorbed in business cares even to note his wife's indifference to him. But here the books part company. Some little trifle awakens Van Studdiford's suspicion. With nothing definite to go upon, he first quarrels with his cousin, severs business connections and forbids him the house; then, fearing he has been unjust, reinstates Philip in the plough factory, but transfers him to the Sacramento branch; and then, when Philip surreptitiously returns and suspicion becomes certainty, he takes his cousin for a morning drive and deliberately turns the horse in front of a limited express, putting their two lives into the hands of fate. And here comes the pre-

posterous part of the story; the cousin is killed outright; the husband escapes with a few bones broken; a jury acquits him of all blame; and his wife, knowing him to have been at heart a murderer, comes at last to forgive and love him, just as he, knowing her infidelity, forgives and loves her. These closing pages do not need to be discussed; one's common sense simply refuses to accept them. For the rest, the book is irritatingly uneven. There are chapters which compel attention with their unexpected subtlety; there are others that read like a reminiscence of Ouida's *Moths*. But perhaps the worst fault of the book is that it surfeits you with its atmosphere of clandestine meetings. In *La Cûrée* you are suffered to escape, every now and then, from the heavy fragrance of the boudoir into the vortex of the Bourse, the mad rush and scramble of the Parisian money market. In *The Fire of Spring* one longs in vain for any such relief. There is nothing very stimulating about ploughs; it is difficult to imagine anything picturesque in their manufacture or distribution. Yet one would like to know something about an industry which has made the hero a millionaire. One resents the persistent silence about those ploughs. For all the part they play in the story, Van Studdiford might as well have made his millions in pork or pickles or the stock exchange.

Fata Morgana, by André Castaigne, is a book over which there is bound to be a diversity of opinions. Unquestionably the plot is thin and the construction faulty. But plot and construction are not the

"Fata
Morgana."

only things that go to make a readable book—certainly not when the author is an artist who has chosen to picture the *Vie de Bohême* as he knows it; not the Bohemia that Murger knew and wrote about, with a charm that half a century has left unchanged, but the Latin Quarter of to-day that, in spite of all the changes which modern life has brought, is still in spirit essentially the same. Mr. Castaigne has put a great deal of the shimmering charm of Paris into his pages, a great deal of its light laughter, its glitter, its effervescent gaiety; he has put also, one suspects, many personal memories, in

which was blended something of the sadness as well as the joy of living. Best of all, in the host of characters, strange, motley, some grotesque, and not a few of them oddly sympathetic, he has given us portraits that are unmistakably what they stand for—artists who are artists first, last and all the time; critics, poets, actors, acrobats, circus clowns, a host of figures stepping from a masquerade, who, nevertheless, do not for one instant forget to play their parts. As for the central story of the little French circus girl, her love for an American art student, and what their romance leads to, why, one need not find any special merit in that, in order to enjoy the book,—which, after all, is a typical artist's book, full of life and colour.

A book of unusual imaginative quality, but too morbid to win a general popularity, is *The Grey World*, by Evelyn Underhill. Willie Hopkinson is a peculiar and neurotic child of a family that,

until his birth, had prided itself upon robust health and sound digestion. His father was a wholesale tailor in Bermondsey,—“the ugliness of his calling developed his peculiar gift of seeing only the mechanical and ordinary in the universe, and reducing to formal hideousness the loveliest manifestations of life.” And never for a moment, when Mr. Hopkinson comes upon the scene, are we allowed to forget the wholesale tailoring establishment over which he presides. But this is merely a detail, a part of the story's necessary background. Our real concern is with the inner life of the little neurotic boy. He is a very strange little boy, so strange that he learns at an early age to keep his thoughts to himself, to lead a life of abnormal, unwholesome repression. He thinks that he can remember that he was not always Willie Hopkinson, but an altogether different little boy, born amidst the squalor of Notting Dale; he remembers with illogical affection and regret a drunken father, a frowsy, vulgar mother, “a homely figure, formed of misplaced curves,” and the not unpleasurable excitement of nightly wordy wars, sometimes varied by blows. But one day this little boy, “a crumpled-up bit of

slum-reared humanity," was taken to the hospital, dying of typhoid fever; and the next thing that Willie Hopkinson remembers, he was "a little ghost adrift in a strange world, from which all colour had been withdrawn."

- He had slipped into a new plane of existence, and saw the world in a new perspective—a thin, grey, unsubstantial world, like a badly focussed photograph. . . . He tried to cry out, but a queer hoarse muttering was the only sound that he made, and none of the grey people in the photograph-world took the slightest notice of it. When he heard the sound of his own cry, he suddenly realised how very quiet everything else was. The earthly ear had gone the way of the earthly eye, and the pleasant noises, as well as the colour of life, had left him. . . .

The solitude of the new-made ghost, especially the ghost of a child, is perhaps the most terrible form of loneliness that exists. It is the real Hell, and more dreadful than any maker of religions has dared to dream of. It resembles the sick helplessness of a traveller who finds himself, tired and alone, in the streets of a foreign city. An existence is going on around him, but he has no share in it, cannot even understand it. So this dead child felt, as he drifted through comfortable little homes, past fires that did not warm him, through people who did not see him; yet to whom he longed to talk, just to escape from his terrifying loneliness. He had left off crying, because the sound of his own cry, echoing in the silence which he knew was not really a silence, frightened him more than anything else.

Such in substance is the memory of the Grey World, which little Willie Hopkinson is destined to carry with him through life; and after one or two indiscreet attempts to confide these uncanny thoughts to others, he learns to keep his own council, growing more peculiar, more neurotic, more visionary, as the years pass by. The volume is a very curious and unique psychological study, along the borderline of madness; and the strange and inimitable part of it is the whole chapter, from which the above quotation is taken, which depicts with extraordinary vividness the desolation of the Grey World of the dead, which is in

and around the world of the living, and yet not of it.

A capital object-lesson on the proposition that romantic fiction, even of the most bloodthirsty and adventurous variety, assumes an air of dignity and truth with the aid of a little careful character study, and a realistic fidelity in minor details, is *Hurricane Island*, by H. B. Marriott Watson. An epitome of this story reads like a condensed penny dreadful. The reigning prince of a petty German State, having lost his heart to a charming but capricious French singer, relinquishes his throne, abducts the lady, and having chartered a steam yacht in London, starts on a voyage to South America, having on board not only the French singer, but his own sister, as well as a fabulous fortune, abstracted from the royal treasury. Now, the secret of the prince's identity, and of the fortune he brought with him, was entrusted perforce to his London solicitors, who were commissioned to charter the yacht and engage the crew. They in turn passed it on to their clerk, a crafty, rat-like little man named Pye, who promptly formed his schemes and engaged only such officers and crew as were likely to aid and abet him. Consequently, when the *Sea Queen* weighed anchor, with her princely passengers and abducted lady on board, she was in reality a pirate ship in disguise, with scarcely a dozen honest men on board, including the ship's doctor, who survives to tell the tale. Nevertheless, the book takes hold of the reader's credulity. The mutiny, the protracted siege, that turns the *Sea Queen* into a floating shambles, the final wreck on Hurricane Island and utter defeat of the mutineers,—all these things are preposterous, and we know it while we read. And yet, the thing is done with such an air of assurance, the characters are so carefully developed and sustained, that we accept it all, in a spirit of meek credulity, and even after a period of sober second thought admit that it is one of the best sustained stories of rattling adventure that has appeared in many a month.

"Hurricane Island."
Frederic Taber Cooper.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

BORIS SIDIS AND SIMON P. GOODHART'S
"MULTIPLE PERSONALITY."*



RUDELY stated, we consider the personality of a man to be composed of his manner and appearance, his bearing and deportment, together with his tact, sympathy, frankness, appreciation, address and conversational power, or the lack of these qualities. Underlying these conditions and attributes the psychologist finds a basis of experience largely dependent upon memory, and having its central point in self-consciousness.

Consciousness and human personality have been, until comparatively recent times, investigated only under the old speculative methods. But the psychologists of the French schools have thrown new light on this complex subject through their investigations of anomalous mental conditions occurring in epilepsy, hysteria, brain injury and hypnosis.

In analysing personality, Dr. Sidis rejects the association theory of the English, as expressed by J. S. Mill, and also the wave theory of William James. "The central point of the ego or of personality," says Sidis, "lies in the fact of the thought knowing and critically controlling itself in the very process of thinking, in the very moment of that thought's existence." Conceiving of a moment of consciousness as totally different from a time moment, Sidis evidently considers the mind to be a synthesis of moments-consciousness. In the work before us, beginning with a description of the complex character of the individuality of objects and organisms, Sidis shows that the relation between psychic systems and their elements resembles that existing between groups of

*Multiple Personality. An Experimental Investigation into the Nature of Human Individuality. By Boris Sidis, M.A., Ph.D., and Simon P. Goodhart, Ph.B., M.D. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

neurons and their elementary units. He discusses the formation of sensory compounds into permanent combinations, and also secondary sensory groupings. He shows that the latter may be disturbed, that fields of consciousness may be dissociated, and that thereby personality may be broken up. Such irregularities have occurred in some forms of mental disorder, in hysteria and in hypnotic states. But the opportunities for the study of such conditions have been rare and brief. Fortunately for science's sake, a golden opportunity was embraced by Dr. Sidis and Dr. Goodhart when the Rev. Thomas C. Hanna came into their hands after an accident.

Mr. Hanna had fallen from a carriage, striking on his head. Upon regaining consciousness, he was in a condition of complete mental blindness, having lost all power of recognising objects, words and persons, as well as the faculty of speech. "Although the functions of sense-organs remained intact and the peripheral sensory processes remained normal, so that he experienced all the sensations awakened by external stimuli, yet there was a loss of all mental recognition and of interpretation of incoming sensations: all recognition of the external world was lost. Stimuli from without acted upon his sense-organs, gave rise to sensations, but perceptions and conceptions were entirely absent. The man was mentally blind. He could feel, but could not understand. He was as a newly-born infant opening his eyes for the first time upon the world." Movement alone attracted his attention, and he was interested equally in his own movements and in those of external things. He had no conception of the flight of time. Though hungry, he did not know enough to masticate or swallow food. It was therefore necessary to teach Mr. Hanna as if he were an infant. Fortunately, he was preternaturally intelligent, and possessed of a keen desire for knowledge. His faculty of judgment and his power of reasoning were as strong as ever. He acquired a vocabulary in a very short time, as well as a knowledge of space and

of the control of the powers of prehension. While lacking in all other forms of knowledge, he had a keen appreciation of the harmonious, especially music. He learned very rapidly to sing hymns and to play instruments, for example the banjo, with which he was totally unfamiliar before the accident.

In six weeks he was able to answer simple questions, and to tell of his feelings and thoughts since the accident, or, as he phrased it, since he "woke up," his previous existence remaining a blank.

It should be stated that Mr. Hanna had a good family history without neurotic taint. He was indubitably in perfect mental and physical condition at the time of his accident.

No experiments or suggestions availed to recall his previous existence. Although he had been a good Greek and Hebrew scholar, he could not understand simple words spoken or written in these languages. Suddenly he began to have "picture dreams," as he called them, which turned out to be recollections during sleep of experiences he had in his former life, though he did not recognise them as such. Then hypnoidisation was employed, and experiments were made with the languages. As he sat with closed eyes and listening with all possible effort and attention, a part of a sentence in Genesis was read in Hebrew. The reader paused abruptly, and Mr. Hanna finished the sentence. This experiment was repeated in various ways and many memories were brought to the surface from the depths of his subconscious life. Isolated words and names came to him, but in all these cases familiarity and recognition were absent. He would describe entire scenes, but would not connect them with his former life. Upon being partially aroused while very restless in his sleep at five o'clock one morning, he was led to describe the occurrences in a present "picture dream" with much more vividness and circumstantial accuracy; but upon awakening, while he recalled the vision vividly, he did not recall having been questioned, and the names he had used in describing the vision were unintelligible.

The patient was then brought to New York, and on the evening of his arrival

was placed in positions in which he was subjected to a mass of various psychic stimuli. Merry scenes, gay music, brilliant rooms, crowds of people, were all used to excite his interest and curiosity, and he was stimulated with coffee and tobacco. During the early morning following, his primary personality began to return, and he related events preceding his accident, but showed absolute amnesia of the events of the weeks succeeding it. He then verified as actual the occurrences described in his "picture dreams," and his hypnoid state. His condition was now explained to him. After three-quarters of an hour he fell asleep, and on awakening he was again in his secondary state. This lasted several days, during which he was rapidly confronted with new impressions and experiences. He began to recognise things, such as animals in the Zoological Garden, that he had seen in his "dreams." One morning he awoke in the primary state, and recalled that he had been told of the secondary personality during his previous emergence into the primary state. His former life was now vivid. He wrote readily in five languages. The primary state proved to be a full reproduction of Mr. Hanna as he was before the accident.

After many experiences he passed into a condition in which he lived a dual life, the primary and secondary states alternating almost day by day.

Finally, during a period of confusion and agitation, the two personalities fused in a struggle to forget one—a struggle in which each memory seemed stronger than his will—and the patient recovered.

The close and accurate study of Mr. Hanna's case throws a flood of light on personality and cognate themes, and is a most valuable contribution to the literature of psychopathy.

Albert Warren Ferris.

II.

ABRAHAM CAHAN'S "THE WHITE TERROR AND THE RED"*

There cannot be a more fertile field anywhere for the sensational novelist

*The White Terror and the Red. By A. Cahan. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company.

than Underground Russia. Everything is there for the asking. The actual life is so melodramatic that there is no need to invent belief-taxing situations. He can find no end of interesting characters, dreamers by the score, heroes by the hundred, villains by the thousand—idealists actuated by a love of humanity not equalled in beautiful sincerity since the days of the early Christians, endeavouring to uplift an ignorant peasantry or fighting against an official caste moved by the spirit of graft, commanding uniformed assassins; women burning with zeal to help the downtrodden and willing themselves not only to die but to kill. There is excitement enough in every step of the suspects and "illegals," since hand in hand with them walks death—and such a death! For "incident," some of the most thrilling plots and intrigues in history. And for a background that immense Russia, a country which has produced the greatest novelists and is the most illiterate of Europe, a nation of nations whose history is stained with the blood of conquered races and massacred sects. It is from this rich mine that Mr. Cahan has selected with an artist's care his material. But in *The White Terror and the Red* we have something far more interesting than a narrative of sensational episodes, or a gallery of interesting types, more valuable than a vivid picture of melodramatic history in the making. We have a work of art of the highest class.

It was reserved for a Russian realist to do full justice to the subject, and Mr. Cahan is a Russian and a realist. He is concerned with life. His literary god is the truth as he sees it, and because he is an artist and his theme throbs with passionate human interest, he has succeeded in writing a novel which bears out the bright promise of his earlier work. An amazing criticism of this book was offered by a professional who abhors "realistic" novels. He complained that *The White Terror and the Red* did not read like a novel but rather like something that actually happened; a history, as it were. The construction was good, the style unobjectionable, the incidents exciting. But it was not labelled "fiction" plainly enough; it was not self-evidently a narrative. That is true. The

sense of reality, of intimate acquaintance with the characters, makes the reader forget he is reading a novel. As they move through the story he judges their actions and analyses their motives as he is apt to do with those friends whom he has studied and knows the most thoroughly. The Russia presented here is not Russia seen through a foreigner's spectacles from a foreigner's point of view, but Russia as it is. Human nature knows no geographical limitations, but emotionalism manifests itself with varying degrees of intensity according to racial traits, customs and environment. Mr. Cahan's characters are breathing human beings, but they are also Russians. It is fashionable to ascribe the military disasters of the present war to the spirit of graft inevitably engendered by such an autocracy as the Czar's. But while official dishonesty and ineptitude have contributed to the Japanese victories, it is the Russian character itself which has most helped the Mikado's men—excessive or possibly immature emotionalism, a lack of practical common sense, remarkable imagination, a childish indifference to details, energy at the wrong time and procrastination in most matters, amiability and a surprising heartlessness among the leaders, an almost wilful blindness to insurmountable obstacles, in short, no end of inconsistencies from our point of view, yet consistent enough in the Russian. And all this and more *The White Terror and the Red* makes so clear that as a guide to the full understanding of Russian political and social life it is probably the most valuable ever written in the English language.

The hero, Prince Pavel Boulatoff, is introduced to the reader while a student at the Miroslav gymnasium. He is a noble, a nephew of the Governor, and his loyalty to the Czar is deep. To him the autocrat and his government are the chosen of God. While a mere boy he quarrels with a Polish gentlewoman who sees in Alexander II. the slayer of her people. But the despotic injustice of the government is brought to Pavel's notice by the undeserved punishment of his favourite teacher, and little by little the Prince, actuated throughout by the highest feelings of justice and love of his fel-

lows, is converted into a Nihilist, one of the inner circle of the "movement," when the leaders, the very soul of Nihilism, are met. A noble by birth, instinct and education, he dreams of establishing universal brotherhood. He falls in love with one who is lower socially than the lowest peasant girl, a Jewess; and he loves her as an equal, even as a superior, for she is also in the movement and was an "illegal" long before he was. And the Pavel who was the loyal noble in the first chapter is throughout the same Pavel, who in the end suffers, as did most of his fellow-conspirators. His transformation, true, logical, inspiring, is of itself a remarkable achievement in fiction, done so delicately, so subtly and withal so inevitably that the reader takes it as a matter of course, and it is only on reflection that the consummate art of the writer is realised. Mr. Cahan takes him and his love affair through the period of terror, when Russian officials, from the Czar down, did not know when their death would come and the revolutionists at what moment they might be executed or sent to Siberia or to a noisome cell to die by degrees. The novel might serve as a text-book of the history of the Nihilistic conspiracies which culminated in the "elimination" of Alexander II. and of the Jewish massacres, one result of the latter, owing to the wholesale exodus of the persecuted race, being to make the New York Ghetto the most populous in the world. The plots and counterplots, the hairbreadth escapes of the conspirators, who sought to temper despotism by assassination, the ingenuity of their plans, the spread of liberalism into the very palace of the Czar, the character of the leaders, their ideals, their love affairs, the fate of these martyrs to ideas and ideals, the amazing ineptitude of the officials, the vacillation of the harassed Czar and his killing are described with absolute fidelity to historical truth by a man who was himself a Nihilist with an artist's knowledge of what is essential and interesting. The descriptions of the Jewish riots and their origin, the picturesqueness of Jewish character, the thoughts, practices and lives of the hunted people, their wonderful faith in the god of their forefathers, the besotted ignorance of the Russian

mob, the heartlessness of the civil and military officials, the downright stupidity of the government, culminating in an orgy of drunkenness, murder, rapine and worse, make a picture impossible to forget.

There is not one of the many characters who does not stand out boldly, individualised, differentiated from the others physically and psychologically by a word, a phrase, a bit of illuminative conversation, precisely as men differ in life. It is difficult to resist the temptation to quote striking passages, and descriptions, the idyllic love affair of Pavel, exquisite touches that show Mr. Cahan's remarkable grasp on character. And one closes the book with a feeling that one has lived and thrilled and suffered among people he never knew before but now knows more intimately than his oldest neighbours, in a country he at last knows almost as well as his own, and all this amid scenes of the intensest excitement.

Edwin Lefevre.

III.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "IN THE ARENA"*

It has been a peculiarity of Mr. Tarkington's work so far that it has given no basis for a decided opinion as to whether the author is improving or deteriorating. Not that it is by any means difficult to have preferences and to find good reasons for them. One may wish that *The Two Vanrevels* were *Monsieur Beaucaire* or *In the Arena*, *The Gentleman From Indiana*, but it is utterly impossible to place any two of these books side by side and from a comparison say with conviction that Mr. Tarkington is doing better or poorer work than formerly. In each of these four books he has not only written along an entirely different line but in an entirely different style. This is evidence of a certain versatility, perhaps, but it has made it so far futile to attempt to assign to him any definite literary place or purpose.

There is some very good workmanship

*In the Arena. By Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

in *In the Arena*. One lays the book aside with the conviction that the author's estimate of the situation is a pretty true one, and that he made singularly good use of his experience in Indiana politics. The corrupt but not unkind "Boss," the "kid glove" candidate, the woman lobbyist and her victim, the grafter and the country legislator are all drawn with keen analysis and humour. It is not easy to select any particular story for special attention. Perhaps as effective as any is "Boss Gorgett," which tells of the candidacy and collapse of Farwell Knowles. Knowles is a young man for "stern virtue" only, who writes excitable editorials and calls politicians hard names, and who, when told by the managers of his campaign of a plan to block the conspiracy on the part of Boss Gorgett to stuff a certain ballot box, theatrically denounces his own henchmen for compromising and talks about sending the Boss to the penitentiary. But Boss Gorgett has at hand a weapon which enables him to bring Knowles to his office crushed with shame and begging for mercy, and there the reviled Boss gives his young and impetuous foe a lesson in practical politics and common humanity.

"I believe I'd advise you to stick to your wife," Gorgett went on, quietly, "and let politics alone. Somehow I don't believe you're the kind of man for it. I've taken considerable interest in you for some time back, Mr. Knowles, though I don't suppose you've noticed it until lately; and I don't believe you understand the game. You've said some pretty hard things in your paper about me; you've been more or less excitable in your statements; but that's all right. What I don't like altogether, though,

is that it seems to me you've been really tooting your own horn all the time—calling everybody dishonest and scoundrels, to shove *yourself* forward. That always ends in sort of a lonely position. I reckon you feel considerably lonely, just now? Well, yesterday, I understand you were talking pretty free about the penitentiary. Now, that ain't just the way to act, according to my notion. It's a bad word. Here we are, he and I"—he pointed to me—"carrying on our little fight according to the rules, enjoying it and blocking each other, gaining a point here and losing one there, everything perfectly good-natured, when *you* turn up and begin to talk about the penitentiary! That ain't quite the thing. You see, words like that are liable to stir up the passions. It's dangerous. You were trusted, when they told you the closet story, to regard it as a confidence—though they didn't go through the form of pledging you—because your people had given their word not to betray Genz. But you couldn't see it and there you went, talking about the Grand Jury and stripes and so on, stirring up passions and ugly feelings. And I want to tell you that the man who can afford to do that has to be mighty immaculate himself. The only way to play politics, whatever you're *for*, is to learn the game first. Then you'll know how far you can go and what your own record will stand. There ain't a man alive whose record will stand too much. Mr. Knowles—and when you get to thinking about that and what your own is, it makes you feel more like treating your fellow-sinners a good deal gentler than you would otherwise. Now I've got a wife and two little girls, and my old mother's proud of me (though you wouldn't think it) and they'd hate it a good deal to see me sent over the road for playing the game the best I could as I found it."

Perry Enders.



AMANDA OF THE MILL*

BY MARIE VAN VORST

CHAPTER XIII.

The following day, from the library window of Mr. Grismore's house, Amanda watched the approach of Euston's committee, to insure whose recognition she had immolated herself for a fortnight. Led by Falloner, a handful of operatives in their best clothes crossed the lawn, came up the path, and slowly mounted the veranda steps; then the front door was opened, and they were lost to her sight. Her heart went greatly with these people—her own—whose natures and needs and characteristics she understood. She would have inspired them if she could, but felt herself in need of inspiration and courage, and terribly alone.

Mr. Ware, several days installed at Penvallon, had written fully; dwelling at length upon his interest in his new promising parish, his need for labourers. He thought of applying to the House of Deaconess for a woman's aid for a time. Was it a good idea, etc.?

Grismore's interview, short and perfunctory, came to an end, soon even to Amanda, who waited with impatient interest. Nominal concession though it was, it signified for the labourer an enormous step towards emancipation.

When they shuffled finally out of the hall and door, it was with an undefined, embarrassed sense of defeat. Six of them, silent, impressed by the weight of their office, they slouched out into the late afternoon sunlight that had slipped from the snowy pillars of the veranda's colonial porch and lay a golden mantle across the lawn, enveloping the figures in their homely garments as they passed out of the grounds.

Mr. Grismore came directly into the library.

"By George! that's over. It was a dose!"

He crossed the room to where Amanda stood, her eyes on the departing mill-operatives.

"Bad tobacco—dirt—the study smells like a byre! I opened all the windows."

. . . He nodded at her an unmistakable approval of her appearance. "Well, I've received them, little girl—I've received your committee! They're 'recognised'—that's their word. A month ago I'd have said, 'Much good may it do them! Now,' he added with graciousness, *'I can't say that any more.'*"

Amanda was hatted and veiled. She drew on her gloves and buttoned them.

"Where are you off to, all dressed up so fine?"

"To supper at the Parsonage in Rexington."

His face clouded.

"It wasn't in the bargain that you should dine out every night and spend every day at the mills."

She answered coldly: "There was no embargo laid on my time . . . that I remember."

Grismore exclaimed in a suffocated voice: "What an iceberg you are!" He advanced quickly to the window, where she stood, and made a barrier of himself so that she couldn't come out into the room. "Why don't you thank me, instead of freezing me?"

She replied with a gesture of annoyance: "You have done a decent, civilised thing; it should be its own thanks. It's not a personal matter between you and me."

"There you're wrong," he said shortly.

"Please let me pass, Mr. Grismore. I must go; it has struck six."

. . . There you're wrong," he repeated. "This recognition can be a sinecure; demands will follow it. I foresee them: cut in hours, increase of wages, more hog-wash about child-labour. They'll ask me to curl the mill ladies' hair by-and-by, and brush the gentlemen's silk hats," he sneered.

Observant of her mounting colour and flashing eyes, he altered his tone. "Why don't you ask me what I mean to do for my hands?"

"I hope you will do the generous thing!"

He threw his head back, laughed, then brought his excited look full upon her.

"I'll do just what you want me to, Amanda."

Although he did not actually touch her, she felt herself polluted. She remembered with sudden disgust a certain scene in her past—Bachman—the hot forenoon at the mill. That brute had fastened his gaze on her just as this brute now sought her eyes with his! She tried not to show alarm, and said steadily:

"Will you let me pass you?"

He continued stubbornly, "The future of Crompton depends on you."

"It is unfair to say so! Mr. Grismore—if you come nearer me . . . if you touch me, I will call your servants."

He drew back, clenching his hands at his side, breathing heavily.

"I'm not going to touch you. You put me at my worst when I'm with you, you're so damned proud. I can't tell you what I've come here to say. . . ."

"Don't, I pray you! I don't wish to hear it."

Her dilating eyes, her ebbing and rising colour, fascinated him. With an attempt at gentleness, he said:

"I'm not going to frighten you, little girl. I want you to marry me—that is all. You shall do what you like with my mills . . . and with me."

With the strength of disgust her composure came back to her, and her dislike, her revolt, were too unflattering to be mistaken.

"*Marry you!* Oh, how dare you ask it!"

"Why not?" he asked roughly. "It's an honourable proposal, isn't it? Haven't I got a right to a wife?"

She said in a low voice: "No, you have not! Let me go; let me leave your room—and—the house—please. I shall say things I regret. I can't breathe."

He laid his heavy hand on her arm.

"Come, what's this you mean?"

"You understand me, Mr. Grismore, perfectly."

She returned his furious look courageously.

"No, I don't," he answered defiantly.

"What cock-and-bull story have you heard?"

"You know what I have heard." She now threw her words at him careless of politeness or consideration. "You married one woman years ago; you deserted her."

"Well," he nodded, "what of that? She's dead."

"She was not dead when you married, falsely, another woman. You hurt my arm! . . . You made of the dearest woman on the earth a dupe—a shame. You ruined her life, and but for me—I may say it now—but for me she would have died with grief and horror. I would never have come to you, God knows, but for her sake; to bring her sacred forgiveness—lost on you! And now you have the courage to ask—Oh!"

"You need not call," he whispered; "there is no one in the house. You little devil!" His eyes actually burned her. "*You*—a low-born mill hand! a common spinner in my mills—*you* dare? Nothing but a beggar on my wife's charity!"

"All that, yes!" she said defiantly, "and I dare!"

She wrenched her arm from him; she would bear the bruise for days. She was almost at the door when he caught her flying figure again.

"I won't let you go," he insisted, beside himself. "I can't; you must marry me. I don't care what you are. Hark: I'll force the repeal of the Child Labour Bill; I'll make Crompton cry to Heaven, and before they can repair my evils I'll have wrung blood and tears from South Carolina."

"I'm not afraid for them," she said, with fire in her cheeks and in her tone; "they can save themselves. You are neither God nor Fate. Let me go."

She was now forced to put her hand against his chest to keep him from her. To her joy, she heard a step in the hall: someone was near. His face was close to her as she cried: "Lucy—Lucy!" And the door near which they stood opened in the face of Amanda's servant. Amanda advanced toward the old woman, pale, shaking.

Mr. Grismore had retired to the back of the room; he was invisible. The woman, if she saw anything out of the

ordinary, made no sign to that effect. But Amanda, speaking without hesitation, said:

"You will pack my trunks immediately, and fetch my things for the night to the Parsonage. Come to me as soon as you can."

CHAPTER XIV.

A day or two later, on the platform of a diminutive station in a forest clearing, an impatient man walked up and down in the evening light. A wash-out on the road from Rexington to Penvallon delayed the trains, and for twenty-four hours past none had run further than Plankville: here the express from Washington dropped Euston, twenty miles from his destination. He telegraphed to Ireton Mills for a conveyance, the sole means by which he could arrive at Penvallon, and it would be two good hours before the vehicle would appear.

Euston permitted himself the luxury of smoking. In his long periods of deep thinking, in his solitude, it had become a reposeful habit, and he now lit a cigar, and prepared to wait with the impatience of an overwrought man to whom unexpected change of plans means added strain.

Washington, this time, had proved a great stimulus; his chiefs were thoroughly *en rapport* with him. Contact with people in the Capitol inspired and refreshed him, and on each visit a larger, a more important, following of new friends and new interests greeted him. On this occasion he had addressed a chosen audience at request of the English Embassy, who were entertaining a multi-million manufacturer, lately knighted, and whose philanthropic commercial schemes had metamorphosed a certain English factory district. But Euston, dining later at the Embassy, was once or twice suddenly conscious of the fact that to him all eyes turned, and that he himself was the man of the evening.

Whilst North he closed with a publisher for the printing of his collected speeches, received a sum in advance; this, together with a substantial rise in his salary, gave an agreeable aspect to his finances.

The peaceful recognition of the Union by Jacob Grismore was a tremendous event; thus the field of the vast concerns around Rexington was peaceful. For the time Euston could turn to Penvallon and its friendly owner. He reviewed his success with no little pride.

Three days since a despatch from Falloner informed him of Grismore's reception of the committee, and the wire came like a personal letter from Amanda, whom Euston was endeavouring to forget. The very fact that his effort demanded much of his attention proved its need and the power of her attraction. This personal feeling—this sentiment which, nurtured, would mean passion (was nigh to it), had infused him with a new fire at Washington, and he had been more brilliant in consequence.

As he stood smoking, looking down the Rexington direction, the night train's whistle cut sharp on the lonely silence of the air. The engine puffed in, the cars slowly followed; a mail-bag for Penvallon was thrown out, a crate of vegetables for some lucky overseer, and one passenger descended—a lady in a dark dress, carrying a little handbag. To but one woman belonged that slender yet round form, that adorable line from shoulder to waist! She looked about her; there was a little to see, and Euston's presence once remarked, she blushed scarlet, and came eagerly toward him.

As the train moved away, they greeted each other with equal surprise.

"What, in Heaven's name!" . . . Euston exclaimed.

Amanda laughed at his mystification.

"You are sorry to see me? I can't say the same, even for pride's sake. . . ."

"What are you here for, pray—in mid-country?"

"I am running away."

Despite her late embarrassment and her anxiety, she was at liberty at last. She revelled in it.

Euston looked at her laughing, whimsical mouth, with its sweet red curves and deep corners.

"Not to be mysterious," she said, "I am going to Penvallon. Mr. Ware expects me, evidently not to-night."

"I am going to Penvallon, too, in a waggon from Ireton," he said. "I will

drive you over; indeed, it will be your only way to get there."

"Since I saw you," Amanda said, "I have discovered a great deal of wisdom in your remarks—in one especially, when you said a man is influenced by a woman for one sole reason. I have left Mr. Grismore's."

"I am glad," Euston spoke quickly—"very glad; it was not soon enough."

In a few words she sketched for him a little of her two weeks at the manufacturer's house. It was hard to tell the last event. She did so with anger and disgust.

"The beast!" he muttered more than once—"the animal! I would rejoice—I mean it—in his utter . . ."

"Don't" she interrupted him; "you have less cause to hate. I would be glad to see him earn his bread, as I have done—as you have done. It has an ugly ring, when you contrast his luxury with his operatives' misery, and yet, isn't it only justice? . . . He is determined to revenge himself; he will withdraw his concession at once. Now act as you will—strike when you see fit—the hands are eager, I know."

Years of ease, the habit of taking comfort and luxuries for granted, were effaced by her weeks at Rextington, the old evils crying with new voices. Grismore's callous brutality had broken the spell of fortune over her. She said warmly:

"I feel their wrongs as you cannot; you are not born as I am."

He looked in surprise.

"Why—what makes you say that?"

"Even in the old times I knew you were different; your way of talking was the first I ever heard that made ours seem uncouth. Your gestures, manners, all showed that you were not of us. Now I know why: you are a gentleman; you were one then."

Euston answered quickly: "I was born on a Western farm. I had some education; I have read a great deal. Whether I am a *gentleman* or not"—his tone was bitter—"is an open question. My mother . . ."

He paused; Amanda waited. It was the first time her name had crossed his lips aloud; he was conscious of the fact, and that it was to this woman he said it.

"Yes?" she gently questioned. "Your mother—"

"She was an angel—the most beautiful, dearest woman. . . ."

He kept his eyes on the girl, as though he challenged her to compete with the memory. They exchanged a long look. The heavenly picture of the older woman faded even to him, and Amanda's face glowed—shone through him like a star.

The sun had gone down redly, and the suffused after-glory promised to linger long in the sky. All along the horizon—dark, spire-like, rose the steeples of the pines against the glow.

"The trap can't be here for an hour or more. Suppose we sit down on the platform," he said in a voice that betrayed his emotion.

They sat down like two children, their feet hanging over the edge of the platform. Here, in voices subdued and thrilling, in the inflection tones possess when the speakers know that when one voice ceases the other will sweetly take the theme, Amanda and Euston reviewed their past.

Finally, tired of his persuasion that she would renounce her idea of living in Penvallon in the rôle of Sister of Charity, deaconess, trained nurse, Lady Bountiful, she said petulantly:

"You doubt my good faith; you are unkind as well as unflattering."

If she installed herself at Penvallon, he must see her constantly; the plan was sweet as dangerous.

"I don't doubt your good faith. No one could and know—your wonderful generous heart; but when I realise what you have been, and are—rich, free—I can't fathom your donation to the mills. And to think you are *here*!"

He gestured a little to the waste and the isolation. She smiled and laughed her quick laugh—a bird-note no sooner begun than stopped—too soon subdued.

"That is not my fault; it's the wash-out's."

"Do you mean," he continued, referring to their conversation, "the voice of the mill was really so far-reaching? It found you across three thousand miles and more?"

She nodded.

By the time the rockaway, driven by

an old negro, emerged from the woods, the evening light had died out, and the two sitting in the gathering darkness had made pace with the years that had separated them. They were no longer estranged.

Euston talked freely of his plans, his life, his present. She was under the tense excitement a woman feels when a man unburdens his spirit—permits her to come close to his ideals, to share his masculine point of view.

Side by side in the little carriage they left the open, and the darkey turned his team into the forest road toward Pennavallon. The half-moon found a filtering path through the trees, and cast what light it could on the pine-needle-strewn road over which the wheels passed with scarcely any sound.

The air, full of night odours and of the pines, came to them in little fitful gusts. From time to time the old driver's voice broke the stillness as he spoke to his horses; or a whip-poor-will made shrill and clear its appeal; or a bird, roused by the passing, twittered from its nest.

To Euston it was a heavenly thing to thus ride side by side with this lovely woman, after his years of loneliness and his exile from all that mankind best loves. He revelled in the companionship too greatly; it was too precious, too dear to lose.

Once he asked: "Can you remember the dialect?" He longed to hear her in the dark say some of the things that would link her with the past.

After a little she said softly: "Is you-all goin' tew be quite some time tew Pennavallon, suh? Ih reckon et's a mighty pretty night tew be carriage-ridin'!"

He exclaimed:

"Sweet—sweet! Oh, say more, Amanda; it makes my heart stand still."

But his voice silenced her. Its direct personality caused her to withdraw, to realise herself and him.

In the quiet that followed, her nearness to him, the languid night, his thoughts grew warm and restless.

"What a pretty hand you have!"

It lay, ungloved, on her lap.

"It was never meant to spin. I often thought it; and, you see, I was right!"

She lifted it up—the left hand.

"Gran'maw sayde Ih had a love-mer-ridge on ma paume."

He repeated mechanically, "A love-marriage?"

He had taken the hand that gleamed so white in the dark; he held it, palm upwards. It lay in both his like a shell.

From it he longed to drink a delicious draught. He raised it slowly. Why did she not forbid him? She did not. He put his lips on the love-marriage, and its star scintillated through him like celestial fire. She withdrew her hand. For some time he couldn't speak.

It was the girl who broke the silence; her voice was cold:

"I came from Daco with a poor, ignorant man—a savage, compared to you. We were alone together all night. I was safe with him."

She was angry with herself far more than with Euston.

"Can you forgive me?" he whispered.

"I must be sure there will be no more such pardons to give."

His face was eagerly turned toward her; she could hardly see it.

"I make no promise: I think there will be. . . ." In his profoundly moving voice he said passionately: "I have but one wish—one desire in the world . . . and you know my nature, Amanda."

CHAPTER XV.

Some two hundred operatives, without warning or encouragement, arrived at dawn one morning in Pennavallon.

They had come by train from Rextington as far as Plankville, and from there men, women, and children tramped twenty miles on foot. Euston was roused at five o'clock one morning that he might receive the miserable pilgrims.

The army clustered in broken groups a distance of some several hundred yards from the village. As Euston hurried toward them, he was struck by the silence of so large a number of people. Only the plaintive crying of some hungry child, or the voice of another, high and insistent, proclaimed existence as yet not schooled by experience to hold its peace.

The little multitude was not more pre-

possessing than are the raw recruits from the hills. Years of toil had presented them with scant harvest. Most of them wore hats; many women boasted regulation dresses; there was even here and there some faint hint of finery. But the mass was dull-hued, coarse-clothed, and most pitiful were the shrunken, diminutive labourers, the little children! Wretched branches of miserable trees, it was not enough that the sap in them should be weakened by the hardships of their forebears—they must further be bound and twisted, bent and dwarfed, in the cruel bondage of toil.

Thus the band, Pilgrims of Hope, clustered at the outskirts of a new mill, in their hearts vague expectancy of better things—eternal seed, falling even on the arid soil of the desert. And if for a space should chance to rise a trembling shoot of promise, it must die soon in the hot blight of the reality of their hopeless state.

Perceiving the eager faces turned Penvallonward, Euston's heart ached. There was not a spare bed in town, not an idle loom or frame. But Penvallon, with promise of "good conditions," had drawn from far and near all men unto it.

At sight of Euston a murmur passed over the group, but there was no welcome extended him. One man unravelled his rags from the group's edge, and, coming forward, said sullenly:

"We-all come tew see Mr. Ireton. . . . We reckon tew work tew his mills. We don't want anybody else."

Henry's face, sincere in its friendliness, disarmed his mood a little, but a woman's voice cried:

"No, suh; you-all done turn your back on us, 'n' we ain't goin' tew sweat and bleed no more tew Grismore's mills!"

It was the widow Conrad. By her side was the boy Pauley, rescued from gaol by Amanda; he was dying with consumption.

The marks of fatigue were deep on them, and the dust of the long march whitened their clothes and faces.

"Whayr's Mr. Ireton? We come tew work tew Penvallon."

Here the mill whistle pierced the air, and figures of the Penvallon hands filled the streets—happy men and women on

their way to a more benign service than these had known!

The people stirred as if, despite fast and exhaustion, they, too, would respond and march to the looms.

Now Euston spoke in the voice that to every man and woman was familiar, loved.

"Why do you who know me greet me so?"

"We-all swore tew stan' by you, Henry, and tew strike, and you went back on tew us."

Raglin came forward, a man on the committee sent to Grismore.

"*Ih* fetched thisher lot," he said doggedly. "Et's my job."

Euston looked at him sternly. "It's a poor one, Raglin; there isn't a day's work for a new hand in Penvallon."

An exclamation like a groan ran through the group.

Raglan muttered: "Et's a damned lie! Mr. Ireton's got tew give us vittles an' roofs."

Euston ignored him, and said to the others: "I have not forgotten you. I trusted foolishly in Grismore's good faith. I hoped to gain our point by peace. I have just learned that the concession has been withdrawn. I was on my way to Crompton to you when you came. . . ." He knew it was no time now to talk to the famished creatures. "You shall have food—at once, as many houses as can shall give shelter to the women and children for the night. I will telegraph to Mr. Ireton. To-morrow meet me here at five. You will be rested. I want to talk to you."

For the night Penvallon swallowed up the vagabonds; it could not digest them. Ireton's wire to his superintendent was definite:

"Employ no discontents from other mills."

It would have taken weeks to build them shelter, and the mill was oversupplied.

The next day Euston addressed a group of people stunned by disappointment and ready to listen to whatever he had to say. *They were to return!* At Penvallon's expense they were to be

shipped to Rexington . . . they were to reassume the old bondage, bite the dust, only to conspue it later, mingled with gall. He was to go back with them, remain near them, and he would lead them, if they so wished, to open revolt with all the mills. The only available factories were in . . . Georgia, and at this time there were twelve thousand operatives locked out by the manufacturers. Did they care to be shipped to Georgia? He waited the response of the human cattle; the gentle, rustic creatures made him think of the dumb, large-eyed beasts. How meagre they were! how pale!

"Courage!" . . . he called out, and stretched forth his hands, as though he would animate them all.

One woman burst into loud weeping; she hid her face in the cotton sleeve of her gown.

"We-all come from Georgia," said a man by her side. "We had three little boys that died thayr—the fever—et's on-healthy."

A slight movement amongst the people told Euston some one was coming from the town; he knew whom it was like to be. A rustle of dress behind him, an exclamation as one or two recognised Amanda, made him turn to see her appear.

The widow Conrad ran to her, radiant.

"Seems like Crompton went tew hell when you-all lef'!" She clung to the girl's hands.

Amanda bent on her, on them all, sparkling, compassionate eyes. After a word to several of them, she stepped back to Euston. He was talking with Raglin and one or two of the men.

"You are not sending them back?"

He made a gesture which at once spoke for his reluctance and the fact.

She exclaimed: "No, no; it is too brutal, too cruel! Look at them! they are remnants of life! And the children!—keep them and the women, at least! I have money—plenty. There is clearing here; let them camp on it. Please. . . ."

"It is impossible," he said gravely. "I am here on sufferance; I have no such authority. Ireton's superintendent is to ship them to-day."

"*Ship them!*" she repeated bitterly. "What terms! They are *flesh and blood!*

Ah—take the responsibility! Mr. Ireton will forgive us; I know his generosity!"

Euston said quickly: "*You knew Gris-more's!*"

She coloured furiously; her eyes fell.

"I made a mistake. . . . I could not make such another. Look at them with pity."

"How do I see them?"

Her lip trembled.

"Forgive me!" Then she said impulsively: "*I will take the responsibility.*"

Euston, regarding her searchingly, asked: "Do you mean to appeal to Ireton?" . . .

Although there was in the question not more than warrantable supposition that a charitable woman might supplicate a humane man to aid her, still, Amanda saw all Euston implied.

". . . Do you wish to coerce Ireton into doing what he has refused to do?"

Subtly she knew that if she answered "Yes!" she lost Henry Euston. She turned abruptly, and found that the hem of the crowd had drawn near her. Several were waiting to speak to her, to touch her, whose ministry for weeks past had been so heavenly sweet to them.

She spoke as loud as she could, and used Euston's words.

"Courage! . . . Do as Mr. Euston says. He knows best." As she called, there was a sob in her throat. "They *can't* walk back." Her voice was defiant; she had yielded so much.

"The train will be able to run in three hours to Plankville. I go with them," consoled Euston.

Near her was a young woman carrying a very small child; she carried it awkwardly, as well she might—she had but one arm.

Amanda beckoned to her. The brunette creature came forward, dirty, trembling with weakness and fatigue.

"Milly Jones?"

In a flash Amanda recalled that this was Cinny Jones's little child, whom of old she had seen at work in the mill, by her side.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I remember you! I have seen you in Crompton. . . . You are alone here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Amanda laid her hand on the too burdened arm. Her beautiful eyes searched the face before her with such compelling tenderness that if remembrance could be stirred it would be drawn forth like the soul of the stream by ardent light.

"I live in Penvallon. I have a little house here. I am lonely. Will you stay with me—you and your child? I will pay you well—be a kind mistress, *Milly?*"

Whether it was the twenty-mile tramp—or the disappointment of not spinning in the new mills—or the prospect of return to degrading misery—or the salvation that suddenly dazzled her—at all events, life just then was too much for Milly Jones. She gave a cry, joy and assent in it, and fell back unconscious. Euston caught her, and Amanda took the child.

CHAPTER XVI.

During these days—whilst Amanda in her little house on the mill village street absorbed herself in philanthropics, abetted by Ireton's goodwill and stimulated by the enthusiastic correspondence passing between them (all practical and charitable on the part of the one, largely tinged with sentiment on the part of the other)—during this time when he approved her methods of work and deplored her moral bias—Mr. Ware was a victim of salutary illusion: he believed he had transformed his earthly passion for Amanda into a spiritual yearning for her salvation. But that she absorbed him to the exclusion of everything in the world: gave a vivifying ardour to existence, made him, indeed, capable of greatness—he was far from comprehending! He felt certain she was already a victim of conscience, and everything he knew of her argued against a brutal passion which would lead her to rob a living woman of her rights, and herself to shame.

The enthusiasm with which he took her to his priestly care, fasted, prayed, struggled for her, transfigured him. His face became saintly. The Penvallon people, benefiting by his exaltation, blessed him as he had never been blessed in his parish before.

When she sought him, as of old, with agreeable familiarity, Amanda found him stern and cold.

Amanda, too wise or too wicked to inquire into his reasons for the change—to seem, indeed, to be conscious of any—had but one dread, lest he should do that very natural thing, speak to her of her sister.

In this way months passed, with constant visits from Euston to Penvallon, occasionally visits from Ireton to Penvallon; and the latter, if he grew more interested in Amanda, was too thoroughly a man of the world not to know his suit urged at this time would be in vain.

Euston and Amanda were constantly together. On the little porch of her cottage she sat with him, a table between them, and helped him with his letters, his papers, his speeches. There for hours they would converse with the absorption and mingled joy and interest that between man and woman means one sole thing. Mr. Ware was the only one to see, to remark, and—suffer!

In the late evenings, before Euston met with the spinners, Mr. Ware saw them pass his house on their way to the woods, where they wandered side by side for an hour or more, Euston to return to his meetings when the day-shift was free after nine o'clock.

Sometimes they took the river-bank, and within the rector's view, for as long as he cared to watch, the figure of Euston, with its nonchalant, somewhat slouching gait, close to the figure of the woman. Thus they wandered till darkness nearly hid them, and until, to the priest's eyes, the two made one shadow.

What those hours of communion were Ware did not dare surmise; that it meant the drawing together, the irrevocable amalgamation of natures, the deepening of a love born years before, the swelling, rising force of passion, to flood-tide he feared—had reason to believe!

When Euston returned with the band of mill hands to Rexington, Mr. Ware offered up the most eloquent *Benedicite* in his ritual.

Then for days and weeks he, as well as Amanda and all Penvallon, were occupied with subjects of life and death; for

the red plague fell on Penvallon—malignant scarlet fever.

The mills were shut down; generous sums of money from Ireton, generous donations from Amanda, pulled the village through the horror.

Milly Jones's baby had been the first to go. Amanda, weeping her heart away with sympathy, fairly tore the agonised little mother from the dead child. All the poor creature knew of joy was in the small, attenuated body. Amanda fairly carried her to her bed, cared for her, nursed her to life and animation as she had bent over her in filthy, miserable childhood years ago.

Herself too exalted to fall prey to disease, she passed from house to house immune.

Her vitality was no longer hers to command; she had become part of another life. At times her heart seemed so to inhabit another breast that she actually felt to see if any of the old-time pulse would beat under her hand.

She loved Euston.

Whether hopeless or not in the face of his marriage bond, she would not let her conscience ask; she took love in, fed it, nourished it, pressed it to her bosom, and asked no question of herself or of life.

Sometimes in the fetid closeness of a garret her eyes met the minister's over the bed of the dying; and his, burning like holy lamps fed by celestial oil, lit for her and for him the recesses of her heart.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Crompton became a seething mass of discontent, a hotbed of misery—became a nest of rebellion against conditions the chiefs refused to improve. Men and women shirked the schedule of time with no excuse. Children were withdrawn by the dozens from the night-shift. Mr. Grismore's enormous contracts called for the regular monotony of well-organised labour; the machinery, as was its boast, should never stop night or day.

In his house, alone now, dreadfully alone, he brooded. The face of his own affairs, personal and financial, was black to look upon. He decided that, as far as the latter were concerned, he had money enough to win. A saturnine intelligence came to him in his meditations, as he

cogitated how to turn the last screw on the torture-machine at Crompton. He resolved on a *coup d'état*. When the two hundred discontents returned from Penvallon, they found the Ralings Mills shut. Grismore had discharged the other nine hundred, as he had threatened at the time of the last strike; he declared a lock-out, and turned his attention to the mills on the Bye and their problems.

The shipping of . . . thousand yards of white cotton cloth to Moscow on May —, 190—, was the last contract kept by Crompton. As on a summer night, long heavy with the promise of storm, one awakens suddenly to hear one blinding crash, and finds the tempest rushing hard and fast, so Grismore suddenly realised the state of his affairs on the day when every loom of his perfect mills was silent, and six thousand of his hands on strike.

CHAPTER XVII.

If Mr. Ware had been at his window this night of May, 190—, he would have seen a figure in a white dress come very swiftly from the village, pass the outskirts, and disappear into the woods—a flash like a white shadow in the dark, for the night, following a day of incessant rain, was lowering and overcast.

With a beating heart and step that betrayed excitement, Amanda disappeared into the forest cover, hurrying along, looking straight in front of her, piercing as well as she might the enveloping darkness on either side. She stopped after she had gone some distance, listened, then called softly:

"Are you there? Henry!"

Almost at once the light of a cigar flickered—a firefly in the humid, sooty night—and Euston came out from the trees in the middle of the road.

Woman-like, her first words were proof that the thing she desired was accomplished.

"Why are you here, Henry? You are quite mad. It is the height of danger, for every reason under the sun!"

Euston had taken both her hands; a grasp strong, possessive, claimed every inch of the fair flesh. He could not

speak; the nearness of her, his touch of her, overpowered him.

"The fever has been terrible in Pen-vallon." Her voice trembled with dual emotion—anxiety and another. "You aren't immune! Men have died here this week. Since you wrote me to come to meet you to-night, I have deserted every fever-house like a coward! To-day I went with the women to the river, and made them bathe. The air is tainted; plague and danger are heavy in it. . . . Don't you feel it?"

He had slowly drawn her hands to him; he held them against his heart.

"I feel the first good, the first peace, since I parted from you, Amanda."

She made a slight effort to withdraw her hands, but it was quickly overcome.

"Let them lie so!" Euston pleaded; "it keeps the pulse beneath them calm."

"The fever," she went on, "is only one danger. Mr. Ireton has been forced by his colleagues to forbid you the freedom of his mills. You are not safe here; don't you realise it?"

"Your hands are on my heart: you are speaking to me. What you say matters little. I think I am safe here—nowhere else."

His voice was deep, but unsteady, and there was a new note in its timbre that caught her startled attention. She strained her eyes in the night to see his face.

"I can't see you, but there is something wrong: it is the pressure you are under—too great by far. What terrible things in Crompton and Rexington! Henry, will they win?"

Instead of answering her, he leaned forward; she moved a little, and received his kiss on her hair.

"Please—let my hands free."

He did so, with a sigh, and said:

"If I have run the risks you name, it is hard to have no return!" He took a cigarette from his pocket. "You will let me smoke? I am horribly nervous—not myself, Amanda."

In the flaring of the match and the lighting of the cigarette she saw his face for a second, thin, pale, the eyes haunted. . . . Her heart was laid hold of by a great dread that in its sickening strength proved what he must be to her if she

could so tremble for him. He answered her:

"The strain has been enormous, and it is also becoming to my thinking a question of expedient. I don't know whether *they* will win or not—in the long run; I *think* so, but *I shall not*."

His tone was so significant, his attitude so reckless, that she exclaimed:

"What do you mean? What has happened? You terrify me beyond words!"

Once again he repeated, as though it explained and excused: "I am not myself—not myself."

Seeking to explain, she said: "You are exhausted; the unnatural things around you have unnerved you——"

He put his hand on her arm gently.

"No, it is not that," he said with hesitation; "I wish it were! It is the old enemy—allied with a new; and I have no more forces left in the field."

His voice had lost its dominating inspiration; it faltered even in speaking to her; it caught, halted, seemed beyond his control.

She put her hand over his hand on her arm, and her cool, slim fingers found his flesh scarcely less hot than the fevered hands she had been lately feeling.

Euston went on: "For years I have been a composite life; I have been thousands of men, if you like! I have existed in others, breathed and pulsed with their lives. I may say that from the hour I swore to stand by the cotton-spinners I have not had a selfish motive. If I could, I would have worked out each man's tale of bricks, received his strokes in his place on my own flesh. Thus my own strength has been lost, and in return I took from other men strength for my need. Pride helped me as well, will went farther still . . . and now"—he made a gesture of desperation—"the wrongs of the masses will never inspire me again to a second regeneration. I have all along been working toward one point; it has culminated. The cotton-spinner has found his soul; he will work out his own salvation. The vastness of the enterprise can no longer be a stimulus. . . ."

"And yet," she interrupted, quite incapable of taking in the tragedy of his words, "when you left . . . you

were so inspired, Henry; you were so *inspired* for your work. . . ."

For a moment he did not answer, then said brusquely:

"I have come here to-night in secret. I have walked from Plankville twenty miles to you. I should be anywhere but here, of all places on God's earth. Here it is the greatest wrong for me to be, and yet I have come—dragged to you, led to you, forced to you, Amanda. I am again the victim of disease—I call it disease. Perhaps no man can ever eradicate it; at all events, in my case, in order to keep the fiend under, *I must desire something else more than drink, or I am lost.*"

During his broken sentences he had found both her hands again and taken them unrepulsed; his clasp of them, his clinging to them, spoke for him as much as his words. To hear him, whose strength had seemed so Titan, speak like this, and contemplate what he meant was agony to Amanda.

" . . . My drift is so surely toward destruction," he said bitterly, "that I don't wonder you refuse to follow it! You say I was inspired when I left you? I was indeed! Your companionship, what I had grown to hope and believe of your feelings, fired me, and it is not strange; but when I got away alone, and realised how I loved you, and its hopelessness and crime, why, the very soul and heart of life died out of the world. For twelve years I have held the devil that is in me by the throat. I can't battle at once with my hopeless desire for the woman I love—and this fury. I am going to leave the South. I shall not see you again. . . . I have come to bid you good-bye."

He wrung the hands he held, and let them fall; he turned as though he would flee from her then.

"Where are you going?" she gasped.

She put her arm through his and held it; he felt her slender body close to him.

"Oh, out of the South first, to try a new atmosphere; and, if I find I *must drink*—then—then—on to another—and so on and on . . . !"

"No," she cried, and held him fast—"no!"

She had turned away from him a little, for she was weeping. As soon as she

could, she mastered her voice, spoke, and for the first time word of her sister passed between them.

"Where is my sister?"

"I don't know," he answered sharply.

"I shall never know; Falloner takes care of that for me. She lives; she is well; and she lives in comfort. . . ."

"You are ill with excitement and over-work," she said, faltering. "Rest, a little peace, a few more quiet days on my porch at Pennallon, and you will be yourself again!"

He had nearly finished his cigarette; he puffed it hard; it glowed a scarlet, tiny lamp. Again they scanned each other's faces, and the tragedy on his, the warfare, was too plain, too real for her to do aught but catch her breath in grief.

He replied quietly: "It is better you should think so—believe it, be sure of it. The fact that I have come here and displayed this weakness is the best proof of my degradation; it will make it difficult for you to think well of me when you recall it. Good-bye."

Amanda's thoughts were in a blur; she dashed her tears away. One thing alone out of the entire universe of problems, expedients—one law alone amongst the musty files—was clear as light.

Under her breath she murmured again, "*No—no!*" and her voice quivered through him like a bell, and set his flesh vibrating.

"You care!" he said. "I know it, but not enough."

"Oh . . . far more than anything in this world."

The deep breath she drew to control her tears left her trembling like a ship in a storm. The tempest drove her to him; he caught her, and for a complete, supreme instant held her crushed against his breast. Then he set her free.

"Yes, impossible to believe as it is . . . *you care!* but not enough! . . . There are two worlds, we are taught to believe. . . . We have souls as well as bodies."

Amanda understood the man before her. She knew she could not move him in his determination to leave the South. He would go at once, without compass, star, or chart, to utter wreck. With intuition given to women in certain crises

when they are clairvoyant to the lives of the beloved, she saw more than this, a more sinister thing—that which a fluttering pink ribbon, swaying on the grass by an inland pool, had prevented years ago.

"You took a vow, Henry," she said earnestly, "to your friends in old Ireton. You have not forgotten? You promised them you would not drink while you lived."

He made no reply. His silence was to her portentous. She knew his mind and reasoning. He would never be again the degraded creature she had helped to stagger to the Henchleys' cabin. He would not permit himself again to live a blot on the universe.

It had grown so dark that neither could see the other at all. A dense, ugly shroud surrounded them this night—moist, warm, clinging; in the distance, muffled, with a sullen pulse, they could hear the Bye, swollen by weeks of rain, charged by the storm, thrash its banks and tear like mad across its stony bed.

"Do you remember the night in the cabin, Henry, years ago?"

(Did he remember! He had bruised her then; he had thrown her to the ground—harmed her.)

She recalled further: "I said that night I would never let you drink. The words were forced from me; they meant a promise I am called upon now to keep . . ."

She was clinging to his arm, her face strained up to him in the dark. Her voice, sweet and pure, gave no hint of her agitation as she said: "If I am less to you than it seems—if all of my life and tenderness do not avail . . ."

He said sharply: "Hush! what are you saying?"

"You say we are taught we have souls as well as bodies. . . . Mine is yours. If to go to you, to stay with you, be what strength, what good I can, with all my love, and all my heart—if this will cost my future salvation, why, I pay it gladly, Henry! It is no sacrifice."

She had wound her arms about him; he removed them gently, and held her from him.

"Hush! hush!" he repeated; "you don't know what you say!"

"I will not have you lost," she said passionately; "I will not have you go without me."

"You don't know what you offer"—his voice was scarcely less shaken than hers—"reputation, your life. . . . Free, beloved, you would sacrifice it all—be an outcast, linked to an outcast. . . .?"

"I should not feel it so."

" . . . You don't know what you are offering? Food to a starving man, life to one on the brink of the grave."

"If that is true," she breathed with infinite tenderness, "I thank God for the joy of being yours."

For a long time he held her to him. Then he said slowly, as though he were measuring his rights against the world's wrongs:

"I don't pretend to comprehend the problem. Life owes me something, I think. I am basely born, and they say I have no father; existence has been one continued mental and physical agony, until you . . . came! God knows what perverted frame of mind I am in! But in the face of right and honour and decency, I can—not—give you—up. . . . I want you . . . I adore you. . . . This means your ruin . . . and my dishonour, but I cannot give you up."

"You shall not, Henry."

"Listen, Amanda. . . . I must go now; it is late enough. On Sunday night of next week I shall leave South Carolina by the one P.M. express at Ralings corner. The station is empty at that time; it is a flag station, and only the signalman and an official will be there. I will be in my house until midnight. . . ." He paused.

"I will come to you there."

"I do not mean to threaten a cowardice or to alarm you for my future," he continued, as though she had not spoken. "I shall go away to do my best until the end. . . ."

"I will come to you, Henry."

"If you come . . ." he said deeply, "we will go to a new country—somewhere—and live a new life. I can write. I will make you not ashamed. . . ."

"I will come."

He made an exclamation pregnant with shame for his defeat, and of adoration for

the woman. In their last moments it seemed to be she that held him, whose tenderness like an envelope enfolded him, whose kisses rained as soft as flowers upon his face. So conscious of her in every fibre of him, his senses in highest swing, he seemed to feel her still clinging to him, her kiss on his lips, her body close to him, as he hurried away through the suffocating night.

The day following her interview with Euston Amanda called to Mr. Ware as he passed her house on his way up to town. He came at once, and they stood together on her little porch talking.

"I want you to do something for me, Mr. Ware."

He wanted to do all for her; it was not difficult, therefore, to bow his head in courteous acquiescence.

"It is for Milly Jones. . . . I want you to especially befriend her."

"Befriend her?" he echoed. "Why, what better friend could she have than she already possesses?"

"You—far better. She grieves for her little baby, poor thing! and this house is full of associations. I want you to take her to the Parsonage under your gentlest care."

She was more charming, more lovely than he had seen her yet. She was still haloed by the warmth of yesterday; her beauty enriched, matured, her lips dowered with the freshness caresses give, her whole expression that of a woman who loves greatly and who is greatly loved.

There was an excitement in her, a quickness of gesture foreign to her movements, usually slow and rather indolent.

Mr. Ware said: "I think Milly needs a woman most of all with her."

Amanda did not acquiesce. (Yes, a woman possibly, but one who has a right to speak of honour, purity, and lawful union!)

"Milly is changed," she evaded—"much changed; you will see it. If you talk with her, you will find her ready to listen. I should like her to be confirmed." Her voice was subdued; she seemed to plead for his merciful judgment. "She has a lover; she has been the victim of others. Is it not too terrible?" She saw herself and Bachman as she spoke. "But

this man—the father of her child . . . she loves him."

Within the house Milly, at her work, was aiding the French maid; their voices were audible—the French woman's high and sharp, Milly's a languid drawl.

"He wishes her to return to him . . . he writes for her constantly. Whilst her baby lived I could keep her; now she is restless—restless." She chose her words carefully, as though they had a second story to hide, and must be well laid, mosaic on mosaic. "It seems he cannot marry her. . . ."

"No?" Mr. Ware prompted, for his own information, stopped.

"No," she continued slowly. "He is an overseer in Crompton—a Yankee; he has a wife in New England."

"Ah—yes!" Mr. Ware nodded, accepting the fact of Milly's tragedy as though it were the consequence of love in the case of all the women he knew.

"When she goes to you, you will show her what to do. . . ."

"You have shown her, Miss Morgan," he interrupted; "I am sure . . ."

"I am afraid I have failed to persuade her," she said, with a slight smile. "You see, she loves him."

If the ecclesiastic saw anything in this vulgar fact, he gave no sign.

". . . And he wants her to go to him."

In her white dress, her white clasped hands, whose exquisite ministry he had seen and adored, the afternoon light filling her hair lying warm on its brown, gold in its gold, she filled his vision, sensitive to all beauty. Could it be she unconsciously pleaded for herself, leaning against this Magdalen?

"And you want me to save her?" he asked gently. "I mean to say, to show her how to be saved?"

The woman answered gravely: "I want you to show her how to live without love, if you can; how to renounce and yet to live, if you can; and then"—she made a slight gesture, as though she handed to him a mission beyond her—"comfort her."

Here, as though she had been conscious that the drama of her life was under question, Milly Jones came out—a new Milly indeed!—her dark hair in smooth

shadow around her pale face, her dress deep mourning, priceless balm to the poor. Her wild eyes, still repelling and defiant, flashed on the priest as though she mistrusted his presence.

"Ih suttinly did hyar ma naime sayde?"

Amanda put out her hand.

"Milly, Mr. Ware is in need of a good servant. Will you stay at the Parsonage a few days?"

The girl's dark face clouded until her expression baffled any hope Mr. Ware would ever have of comforting that untutored, passionate savage.

"No, suh," she said roughly; "Ih won't go."

Amanda actually blushed for her.

"Hush!" she said sternly; "you will do exactly as I wish."

Milly seized the hand of her mistress, and clutched it to her bosom, so hard that she hurt. Her eyes, ever ready to weep these days, brimmed over.

"Ih'll drownd maself," she said, with a gasp, "ef you-all send me away. Ef Ih'm bad fer you-all, Ih'm tew bad fer him."

Amanda encircled the girl's waist with her arm; she drew Milly to her. In her act there was a linking of herself with the woman—a look as she raised her charming eyes to Ware which perhaps she meant him deeply to read.

The dark head of the mill girl lay pressed against Amanda's breast. She laid one hand gently on her hair, and gave the other to Ware. With a whimsical lift of her eyebrows, and a smile which was as exquisitely sad as tears could be, she said:

"I am afraid we will have to stay as we are—Mr. Ware. I am sorry to have troubled you!"

He took her hand, and very slightly bent over it, and he said, with a comprehending delicacy that could not offend:

"Whenever she needs me I will try to comfort her."

The woman who was about to enter into an unlawful bond, so calmly and unhesitatingly to assume a shameful life, had been born of lawless people, of primitive creatures who would scoff at the metaphysician who desired to prove them not free! Whether or no her mother had

conformed to the rites of Church and State, Amanda could not have said; who her father was she did not know. Of religion as it is comprehended in tenet, creed, schism, doctrine and dogma she had been ignorant throughout youth. Her grandfather had taught Lily Bud and herself their letters, and the handful of books kept pell-mell amongst the cups and saucers she had read and worn threadbare—Fox's "Book of Martyrs," "The Adventures of Captain Kidd," "Around the World in Eighty Days"—and this was all. Where these books had come from no one in the shanty knew, and no one but Amanda cared. Witness and participant of an illicit trade, conscious that justice like a Damocles sword hung over them all, she had been nurtured in a law-breaking midst, and raised with neither ethics nor creed. In the free-born, primitive conditions her life's flower had sprung. All she knew of mankind's civilised standpoint had been revealed to her after she had passed womanhood—suffered, endured, laboured for her daily bread, been hungry, tired, cold, displayed in crises the qualities Christianity is taught to emulate, but, alas! *after she had learned to love another woman's husband.*


Twelve years before, Amanda of the Mill vanished, and a new creature, docile, civilised, took her place; but the hour had come when the instinct of the free-born stirred again, and Amanda of the Mill returned to claim her birthright of lawlessness and free love.

BOOK IV.

THE DELIVERANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Electricity hung high in the middle of the mill village street, but that convenience is not the sum total of civilisation. Civilisation! Liberty!—words precious to modern happiness—tickets of admission given, so to speak, to the hordes of emigrants entering through the finest harbour in the world to the greatest country in the world.



Much good the cotton-mill hands reaped from it all! Perhaps, according to Gran'maw Henchley, they had "helped to civilise Mr. Grismore," although, if he were an example of its benefits, God defend them from civilisation!

Civilisation—save that it forbade them to go naked, forbade them to steal time from the mills, left them as completely to themselves as if they were savages. They could fight with knives, razors, and pistols; they could lynch a negro who chanced too near their womenfolk; they could marry and give in marriage at will—one man to as many women as would have him; one woman to as many men as could survive the jealous knife of a rival.

Civilisation permitted all this. Otherwise they might rot in their unsanitary hovels; they might breed and disseminate consumption by the thousands, carrying the germs from settlement to settlement. Women great with child might work until travail came on them at their spindles. The young child, with milk scarce dried on its lips, might maim its limbs and cripple its existence in the clutch of the machines. Civilisation, the broad, the beneficent, permitted it all!

* * * * *

There had been for weeks four thousand hands without work, consequently (save for their leaders' supplies) without food. A handful of dried peas or beans, corn, meal—and little of it—was all they could count upon.

Mr. Grismore had them hemmed in.

They might not stir from the precincts known in general as Crompton. A militia at the Rextington limit kept them from communication with the town, thus barring them out and the Ralings people in. Behind them were the hills from which in hope and good courage they had come. To reach the mountain homes again there was the mad, inconsequent rush of the Bye to cross, and there were no boats.

The schedule presented for Grismore's acceptance was a reduction in time of labour—a tremendous demand! Euston had dared to cut off at least six hours a week from the celebrated sixty-six the cotton-manufacturer feels "*he must*

have!" At times the workman, too, feels there are things "*he must have,*" but the *must* of the manufacturer and the *must* of the toiler are not synonymous!

The leaders of the Cromptonites found them singularly docile. They had submitted for years to unnatural conditions, and, confronted with their gigantic act—this mighty strike—they were dazed and stultified. They had, as it were, by their own gesture for liberty smitten themselves to stone.

The heat was overpowering; the water they drank stank, and was nauseous to the taste.

In their blistering shanties they herded during labourless days, when the river, now that the mills were silent, sang to them its pæan of the eternity of inanimate force and the pigmy pitifulness of individual lives.

In nights no less hot than the days, fighting the vermin, they lay on their pallets in hovels which, raised on stilts from the soil, rose like ghoulis things, till the very windows seemed eyes that opened and shut, and the doors mouths satisfied with the tale of life within.

There were no drunken disturbances; no outcries. Crompton and Janet were silent cities, full of gaunt, hungry men in cotton-covered rags; of gaunt women with feverish eyes, and broods of children—bent, deformed, wasted by night and day labour—children from whom Civilisation had permitted childhood to be stolen by greed.

Thus they waited.

At first, stimulated by Euston's encouragement and his presence—for he had been amongst them in disguise—they had hoped for a complete victory; but in the fourth week, when supplies from the Union could not reach them from either North or South, when the few leaders were more disheartened than the people, they capitulated.

Word went to Grismore that the several thousand souls of Crompton and Janet were willing to turn their bodies into the machine again, and from their wasted flesh he might grind what he could. They had failed—but it was a significant fact that no word of bitterness went up against the leaders or Euston. In a heroic manner the strikers laid down

arms, and prepared to return to the looms.

At this point was revealed to them the acme of oppression, but it emancipated the souls of the hitherto singularly spiritless tribe. Grismore and Company made it known to the strikers not only that there was no more work for them in the company's mills, but that his devilry had reached its high-water mark at last! An importation of foreign labour was to arrive—an imported army—which should oust the Child of the Soil from his right to die at the looms of the Southern cotton-mills.

Grismore raised the lock-out at Ralings. The Ralings hands, like a lot of sufficiently whipped animals, were bidden back to their privileges.

At the combined news a cry of wrath and hatred went up from Crompton, and the rock of riot stirred at last.

CHAPTER II.

Euston, his funds exhausted—his conviction that the times were ripe seriously shaken by Grismore's bulldog pertinacity and inexhaustible funds, and this last unpatriotic ruse—had counselled capitulation; he found himself in the midst of the riot.

Of Crompton and its doings he knew nothing. Access to the mills for him was shut off by the militia. Indeed, he had more than he could do in Rexington to keep the rioters from actual warfare and bloodshed. The cotton-spinners of the town, increased in numbers by hands of the Carson City Mills, numbered more than two thousand; every soul was in the streets and armed. The concourse, pale-faced, but dreadfully in earnest, marched like a solid wall from the edge of the town along the principal street, leaving behind them the Ralings Mills in flames. This band was headed by a seventy-five-year-old spinner, flanked on either side by a stalwart man armed with loaded pistols. Her head wound about with a piece of brown sacking, her face the same tanned colour as the stuff, illumined by piercing eyes, she made a suitable figure-head—bowed, emaciated, and yet unbroken by a lifetime of labour. Where

she led, the timidest soul could not refuse to follow. From the windows, housed Rexington gazed in terror and amazement at the valiant cotton-spinners. They had been believed to be so near to the beasts, such docile slaves! Now that they were started on a violent way, for the moment, at least, they turned against Euston, who in vain tried to make himself heard. They knew his speech to be pacific, and they had no wish or inclination to listen to peace. Bent irrevocably toward Mr. Grismore's distant house, they there determined to wrench by force what humanity had refused to their demand. With the crowds, officers, citizens, and firemen mingled, until the mass became a dense honeycomb of human life. In the crush Euston felt himself pulled by the arm, and he turned to see a man whose face was familiar, but whom he could not at once place.

"Step with me into Pierce's grocery, will you? I've got a message of great importance."

Pierce, a friend of the Union and a supporter of Euston, seemed to have sprung up miraculously at demand, and the three men made their way out of the throng into the little shop.

The messenger was none other than Bachman, now Grismore's confidential man. Euston had not once been with him face to face in all these years. Bachman insolently regarded the man whom he had last known as an inebriated weaver; but if he had any impertinence at his tongue's end with which to greet the Labour leader, he did not give it utterance. People were not generally inclined to insult Euston to his face.

As he handed him a letter, Bachman said:

"It's from Mr. Grismore; there's no answer."

"Wait." Euston tore it open. "There may be."

But the overseer replied that if there were, *he* had no time to take it.

"I've nothing to do with it, anyway. I've been after you for days trying to give it to you. I'm off to the railroad to look up the hands shipped from New York."

Euston smiled.

"Look after them," he said quietly; "they will need it."

Bachman, breathless, as was everybody on this afternoon, slipped out without bidding good-day to Euston, saying to Pierce:

"Just let me out the back door, will you? I don't care to be a target for those damned animals."

Euston opened the envelope; he was alone.

Pierce's back door took long to open and to safely bolt and bar. The grocery, shut in by drawn shutters and double door, was dark, and fragrant with apples and the agreeable odours of clean staples. There was hardly enough light to read the closely written note. Euston went toward the window, as close as he could to the cracks where the light came in. Without, the dull, ugly sound of the raging crowd came to him, as well as the roar of the factory in flames. In the note which he opened was a bit of paper; it fell rustling to the floor.

"Since you place your services at money value, defrauding my hands of their living, drawing on their funds, and filling your pockets as well from your chiefs, I am going as a last resort to try to buy you off. I don't like sedition and riot and incendiarism. I am a citizen in a country to whose wealth I add. If you will take this sum of money and clear out of the State, I will try to effect what peace I can with my half-mad employés. And if you will swear on oath to me never to cross the State border, I will cut my hands' hours to sixty a week, and raise their wages five cents on the dollar. Now cash this cheque and get out.

"JACOB GRISMORE."

Euston stooped and picked up the cheque. He unfolded it slowly; it was for twenty thousand dollars. Across the top of the paper the engraving of the bank—an old-established banking firm in New England—seemed to swim in a sea of lithographing. Euston held the film of paper out before him, transfixed it as though his eyes would sear it like flames until it perished from existence. He read the figure—the date—the quick, nervous signature which might impress itself upon the mind for ever without being intelligible. Finally a grey, like the

paper's, settled over the man's face. He shook as though in a palsied dream. At the sound of Pierce's entrance he thrust the letter and the cheque in his pocket. Pierce was in a state of great excitement.

"By ——! the Crompton hands are all on a march to a man across country! They tell me they're going to burn Grismore to the stake. Now, the stuff is to keep the Rexington people back. For God's sake, Mr. Euston, what's the matter with you? There ain't a drop of blood left in you, suh. Just let me get you a little brandy. . . ."

Euston gave a laugh, low and hardly pleasant to hear. He leaned hard on Pierce's arm.

"No," he said—"no *brandy*. That would be the last line of the drama . . . and it is too soon for it."

He moistened his lips, still leaning against Pierce, as though he would take force from him. Then he said:

"Now let me get out in a second's time; there is none to lose. This way—by the front door, please—right out into the heart of the crowd."

CHAPTER III.

The hated foreigners were destined never to weave at Grismore's looms. Crompton prevented them.

Every man and woman young enough, vigorous enough, was on the march to Rexington via the Grismore place. What they meant to accomplish there even the maddest of them did not say aloud.

En route they destroyed the railway track over which the Seaboard should fetch the imported operatives. The women were the fiercest, perhaps because their toiling condition was the more unnatural; their reaction was in consequence the greater. They cheered the men, who tore at the rails till their hands were red.

Short work was made of miles of rails and track; sleepers thrown into the river floated down to tell Rexington how things were going at Crompton.

Arming themselves with what bits of iron they needed to complete arms already sufficient, the Cromptonites marched on. The souls Euston had awakened were

ferocious. Protection, self-preservation, declared themselves to be laws, and the natures that responded were like the beast.

The outburst at Rexington had preceded this. At noon on Sunday Jacob Grismore learned that the Ralings Mill was in flames, and his hands, instead of returning to the work he had magnanimously restored, were a mob of belligerent strikers. He was advised to remain at home, not to show himself out of his grounds; he would be literally torn to pieces! It was useless to look for civic protection. The fire at Ralings threatened to set a torch to the clustering town, and all hands were fighting the flames. A strong guard had been required at the city limits to anticipate a march in that direction from Crompton, and the remaining militia was in no wise sufficient to keep at bay the strikers, who were armed and utterly without fear.

All this was telephoned to him at different intervals during the day, and he had gone from window to window looking toward Crompton, expecting at any moment to see those mills in flames.

Of the marching avenger he had received no word. The column of smoke from Ralings, billowing against the sky, made him swear deeply, but as long as Janet and Crompton stood firm he could pull through. He was utterly alone to face the crisis and imminent danger—he fully recognised it. There was not a servant in the house; every man and every woman had taken to their heels. He saw to it that windows were shuttered and bolted; as he closed the last he shut out the roar of the flames and the distant shouts. He loaded his pistols, put cartridges by them, got a bottle of brandy, drank a glassful, and began to pace the floor up and down in the stifling heat. He had plenty of time in his agitation to realise how alone he was, how deserted. No one for gold to lend him aid, and certainly no one for affection! Late in the evening his telephone rang.

"Mr. Grismore—arm yourself! if you can slip out of your house, do so. We have been trying to get a posse out to you. . . . They tell us the hands

from Crompton are on the way to burn your house."

Grismore called back: "That's all right; I am not afraid. . . . Call me up later, and see if I am alive."

He was a brute, but no coward. Before he could decide whether or not to endeavour to make his escape, as he walked slowly out through the rooms toward the kitchen, a loud shout made him pause. His name was being called at the kitchen door, and someone was knocking furiously on it.

"Who is it?"

A single voice replied: "Let me in, and be quick about it."

"Who the devil are you?"

"I have come to save you, if I can. Let me in."

Grismore had heard the voice before; he would never forget its character—vibrant, compelling. He swore deeply.

"No, by God! and if you don't get out I will go upstairs and shoot at you from the upper window."

"You are mad!" the voice cried. "A thousand hands are coming from Crompton. They will be here before you can make ready for them."

He cried this out pantingly; he had run miles. Grismore could hear his labouring breath.

"Well," returned the other calmly, "it's your . . . work, sir. I hope you're satisfied."

"Let me in!" repeated the man.

Now the manufacturer heard, above this voice, a distant shout hoarse and loud; it was an accumulated voice, and its significance he doubted not at all.

Euston, pounding on the door, cried again: "Let me in, if you value your life!"

"Not at your hands," returned the manufacturer stubbornly.

Then Euston struck the door again, and said in shaking tones that were loth to come:

"In the name of Elizabeth Penryn . . . open the door! . . ."

A pause followed, then the key turned, the door opened, and Euston, about to enter, was seized by his shoulders, and fairly torn from without into the kitchen. So sudden and violent was Grismore's gesture that Euston staggered and nearly

fell. Grismore locked the door, and turned furiously on the intruder.

"What do you mean by using that name?"

He saw before him a man who looked as though all the billows of disaster had passed over him, and thrown him a wreck upon the shore—a man pale as the dead, out of whose haggard face burned two brilliant eyes. Hatless, his dress disordered, red with dust, his left arm bound to his side by a blood-stained bandage, he presented more the appearance of a refugee and criminal from justice than a saviour. He was breathing heavily, and did not reply to the question. He moistened his lips.

"Come"—he evaded, "never mind that now. . . . We must save you—if we can."

Grismore took up one of the loaded weapons from the table.

"I warned you the next time you came here to come prepared. You tell me what you mean by that name, and when you have finished I intend to put a pistol in your hand, and you can defend yourself. I'll show you to your friends when they come, sir—if I'm alive."

Euston leaned heavily upon the kitchen table with his uninjured hand.

"You had better shoot now," he said quietly; "it will be less of a crime, perhaps. At any rate, I will not defend myself."

"Come," said the man imperiously, "where did you hear the name you used?"

"It was my mother's name."

And Grismore lifted his arm with the weapon in it as though he would fell the speaker to earth.

"You lie! You lie!"

Even in his excitement Euston smiled slightly.

"I don't blame you for thinking so. I'm not a son to be proud of. I've been a pauper all my life—a tramp, a drunkard. I am insurgent now—a leader of riot, men would say—but I doubt if you look upon me, despite this, as I do on you." He leaned forward. "Back of you I see the grief and shame of a beloved woman, the ruin of another woman's life, the breaking of a gentle heart, the oppression of thousands of

poor helpless creatures. . . . You are the epitome of greed and self-indulgence, and you have put in my miserable body the seeds of your evils. I despise you, but I am your son."

Grismore gave a short laugh that caught in his throat. The words of the revelation fascinated him. He took a step forward, and seized Euston's shoulder.

"What a liar! What a liar! It's a damned scheme to come here and claim this relationship. How do I know but the tide has turned, and you've come to seek shelter and protection, here?"

Over Euston's pale face passed a veil-like pity.

"Hush!" he said. "Protection *here!* A claim on *you!* Your life is not worth a farthing, unless I choose to save it. A claim on *you?* But one torch to Crompton and Janet, and you will be nearly as poor as I."

Grismore, scrutinising the face before him, for some trait, perhaps, some look to link it with another, said less roughly:

"What evidence have you to bring that what you say is true?"

"None," said the man shortly. "I have come to tell you the truth, not to claim a relationship more loathsome to me than that of illegitimate birth. I can say no more."

He took the crumpled note and cheque from his pocket.

"This cheque, with its pictures, with your handwriting, I have remembered all my life. Slips like this used to come to my home in Western New York, to my mother. With this cursed money she paid for my education, until you stopped your payments and cut off mother and child. . . . I knew I should recognise that signature if I ever saw it again; now it comes to me as a bribe—a low-worded insult from the man who gave me birth."

He could not use his left hand, so with his right hand and his teeth he tore the cheque into bits; the pieces scattered on the floor.

Grismore watched him. This individual, whose sole feeling toward him was hate, who was pitted against him for ruin, was his son, his own flesh and blood.

"I will describe her to you." A spasm of pain crossed his face. "She had blue eyes and soft, pretty hair, the colour of certain grapes, blue-black, with a lustre along it. . . . On her temple, just below the left eyebrow, she had a little brown mole. . . ." A faint smile, very tender, came to his face as the image soothed him. Then, "My God!" he cried. "Brute—devil that you are!" He sprang forward. With one gesture he dashed Grismore's pistol from his hand; it fell across the floor, struck in the base-board, and discharged with a crash. "You killed my mother!" he said; "you let her die, day by day, alone, in poverty, disgraced and dishonoured. Without care for the perverted life you had called into existence, you went on your devilish way. . . ."

What he meant to do as he stood close, his right arm raised, he scarcely knew. What he did was to close his eyes with the arm to hide his emotion. Grismore broke the silence; his voice was utterly changed.

"Come," he said gently—"come." He put his hand again on Euston's shoulder with quite a different pressure. He had at his command no words suitable for either the moment or his new, singularly human feelings. After a second, with no change of tone, he said: "Well, and you have come out here to fling this in my face before those hell-hounds tear me to pieces or roast me alive." Grismore tapped the second pistol, which he took up. "It will take more than a few hundred dirty cotton-spinners to catch me alive, my. . . ." He stopped at the word; he might have said—*son!*

Euston's control was coming back to him. He said with more composure:

"You will have no need to commit suicide. I have come out here to save your life for my mother's sake. I can control the men, I believe; I shall, at least, try with all my might."

The father's face softened; he paused, listening. The sounds, although still distant, were perceptibly nearer.

"I suppose I owe you something," he said. "I'll pay you up for this right now. Your mother was my lawful wife. She never knew it, however, and when Mrs. Grismore found out that I had married her, and had at that time a living wife in New York State, she left me." He made a slight gesture, and said: "I suppose it can't interest you to know that I have had some of my hell right here. . . ."

His son, staring at him, made no reply. As the fact that he had a lawful right to existence, that his youth of suffering, his mother's grief, had been in vain, swept over him, his feelings for the man before him were too bitter to contemplate. If Grismore looked for a word of filial interest, none stirred the whitening lips of the younger man.

At this juncture again the sound as of an advancing sea came pregnantly to them both.

Euston started forward, and Grismore said:

"There! I guess they're coming. . . . If you can do anything for me, *and care to*"—he emphasised with meaning—"you'd better make haste."

He looked out through the shutters. Across the lawns and broad fields all the space in sight was alive with human beings—a living flood advancing steadily. They were still at least a quarter of a mile from the house. Here and there at the outskirts a torch flared up, its red banners streaming over the mass, black in the blackness of the night. It had been their plan to come quietly, and without noise or warning take their oppressor unawares. He should look out to see himself surrounded by a human wall.

Before the first man had crossed the lawn, the shutters were flung open, and Euston stepped out on the balcony.

(To be concluded.)

IN SELF-DEFENCE



THE sunlight of a summer afternoon was streaming lazily over the tops of the tall red dormitories into the prison yard, and peeping into the little grated windows. The shady side was nothing but a high dead wall, broken only by a low iron-barred door, which was the only entrance to the prison proper, except the wagon-way. The only object that interfered with the monotony of the enclosure was the porter's lodge, a small octagonal wooden box, just inside the iron gate and on the left of the walk.

There did not seem to be anything in this particular yard that needed the sun's fructifying influence, unless it might be the hair on the coloured porter's head. When Hiram had first arranged his chair by tilting it against the side of his box he was in the shade, but he had been too lazy to shift his position with the sun. It was between 3 and 4 in the afternoon, the time when the lull comes in the prison routine. Most of the prisoners had done their tasks; the warden had finished his afternoon trials for infringements of the rules and gone for a drive in the park; the 2 o'clock mail had been distributed to the various contractors, and there would be no more until 4.30; it was after visiting hours, and no new prisoners would arrive until the following day. This was Hiram's chance for a siesta, and he never missed it, especially on sunny days.

Outside the iron gate, under the shadow of the brick archway formed by the thickness of the wall, the guard was stealing forty winks on another chair, a large iron key clasped tightly in his hand. It was his business to hold that gate against all persons not having proper authority to pass through it. Letters, messages, and all the ordinary matter for distribution in the prison could be handed through the bars to the porter.

Between this officer and the messenger there was naturally a more or less intimate acquaintance, based on several years of constant intercourse. Hiram's

history was well known. He was a life prisoner, whose sentence had been commuted from hanging. In his earlier life, immediately after the war, he had been a driver for a dry-goods firm and had shown a remarkable memory for names and places. On account of some growing stiffness of the neck he had been obliged to give up driving and had secured employment as an attendant in an insane asylum, but had not found his temper sufficiently gentle to meet the requirements of such a trying situation. During one of his many altercations with the patients, whose rooms he had to clean, he had apparently judged that the shortest way to settle matters would be to beat this particular patient over the head with a stick of cord-wood. The remarkable stillness of the patient immediately afterward had prompted Hiram to lock him up in his room for the time being and to carry him out and deposit him in the dead-house some time during the night. At least, the body had been found there next morning, and that was the case made out by the prosecuting attorney in the very brief trial which was accorded to gentlemen of colour in those days.

When Hiram arrived in the prison the examining doctor found he was not fit for the hard work of the foundry or the rubbing beds, on account of the large swelling on his neck, so the warden had taken advantage of his reputation for a good memory and put him in training as the prison runner, whose business it is to know every person inside the walls, whether he is an officer, contractor, free foreman, or prisoner.

The sudden arrival of a telegram for the shoe-shop startled the officer at the gate, and he pulled the bell for the porter. On his return from his errand, Hiram did not care to resume his nap, so he strolled up to the gate, on the other side of which the officer was standing, idly watching some pigeons on the ground outside.

The subjects of conversation in a prison are usually restricted to the gossip of the institution itself, to surprising happenings in the world outside, which

prisoners are not supposed to know anything about, but they always do, and to the local political situation, which may affect the tenure of an officer's position. All the officials in a prison, from the chief warden down, are political appointments, and the time that an officer can hold his position usually depends on the strength of his pull.

"Well, Hiram, I guess we'll have Pemberton in here to-morrow. He got three years this afternoon. I heard the clerk trying to talk over that new-fangled machine they call a telephone, and that's what he made out of the message."

"'Pears to me, boss, that's kind o' light for a killing," remarked Hiram, with an expression of evident surprise in his tone.

"Well, you see the defence was that he didn't intend to kill the girl, but was shooting at the gambler and that the gambler had a gun on him. The State's attorney he said he didn't pull the gun, but the landlady put it in his hand, because she was stuck on Pemberton and wanted to get him off easy by making it out it was self-defence."

"I ain't never quite understood all them fine points, boss. I 'member my lawyer talked for ten minutes telling the judge and jury what murder was. I specks I didn't pay close nuff 'tention, but 'pears to me he made it out as how it was agin the law. How he 'spected to get me off by telling them that, I dunno."

"Why, if it's not against the law, it's not murder. I have heard the doctor say the only reason you mustn't kill people that's got incurable diseases is because there's no law for it. He says killing that's unlawful is always murder."

"Yes, and I thought murder was always hanging till I done got tried for it myself. Then I found out there was about 4-11-44 kinds of murder. It's only when a man goes and blows about it before he does it that it's hanging for sure. I think my lawyer called that fermentation, and he said there warn't none in my case, but I got the black cap just the same. Course I swore I never done nothing at all."

"Yes, premeditation always makes it kind of bad for the prisoner if they can prove it."

"The lawyer on the other side, he was

for the State, he was, he said mine was a case of 'stantial evidence. That must be hanging, same as the other. Seems to me a coloured man don't have no show in this State, nohow. I asked the officer in the jail after the first day of the trial what 'stantial evidence was, when I see how things was a-going. He said it was when you writes your name on the corpse."

"Yes; that's the worst kind of killing, and it takes the State so much money to prove it, specially when the writing ain't clear and they have to call in experts, the judge and jury always soaks the fellow that does it."

"Well, they soaked me all right. I spose Pemberton didn't write no notes and didn't make no brags. I didn't neither, and I swore to my lawyer and every one else I never done it."

"His was a case of self-defence. You see, the State don't have to prove that side of it, so it's no discredit to the prosecuting attorney if it don't work with the jury. It's no trouble to him anyway, and when he sees things going that way he generally looks pleasant and lets it go at that."

"Well, boss, I spose that's a white man's game. There ain't nothing for coloured folks but 'stantial evidence and fermentation. What kind of killing is that self-defence, anyway?"

"It's always self-defence when there ain't no witnesses and the prisoner ain't been blowing about it beforehand. The best part of it is—"

"Send word to the shoe-shop there's a man out front from Cincinnati wants to see some one right away." This was shouted down the steps by the officer from the front gate.

"All right, boss, I heard," and Hiram trotted off on his errand.

Among the things that wandered through Hiram's woolly-covered head that evening between supper and lights out, the scientific distinctions between the various kinds of killing occupied the principal part of the time. Why the white man should have a monopoly of the light sentences that seemed to go with self-defence, he could not understand. He had already served twelve years of his sentence in the prison, but

the subject had never presented itself so strongly to his mind before. He felt Pemberton's sentence as a sort of personal affront, and kept telling himself it was "kind of light for a killing."

The next afternoon he did not take any nap. He spent the time gazing at the dormitory windows and the dreary grass plot in the yard. He had seen Pemberton come in that morning and he could not think about anything else.

Quite suddenly a new idea seemed to have entered his woolly head, and he jumped up and went over to the gate. The same officer was on watch.

"Say, boss. I been thinking over what you said yesterday, and 'pears to me I didn't have no witnesses and didn't make no brags. Why warn't that self-defence, same as Pemberton's?"

"Guess you're right, Hiram."

"Course I'se right. I must have throwed a little water over his feet, washing up the floor, and when he kicked me in the side, I lammed him one. When he got me round the neck where it hurts most and tried to bite me, I just fetched him one with that stick of cord-wood. There warn't no witnesses, and I'd just like to know why coloured folks can't have self-defence same as white folks."

"Guess you're right, Hiram. Why didn't you think of that before, instead of swearing you never did it at all?"

"Why, Lor' bless you, I never knew nothing about the rights of them things till you splained them to me yesterday, boss. 'Pears to me I done ought to gone out of this place nine years ago. Coloured folks didn't have no show in this State when I was tried, nohow."

"If you had told your lawyer the truth, most likely he would have got you off. Why don't you kick now?"

"Guess I'se too late for a new trial, cause the judge he's dead. If I could get a new trial I could get folks to swear there warn't no witnesses when I killed that fellow. That's sure nuff self-defence, ain't it?"

"Why don't you ask for a pardon? That's the easiest way now."

Accordingly, next day, the regulation form of request for a consideration of Hiram's case, with a view to securing a pardon from the governor, was drawn up

with the assistance of the officer, who had helped to frame several such documents in his time. Then Hiram made good use of his acquaintance and good standing with the contractors and the foremen, all of whom signed the petition, which set forth that through unfortunate ignorance of his rights the petitioner had allowed himself to be tried and convicted on a wrong charge, that the crime of which he had been guilty was a simple case of self-defence, he being at the time in fear of bodily harm from a dangerous lunatic. It further stated that the petitioner was a meek, submissive and inoffensive man, who during the twelve years he had spent in prison had made himself particularly useful as a porter or runner, and that his conduct in other ways had been most exemplary.

After getting all the signatures he could from the men, Hiram waited until Board day, and then passed the petition to one of the directors who had always taken an interest in him. If the directors would sign it, Hiram knew that his chances were very fair for freedom. He had no friends on the outside who could look up members of the jury that tried him, or old witnesses. The only friends he had in the world were the officers and contractors in the prison that had so long been his home.

It is hardly necessary to say that the warden was consulted before the directors took any action in the matter. Hiram's friend showed it to him, and the warden was evidently worried. He walked up and down talking earnestly to the director, and slapping the petition with his hand, as if it was an account that he did not want to pay. The director only shrugged his shoulders, and put the petition back in his pocket.

"It seems to me fair enough, general, and I don't see why I shouldn't sign it. It must be possible to get other porters. If Hiram is so hard to replace, it would be an awkward thing if he was to die."

The warden went inside and called the officer of the gate into his private room and shut the door.

"Well, Hawkins, I understand that you helped Hiram draw up that petition for a pardon."

"Yes, sir. He can't read or write him-

self, general, and he's been a very good prisoner. We all like him, general."

"Of course you do. So do I. What am I to do if he gets a pardon? It takes a year to break in a runner, even if you find a good man to start with. It's easier to get a new kitchen officer than a new porter. It will never do to lose Hiram, he's the best porter we ever had. Besides, he's sick, and that neck of his will kill him some day if he doesn't have a doctor every day, as he does here. What would he do for a living outside?"

"I didn't think of that, sir."

"He told one of the directors he should have been here only three years, the same as Pemberton. I suppose some one has been talking to him about that case and that started him. There is too much talking in this prison anyway. I'll have to stop it. If he had been let alone he would never have got this self-defence business into his head and I would not be worrying about losing him."

"I am very sorry, general."

"Well, don't be so quick about drawing up pardons—petitions, I mean—next time, unless you see me about it first."

After the officer had retired, glad to be so easily out of it, the warden walked up and down the room for a few minutes, muttering something about self-defence, and then went into the office to try his hand at the telephone.

"Connect me with the City Hall. No; c-i-t-y hall. That's right. Hallo! That you, Saunders? Yes; that's me. Say, Saunders, is the governor in town? Is eh? Just tell him I'll be down in about twenty minutes. That's all right. Thanks. I'll ring off."

Exactly what happened during the in-

terview with the governor is not known. The warden and he were both members of the same party of practical politics and their obligations were mutual in many ways. It was only when the warden's voice was louder than usual, or the door was opened for a moment by the secretary, to bring in a note or a message, that one could hear something about a man that knew every one in the prison, never made any mistakes, or what a lot of trouble it would be if letters and messages were continually being given to the wrong people, or if a man had to spend half an hour looking for a person when he should know just where to find him.

At the end of it the two went out and had a drink, and as they parted on the sidewalk, the governor said:

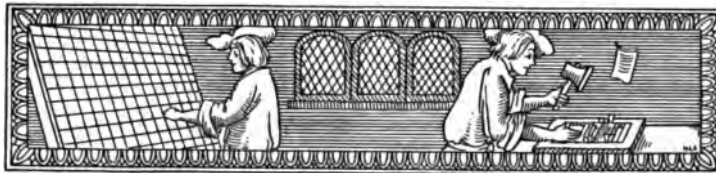
"If what you tell me is true, it looks like a straight case of self-defence all right."

"Self-defence, of course I am asking this in self-defence. The whole prison would be in a muddle for months if I lost him. I've got to keep him in self-defence, as you say."

"I was not thinking of you," said the governor, with a smile. "But I guess you needn't worry."

And so it came to pass that Hiram finished his days looking at the little grated windows and pondering over the distinctions between the white and the black man's killings. His chief satisfaction was when he got a chance to tell a visitor or a friend that he was, "Not 'xactly a regular prisoner, but was staying there mostly on account of his neck and for the accommodation of the warden."

R. F. Foster.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Mother-Light.

A novel by an anonymous author, in which Christian Science is the leading thought. Whether or not the story is for or against this faith it is difficult for a reader to decide. The story deals with an unemployed actress, roaming about the streets of Boston, who was called to succeed the Mother-Light, and with her conflict between the love of her belief and the love of a man.

The Clock and the Key. By Arthur H. Vesey.

A story of love and adventure of modern Venice. It is, also, a story in which mystery plays a large part. In order to prove to an Italian duke how impossible is his suit, an American girl in Venice says she will marry him if he will bring to her a casket of jewels which disappeared five centuries ago. Upon a promise from the duke to return with the jewels, she sends quickly for the man she really loves and tells him what she has done. He assures her that if the casket is to be found the duke shall never know its hiding place, as he himself will begin a search for it. By means of a mysterious clock the casket is brought to the girl, but not by the duke.

The Conquest of the Southwest. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A story of the struggle for independence in Texas, also, of the Mexican War, beginning with the Treaty of 1819 and concluding with the Compromise of 1850. The volume, which is well illustrated with drawings and maps, is an addition to The Expansion of the Republic series.

An Act in a Backwater. By E. F. Benson.

The scenes of this novel are laid in a little country town in England. Jack Collingwood, a young artist, first sees Jeannie Avesham on a bridge in the act of protecting herself with her umbrella from a very wet dog. He makes a sketch of the scene and sends the picture to an exhibit to which he is asked to contribute. Jeannie is immediately recognised and Jack soon finds out her identity. Their love affair runs along smoothly to the end of the story.

The Fire of Spring. By Margaret Potter.

This book is reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The House of Hawley. By Elmore Elliott Peake.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The White Terror and the Red. By A. Cahan.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

Confessions of a Grass Widow. By Kate Thyson Marr.

In the preface the author defines the book as "a study of human nature, in its weaknesses and strength—of those who resist and those who yield to the influences of surroundings and necessities. It is in no sense biographical." The volume is well illustrated.

The Dagmar Who Loved. By Kathleen Blackburn.

The love-story of a young Irish girl and a Canadian lawyer. The principal scenes are laid in Canada and New York City.

The Century Company:

The Smoke-Eaters. By Harvey J. O'Higgins.

A set of short stories about the firemen of Hook and Ladder Company No. O. While it is obvious that the name of this company is a fictitious one, it is said that the stories are founded upon facts. The author was enabled to learn a great deal about the New York Fire Department while he was a newspaper reporter.

The Fugitive Blacksmith. By Charles D. Stewart.

A story within a story. Stumpy, a one-legged tramp, tells Finerty, the railroad hand, the story of Bill the Blacksmith. Bill is the caretaker of the railroad sandhouse, and is a fugitive charged with murder. Finerty, in turn, relates the story to his wife. The numerous dialects employed add to the interest of the book. Phases of life which the author has met and known in his own life are said to be woven into the tale.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

You Can Search Me. By Hugh McHugh.

An addition to the humorous John Henry volumes. The latest American slang is used throughout the story and the plot is typical of Mr. McHugh's books.

The Mandarin's Fan. By Fergus Hume.

A tale of Chinese intrigue in which the life of a great Chinaman, the fortune of a worthy young Englishman, the satisfaction of the Chinese god, Kwang-Ho, and the happiness of an attractive young woman all depend on the destiny of a fan.

Dr. Nicholas Stone. By E. Spence De Pue.

Dr. Stone, the hero of this tale, proves that he is a detective as well as a physician, by unearthing the plot of two men who have already caused the death of several persons in order to realise on the life insurance policies. The book has twelve half-tone illustrations.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Hurricane Island. By H. B. Marriott Watson.

A review of this book will be found elsewhere in this number.

The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell. By Una L. Silberrad.

A collection of six stories by the author of "The Success of Mark Wyngate" and "Petronilla Heroven." The first story gives the title to the book. The other titles are *The Dower Chest of Ann Ponsford*, *Priscilla's Maying*, *Mr. Smallpage's John*, *The Witchcraft of Chuma*, and *The Winning of Elizabeth Frothergill*. The character of Tobiah, the Dis-senter, appears in each story.

Eaton and Mains:

The World as Intention. By L. P. Gratacap.

This book endeavours "to apply a doctrine of intention to the world, the Bible, the church, the creed, and conduct." It also concerns many other lines of thought. *Intention* is brought forward as the final standard of judgment by which men are to inspect the world, the Bible, the church, the creed, and their own conduct. "It holds us responsible in forming our conclusions, or in regulating our manners, but it remits the penalties of condemnation by the intercession of intention."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Summit House Mystery. By L. Dougall.

The scenes of this mystery tale are laid in the mountains of northern Georgia. An impoverished gentleman, estranged from a rich New York wife, goes South to make a livelihood in his cousin's mine. While there he meets two sisters, one a gentle, sweet-faced, grey-haired little woman, and the other a beautiful young girl. By a coincidence he finds out that the elder woman is Hermoine Claxton, who had been ex-

onerated from the crime of murdering her father and stepmother in New York. Although the world believed in her guilt, her sweet personality so belied the deed as to bring about her acquittal. So strong was the evidence against her that her sister believed her to be the victim of homicidal mania and lived in fear of her. Her lover, the lawyer who had won the case, appears, and a tangled state of affairs grows out of an effort to find out whom she shields. The mystery is cleared at the end of the story.

The Grafton Press:

Concerning Genealogies. By Frank Allaben.

A small volume purporting to cover all phases of the subject necessary to the tracing of a person's ancestry. It includes the sources of information, the methods of research, the compiling, the printing, and the publishing of a genealogy.

Harper and Brothers:

The Slanderers. By Warwick Deeping.

A novel by the author of "Uther and Ingraine" and "Love among the Ruins." Gabriel Strong, the son of a rich man, is a poet, a dreamer and a man of whims. He becomes fascinated with a beautiful, though unlovely woman and marries her. He then finds himself to be in love with the heroine, Joan Gildersedge, the daughter of a drunken miser. The village gossips are responsible for the title of the story.

The Bell in the Fog. By Gertrude Atherton.

This volume of ten stories, the first of which is the title-story, is dedicated to Mr. Henry James. It is said that *The Bell in the Fog* is a pen picture of Mr. James. Other stories are *The Dead and the Countess*, *The Striding Place*, *The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number*, *A Monarch of a Small Survey*, *The Tragedy of a Snob*, *Crowned with One Crest*, *Death and the Woman*, *A Prologue to an Unwritten Play*, and *Talbot of Ursula*. Some of these have previously appeared in magazines.

John Van Buren, Politician. Anonymous.

John Van Buren is a young lawyer who meets "Boss" Judge Murphy and other prominent Tammany men while *en route* from his home in Schenectady to New York. An impromptu Fourth-of-July oration in the cause of Tammany is the starting point of his activity in politics. He afterward becomes an Assemblyman and a State Senator. While in Albany he is associated with Senator Marlow, the hand of whose daughter he wins after defeating Senator Marlow's enemies and securing his re-election. The book is said to be of value for the "faithful and

exact pictures of things as they are, without exaggeration and without sentiment or prejudice. It purports to be the work of one who has been through the mill as Van Buren went through it, and who vouches for its unvarnished truth." The author withholds his name.

The Blockaders. By James Barnes.

A collection of thirteen stories of adventure for boys. The first tale, which records the running of a blockade during the Civil War, gives the title to the book. Other stories deal with the adventures of a boy midshipman of the United States Navy on the coast of Africa, of a boy in the West, and of boys everywhere, in the midst of various conditions.

The M. W. Hazen Company:

Sword Play for Actors. By Fred Gilbert Blakeslee.

The author aims to describe the various systems of fence used with different classes of weapons, and to adapt such systems to meet the requirements of stage sword-play. It is especially designed for such actors as are prohibited from procuring personal instruction from a professor in the art.

The Knickerbocker Press:

Book Treasures of Mæcenas. By John Paul Bocock.

A posthumous volume of verse. Mr. George Harvey, of *Harper's Weekly*, has contributed an introduction in which he expresses his admiration for the author, as a man and as a poet. The book is well bound.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Gaudium Crucis. By Walter Lowrie.

A meditation for Good Friday upon the seven words from The Cross: Mercy, Judgment, Love, Joy and Sacrifice, Confirmation, Accomplishment and Duty, and Filial Trust. These meditations are designed chiefly for the use of persons who are prevented from attending a public service on Good Friday, although the author trusts that they may be helpful to the clergy in preparing their sermons.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Return of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle.

Will be reviewed later.

The Macmillan Company:

Sydney Smith. By George W. E. Russell.

A large part of the biographical material used in this work has been secured

from books by Lady Holland, Smith's daughter, and his friend, Mrs. Austin; Lord Houghton's monograph of 1873; Stuart Reid's sketch of 1884; a contribution to the "Dictionary of National Biography," in 1898, by Sir Leslie Stephen; and to data from four of Smith's descendants. In the critical part of the book Mr. Russell "has relied less on authority, and more on my own devotion to Sydney Smith's writings." This devotion is due to the kindness of the author's father in giving him the Collected Works, with the request that he study them.

Sociological Papers. By Francis Galton, E. Westermarck, P. Geddes, E. Durkheim, Harold H. Mann, and V. V. Branford.

The principal contents of this volume are composed of papers read before the Sociological Society in its first session, in 1904, together with a report of the discussions which followed some of them. The author has suggested grouping the various papers under three heads: The History and Methodology of Sociology, Pioneer Researches in Borderland Problems, and Applied Sociology. Each of these subjects is represented by papers on different phases of the general topic.

The Two Captains. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The scenes of this historical novel occur during the siege of Toulon, France, in 1793, and the Battle of the Nile, in 1798. General Bonaparte and Admiral Nelson are among the principal characters of the book. The love of an Irish officer in the English Navy and the granddaughter of an ante-Revolutionary French nobleman and naval official, is the axis upon which the story turns.

Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. By Samuel Dill.

A comprehensive work which deals with society in Rome from the tyrannical rule of Nero to the reign of the philosopher, Marcus Aurelius. There are sketches of the aristocracy; the freedmen—their character and manners, and their rise to wealth and position; various phases of life among the circle of the younger Pliny; municipal life, college and plebeian life; philosophy; and religion.

The Master Word. By L. H. Hammond.

Some phases of the relations between the two races in the South are here illustrated. The class distinctions among the negroes, which are constantly growing, are part of the substance of the book. It is said to be a story of the South to-day.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Art of Rising in the World, and Hints and Helps How to Get Rich. By Henry Hardwicke.

A book written chiefly for young men. It shows that industry, courage and integrity are among the requisites to become rich. It is bound within paper covers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde.

This volume, the manuscript of which was left with his friend, Robert Ross, is the only book from Oscar Wilde's pen during his imprisonment. It is, in fact, the last prose he ever wrote. In it is contained a record of his bitterness toward society on his downfall, his grief during the first months of prison discipline, the gradual growth of a repentant spirit, and a resolve to go out into the world and complete his career. The frontispiece is a portrait of the author.

The Classics and Modern Training. By Sidney G. Ashmore.

A series of addresses suggestive of the value of classical studies to education, published in the hope of interesting the general reader in a few matters connected with the study of Greek and Latin, and, if possible, to call attention to the value of the ancient language and literature to education.

The Girl of La Gloria. By Clara Driscoll.

A well illustrated love story of Texas. Ilaria, the heroine, is the last member of an old Mexican family who have been by degrees deprived of the possession of all their lands by the Americans. A young man from New York, who goes into this country in the interest of his father's property, falls in love with the girl. The story describes various phases of ranch life, including pistol fights and other exciting adventures.

The Kaiser as He Is; or, The Real William II. By Henri de Noussanne.

A volume claiming to present a true sketch of the character of William II. from the French point of view. These sketches describe the Kaiser as he appears in connection with domestic, social, political, national and international affairs. The work has been translated into English by Walter Littlefield.

The Story of the Congo. By H. W. Wack.

Social, political, and economic aspects of the Belgian system of Government in Central Africa. After personal research among the documents in the Administration Office, to which he was given free access by the King of the Belgians, the

author presents this volume as a true and complete history of the affairs of the Congo Free State. The work is profusely illustrated with characteristic sketches.

Constantine the Great. By John B. Firth.

After carefully reading the histories of the life and times of Constantine the Great, "nearly all of which were written by severe and hostile partisans," Mr. Firth aims in this work to tell the story from an impartial standpoint. In giving the account of the Arian controversy and the proceedings of the council of Nicæa, the author has made a plain statement of facts and given an explanation of the causes of the disagreement. An addition to the Heroes of the Nation series.

Rabelais. Selected and Edited by Curtis Hidden Page.

In these selections the intention of the editor has been to "keep all the essential parts of the story, and all the scenes which had most literary value and human interest; to retain all the best of the historical satire; and to include other parts which have some special interest, such as the chapters on education." One of the French Classics for English Readers.

Breaking the Wilderness. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.

Mention was made of this book in the December issue of *THE BOOKMAN*. The author aims to "present a review in chronological order of the important events which contributed to breaking the Wilderness that so long lay untamed west of the Mississippi, mentioning with as much detail as possible in a single popular volume the principal persons and happenings in proper sequence, but paying special attention to the trapper and trader element, which, more than any other, dispelled the mysteries of the vast region."

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Mediterranean Traveller. By D. E. Lorenz.

A volume especially prepared for the convenience of persons who visit the chief seacoast cities and such inland countries as the Holy Land, Egypt, Italy, and Southern Spain. It is also intended to be of use to readers who, while unable to visit the Mediterranean, are interested in this part of the world. Numerous illustrations, maps, and plans of cities enhance the value of the book.

The Lure of the Labrador Wild. By Dillon Wallace.

A narrative of the exploring expedition conducted by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., as told by Mr. Wallace, one of the

two members of the party who survived. The only other member was George Elson, a half-breed Cree Indian and a genuine hero. The object of the expedition was to explore the interior of Labrador, a country never penetrated by a white man who lived to tell the tale. Although Lake Michikaman, their goal, was seen in the distance from a mountain, it was never reached. A rescuing party came just in time to save Mr. Wallace and George Elson, but starvation had already claimed Mr. Hubbard as its victim.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

"Miss Civilization." By Richard Harding Davis.

A comedy in one act, founded on a story by the late James Harvey Smith. By means of strategy, the daughter of a wealthy man succeeds in holding three thieves in her home until the arrival of the police, whom she had summoned by telephone when she first heard the burglars trying to file their way into the house.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

By the Queen's Grace. By Virna Sheard.

The scenes of this novel have the London Bridge as a background. This structure of historic fame plays as the residence of the heroine, Joyce Davenport, a gentle girl of sunny nature, but with an unbending will. Queen Elizabeth is an important character in the story.

A. Wessels Company:

The Etiquette of Correspondence. By Helen E. Gavit.

Illustrations and suggestions as to the proper form in present usage of social, club, diplomatic, military, and business letters, with information on heraldic devices, monograms, and engraved addresses are here given.

BOSTON, MASS.

Coburn Publishing Company:

Noteworthy Opinions, Pro and Con. Bacon vs. Shakspeare. Compiled and edited by Edwin Reed.

A volume dealing with the much discussed question as to the authorship of Shakespeare. The book gives the opinions of about a hundred prominent persons on either side. These opinions are chronologically arranged from 1808 to 1905, and are provided with explanatory footnotes. The work is well bound.

D. C. Heath and Company:

Webster's White Devil and Duchess of Malfy. Edited by Martin W. Sampson.

Browning's The Blot in the 'Scutcheon and Other Dramas. Edited by Arlo Bates.

Select Poems of Coleridge. Edited by Andrew J. George.

An introduction, explanatory notes, and a short biography of the respective author has been contributed by the editor. In the first volume the text of the original quartos have been used, with variants noted; in the second, the texts are those of the latest edition, personally supervised by Mr. Browning, with variants noted; the last volume contains ninety-eight poems, chronologically arranged, which represent the great body of Coleridge's best works. The books are uniformly bound and are illustrated with portraits, etc.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Mine and Thine. By Florence Earle Coates.

A volume of eighty sonnets and poems. In the February issue of THE BOOKMAN this volume was described erroneously as a collection of poems previously published in magazines. A few of these verses have appeared, but the greater number are now printed for the first time.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics. By William L. Scruggs.

To this new edition has been added a chapter on the Panama Canal Projects, bringing the information on this subject up to the present time; and a verbatim copy of the treaty with the new Republic of Panama, providing for the canal. In addition to the descriptions of the topography, climate, transportation facilities, customs, etc. of Colombia and Venezuela, the work contains notes on other parts of Central and South America.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A romance of love and adventure in which intrigue and trickery are interwoven. Germany plans to interfere in South Africa, engage in war with England, in which she is to be victorious, and become the greatest power in Europe. This is to be accomplished by the "Mysterious Mr. Sabin"; the recompense for his services to be "the conquest of France and the restoration of the monarchy, in the persons of Prince Henri and his cousin, Princess Helene of Bourbon." The plans are not successful, owing to the undaunted courage of a young Englishman. Princess

Helene figures as the heroine of the story.

Charles H. Pope:

Solar Heat. Its Practical Applications. By Charles Henry Pope.

In the introduction the author gives as the purpose of this book, "an endeavour to trace the history of attempts and successes in the utilisation of solar heat; to examine a portion of the laws and limitations of the subject; to discuss ways and means; and to attempt to arouse the readers to give to the matter their energy and invention, their brain and capital; that we may very soon see solar enginery take its place by the side of steam enginery and electrical enginery and gas enginery in the public estimation, in technical schools, in mechanical journals, and in myriads of practical, labour-saving constructions."

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

John Bridges:

The Rubáiyát of the Commuter. By Harry Persons Taber.

Quatrains concerning the affairs of every day. The preface gives the mission of the small book in the statement that they "detail the Simple Joys of the one who lives out in the country and whose duties call him from the atmosphere of suburbanity into the stress of endeavour in the city each day—except Sunday. . . . And if these Rubáiyát cause one man to chuckle over the truth of them, their mission will have been accomplished."

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dramatic Publishing Company:

Dramatic Episodes. By Marjorie Benton Cooke.

A collection of ten plays, satirical sketches, and episodes of one act each. The titles are A Court Comedy, Manners and Modes, The Confessional, The Child in the House, The Lion and the Lady, Success, Lady Betty's Burglar, A Dinner—with Complications, Reform, and When Love is Young.

Laird and Lee:

Herrmann the Great. By H. J. Burlingame.

A paper-covered edition of a volume which explains many of the tricks of Herrmann the Great, and describes the apparatus used.

The Alderman's Wife. By Hon. Henry E. Scott.

A realistic story of love, intrigue and

startling adventure in a large city. An edition within paper covers.

Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Compiled by E. T. Roe.

A library edition prepared with a view of giving in condensed form a dictionary that will meet all the requirements supplied by the large, bulky lexicons. It contains nearly a thousand illustrations and thirty full-page plates. The volume is bound in black flexible leather binding, lettered in gold, and is supplied with a thumb-index.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Monks' Treasure. By George Horton.

A story of love and adventure, the scenes of which are laid in the wine-growing countries along the Mediterranean. A young American is sent to this section by a business firm in the United States. He falls in love with a handsome girl employed by an American missionary in Greece. Although the girl is already betrothed to another, she returns the affections of the American. Through the jealousy and hatred of her former lover, the American and his faithful Scotch friend and interpreter are placed in many perilous situations from which they barely escape. The escapades result in unearthing in an old monastery, in which they seek refuge, proof positive that the girl is an Italian duchess, as well as bringing to light a fortune in money and jewels which rightly belong to her.

Hecla Sandwith. By Edward Uffington Valentine.

The characters of the story are, for the most part, Quakers or Pennsylvania Dutch. The various customs of these people just after the War of 1812 are described. Hecla, the heroine, is loved by two suitors, one of whom she marries, but their lives are not congenial. After a long separation she awakens to the fact that she really cares for her husband, and they are reunited. A ne'er-do-well brother and his misfortunes, several minor characters, an iron smelting furnace, a coal mine, and an old clock figure in the tale.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Senator. By Henry Christopher McCook.

A threnody. The poem is divided into five parts: A Prologue of a Life, Village Scenes, Transformed Villagers, A Plea for Immortality, and The Life Be-

yond. This tribute to Marcus Hanna is written by his boyhood comrade and lifelong friend. By means of biographical and explanatory notes the author has endeavored to give a true picture of the conditions and manners of the Senator's boyhood. The volume is well illustrated.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

Legends and Tales in Prose and Verse. Compiled by Isabel E. Cohen.

A compilation of prose and verse on Jewish subjects. Many of the selections concern Bible characters, such as Abraham, Moses, Aaron, David, and Solomon.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Whitaker and Ray Company:

Songs in Many Keys. By George Burchard.

A small volume of verse on various themes. The neat binding and gold lettering give the book an attractive appearance.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The Nelson Printing Company:

Poetic Facts and Fancies. By Ralph Hewitt Dumont.

A small paper-covered collection of verse. They include an acrostic, a geographical romance, and poems on various popular subjects.

TOLEDO, O.

The Franklin Printing and Engraving Company:

Rambles Abroad. By Olive A. Colton.

An attractive volume giving descriptions of various towns and art galleries visited by the author during a trip abroad. It includes glimpses of Naples, Amalfi, Rome, Milan, Vienna, Munich, Wartburg, Paris, Windsor Castle, Budapest, and a number of other well-known places of interest. Numerous illustrations add to the value of the book.

UPPER ALTON, ILL.

G. P. Clarke:

The Revelation Rediscovered. By John C. Clarke, D.D.

An extract from "The Stairway to Our Creator and Father," which is the name of a proposed new edition of the author's book, "Man and His Divine

Father," published in 1900. The booklet is entirely new in form, and almost all new in substance.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Journals of the Continental Congress. Vol. I. 1774-1789. Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford, Chief, Division of Manuscripts.

The objects of this publication are to save the original manuscripts from wear and tear, and to place accurate reproductions of them in institutions where they are required for research.

Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Part I.

Seventy illustrations from scenes in Arizona, one hundred and twenty-two illustrations of different implements and receptacles for food from Cheylon, Homolobi, Shumopovi, Kintiel, and Pueblo, and a summary of the work of two summers in the ruins of Pueblo comprise the greater part of this volume. There are, also, papers on field research and exploration, office research, publication, collections, property, necrology, and financial statement, and an illustrated article on Mayan Calendar Systems, II.

History of the Library of Congress. Vol. I., 1880-1864. By William Dawson Johnston.

The first of a series of Contributions to American Library History. In accordance with the plan of this series all documents of importance which relate to the history of the national library are reproduced here.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. *The Masquerader.* Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *The Clansman.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *A Mysterious Disappearance.* Gordon Holmes. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. *Nancy Stair.* Lanc. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. *The Secret Woman.* Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *Hurricane Island.* H. B. Marriott Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Mysterious Mr. Sabin. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Secret Woman. Philippotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Doctor Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Common Lot. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Common Lot. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.

5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Madigans. Michelson. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Zelda Dameron. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. Petals of Love for Thee. Orthwein. (Dodge.) \$2.00.
6. The Marathon Mystery. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Captains of the World. Overton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Jewel's Story Book. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Women of America. McCracken. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.

2. The Prospector. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Soldier of the Valley. Lloyd. (Langton & Hall.) \$1.50.
4. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Langton & Hall.) \$1.50.
5. The Brethren. Haggard. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.50.
6. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Secret Woman. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Color Line. Smith. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. An Angel by Brevet. Pitkin. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Law of the Land. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Bell in the Fog. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Two Captains. Brady. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Black Friday. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Law of the Land. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Mysterious Mr. Sabin. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Mysterious Disappearance. Holmes. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Tillie. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Hurricane Island. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Mysterious Disappearance. Holmes. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Hurricane Island. H. B. Marriott Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Reminiscences of Peace and War. Pryor. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
6. Grito. Lyne. (Neale.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Long Ago and Later On. Bromley. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
6. The Prospector. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Hurricane Island. H. B. Marriott Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Among English Inns. Tozier. (Page & Co.) \$1.60.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

				POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives				10
" " 2d	"	"	"	8
" " 3d	"	"	"	7
" " 4th	"	"	"	6
" " 5th	"	"	"	5
" " 6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....		229
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.....		223
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.....		132
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....		106
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.....		87
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....		74



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THE ATHENÆUM



WATERLOO PLACE. SHOWING THE GUARDS MEMORIAL, THE DUKE OF YORK COLUMN,
AND THE ATHENÆUM CLUB

In the Heart of English Clubland. (See article, "London's Literary Clubs.")

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.
THE BOOKMAN
A Magazine of Literature and Life

MAY, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Dr. Robert Simpson Woodward, who succeeds Dr. D. C. Gilman as President of the Carnegie Institution, has been engaged in advanced scientific work ever since 1872, when he became engineer of the United States Lake Survey. The fact that Dr. Woodward is severely scientific in his professional work has led many persons to suppose that the Carnegie Institution under his headship will be most inhospitable toward projects involving research or creative activity in the sphere of letters, of art, and of archæology. Those who have the privilege of a close acquaintance with the new president know how thoroughly mistaken is such a view as this. Dr. Woodward, to be sure, in many of his written and published utterances has delighted to say good things at the expense of the literary profession and of a certain kind of classical scholarship. He has, no doubt, at times resented what seemed to him a species of intellectual arrogance on the part of the humanists—those whom he has wittily described as “mistaking a part of archæology for the whole of education.” As a matter of fact, however, his shafts are always solely directed against pretence and sham; for no one has a keener sympathy than he with whatever is fine and true in the world of ideals. Had he not become by choice a physicist and astronomer, he might have been a very distinguished man of letters. He is the master of a singularly lucid, pungent, and

epigrammatic style, which sparkles with memorable phrases and happy figures of speech, while the extent of his reading is made evident by his easy command of felicitous quotations. It is not without significance that his first official act in connection with the Carnegie Institution was to approve a very liberal grant of money to the schools for classical study in Rome and Athens—the first instance,



ROBERT SIMPSON WOODWARD

if we remember rightly, of any recognition by the Institution of the claims of arts and letters.

Reading the other day Dr. Weir Mitchell's fine novel *Constance Trescot*, we happened to notice on the title-page, after the name of the author, the letters M.D., the badge of his profession. This

led us by a transition of thought to regret that Dr. Mitchell has nowhere utilised for the purposes of fiction some of the experiences which he has doubtless had in the practice of medicine. When you come to think of it, it must be that the note-books of almost every physician teem with strangely curious facts which cast light into the innermost recesses of human nature; for no one, not even the clergyman or the lawyer, comes so intimately into contact with the secrets of humanity. And yet how few novels have ever been written upon themes suggested by the physician's knowledge! In English, at least, one can sum up the list almost upon the fingers of one hand. There is, for example, Dr. Samuel Warren's *Diary of a London Physician*; and there is *Elsie Venner*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes—a book which one of his friends described as “a medicated novel.” Smollett and Goldsmith, who were both physicians of a sort, casually utilised in fiction some of their medical information. Practically, however, here is a great field which still remains unworked, serving as an illustration of the old Italian maxim, *Che lo sa non scrive, che lo scrive non sa*. This, however, does not apply to Dr. Weir Mitchell, who both knows and and who can also write. Perhaps Conan Doyle has done the most to show the possibilities of this new source of fiction, although he has thus far confined himself to the sphere of the short story. There are, however, three tales in his volume *Round the Red Lamp* which are very powerful. One is the gruesome tragedy of a victim of hereditary disease; another tells of the medical lecturer who, in illustrating before his clinic the methods of diagnosing a case of locomotor ataxia, finds to his horror that he himself is smitten by that terrible disease. The

third is the story of a somewhat free-living physician upon whom a jealous husband takes a frightful revenge by tricking him into performing an operation whereby he removes with his knife the upper lip of the woman whom he has wronged. We offer this hint to the medical fraternity, and we hope that it may be productive of concrete results. In fact, we should very much like to read a good medical novel written by a master hand.

It is a rare playwright whose talent for stagecraft is supplemented by any small graces. Read, for example, any one of the three plays recently published in book form by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—*Mrs. Dane's Defence*, *Rebellious Susan* and *The Adventures of Jane*. The lines are devoid of wit or fancy or any kind of eloquence. The persons have no personal qualities. Mrs. Dane is an uninteresting woman; the eminent lawyer who finally exposes her is a ponderous bore, and every other character is the merest dummy. You watch them as you watch a game, and the game is so good a one, the outcome so well concealed and the suspense so artfully prolonged, that the play can even be read with a certain interest. They illustrate admirably what can be accomplished by sheer artifice.

With a good deal of interest and curiosity we awaited the appearance of “Fagan,” the much trumpeted story by Mr. Rowland Thomas, to which the judges of the *Collier* competition awarded the first prize of five thousand dollars. When we read “Fagan” we were not disappointed nor were we profoundly impressed. For some months it has been generally known among magazine people that this winning story had been rejected by two magazines before being sent in at the last moment to the competition. The idea seemed to be that the joke was, therefore, on the magazines in question. But this is not entirely the case. There are a great many sound reasons on which



Henry Arthur Jones

editors might base their rejection of the story. We are firmly convinced that it would not have stood one chance in ten thousand of acceptance by *The Century*



SIGNORA DELEDDA, WHOSE NOVEL, "AFTER THE DIVORCE," IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER

Magazine, for instance, had it found its way to the authors of that periodical at a time when the editors needed short stories. And this is said in disparagement neither of *The Century's* editorial judgment nor of "Fagan." After reading the tale it is very easy to understand the difference of opinion among the judges and Senator Lodge's vigorous disclaimer of responsibility for the award of the first prize. "Fagan" is undoubtedly a good story, a story a great deal above the average, but we shall probably find that among the forty or fifty stories accepted there are eight or ten of which the same can be said. In a little editorial chat about the competition, Mr. Norman Hapgood, alluding to the fact that Boston was in evidence somehow or other in the three prize-winning stories, and that two of them were written by graduates of Harvard University, waves the crimson with enthusiasm and pronounces the outcome "a triumph for old Cambridge and its standards." Mr. Thomas undoubtedly acquired many bits of interest and valuable information in the neighbourhood of Harvard Square, but we do not think that even Mr. Hapgood, if he will sit down and look at the matter soberly, will long maintain seriously that there is any relation between "Fagan" and the Cambridge curriculum.

Another word in the long standing dispute between authors and the artists who illustrate their books may be based on the illustration which forms the frontispiece of Grace S. Richmond's *The Indifference of Juliet*. The frontispiece depicts a marriage ceremony. The text tells us that Anthony, the hero and bridegroom, did not appear in the attire in which most men are married by a bishop. "In his white clothes, surrounded as he was by men in frock coats, he was assuredly the most unconventional bridegroom that had ever been seen." In the picture we search in vain for this figure. There is a groom, but he is in the most conventional of wedding attires. The man in white is missing.

Anthony's Wedding Clothes.



GRACE S. RICHMOND

The extraordinary voyages on which the late Jules Verne sent his heroes were in striking contrast to the orderly regularity and dislike of any kind of change which marked his own life. It was all very well for him to start one of his characters on a trip

The Late Jules Verne.

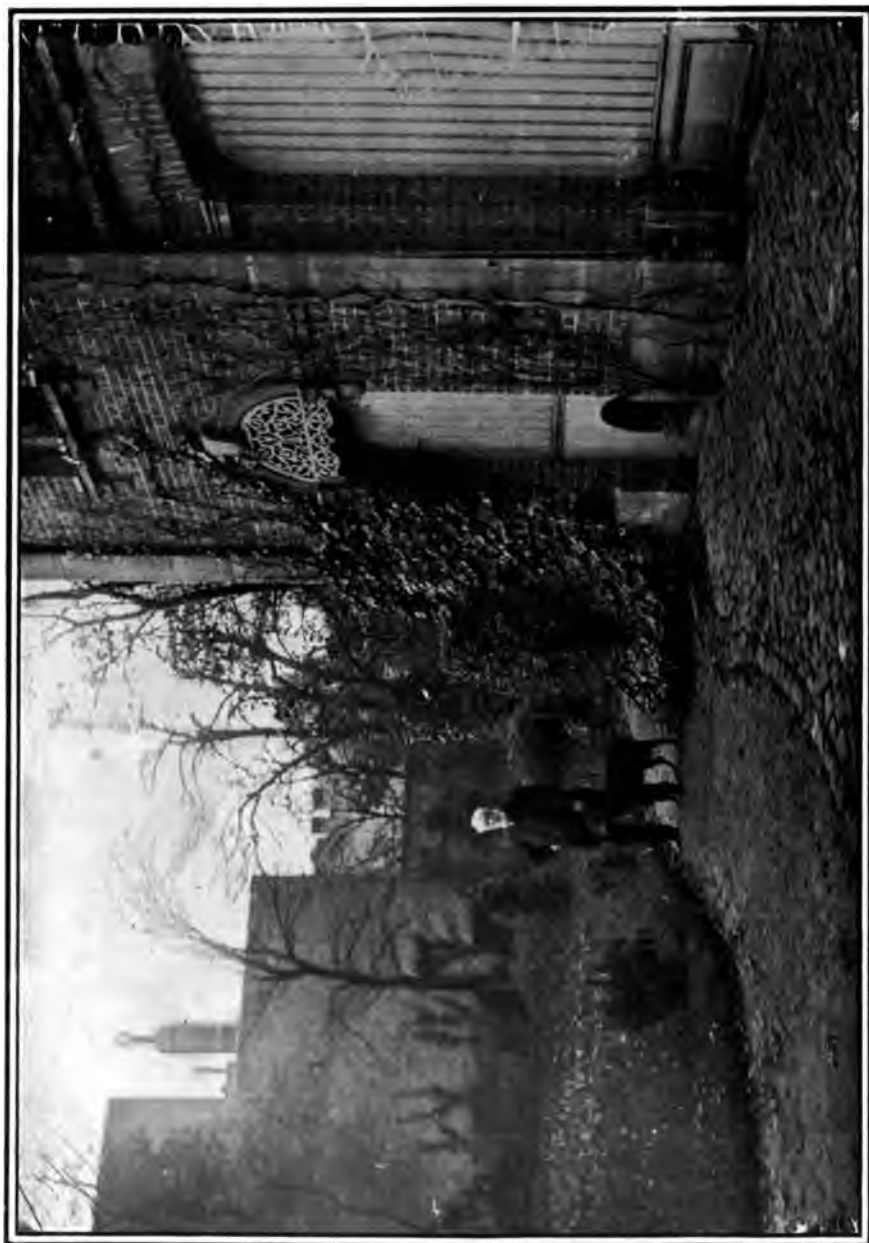


WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, AUTHOR OF "A SHORT
HISTORY OF VENICE"

ROBERT H. FULLER, AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN
HOPE"

PROFESSOR EDWARD CHANNING, AUTHOR OF
"HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES"

HENRY L. ABBOT, AUTHOR OF "THE PROBLEM
OF THE PANAMA CANAL"



THE LATE JULES VERNE IN HIS GARDEN AT AMIENS

to the South Pole or to the centre of the earth or to the moon, but for himself he vastly preferred the material comforts of his home at Amiens. He never travelled much, and during the last twelve years of his life he rarely went out of doors, thoroughly content only when surrounded by his books and his carefully arranged papers. The slightest variation from the even tenor of his existence he regarded with horror. When he was a younger man he used occasionally to divert himself by going out on the English Channel for short trips in a sailboat. Also, he took a keen and hard-working interest in the municipal affairs of Amiens, and served for a long time in the city council. But of later years it was only once in a while that he ventured to leave his home and to take his walk leaning on the arm of a friend. Nevertheless, almost to the end he was producing his two books a year and selling them for ten thousand francs each.

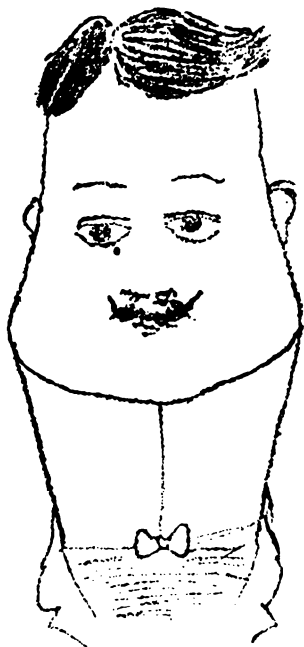
A very remarkable feature of the work of Jules Verne has been the manner in which many of his most extravagant dreams have been realised by modern science and enterprise. When his most widely known book, *The Tour of the World in Eighty Days*, was written, it was frankly a venture into the realms of the improbable, and yet now the record of Mr. Fogg may be broken by any tourist who will sit down and devote an hour to studying the railroad time tables and steamship sailings. Four or five years ago a French writer undertook to show how some of the most extraordinary of Jules Verne's prophecies regarding travel and scientific achievements had already been realised or were on the eve of realisation. No Arctic explorer has as yet reached the Pole, as did the Captain Hatteras of fiction, but all of them, following in his footsteps, have more or less approached it. Some of the adventures which befell Nansen read like pages torn out of the *Sphinx des Glaces* and *The Pays des Fourrures*. As for *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, the submarine boat has become so much a fact that it is no longer regarded with any degree of curiosity, while the modern cannon with a range of ten or fifteen

miles, the melinite shells and the aerial torpedoes are easily the equivalents of the fanciful cannonades of *The Five Hundred Millions of the Begum*.

The French writer in question laid special stress on *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, which he held to be the best of the hundred books from Jules Verne's fruitful pen. "Two epic Englishmen, accompanied by Joe, a servant of the same stamp, attempted to go across Africa in a balloon. To be sure, they had not found out the secret of steering balloons, but they put their faith in their star and in the atmospheric currents. Convinced that they had only to seek in the vertical plane the one among the many superposed and contradictory aerial currents which would lead them in the right direction, they constructed an aërostat, and off they went. Starting from Zanzibar, they soared, after many dramatic twists and turns, above the solid mass of Kilimandjaro, over the country of the Nyam-Nyams, above Lake Tchad and the Kong Mountains, and at last reached some point in French Senegambia."

"The whole story bears a singular resemblance to a piece of literary insanity, and the few pontiffs who deigned to cast their eyes over the book hastened to conclude, with a disdainful grimace, that such things happen only in romances. Well, I beg a thousand pardons of the pontiffs, but, besides M. Henri de la Vaulx, who is getting ready to jump over the Mediterranean, I know three good Frenchmen, three distinguished officers, MM. Hourst, Léo Dex and Dibos, who are ready to attempt the aerial trip across the Dark Continent on an absolutely similar plan, with the exception of a few minor details. It even seems to me that the Municipal Council of Paris has subsidised the enterprise. At any rate, if it has refused to do so, it has done wrong. There is not one of Jules Verne's works, even the *Voyage au Centre de la Terre*—the most extraordinary of them all—which has not been taken up and seriously discussed. We were even on the point of seeing that one realised in the form of a well a kilometre

and a half deep, at the late Exposition, under the auspices of an emulator of Jules Verne, M. André Laurie, alias Paschal Grousset. The latter, moreover, had only appropriated and reduced the grand conception of an Argentine doctor, M. J. J. Martinez, who dreamed of nothing less than piercing the world through and through."



Even among those who knew him well during the last two or three years of his life, there were very few persons who are aware that the late Guy Wetmore Carryl possessed gifts as an artist which might have won him high reputation had he ever seriously turned his hand to caricature. But most of his sketching was done in his Paris days, among the scenes which he depicted in *Zut* and *The Transgression of Andrew Vane*. He drew merely for the amusement of himself and of his friends and for the expression of the whim or humour of the moment. The accompanying caricature of his own features is typical, and anyone who knew him personally will be struck by the marvellous comic likeness. It was presented by Mr. Carryl to Mr. George Barr Baker,

an American journalist in Paris, and underneath the sketch was written:

I butcher thus for you, my lad,
The handwork of my Maker:
And then this dedication add—
"The Butcher to the Baker!"

In the *North American Review* for April, Mr. Henry James has begun the narrative of his American adventures under the title of *New England: An Autumn Impression*. The extracts from it in the newspapers do not give a fair notion of its character, and it may be useful to the general reader if we summarise as clearly as possible some of the more striking incidents of his visit, as thus far recorded. In the first place, he "emerged" at Hoboken "from the comparatively assured order of the great berth of the ship," but almost immediately found himself floating in "a kind of fluidity of appreciation—a mild, warm wave that broke over the succession of aspects and objects according to some odd inward rhythm." He floated in that wave for two days and then achieved the "last pleasantness." He was now in an orchard all his own, "counting, overhead, the apples of gold." "Heavy with fruit in particular was the whole spreading bough that rustled above me during an afternoon, a very wonderful afternoon, that I spent in being ever so wisely driven, driven further and further, into the large lucidity of—well, of what else shall I call it but the New Jersey condition?" And so he reached Long Branch, where there was gold dust in the air and where the good people practically admitted, and without any shade of embarrassment: "We are only instalments, symbols, stop-gaps; expensive as we are, we have nothing to do with continuity, responsibility, transmission." For twenty minutes he had been in doubt as to "what New Jersey might connote," but he learned it at Long Branch. It connoted "the expensive as a power by itself, a power unguided, undirected, practically unapplied, really exerting itself in a void that could make it no re-

sponse, that had nothing—poor, gentle, patient, rueful, but altogether helpless void!—to offer in return.” Soon afterwards he woke up in the New Hampshire Mountains. There his head was turned for the moment by the naturalness of the scenery. Then, oh! the ugliness of the farms, due to the suppression of the two great factors of the familiar English landscape, the squire and the parson”—

Perpetually, inevitably, moreover, as the restless analyst wandered, the eliminated thing *par excellence* was the thing most absent to the sight—and for which, oh! a thousand times, the small substitutes, the mere multiplications of the signs of theological enterprise, of the complexion and on the scale of commercial and industrial enterprise had no attenuation worth mentioning. . . . The ugliness—one pounced, indeed, on this as on a talisman for the future—was the so complete abolition of *forms*; if with so little reference to their past, present or future possibility, they could be said to have been even so much honoured as to be abolished. The pounce, at any rate, was for a guiding light, effectual; the guiding light worked to the degree of seeming at times positively to save the restless analyst from madness.

Here we must leave him till the next number, saved from mental ruin by that pounce, but still somewhat shaken and dazed and by no means out of danger.



The London *Academy*, having previously announced important changes, appeared on March 11th without its familiar blue cover and with rather more news notes and a wider scope than formerly. It opened with some general remarks on journalism, pointing to the reviving interest in first-class weekly newspapers and to the reaction from the personal tone and license that the corrupting influence of American journalism had fostered in the British press. American influence has shown itself, says the *Academy*, in a revolt against formal language and an effort to be vivid, pictorial, and colloquial. There has been a tendency to encourage writers to be as egotistic as possible.

Weekly Journalism.

No doubt, says the *Academy*, the journalists themselves try to dignify their work by calling it impressionism, but it is impressionism run mad. Now that a serious attempt is being made to resuscitate the glories of the best class of English newspaper, it will probably be discovered that herein lay the great error. Let any one take an essay written in the old style with intentness on the subject and not on the writer and compare it with the compositions common now in almost every newspaper wherein liver plays as large a part as individuality and the decay will be apparent.

Whether this implies repentance for a cover too blue and for contents too pictorial and egotistic we cannot say, but if it does, the *Academy* accuses its past unjustly. It has been singularly guiltless in these respects, and such self-reproach seems morbid, reminding us a little of Charles Lamb's solemn Quaker, who confessed in tears at meeting that he “had been a *wit* in his youth.” Nor does it seem to fit the state of weekly journalism in general, which at present is more in need of men with some natural gift for their calling than of any sort of stylistic or linguistic policy. It is madness to be forever debating the question whether journalism fails for lack of form or for lack of substance when every reader suffers from the lack of both. It is not a law of nature that a man is as deep as he is dull or as witty as he is shallow. It is hard to say which is worse—the light weekly journalism with its straining for phraseological smartness and its awful tussles with wit and humour, or the serious sort with its inanimate verbosity, but we may be certain that no country or formula, no “American influence” or “academic” or “impressionistic” war-cry account for these sad extremes.



Speaking of phraseological stress and strain, we cannot forbear to quote a passage from a recent article on Gorky, which probably illustrates what the *Academy* had in mind. It happens to be American, but we have read things in English periodicals just as tremendous, though perhaps not quite so alliterative.

Gorky's gospel is something like this: We are riveted to the rotten, and the chief end of life is to know how to gild the nail-heads. We are battered beatitudes and godless gods. Our weaknesses are called virtues; our cringings tact. Caliban is thrust into the coal-bin, while Ariel with sen-sen breath, reeking in an atmosphere of mephitic boudoir odours, strums the "Rock of Ages" on the parlour piano. We are ruled by an aristocracy of asses. A pusillanimous and purblind pietism—with a copy of Rabelais secreted under its belt—sits in the saddle. Milk and water is called ether. We live on pound cake, dress in pinafores and wear bibs. Faugh!

✱

An English critic of the stage accuses his brethren of laying down the rule that it is necessary to be silly in writing about silly things. He says that he at least will not be bound by it. He will continue to apply his common sense to the foolish plays he happens to see, and he declines to enter into the spirit of the thing, if by that is meant going down on all fours with the public. This is very laudable, and it makes every lazy bone in our body ache to think what a life he will have of it. His cleverness will be a grievous burden to him, and his restless and irritated intellect will goad him to exertions far beyond his strength. For he may not simply classify a trivial play and let it go. He must show wherein it is trivial, and why the plot is not a plot, and how nothing could so happen in real life, and why the characters are nullities. In a vacuum he must catalogue all the things he misses. It is a painful and, we believe, a needless office. There is nothing to be gained, for example, in lingering over the dramatic deficit revealed in Mr. Paul Potter's *Nancy Stair* recently produced in New York with Miss Mannering striving vainly in the title rôle. In dramatising the novel, sometimes the sequence is lost and sometimes the sense forgotten, but there is the murder, and the trial scene, and the poetry of Robert Burns, and above all the curtsying, bridling heroine of stock historical fic-

tion. It is all mere noise and moving pictures.

✱

The Prince Consort, adapted from the French, lost any felicities of dialogue it may have had, and there "The Prince Consort" and Mrs. Fiske's *Plays* was scarcely enough substance left to hold the attention. The Queen of Corconia loves her husband, the Prince, but not enough to give him the least share in the government or to listen to his advice. She insists on his implicit obedience, and even constrains him by force. He leaves her, and she is too proud to call him back, but finding the throne endangered by a revolution, the Prince, who is loved by the people, returns to aid her in the crisis. He is then about to go away again, but she breaks down, amends the constitution decree at her royal will and gives him equal authority with herself. Blessed with fancy, the playwright might have made it a pleasing comedy, with humour, a good burlesque, but being a forthright, theatrical person intent only on making things happen, he found no means of charming away the sense of unreality. It was too slight a tale for so bald a telling. It is characteristic of the new plays during the latter part of this season that while differing in plots, carpentry, problems and purposes, the style in which they are written is all of a piece. To be sure, some of them are effective enough for the moment. Mrs. Fiske, for instance, recently presented three one-act plays of her own which were by no means deficient in theatrical horror and pathos. In one, an elderly husband commits suicide in an unobtrusive and apparently accidental way that his young wife may be united with her lover. In another, a drunken brute stabs his mistress to death; and in a third an impoverished family keep their blind old grandfather in ignorance of their poverty till by shrewd strategy he finds it out. We are always chicken-hearted in a theatre, and situations of this sort are apt to move us even if handled conventionally. They give the players a chance. Mr. Mason was very drunk and very brutal. Miss Eliscu was admirable as the sullen, desperate, ill-used mistress. Mr. Arliss was sufficiently



"LONDON ASSURANCE"

JAMES NEILL BEN WEBSTER
AS DAZZLE AS CHARLES COURTLY

ELLIS JEFFREYS AS
LADY GAY SPANKER AS SIR HARCOURT

IDA CONQUEST
AS GRACE

W. H. THOMPSON AS
MAX HARKAWAY

pitiful and fragile. But in the plays themselves there was not a trace of originality, and five minutes after the fall of the curtain they were as dim to the mind as an item in a newspaper or a conversation overheard in a tenement house.



"THE PRINCE CONSORT"

BEN WEBSTER
..S PRINCE CYRIL

W. H. THOMPSON AS
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL

ELLIS JEFFREYS
AS QUEEN SONIA



MRS. FISKE'S THREE PLAYS
 "THE EYES OF THE HEART" "THE ROSE"
 "THE LIGHT OF ST. AGNES"

THE SPANISH STAIRS

(It will be recalled that the house in which Keats died adjoins the Spanish Stairs in Rome. It has been proposed to remove the fountain below them in the piazza to make more room for the tramway.)

Rome, symbol of all change, oh change not here!
Thou, ever avid of beauty,—who shall say
Thou hast forsworn it in a vain display
And blare of discord, as though eager ear
Listening for nightingale heard chanticleer?
Oh, leave these sunny stairs, that float and stray
From fountain blithe and flowers' rich array
To beckoning bells and chanting nuns anear.

Of all the dead that loved them, hear that voice
Whose sorrow and last silence once they knew,
Whose spirit guards them with his flaming theme,
The immortal joy of beauty. Oh, rejoice.
And stay thy hand: that future ages, too,
By them may mount to heaven, like Jacob in his dream.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

*Piazza di Spagna,
St. Agnes' Eve, 1903.*

LORD BYRON'S "CARO"



ly, for it is also the true history of *The Marriage of William Ashe*.

When incident after incident is repeated, when all the characters bear the same relation to each other, the analogy ceases to be accidental, and the tribute paid to the inventive powers of the author becomes centred in her skill at transmutation. The groundwork of the real story is so interesting, the actors so celebrated, belonging as they do to the greatest of England's historic houses, that the readers of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel may be interested in the bare narrative of this tragedy of three, even though

divested of her charm of style and psychological insight.

In 1812, when Lord Byron, after the publication of *Childe Harold*, "awoke one day to find himself famous" and the sought-after lion of fashionable drawing-rooms, one of the gayest of the young married women and the leader of what might be called the "smart set" of the period, was Lady Caroline Lamb. To this position, besides every natural advantage of beauty and talent, she was entitled by her family connection. Directly descended through her mother, Lady Bessborough, from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, she was the niece of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, by whom she had been brought up, or allowed to grow up, at Devonshire House, the headquarters for the most famous men in the Whig party, Burke, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, all collected around

their leader, Charles James Fox, under the standard and with the watch-cry of Freedom and Patriotism.

After a childhood strangely neglected and as strangely spoiled and indulged, this impulsive and untrained genius (for in many ways she merited that title) had developed into a brilliant woman, with an originality and independence of thought and action which made her even more marked because of the dull conventionality of the social epoch in which she lived, which was complained of by every traveller who visited England. It was not surprising that, having been under the influence of Devonshire House, she should have been, at the early age of thirteen, a precocious politician, who drank "To the health of Fox and confusion to the Tories" in bumpers of milk, or that she should have cherished a romantic attachment to a youth who was a friend of Fox and of liberty, whose poems she had read and whom she had never seen, William Lamb, the son and heir of the first Lord Melbourne and of that clever and beautiful Lady Melbourne whose tact and discretion made her the confidante and adviser of the stupid sons of George the Third.

When Lady Caroline Ponsonby, "Caro," as she was intimately known, met this Prince Charming, who was an *habitué* of all the Whig drawing-rooms which she herself frequented, there developed a mutual love between the calm, elegant, philosophical youth and the capricious and fascinating girl. "When I did see him, could I change?" she asked. "He was beautiful, far the cleverest person then about, the most daring in his opinions and independence." He proposed, but with the candour which was one of the finest and most dominant traits in her character, she refused him on the ground of her temper, which she had never been taught to control, and which with a sort of Cassandra-like prescience she possessed she felt would make a fatal element for unhappiness when combined with his passionate though noble qualities. The beauty which William Lamb retained beyond middle age was marked by firmness and nobility. He was unselfish, generous and sincere, and even too easy tempered and indolent, "the beau ideal of an

Epicurean philosopher combined with a Christian statesman," some one said of him. Adoring him as she did, Lady Caroline could not resist him when he again proposed. The course of true love ran smoothly for these two young people, who were dowered with every gift—fortune, youth and rank.

Their wedding in London in June, 1805, was one of the events of the season, even distracting attention momentarily from the acting of young Rocius, a boy of twelve over whom fashionable, never humorous, London went mad, though he acted the part of a lover to a heroine, Mrs. St. Leger, who was six feet high, "a wretched automaton of a boy," wrote the Earl of Aberdeen two years later when the rage had died away. "And so they



LADY CAROLINE LAMB

were married, she very nervous and his manner to her very tender and considerate." People showered jewels and presents on the bride, as they do at this day. The Duke of Devonshire gave her the wedding gown, one of the high-waisted, scant, semi-classical garments; the Duchess her veil of rare old lace, in which with her slender figure, golden hair and brown eyes she must have looked very lovely,

and they drove away in the dusk of the spring evening to Lord Melbourne's country seat, Broomfield Hall, in Hertfordshire, near London, to pass the honeymoon.

But as life did not end, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, any more than it does now at the altar, except in the three-volume novels over which our grandmothers used to weep, we find the young married couple established some years later at Melbourne House with all their earlier traits accentuated, and holding in them incipient possibilities of coming disaster.

William Lamb, with his easy-going philosophy, absorbed in classic literature and in the Parliamentary road to preferment in the Whig party, which eventually led him to the Premiership under Queen Victoria, was only too careless of the deeper needs of his brilliant wife. One son had been born to them, a beautiful, gentle boy, in whom their hopes were centred, but who, after having convulsions, became the victim of some mental blight, an apathy which was almost, though not quite, idiocy.

Lady Caroline took part in all the gayeties of her circle and station, and she had

resumed the studies of her girlhood, for she was no senseless butterfly of fashion. Despite her neglected education, she had, with an insatiable curiosity for knowledge, learned Greek and Latin so that she could recite one of Sappho's odes in the original. From childhood she had written poetry. French and Italian she spoke fluently, painting came easily to her, and her letters to her friends were usually embellished with fantastic and descriptive designs. Besides these pursuits, Lady Caroline threw herself with the intensity which marked her temperament into all the amusements of her coterie. Melbourne House, Whitehall, where the middle apartment had been fitted up for them, became the rendezvous where the most fashionable set in London rallied around the delightful young couple, Lady Melbourne's mature and diplomatic graciousness acting as a foil to the impulsive, freakish originality of her daughter-in-law, who was always to be relied upon to relieve the stupidity of every social function by doing or saying the unusual thing, without ever lapsing into vulgarity or malice. Lady Caroline's kindness was such that even when her troubles were heaviest she never bore ill-will to those whom she had very good reason to consider, if not her enemies, at least her harsh and unsympathetic critics. Having no patience with the trite interchange about weather and health, she usually dashed into the middle of a conversation which was full of sudden contrasts—gay, sentimental, now profound, then childishly amusing.

She was one evening dancing with a timid young curate, and suddenly shocked him by saying:

"Gueth how many pairs of stockings I have on."

Covered with confusion, he could not or would not venture to surmise.

"Sixth," she laughed, holding up a dainty and slender ankle in the scant, short frock of the period.

At this time Lady Caroline was at the height of her prestige. She was not tall, slight in form ("too d— thin," Byron, with characteristic coarseness, afterward told Medwin, although William Lamb, whose taste was more refined, said that she had a beautiful figure), with the then



LORD BYRON
After a painting by Kramer



fashionable short "crop" of golden curls, a fair skin, and large hazel eyes, capable of varied expression. But her greatest charm was a musical, soft lisp, or rather a slight drawl, common to all "the Devonshire House set."

Fond of books as she was, it was only natural that she should have as friends two of the most well-known literary men of the day, who were also—unusual at that time—well received in the fashionable drawing-rooms, Tom Moore, "the Erin spark," the vivacious, sentimental little Irishman whose songs struck so responsive a chord in the tender hearts of the titled dames that they left the room sobbing, and the banker poet, Samuel Rogers, cynical and bitter of tongue and kind in deeds.

It was Rogers who loaned her the advance copy of *Childe Harold*, then being privately circulated and much talked about, and which had been written by a young nobleman quite unknown to London society, and about whom the town was agog for information, for it was whispered that he was handsome and the hero of mysterious and shocking adventures in the Orient.

She sat up all night reading the manuscript, and was thrilled by the ease of versification, the restless sadness in which she seemed to see a kindred spirit.

"I must hear him," she said to Rogers the next time he called. "I am dying to know him."

"He has a club foot and bites his nails," was Rogers's caustic comment.

"If he is as ugly as Æsop I must know him," was the impetuous reply.

The time came some months later, after the publication of the poem in February, 1812, when it was received with universal admiration, which was extended to its author, who became the lion of the drawing-room, a position to which he, who had never before moved in fashionable circles, was by no means averse. All the women, to use a phrase of the time, were "flinging their heads at him," for, together with the mystery that attached itself to him, he had great beauty. He was young, pale and melancholy looking, with blue-gray eyes, black lashes, auburn hair, a curved, scornful mouth and a voice so sweet that a child at a house he visited



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM LAMB,
BARON MELBOURNE

described him as "the gentleman who talked music." Fatal charms for a woman of Lady Caroline's temperament!

One night at a rout at Lady Westmoreland's, where he was surrounded by a circle of high-born female admirers, she was led up to him by her hostess, a fact which gives an idea of the homage paid to him at this time. Lady Caroline, to use her own words, "felt the power that being must have for her not then, but evermore." A presentiment of evil to follow came to her. Without bowing, she turned on her heel and walked away, and that night she wrote in her journal, "Mad, bad and dangerous to know." But the fatality which interlaced their fates was not to be overcome.

A few days passed. She was at Holland House, which had succeeded Devonshire House as the rendezvous for Whig statesmen and the most celebrated literary men of the day. Lord Byron was announced. Lady Holland, that autocratic and imperious hostess, said:

"I must present Lord Byron to you."

"That offer was made to you before. May I ask why you refused?" Lord Byron asked.

Piqued and interested in this charming



BROCKET HALL, HERTFORDSHIRE

and original queen of the inner circle of fashion to which he aspired, Byron requested permission to call.

The next day he called at Melbourne House.

Lady Caroline, who was entertaining Rogers and Moore, had been for one of those wild rides in which she delighted, through rain and weather. She was in her riding habit, and was somewhat dishevelled when he was announced. Not even waiting to receive him, she rushed upstairs to make a fresh toilette. Lord Byron asked for and received permission to come again when she would be alone. Returning at eight o'clock, which was usually her dinner time, he sat an hour, speaking in whispers for fear of awaking her child, which slept on his knee.

From that time on for nearly a year he almost lived at Melbourne House. With a lame foot, he could not dance, so Lady Caroline, who cared only for his wishes, discontinued her parties, and the gay world gradually began to drop away from Melbourne House, while Lady Caroline and Lord Byron read and wrote poetry together and lived their short-lived dream of happiness.

Here at last, thought Lady Caroline, was the one soul who could understand her, different to all the worldly and commonplace crowd around; one who, like herself, was fearless and independent, above all small and worldly motives, and who, reaching down below the surface, was also endowed with a melancholy desire to penetrate the mystery of life. Byron himself, while flattered and interested, was less sincere, and was far from the nobility with which she credited him. He was really quite genial, and it was difficult for him to keep up constantly the romantic and melancholy pose by which Lady Caroline and his female admirers had been so much attracted. Never insensible to worldly qualities, he had become very friendly with Lady Melbourne, admiring her cleverness and wisdom, which in this case was fully aroused as to her daughter-in-law's folly. With infinite tact she devised a plan which was to relieve her son, on whom her hopes were centred, of the troublesome affair which was making him the talk of London.

With her usual honesty and fearlessness, Lady Caroline made no attempt to conceal her infatuation for Lord Byron.

Every day brought with it some new gossip to be retailed in boudoir and club. They had temporary quarrels, for with tempers on both sides—sullen and cold on his, and violent on hers—nothing else was to be expected. Once after some such estrangement, she came to Rogers to beg that he would reconcile them, and again this mutual friend—for he was friendly to Lady Caroline and believed her innocent of any actual criminality—saw her one evening after a party to which she had not been invited leave her own vehicle and stand talking with her head half way in the carriage in which Byron was returning.

Where was her husband? people asked. Of what was he thinking? William Lamb, his political ambition now thoroughly aroused, was absorbed in the game of politics, where he had suffered a set-back which he was determined to retrieve, in the loss of his seat in the House of Commons on the Opposition Bench. To Lady Melbourne's expostulations with him on Lady Caroline's conduct he paid little heed, for to a man of his humour and character, Byron's melodramatic pose before women seemed a shallow farce which would soon, he believed, cease to attract Lady Caroline, and become one of her many caprices. Confident of her transparent honesty, and under the spell of her variable charm, he condoned eccentricities of conduct and treated her, as she had always been to him, like a spoiled child, so that it is no wonder she attributed his conduct to indifference.

"He cared nothing for my morals," she afterwards told her friend Lady Morgan. "I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron and laughed at it. His indolence rendered him insensible to everything. When I ride, play and amuse him, he loves me. In sickness and suffering he deserts me."

Byron, to whom it was impossible for very long to assume the character of constant lover, having gained already the prestige of so conspicuous a conquest, on which he was wont to receive the congratulations of his friends, was beginning to tire of an affair which brought him unpleasant notoriety. He was in financial straits. Lady Caroline generously made

him an offer of all her jewels to relieve his debts, and it was at this juncture that Lady Melbourne's clever scheme came into play, which was destined, she thought, to relieve her son of a troublesome rival and lead the erratic poet into paths of domestic respectability and peace. Lord Byron admired her above everything. He considered her the cleverest of women, and when she advised him that the proper thing would be for him to settle down, and spoke of her own niece, Annabella Milbanke, who, besides being a prospective heiress, had such a reputation for learning and so fine a character that she was termed "The Paragon of the North," he thought her counsel so wise that he, finding the young lady plump and pleasing, proposed without a spark of love on his side, to be refused so gently on hers that they still corresponded.

Lady Melbourne's warning to her daughter-in-law of his real character fell on deaf ears. She alone knew and understood him, Lady Caroline thought, her more intense nature taking seriously those caprices of his unstable and mercurial fancy, the imaginary unhappiness which was his literary and social attitude. This he still continued to keep up to her, although annoyed at her confidence and devotion, which placed him in so difficult a position. She believed in him, in his vows and protestations of undying love, in his freedom from pettiness and malice to which she and her husband, whom she loved, and was sacrificing, were both strangers.

He repeatedly urged her to fly with him, probably a poetic figure of speech, as nothing was further from his wishes than to offend his friend Lady Melbourne and the heiress whom he yet hoped to make his wife.

Fearful of some disastrous crisis, Lady Bessborough insisted on her daughter's accompanying her to Ireland. Even there she was not safe from his influence, for, unwilling to lose the esteem of the woman who still trusted him, Byron continued to write her letters, "the most tender and amusing." Friends in England wrote her and warned her that he had transferred his attentions to Lady Oxford, one of the gayest of a very dis-

solute set, and that he showed all of her letters to her rival. Still Lady Caroline was loth to believe what she afterwards came to recognise, that "to the perfidy and villainy of a man he unites the malice and petty vices of a woman." She was too sincere herself to believe in his falsehood. She was on her way back to England, looking forward to meeting him, when, at an inn in Dublin, a letter in his well-known writing was handed to her, cruel from any man to any woman, but more so from a professed sentimentalist to one whose worst fault had been in mistaking him for a hero and a gentleman.

This letter, which appeared afterwards in her novel, and which Lord Byron, to his own future ill-fame, acknowledged as being genuine, ran as follows:

LADY CAROLINE: I am no longer your lover, and since you oblige me to confess it by this truly unfeminine persecution, learn that I am attached to another whose name it would, of course, be dishonourable for me to mention. I shall ever remember with gratitude the many instances I have received of the predilection you have shown in my favour. I shall continue your friend if your Ladyship will permit me so to style myself, and as the first proof of my regard I offer you this advice: Correct your vanity, which is ridiculous, exert your absurd caprices upon others, and leave in peace your most obedient servant,

BYRON.

To make this still more bitter, Byron had, with what would be considered almost a woman's ingenious cruelty, sealed this with the seal of her enemy and rival, Lady Oxford.

Blind as were Lady Caroline's infatuation and confidence, they could not stand before such a brutal dismissal.

"It destroyed me; I lost my brain. I was bled, leeches and kept for a week in a filthy Dolphin inn. On my return I was in great prostration of mind and spirit," she told Lady Morgan. Well might she say, poor lady! that she had "lost her brain." Never the same gay Caro afterwards, many of her later eccentricities and vagaries may be traced to the shock produced by this letter, which was calculated to bring on a condition of nervous exhaustion and irritability at a

time when such phrases were unknown, and when there were no specialists to minister to those states of consciousness which lie between normal health and insanity. It was Lady Caroline's misfortune in many ways, as the first of the neurotic women of the nineteenth century, to have been born in England at least five decades too soon for sympathetic comprehension.

The circumstances of her life were little calculated to heal her wounds, or to bring oblivion of their cause. In her own world, wherever she went, even in her own family circle, Lady Melbourne being naturally interested in her niece's affairs, the one absorbing topic was Lord Byron's marriage. He had again proposed, this time to be accepted by Miss Milbanke, between whose cold self-righteousness and Lady Caroline's intensity there had always existed a mutual antipathy.

Annabella Milbanke's name for her cousin's wife, "Beautiful Silliness," proved fallacious in this case, for with a clear-sightedness as to character, save where her own feelings were concerned, Lady Caroline had from the first predicted disaster for her poet's alliance with a woman who, to use his own words, "was governed by what she called fixed rules and principles squared mathematically," and whom, she was sure, his vanity would never forgive for having once refused his hand.

There is no necessity for a repetition of the oft-told story of Lord Byron's ill-fated union, of the scandal and curiosity as to the cause of his wife's separation from him within the year, and of the revulsion of feeling against him. The world took him at last seriously to be what he had written himself down, a monster of crime, "*un diable, mais un tres pauvre diable*," as Fanny Kemble called him, and in the spring of 1816 he went into exile on the Continent.

In all the London drawing-rooms, the pomatumed, masculine heads rising out of horse-collar cravats, and the female heads with their Greek curls and bandeaux, or gauze helmet morning caps, were nodding and whispering in a delight of gossip. There was no report too extravagant to find credence, and Lady Caroline's name, of course, being also

bruited around with every eccentricity which had formally been laughed at as "Caro's delightful way," almost maliciously exaggerated.

One morning the town was shocked by the report that in a fit of temper she had killed her page, the truth being that the boy, a mischievous rascal, would throw squibs into the fire, which annoyed her father-in-law, Lord Melbourne. He did this one day when she was playing ball with him, and she was so indignant that she threw the ball at him, which unfortunately hit him in the head so that he fell to the floor crying out, "Oh, my Lady, you have killed me." She, greatly alarmed, flew into the hall crying out, "O God, I have murdered the page!"

As a matter of fact, he was only frightened, and Lady Caroline was the one who suffered the hurt, for the noise aroused the servants, and it was told in the streets.

Even William Lamb's forbearance was too sorely tried at this escapade. Lady Caroline was banished to Bocket Hall, and her husband's family urged upon him a separation from a wife so obviously detrimental to his public career. To this step, which he for the first time began to consider possible, because of her ill-controlled temper, Lady Caroline, herself deeply penitent, gave sorrowful acquiescence.

It was in the quiet of this country exile, separated from her family, that she wrote her novel *Glenarvon*, unknown to any one save her son's governess, Miss Welsh. Possessed by a passion of energy and uncertainty as to her future, Lady Caroline wrote at fever heat, day and night, on the book which she intended should be her justification to the world. In it she would tell the truth about herself; she would confess her faults and also the terrible trials to which she had been subjected; Byron's almost supernatural fascination and his perfidy.

In a month the manuscript was finished and sent to Colburn, and was published in the spring of 1816. The fact that it was anonymous only added to its interest, for it was generally known that it was written by Lady Caroline and that Lord Byron was the hero. The sensation it created was immense. Every one rushed

to buy it, thinking that at last the secrets of the poet's separation and of delightful scandals in high life were to be revealed. Read with such expectations the book was a disappointment. There were no salacious details, only the fantastic romance of a penitent woman, who even was provoking enough to leave one at the end of the book in doubt as to whether she had been actually criminal. Lord Byron was drawn as Glenarvon, a beautiful fallen spirit sent on earth to work mischief, and there were portraits of herself, her husband—who was painted as all that was fine and noble—and of all her family and friends, who were indignant at having their foibles exposed to the vulgar rabble. The book had little literary quality, and its one merit, as a genuine human document, was overlooked by a generation free from introspection. With characteristic generosity, William Lamb seems to have been the only person really to appreciate the honesty that prompted Lady Caroline's inspiration. Yielding to the pressure of his family for a separation, but with an underlying and awakened sense of tenderness and responsibility toward the candid and wayward love of his youth, William Lamb went with his lawyer and brother to Bocket Hall to obtain Lady Caroline's signature to the document. Leaving them in the library, he went to her room to speak to her kindly words of farewell. A quarter of an hour passed, a half, then the whole hour. George Lamb became impatient at the delay and went to discover what had become of his brother. To his disgust he found him seated, laughing, forgetful of all the world save Lady Caroline, who was standing over him feeding him tiny scraps of bread and butter.

Byron, in Italy, read the book with rage, because it tended to add still more to the feeling against him in England. Word was brought to Lady Caroline that he had insinuated to Madame de Staël that if the authoress had told the real truth the story would have been much racier. "As for the likeness," he mendaciously added, "I did not sit long enough." Whereupon she made a bonfire at Bocket and burned his portrait and poems. Well might Lady Caroline have said that "she lost her brain" on the re-

ceipt of that letter, for the mark of Byron's cruelty seems to have been indelible. It was her curse never to have been able to forget him, to alternate between love and hate of him, causing her poor, distraught fancy to strange acts of symbolism, since he had passed for ever out of her sight.

His miniature, painted for her, always hung around her neck, and the chair at Melbourne House in which he sat to the artist was chained in its place.

Fallen into disrepute with her own world, gradually alienated from her husband by her vagaries, Lady Caroline turned her attention to literature (writing several novels which never attained much celebrity), and to literary people to whom she felt grateful for their sympathy. Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton, both of them very young men, pictured her in their novels as a "fascinating and mysterious puzzle." Poor Lady Caroline, the simplest of Sphinxes! Among her friends was the kindly Irish authoress and social success, Lady Morgan, who speaks of her kindness of heart, and William Godwin, the philosopher. Of these clever people Lady Caroline sought in vain some panacea and meaning for the unhappiness of life. "What is the use of anything? What is the end of life? When we die what is the difference between a black beetle and me?" she asked. Originally religious, William Lamb's liberal views had unsettled her belief, and she found herself adrift without a rudder in faith or in love. "She clings to any one who is gentle and affectionate toward her," wrote Lady Charlotte Bury.

The best of friends herself, Lady Caroline was always assisting some one in distress, some unfortunate poet, governess, or the poor people in the country, to whom she was really Lady Bountiful. It was at Bocket Hall, with its park and winding stream, Welwyn village, her old father-in-law, Lord Melbourne, and her beautiful, listless boy, that she was happiest and at her best. Such was her life up to 1824, when Byron's death occurred in Greece.

Several months after the news reached England, Lady Caroline was being driven through the roads of Hertfordshire in an open barouche which paused to allow

the passage of a funeral *cortège*. Asking whose funeral it was, she was told that it was Lord Byron's, whereupon she sank back fainting.

If the letter had caused the disorder of her brain, this ghastly meeting completed the wreck, for from the illness which followed her health never completely recovered. It seemed as if Byron's malignancy was pursuing her beyond the grave, for shortly afterwards appeared a book of reminiscences by Medwin, who had been one of his toadies in exile, in which the poet spoke of his relations with Lady Caroline in a very unequivocal manner, which was bound to reopen the old scandal. In this book also was published the verse which Byron, with his tendency to calling down curses, better suited to an old hag than to a young nobleman, had dashed off on the fly-leaf of a book on which Lady Caroline had written "Remember me" these lines:

Remember thee, remember thee!

Till Lethe quench life's burning stream

Remorse and shame shall cling to thee

And haunt thee like a feverish dream.

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not,

Thy husband, too, shall think of thee,

By neither shalt thou be forgot,

Thou false to him, thou fiend to me!"

Lady Byron's self-complacency had been proof against versified maledictions to which Lady Caroline's impressionability succumbed. This seemed to her like a curse from the grave, and it was a final blow from which she never quite rallied. Her mind and health became so affected that her eccentricities verged upon madness. While harmless to herself or to others, there was no breach of conventions of which she might not be guilty.

Once when the butler was arranging the table for a dinner party and refused to understand her instructions for decoration, she jumped up on the table and struck an attitude to illustrate her meaning. Another time she mounted the box beside the coachman "for company" she said—caprices which in her station of life and period were regarded as worse than immoralities. There is no doubt that her temper was violent at times and wore out even William Lamb's good nature. After a scene at Melbourne House he rose one

evening after dinner, ordered a horse and rode to the quiet of Brocket Hall. Here, early in the morning, his rest was broken by unusual noise in the hall, and, opening the door, he was shocked to find Lady Caroline lying outside, convulsed by sobs of penitence.

After a long struggle he told her that life under these conditions was unendurable, and the legal form of separation was drawn up and signed in 1825 without publicity. Lady Caroline's failing health was given as a cause for her remaining in the country while her husband's immersion in politics enforced his presence in London.

His occasional visits to Brocket to see his father and his son were red-letter days in her life. Humbled in her pride, remorseful, ill in body, she mourned at last the loss of her husband's love and appreciated his forbearance.

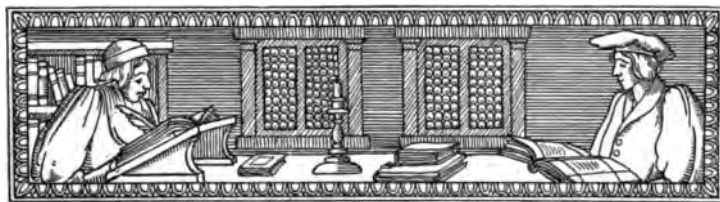
"I have received more kindness than I can repay," she wrote Lady Morgan. "I have suffered also, but I deserved it. I am on my death-bed, but remember the only noble fellow I ever met with is William Lamb. He is to me what Shore was to Jane Shore. I am as grateful but as unhappy."

Her repentance for follies of temperament—for William Lamb and Rogers, both clever men of the world, never believed her guilty of more—came too late.

William Lamb, appointed Secretary of Ireland, left her at Brocket Hall in July, 1827, taking with him their half-witted son in hopes that change of scene would benefit him. Lady Caroline's health became worse, dropsy developed, but with physical suffering came a strange quiet and gentleness. She suffered without complaint and with gratitude for attention, and when he was summoned from Ireland she breathed her last and found peace and rest in her husband's arms January 26, 1828.

In a biographical sketch of her William Lamb wrote: "To the poor she was invariably charitable, she was more. In spite of her ordinary thoughtlessness of self, for them she had consideration no less than relief. To her friends she had a ready, an active love, for her enemies no hatred."

A few months later he succeeded to his father's title, but in all his brilliant career, as Home Secretary, as the young Queen's first Prime Minister, he fulfilled Lord Byron's prophecy: "Thy husband, too, shall think of thee," but not in the way it had been meant, for, never marrying again, Lord Melbourne always cherished a deep love for the memory of his fascinating wife. Years after her death he would speak of her with tears in his eyes, asking sadly, "Shall we meet in another world?" *Anna Vernon Dorsey.*



LITERARY CLUBLAND*

I. LONDON'S LITERARY CLUBS

BY ARTHUR GOODRICH

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack.
He lived such a damnable life upon earth,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.



THE characteristic epitaph in impromptu quatrain is a relic of old-time London Bohemianism, of the days of sanded floors, and of long clay pipes, of rollicking, care-free jollity, of the days when literary linen was seldom clean, when literary pockets were usually empty and when literary hearts were almost always light. It suggests all the groups of writers and painters that "clubbed" naturally of a night at Fleet Street inns and about Covent Garden, just as they did at Will's and the Globe Tavern, and in like places well known as the haunts of Johnson and Goldsmith and the rest. But Grub Street has gone, and Johnson's Old Cheshire Cheese—and there are those who doubt even its claim to fame—thrives largely on the patronage of tourists. The Bohemian has been transformed into a hard-working, respectable member of society, the Wit has reformed and modified his vagrant good-humours, and their modern clubs are a fitting background for their new estate. There are memories of sober Gibbon at Boodle's, now in the main a club for country gentlemen, and of Burke and Joshua Reynolds at Brooke's, then a famous gaming club and now largely political in character, but most of the literary memories of modern London club-land—memories that reach back often for nearly a century—are associated with the Athenæum, the Garrick, the Savile, and Savage, and Whitefriars, and a few others.

As the casual tourist comes down from

*The second paper in this Literary Clubland Series will treat of the Literary Clubs of New York.

Piccadilly Circus to Waterloo Place, the square stone structure at the corner of Pall Mall, its classic solidity and severity of architecture, unobtrusive compared with many nearby buildings, probably fails to draw his curiosity particularly. But in every room there are a hundred vivid memories of the best-known literary men of three generations, not as authors or playwrights or poets, but as men—for where does a man's real personality show itself more clearly than in his club of fellow-craftsmen?—and here literary history and literary anecdote are being made daily for coming generations to read. At the foot of the broad staircase in the hallway, just inside, Thackeray and Dickens made peace after their long quarrel, the author of *Vanity Fair* hurrying after "Boz," who had passed him without speaking. Here, in the dining-room, is Theodore Hook's snug "Temperance Corner," where, out of consideration for his more sedate brothers at adjacent tables, he ordered "a little more toast and water," "a cup of tea," or "another tumbler of this lemonade," and was brought, by the waiters who knew Hook's ordering vocabulary as well as that of the regular list, mulled Burgundy and gin punch in a china bowl that still exists. Here "tobacco pipes made easy," called Hook, and the waiter returned with macaroni, or perhaps he ordered "children's ears done in sawdust," a Hookism for scalloped oysters. Here in the underground billiard room Herbert Spencer is said to have made the much-quoted remark that too great a proficiency at the game was a sign of a misspent youth, although a personal friend of the great scientist told me recently that Mr. Spencer himself denied ever having said anything of the kind.

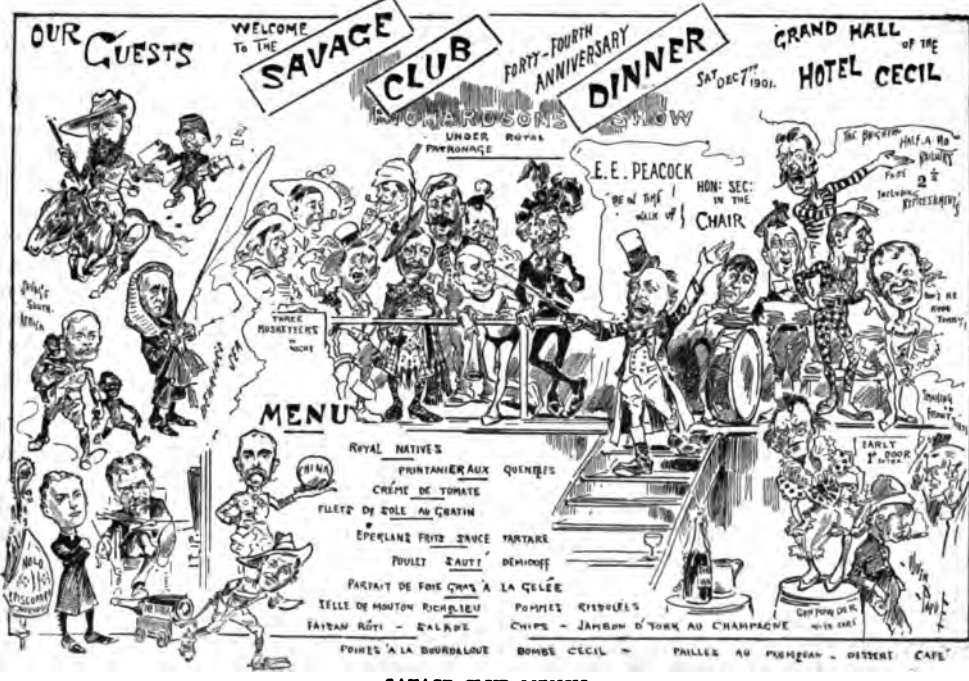
The Athenæum Club House stands, except for an attic story added five years ago, almost exactly as it was completed in 1830. The sculptured frieze under the

List of Members

BONDAGE
W. L. BARNETT
A. H. BARNARD
FRANK BARRELL
CHARLES BORTMAN
F. H. BORTMAN
FRANK BOWEN
CHARLES COLLETTE
W. H. DENNY
G. FITZGIBSON JUN.
ROBERT GANTMAN
RICHARD GREEN
BERNARD GRIBBS
REGINALD GROOMER
ROBB HAWOOD
WALTER HEDGECOCK
DAVID HENDERSON
A. M. HANCOCK
JOHN W. IVIMEY
LOVETT KING
HOLMES KINGSTON
W. BROBANT LEE
J. J. MERRITT
WILLIAM MERRITT
E. O. ODELL
ARTHUR OSWALD
W. B. PARKIN
HENRY PIERCE
COURTNEY POUNDS
RODOLPH POWELL
ALBERT PRATT
JOHN RADEWITZ
EDWARD RICHMOND
A. R. ROSS
TEMPER SAXE
WALTER SANDHURST
HERBERT SHORROCK
W. A. VERNON
OSWALD YORKE



1. H.M. THE QUEEN
By The Chair
2. THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES & ROYAL FAMILY
By The Chair
3. H.M. FORCES
Responded to by
ADAMANT STEWART VC, KCB
SIR R. THACKERAY VC, KCB
4. THE SAVAGE CLUB
Responded to by
W. DENNY HON. SECRETARY
5. THE VISITORS
By A. GORDON SALAMON
Responded to by
LORD REAY
6. THE CHAIRMAN
By CHARLES COLLETTE.



SAVAGE CLUB MENUS

balcony, done by John Henning, and mentioned, it may be remembered, by Ruskin, who was a member of the club, in *Fors Clavigera*, was the cause of considerable discussion among the early members when they were planning this house, on what was then part of the courtyard of famous Carlton House. Some members of the club wished an ice-house adjoining the building, and when Mr. Croker, who was its founder and most active member,

distinguished men who have published some professional or literary work, patrons of the arts, leaders in science, members of the Royal Academy, judges and bishops and statesmen. The club was quickly besieged with candidates for membership; in 1835 there were twelve hundred members and for decades new members have been admitted only after a long period of years upon the waiting list. There are more than fifteen hundred names on the waiting list to-day, and since no man can be proposed until he is eighteen years old, and since he nearly always must wait seventeen or eighteen years to be elected, few new members are under forty, and many are very much older.

The most notable things about the club interior, if it is possible to dissociate it from the men for whom it has been and is a background, are its broad spaces, its always significant and beautiful decoration, done in the main under the supervision of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema or by Sir E. J. Poynter, and the luxurious simplicity of each apartment, which, aided by the usually dark colouring, conjures up unaided the spirits of a notable past. Coming in past the fluted column of the portico, the visitor is received in a broad hallway. As one enters the club, members are bustling in and out. Occasionally elderly men, many of them with I know not what list of titles and distinctions, greeting each other with genial, almost boyish, humour, and disappearing through one of the many doors that open at right and left, or mounting slowly the stairway, broad enough to accommodate a dozen or more abreast. One perhaps is readily recognised, John Morley, who has recently returned from America. One day four archbishops were seen in this hallway chatting with Cardinal Manning. Theodore Hook's limitless pranks once had to do with a barometer here, which he would make prophesy stormy weather on a perfectly clear day, to the confusion of older members, who would shake their heads and stay indoors for fear of the promised storm.

At the left is the dining-room, the real centre of the club, if we admit that the *raison d'être* of all clubs is eating and drinking. Certainly some of the most



ANOTHER SAVAGE MENU

put this suggestion aside and made them sanction the sculptured frieze, epigram followed almost inevitably.

I'm John Wilson Croker,
I do as I please,
They ask for an ice-house,
I'll give 'em—a *Frieze*.

Among the original members of the club in 1824, besides Mr. Croker, then Secretary of the Admiralty, and remembered as the editor of *Boswell's Johnson*, were Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Moore and Sir Walter Scott, but from the start its membership has included all classes of

pleasant of Athenæum memories are connected with this room. Hook's "Temperance Corner," often the resort of Sydney Smith, Tom Moore and many others, became later "Abraham's Bosom," because of the presence of Abraham Hayward, whom Thackeray once declared he heard tell fifty stories, all new, at a single sitting. In this room ghosts seem to mingle with the actual diners. Here at this same table perhaps is Thackeray, whom all the servants delighted to serve; across by a window Dickens snatches a hasty luncheon; near by is Lord Leighton enjoying his marrow bones and rolled jam pudding; and Darwin dining "like a lord." Then the past vanishes for a moment, and there is Mr. Barrie, silent, shy by nature, speaking to no one, dining alone, but dining well, for even the author of *Little Mary* has to consider the cravings of his "Sentimental Tummy;" and perhaps Dr. Doyle or Mr. Kipling, up for the day from his home in the south, while at adjacent tables are Mr. Justice This and the Right Reverend That and the Right Honourable So-and-So, M.P. This is a room of "distinguished dining." Here Charles Kemble, who grew very deaf with the years, shouted private matters to Thackeray in tones that carried to the farthest end of the room. And here Palgrave Simpson and his friend Dr. Cox, having quarrelled, dined at separate tables, the latter, however, gravely compounding the salad for the dramatist, who did not know the secret of his favourite mixture.

Englishmen almost invariably go from a dining-room to a smoking-room for coffee and a cigar. They do not smoke where others are still dining, as we do. And, to note another radical difference between English and American clubs, they pay their reckoning as they would at a restaurant, for they have no cheque system, with its monthly bills. At the Athenæum the cost of the average meal is less than fifty cents, the members dining more cheaply as well as more comfortably here than at restaurants or hotels. There was a time when the feeling of one member that "no gentleman smoked" was in practice true of the club in the use of the club-house. There was at first no smoking-room; later, partly at Thackeray's

instigation, a small apartment was put aside at the top of the house. There are now three smoking-rooms in the house. In the crypt, or billiard-room, Sir Francis Palgrave used to come with various doubtful verses for his *Golden Treasury*, and discuss them at length with his friends, and here Abraham Hayward and Anthony Trollope and others played whist.

On the right of the hallway are the morning-room, where Browning read the weeklies of a Saturday afternoon, and the writing-room, from which Dickens wrote his last letter to one of his sons, who was not to receive it until after his father was dead. Upstairs, the immense drawing-room with its cozy corners and its temporary nooks, made of grouped chairs, is well filled of an afternoon with men of various achievement, sitting by themselves with book or paper or gathered in quiet conversation. Often there is a place which constant usage has made the recognised property of one man, a place once filled with similar regularity by one who has become only a memory. Here Matthew Arnold in a letter to his mother mentioning Crabbe Robinson wrote: "Not a fortnight ago I found him in this very room where I am now writing, and spoke to him. He asked me which of all my books I should myself name as the one that had got me 'my great reputation,' as he wanted to buy it. I said I had not a 'great reputation,' upon which he answered, 'Then it is some other Matthew Arnold who writes the books.' But the odd thing is this. I told him I would send him my Essays, upon which he replied, 'No, no; I'll buy them; don't throw them away upon an old fellow like me. I shall be dead in a fortnight.' And so he was." Mr. Arnold, who worked in this room often, repeated here a story Mr. Gladstone had just told him. The "grand old man" in his early days once had to make a speech, and he asked Peel if he should be short and concise. "No," said Peel, "be long and diffuse; it's the only style that suits the House of Commons." This room was a favourite with Cardinal Manning, and Thomas Carlyle was occasionally here, and on the day when a ballot is being taken the place is crowded.

Ballot day at the Athenæum is an event with the club members as well as with the men who are elected to membership. Ten boxes usually are prepared, and at six o'clock an assembly gathers to know the result. One black ball in ten throws out a candidate, and the number of votes range between 100 and 340, the high-water mark of Athenæum voting. The late Francis Waugh, whose reminiscences of the Athenæum I have used freely, said that he remembered one aspirant who received ninety-three black balls. There are many stories of Athenæum balloting. Abraham Hayward's unpopularity helped Costa, the composer, it is said, for when it was found that Hayward was opposed to the musician everybody voted for him. Then there is the much-quoted and greatly misunderstood story of Thackeray's being black-balled and afterwards being elected. The misconception is due in the main to Thackeray's own letters. Thackeray was never black-balled at the Athenæum. There is a rule of the club by which annually nine men of "distinguished eminence" may be selected, three at a time, by the unanimous vote of the committee. Their names are not presented to the club in the usual way of election. Efforts were put forth particularly by Croker, Macaulay and Dean Milman among others, to bring in Thackeray in this way. The first time they failed, and it is certain from his letters that the great satirist felt it deeply. The next year, however, in 1851, he was selected as one of the comparatively few who have been chosen by the committee. And although the Garrick was more distinctively Thackeray's club, he was often at the Athenæum, and found there among other fellow-members G. S. Venables (the George Warrington of *Pendennis*), whom he had known as a boy at Charterhouse School, where they had a number of schoolboy battles, in one of which Venables broke Thackeray's nose, and "continued to punch it for several days after in order that it might regain its shape." Among Americans who have been specially elected by the committee are J. L. Motley, W. W. Story, Henry James, Henry White, E. A. Abbey and John S. Sargent, while Professor Brander Mat-

thews successfully passed the ballot ordeal some years ago.

In the silent library, the men lost in the deep recesses of luxurious easy chairs are dwarfed before the towering tiers of books, books everywhere, even counterfeit books on the backs of doors. Here, as elsewhere, is a sense of dignified order and austere primness, and the books themselves are a most remarkable collection, "one of the choicest reference collections in England," full of old books, rare books, new books, valuable pamphlets and historical tracts. And here, among other relics, is the caned armchair in which Dickens sat as he wrote in his study at Gad's Hill Place. Here, in one cozy corner, Thackeray worked with the printer's devil metaphorically at his heels, and here Hook, the creditors warded off by the porter at the door below, wrote parts of his novels. Here Macaulay, who sat half surrounded by books on English history, declared his enthusiasm for Richardson's *Clarissa*, and here Bishop Wilberforce wrote his letters or prepared his discourses. The same corner was a favourite resort of Henry Hallam. But the wonder of the room is its books. I think one would go on tiptoe here even if there were no prescribed silence. Upstairs, the cheery new smoking and card-rooms are lined with books. Indeed, it would be as hard to find a room without books in the Athenæum as it would to find a member without distinction. Most of the famous men of England are either among its membership or among the fifteen hundred waiting to be balloted upon.

There is no sense of irresponsibility about the Athenæum Club, or of spontaneous gaiety; it suggests rather sober dignity, staid propriety, weighty wisdom surrounded by peace and quietude. Irrepressible Theodore Hook characterised it laughingly years ago:

There's first the Athenæum Club; so wise
there's not a man of it
That has not sense enough for six—in fact,
that is the plan of it.
The very waiters answer you with eloquence
Socratical
And always place the knives and forks in
order mathematical.

It is a common meeting-place of matured master-minds, and an election to it is not unlike receiving an organised recognition of genius and achievement.

Many of the older English clubs receive a visitor in a formal way that is new to those used to the free-and-easy customs of American clubs. It is not from any lack of courtesy, for I doubt if courtesy has a better example than in the London clubman at his club. It is a matter of traditional rule. At the Garrick Club, for example, the number of hours each day when members can show to friends the hundreds of interesting features of their comfortable club-house on Garrick Street is very limited. At other times a not particularly attractive room set aside for strangers is all the visitor can enjoy, and he dines and lunches in the seclusion of a visitor's dining-room. And for anyone who has literary curiosity, an occasional hour or two at the Garrick is merely tantalising, so filled is each room with paintings and curios and memories.

The present club-house, not far from Covent Garden and the noisy Strand, is something more than forty years old, and is not far from the site of the old house at number thirty-five, which had once been the home of William Lewis, the comedian, and later "Probatt's Family Hotel," and which became the Garrick club-house at the club's beginning in 1831. The present house, from the moment one passes the dull, unimpressive entrance, is—from the great hall with its changing group of members about the pleasant hearth fire to the plain billiard-room at the top decorated with old prints and comfortable lounges—quiet without being dull, snug without being small, and instinct with good fellowship. The portraits that line the walls contribute greatly to this genial spirit that pervades the building. It would be difficult, it seems to an outsider, for any man to be unpleasant with many of the pleasantest, wittiest and most sociable men of several centuries visible on every side. After all, the companionship of books is that of a tête-à-tête, while the companionship of portraits is that of a roomful; the former more intimate but the latter more sociable. And the Garrick's pictures, with the thousands of

memories associated with them, are its glory.

The beginning and the centre of all these pictures is the Charles Matthews collection, all portraits of old-time actors or paintings of scenes from the most notable of the old-time plays, most of them originals, and the comparatively few copies exceedingly good ones. They were brought together originally by the famous actor, who was one of the original members of the club, at Ivy Cottage, and were purchased for the club by Rowland Durrant after the heyday of Matthews's prosperity was passed. It would take months to know adequately the collection and a volume to describe it. Significantly there are a dozen or more of Garrick, and ranged with these are many of the Kembles, of Kean, of Matthews, of Elliston, of Baddeley, of Mrs. Woffington, of Quin and others, besides a host of single portraits and scenes. Here are Nell Gwynn and Mrs. Siddons, Pope, Colley Cibber, Dodd, Quick, and many other of England's favourite actors since the Restoration. And the painters are as interesting as their subjects, for grouped together on the Garrick's walls are Zoffanys, and Clints, and Landseers, and Gainsboroughs, and Lawrences, and Hogarths, and, among the rest, a Sir Joshua Reynolds. Charles Lamb mentioned this Matthews collection in *Elia*, it will be remembered, and Percy Fitzgerald's recently published book about the Garrick Club gives a comparatively full description of the Garrick gallery. Much has been added since the Matthews's pictures became the property of the club, ranging from famous paintings to tiny sketches, to say nothing of the many busts—some of them, it is said, by Mrs. Siddons—and the hundreds of curios. But the Garrick Club gallery cannot be even suggested in a paragraph. It must be seen, and then—it must be seen again and many times.

This was Thackeray's club, both in the old house and in the new, and the history of the Garrick is for many years bound up with the biography of the great satirist. Many of his most famous characters have been traced to originals among his club members. F. Bayham, in *The Newcomes*, "a most harbitrary gent," is said to have been Forster, Dickens's biographer.

Foker, in *Pendennis*, was probably drawn from an eccentric comedian named Ardeckne, who usually addressed Thackeray as "Thack, my boy." When Irishmen assailed Thackeray for his supposed attack upon Catherine Hayes, the singer, in *Pendennis*, the author wrote from the club a characteristic answer in the story of an Irish duel which was brought about by one participant's declaring that anchovies grew upon trees and a subsequent disagreement over the statement. "Oh, by the powers," cried the man when he had killed his opponent, "I'm all wrong, 'twas capers I meant." Another typical Garrick story of Thackeray is that of his remark to Edmund Yates shortly after leaving the club one day. They passed a fish shop where oysters were displayed in separate tubs, one lot at a shilling and the other at one and three pence a dozen. "How the two must hate each other!" remarked Thackeray.

The mention of Edmund Yates and Thackeray and the Garrick Club suggests naturally their quarrel. Yates, then a young man, and always an indefatigable journalist, described Thackeray, his fellow club-member and friend, with brutal frankness in a weekly paper. "His bearing cold and uninviting; his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his bonhomie is forced; his wit biting; his pride easily touched." This was part of the published description. The rest of the story is well known, how Thackeray asked for an explanation, and, receiving none in Yates's short note of reply, complained to the committee, and how the committee decided that Yates must apologise or withdraw from the club; how Dickens and Wilkie Collins and others supported Yates at the meeting and were beaten, and how Dickens tried to mediate between the two, a fruitless attempt that only began the long estrangement between the two greater men. Dickens, who had resigned twice from the club previously only to join it again, did not resign at this time, but somewhat later he left the Garrick because it would not elect his helper and friend, W. H. Wills.

At the Garrick Club, also, there are memories in its earlier days of Hook and of his friend Hill, who knew "everything

about everybody," and of Barham of *In-goldsby Legends*, and of Poole of *Paul Pry* fame, whom, in old age, Dickens helped as he did Leigh Hunt and many other impecunious friends. Later came among others Wilkie Collins and the versatile Charles Reade, lawyer, novelist, dramatist, fellow of Oxford and amateur musician, Anthony Trollope, and Bulwer-Lytton. Then there were H. J. Byron, the wit, dramatist and actor, and Beazley, the architect of the famous Lyceum, now a music-hall, whose quaint epitaph suggests his life:

Here lies Sam Beazley,
Who lived well and died easily.

Here were Price, the American manager, who devised the famous Garrick gin-punch, made of soda, Maraschino, gin, lemon-peel and water, it is said; and Mark Lemon, who was an actor, by report, and a publican, the author of sixty plays, critic, lecturer, and one of the founders and the first editor of *Punch*, with which he began work at a salary of about six dollars a week; and here at the Garrick have been most of the subsequent editors of *Punch* as well.

The Garrick Club was founded with the express object of bringing together on equal terms "actors and men of education and refinement," a phrase that suggests something of the outlawry of the old-time actor. It is not unlike the *raison d'être* in Edwin Booth's mind of The Players in New York, the bringing together of men interested in the drama, music, literature and the arts. Most of the leading English actors are here, men like Sir Squire Bancroft, who has retired from the stage, but not from regular attendance at the Garrick, and Sir Henry Irving, and Sir Charles Wyndham, besides the younger men like Forbes Robertson, George Alexander and many others. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Barrie, Anthony Hope and Kenneth Grahame and Charles Frohman are names that suggest how the varied and yet allied character of its old-time membership is retained. The club is governed by a committee of three trustees and twenty-four members, six of the latter being elected yearly. This committee elects or rejects the persons pro-



THE NEW VAGABONDS' DINNER TO SIR HIRAM MAXIM

Photograph by Fladelle and Young

posed for membership, and at such elections at least seven members must be present. Two black balls or three exclude, the number depending upon whether there are more or fewer than twelve committeemen present.

One of the quietest and most delightful of the London clubs haunted by literary men at their leisure is the Savile. This club started in Spring Gardens, moved later to Savile Row, and at last found its present home at 107 Piccadilly, a house which, by the way, belonged once to Lord Rothschild, and was his gift to his



SAVILE CLUB

daughter at the time of her marriage to Lord Rosebery. This house, with its great bow windows looking out upon the kaleidoscopic colour and movement of Piccadilly and the Green Park beyond, is bright and cheery and unpretentious and comfortable. It is, first of all, a home, and this impression, which greets the visitor in the doorway, grows with fur-

ther acquaintance. This is probably the reason why so little has been written about it, and about its members in connection with it, and why one seldom, if ever, hears its members speak casually of the interesting things that happen and are told within the circle. The privacy of it and the genial welcome it gives to a stranger are equally those of a family rather than of a typical club. If you lunch there in the snug dining-room facing Piccadilly you'll find the members in groups, not alone nor in pairs, at the tables. Across from you you recognise in the midst of the chatting, laughing men that surround a large table, the well-known faces of Edmund Gosse and Maurice Hewlett. At your own table are—never mind who, but a most delightful and informal company. And neither here, nor in the free-and-easy smoking-room afterwards, nor in any other room in the cozy house, does the icy hand of tradition prod you to a rigid propriety, nor does a sense of oppressive dignity stifle your voice to a whisper. And this is not because there is not tradition here and dignity, but because the spirit of the modern club overrides both. The club motto describes it: *Sodalitas Convivium*.

The Prime Minister and Lord Kelvin are two of the four trustees, and the committee includes the War Secretary, Knights, Fellows of the Royal Society, a well-known writer or two and one of the most popular singers in England and in America. If you run hurriedly through a list of members, you will find among others Thomas Hardy, who, though not known as a club man, has been a member of the Savile as long as the humble writer of this paper has lived; Egerton Castle, as popular in his club as he is at the bookstalls; Stevenson's friend, Sydney Colvin, who was one of the original members of the Savile; Rider Haggard, who is now investigating the various means of help given to the unemployed in America; Irving, Kipling, and Ian Maclaren, Professor Saintsbury, Professor Ramsay and Professor Osler; Max Beerbohm, who is often here, and Henry Norman, who finds time for his club in spite of his busy life as "editor, member of Parliament and motor enthusiast." Of Americans, the names of G. H. Putnam and

Brander Matthews are noticeable at a glance.

The entrance fee at the Savile is only half the Garrick fee, but the committee at its meeting must be unanimous for each candidate elected. The club's ready hospitality is shown by its method of admitting foreigners as Honorary Members for a month, and for a longer period upon the payment of dues paid by regular members, as well as by the free welcome it gives to the casual visitor.

Adelphi Terrace, looking down from its artificial eminence upon the hazy, smoky Thames between Waterloo Bridge and Hungerford Bridge, is a place of many distinguished memories. Robert Adam built it, and named adjacent streets for himself and his brothers. Below it for a time was a notorious "thieves' kitchen," while the Terrace itself was the home of David Garrick—who called it "Corner Blessing," who set himself up as a wine merchant here because, as Foote remarked slightly, he had "three quarts of vinegar in the cellar," and who lived a number of years and died at No. 5; and of Isaac Disraeli and his famous son; of Kate Vaughan and of Angelica Kaufman, and of Beauclerc, to whom Dr. Johnson came almost nightly for a time to drink a friendly grog. Here in one of the gaunt old houses, another of which is the home of George Bernard Shaw, dwells the Savage Club. This organisation, like *Punch*, started in a tavern bar. It was in the fifties; the tavern was the White Hart on Catharine Street, Strand, and among the early members were the Broughs, the Mayhews, George Augustus Sala, Planché and Andrew Halliday. It was, in the beginning, something of a return to the older Bohemianism, which was gradually dying out, something of a reaction against the more proper clubs of the newer time.

There's a curse in the phrase, deny it who can?

There's a curse in the phrase—"I'm a gentleman."

These lines, said to be by one of the Broughs, suggest the feeling of the early Savages, who yearned more for congeniality than for starched propriety. The name came from a collection of

weapons and shields given to the club, and the members at the start were, most of them, journalists and playwrights, although at present there are members of all the artistic crafts and professions on the Savage lists. For a time the club journeyed from one tavern to another.



THE SAVAGE CLUB, ADELPHI TERRACE

There are memories connected with an upper chamber of a hostelry in Vinegar Yard and with the Nell Gwynn among many. It gave amateur shows and held free-and-easy dinners, which suggest the names of Archer and John Oxenford, Tom Hood, W. J. Prowse and George Cruikshank. After a time the present club-house became the "wigwam," and although its earlier Bohemianism has been somewhat sobered down, it retains much of its high spirits and its unforced congeniality.

Saturday nights is the time of times at the Savage. Then after dinner is over, and after the chairman, with three loud blows of a South Sea Island club to call attention, has given permission to smoke, there is always an interesting and im-

promptu programme of songs and conjuring and jokes and impersonations—and it is, it may be remarked, a habit among Savages never to whisper during a performance. And these Saturday nights bring reminiscences of others, with Toole as the centre of attention, or George Grossmith or Lionel Brough or Lord Alverstone singing "The Lass that Loved a Sailor," or Doctor Nansen dancing his national jig, and many others long ago or only the other night. Then there are the annual dinner and the ladies' dinner. A handful of caricature menus introduce one to dozens of well-known faces, and perhaps side by side are one drawn by Phil May and another, a recent one, done with Stanlow's slender lines.

It was from the Savage that Artemus Ward went out to prove the credulity of the Londoner, and did so by making an astonished waiter and the proprietor and

a crowd between him and the doorway, bribed a policeman to put handcuffs on him and to drag him through the mass. The plan worked perfectly, except that the policeman forgot to take off the handcuffs, much to Sothern's subsequent discomfort. Some of H. J. Byron's cleverest remarks were made at the Savage, although not in its present rooms, decorated with old photographs and relics and shields and weapons from far-off lands. One night a certain tragedian who was not always successful was trying to show an artist how he wished a poster drawn. "But you know I don't draw well," added the tragedian. "Yes," remarked Byron, standing near by, "that's what the managers say." Some of the best of Byron's wit was often expressed, like Theodore Hook's, in impromptu verses. Late in life he remarked concerning the marriage of a friend named Day to a Miss Week:

A Week is lost, a Day is gained,
The loss we'll ne'er complain.
There'll soon be little Days enough
To make a Week again.



GARRICK CLUB

the guests at a restaurant believe that he had eaten the oyster shells as well as the oysters he had ordered. The story of how E. A. Sothern attended the present King's wedding is another of the long line of Savage yarns. "Dundreary," finding

The real spirit of fellowship that binds together the members of the Savage is shown by the care it takes of members who are "down in their luck." Many a successful benefit has the club arranged for those of its members who, growing old, find that they have no longer a great public waiting for their books or plays or music or acting. The Savage Club Studentship, also, is maintaining regularly a relative of a member at the Royal College of Music. Its general rules of government are not unlike those of other clubs, except that a candidate for membership must first be qualified by the committee, one black ball in five excluding, and can then use the club for one month, mingling with the members and being judged by them. At the end of that time his election, conducted similarly to his qualification, is held. A list of writers and actors and artists, well known to the American public and members of the Savage, would be so long as to be tiring. And, after all, the qualification of congenial comradeship seems to be more important at the Adelphi Terrace house than that of great public reputation.



THE WHITEFRIARS AT GEORGE MEREDITH'S



UPPER SMOKING-ROOM IN THE ATHENÆUM CLUB

Up in Bedford Street, Strand, there is a quiet little free-and-easy club, the Yorkick, where writers and artists and actors congregate. The inimitable W. W. Jacobs is often there, and G. B. Burgin and Sydney Sime, whose sketches line the walls, and W. Pett Ridge, and Walter Passmore and W. S. Penley of *Charley's Aunt* fame and many more. It has a unique possession in a proprietor who takes away many of the members' difficulties and studies their comforts as the best stewards and supervisors seldom do. Across the way, Henry Norman, M.P., showed me the other day the former rooms of the Greenroom Club, with their handsome oak wainscoting, now Sir Henry Irving's offices, and those of William Heineman, the publisher. Mr. Norman's private editorial office is the old Greenroom kitchen. The club is now in Leicester Square, with a membership made up in the main of playwrights and actors. Then there is the Authors' Club, with many of the most noted writers in England on its general committee, with the unique organisation for a club of a limited liability company, and with a pleasant group of rooms in Whitehall Court for a home. There is the Sesame Club, with a charming club-house in Dover Street, and with a mixed membership of ladies and gentlemen interested in literary study, and more particularly in educational work. Here the members meet on Mondays for lectures and discussions, and more practically, along with their social and literary interests, they have opened a House for Home Life Training in St. John's Wood. And there is the Lyceum,

the woman's literary club about whose international plans so much has been heard recently. Surely the idea of being a member of many clubs in one is attractive, and for the woman abroad the possibility of finding a club home awaiting her in every large centre of population will take away much of the unpleasantness of travel.

Of literary dining clubs there is no end, and many of them have traditions and striking anecdote and interesting associations in abundance. The Whitefriars Club was started ten years after the Savage, the nucleus being a group of journalists that gathered daily at a restaurant near Fleet Street. It wandered from Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars, to the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street and elsewhere, but finally more than twenty years ago to Anderton's in Fleet Street, where the present club room faces the narrow "lane of letters," and where the weekly dinners are held. The Whitefriars has retained its character as a dining club, and most of its pleasantest memories are bound up in its Friday night feasts. Looking down the years, we can find William Black celebrating his first real success as a novelist in the little room at Radley's, actors like Barry Sullivan and Wilson Barrett at the Mitre, and writers like Tom Hood the younger and Richard Whiteing, Henty, and many others among the group of hard-working successful editors and leader writers and critics. And we hear stories of Mark Twain's visit before the time of his larger success, and of Joaquin Miller.

Coming to the present, the best idea of the club can be gained at one of the Friday night dinners. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., is the Prior of the evening and Lloyd George, M.P., is the chief guest. Across from us at the table Shan Bullock and Stephen Gwynne are chatting—the Irish question, probably; not far away is the "F. C. G.," the Nast of present-day English caricature; in another corner is Clement Shorter, and near him Dr. Robertson Nicol of the *English Bookman*. G. B. Burgin is here, and Mr. Dent, the publisher, and many others equally well known. They have come direct from their offices, many of them, and there is no formality about any of



INTERIOR DINING ROOM OF THE SAVAGE CLUB

them. After dinner there are speeches and a general discussion and afterwards social chat in the club room—everything very interesting, very unostentatious and very pleasant and everything suggestive of a real brotherhood in the craft. It is a most delightful evening, one that makes an outsider understand the loyalty and enthusiasm of the friars for their order. They have larger dinners than this one, and smoking concerts, and they go on pilgrimages—"beanfeasts" to the ordinary—to their honorary members, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, or elsewhere in the summer time, but the Friday nights when they dine—as the friars of olden time fasted—are, after all, the central features of the club life. Incidentally, the Whitefriars publish their own little journal, which seems inevitable when one tries to imagine how many volumes of printed matter, if they were gathered together, these one hundred friars write

yearly in books and magazines and in newspapers and news weeklies.

There is a pitiful story told of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours, and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again. It was about Marston that a group of men gathered often at Pagani's restaurant, which served as the beginning of what is now the New Vagabond Club. The New Vagabonds dine together only half a dozen times a year, but they make



WHITEFRIARS GROUP IN THOMAS HARDY'S GARDEN

Photograph by Russell

up for the small number of dinners by the large number of diners and the sumptuousness of the feasts. These dinners are held at the Hotel Cecil, and are attended by the members and their wives or their husbands and their friends. At the most recent dinner, at which Lord Roberts and Marconi were the principal speakers, I noticed many members of other clubs at the crowded tables and among the groups in the reception-room. And this is characteristic, for the New Vagabonds bring together as many workers in the arts and lovers of the arts as it would seem possible to gather at such functions. They are New Vagabonds, for the temperament is still of Vagabondia, although the new with their luxury have swung to the opposite pole from the simplicity of the old.

There are three well-known little dining clubs which group in each case about the personality and the work of old-time writers. The Johnson Club has for many years brought together Johnson scholars and Johnson enthusiasts. An idea of the serious work it does during its social evenings at various Fleet Street taverns can be obtained from the published Johnson Club papers. The Omar Khayyam Club is a dozen years old. Among its early members were Justin Huntley McCarthy, William Watson, Richard Le Gallienne, Augustine Birrell and Edmund Gosse, all devotees of Fitzgerald's poem. Most of its members are men of real literary and artistic achievement, and they look back upon many enjoyable gatherings, including one at which George Meredith and Thomas

Hardy made their maiden speeches and Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse contributed poems. In a group of its menu cards, on each of which are an original poem and an original drawing by individual members, one can find verses by Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, Grant Allen, Owen Seaman and Sir Frederick Pollock, and drawings by Frank Brangwyn, Alfred East and Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., among the number. The "Boz" Club was founded, naturally, it seems, at the Athenæum less than five years ago, and at its first dinner the chairman directed affairs from "Boz's" own chair from Gad's Hill, and there were among the diners Dickens's favourite son, two artists who had illustrated *Our Mutual Friend* and *Edwin Drood*, the son of the famous "Buz Fuz," a writer who had written five novels for Dickens's *All The Year Round*, and a number of admirers in the craft of to-day. A glance through "Boz" Club papers finds records of dinners at the Criterion followed by interesting Dickens discussion and anecdote by interesting men of letters; and of tours in Dickens's country by groups of members.

The gamut of literary men's clubs is a long one, for you can find a writer or two in nearly every club in London, at the Reform or at Boodles or at the Army and Navy. But perhaps enough has been said to suggest the heritage which is the possession of the members of the more distinctly literary clubs and to trace something of the surroundings within which that heritage is being added to yearly.



THE PERSONAL EQUATION AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



IN elaborating his theory of *Le Roman Experimental*, Zola once made the sweeping statement that the personal element should be allowed to play no other part in literature than as a sort of starting point, an initial impulse. The "experimental novelist," he goes on to say, is one who "accepts established facts, and shows mankind and society as factors in the mechanism of scientific phenomena, at the same time doing his best to keep his personal opinions, his *a priori* ideas, under the control of observation and experience." To-day the reading world no longer knows or cares to know anything about "experimental" fiction. Zola himself lived long enough to get as far away as an author well could get from his original theories, and to pass from a would-be impartial observer of life to an almost fanatical preacher of new doctrines. And even his earlier volumes, the books by which he will be longest remembered, *L'Assommoir* and *Nana* and *La Débâcle*, will live because, in spite of his theories, they bear the stamp of the strongest personality that the past half century produced in French fiction.

Nevertheless, this principle of the subordination of the personal equation in fiction is one of a number of principles which it seems worth while to cull for preservation from out of a riotous growth of fantastic and irrational literary doctrines. It would certainly do no harm if every modern novelist should copy the above quotation and keep it pinned up in a conspicuous place above his desk. To eliminate the author's personality is, of course, an impossibility; but a strong, determined, consistent effort in that direction will almost always be followed by a gain in power and artistic value. Of course, no writer can keep himself out of his books, whether he writes criticism or poetry, or detective stories. The very choice of his subject tells you something

of his personal tastes; the sort of people he pictures, their nature, actions and the fate that overtakes them, inevitably reveals a part of his philosophy of life. It is one of the commonplaces of criticism to praise a realistic writer for his photographic accuracy; as a matter of fact, the phrase would be a violent hyperbole, if it were not so trite. An author who imitated even approximately the fidelity of a camera's lens, who attempted to give a comprehensive inventory of the contents of a room, the moving panorama of a busy street, would not run the risk of seriously boring his reader, but he would depart very far from a truthful imitation of the way in which things present themselves in real life. When we enter a room, or when we walk down a crowded avenue, not one of us ever takes in every petty detail at a glance. An attempt to do so would result in a mere blur of impressions, like a time exposure from the window of a moving railway carriage. What we actually do is to pick out just a few details in an impressionistic fashion, and no two men will pick out the same set, but each will make his instinctive choice according to his special temperament and training. The most realistic of novelists can do no more nor less than this, if he is picturing merely a dining-room or a boudoir. By a study of the household furnishings and decorations to be found in the novels of a Bourget or Henry James you may form a shrewd estimate of the author's degree of culture and artistic taste. From the manner in which he describes his heroines you may conjecture his ideal of feminine beauty. Some authors, in describing women, will always begin with the colour of their eyes; others will perhaps forget to speak of their eyes at all, but will dwell, time after time, upon the length, the luxuriance, the inimitable shade of their hair. To take an example almost at random, Marion Crawford is one of the novelists to whom a woman's hair is her greatest glory. In *A Cigarette-Maker's*

Romance, he says specifically that "we all feel that a woman's sacrifice can go no further than in giving her head to the shears." D'Annunzio, on the other hand, finds a special charm in a woman's hand. The eyes, the hair, the lips, he mentions casually; but the hands he never wearies of describing—their strength, their flexibility, the hundred different sensations that their touch conveys. And when, in *La Gioconda*, he wishes to symbolise a woman's greatest physical sacrifice, it is not her hair that she gives to the shears, but her hands to the surgeon's knife—the frail, white hands, crushed under the falling statue which they save.

But revelations like these of an author's personality are involuntary and inevitable. To avoid them one must cease altogether to put pen to paper. But what lies within the power of every writer is to shun a direct expression of his personal views, a deliberate criticism of the actions of his characters, a specific statement of what he finds wrong in the existing conditions of society, and how he would alter the running of the universe, if he had the power. Much has been said both for and against the so-called problem novel. As a matter of fact, every novel that fearlessly and faithfully pictures life is a problem novel, a novel of many and very complex problems. Every human life is full of just such problems, of which we are living the solutions day by day. And often the most widely discussed novels are precisely those that involve some crucial question of conscience, some vital difference of standards, moral, religious or political. When such a question is fairly presented, with an honest attempt at impartiality, then no matter which side you espouse, you may read it with interest, even with enthusiasm. But a problem novel, developed in a spirit of partisanship, becomes not merely irritating, but intolerable. And scarcely more endurable than the novel in which the author avowedly holds a brief for a particular cause, is that in which some one character is shoved ostentatiously forward as the author's spokesman and praised and petted and made to prosper, all on account of his iconoclastic views of existing social institutions.

Among the novels of the current month

there is one which would serve admirably as a text for a lengthy disquisition upon the subject of the Personal Equation—*The Unwritten Law*, by Arthur

Henry. To describe it as an example of violent partisanship would be eminently unjust. Yet one feels from the opening to the closing page that it is the outcome of long pent-up feeling struggling to find expression, and that it is little short of heroism on the author's part to have kept himself properly in the background. The tendency to preach and to moralise comes naturally to Mr. Henry. One has only to recall those two unique volumes, *An Island Cabin* and *The House in the Woods*, in order to realise that their charm depends equally upon their simple, vivid portrayal of a life close to nature, and upon the genial and helpful philosophy interwoven in every page. But in those earlier books Mr. Henry was in tune with his surroundings. Simple living, wholesome toil, the breath of the ocean, the balsam of the woods—these are the essentials of his modest idea of happiness. But in a great city, with the rush and turmoil of its traffic all around him, the greed of modern competition, the injustice of social ethics before his eyes, Mr. Henry finds chiefly discord. And while in *The Unwritten Law* he has for the most part allowed the development of characters and the unfolding of plot to teach their own lesson, yet every now and then an ironic turn of phrase, a parenthetical comment, perhaps merely the slight colouring given by a special choice of adjective, shows how gladly the author would have welcomed a chance to take a personal part in the argument, and thereby seriously weakened a book of very unusual quality and force.

To begin with, *The Unwritten Law* is an encouraging example of that best sort of realism, which has had far too few exponents in this country—the frank and fearless sort which does not deliberately seek out the unsavoury things of life, yet does not flinch from them if they are seen to form a logical part of the story to be told. The style is simple, at times almost to the point of baldness. The separate scenes read like so many transcripts

direct from real life; at first they give one a confused impression, not of a single story, but of fragments from many stories, detached and isolated. Gradually, however, as the details are filled in, the many-sided picture begins to take definite form. One realises the patience and skill required to bring the motley elements of metropolitan life within the limits of a single canvas. Here are characters drawn from all the various social strata—lawyers, judges, Wall Street magnates; simple, plodding working men; leaders of exclusive social circles; daughters of the tenements and sweat-shops and their chosen comrades, the toughs and hoodlums of the city streets.

The complexity of the plot makes the book a peculiarly difficult one to epitomise. There is no one central thread to which the others are subordinated; there are fully half a dozen of equal prominence. First of all there is a delightful old German family; simple, genial Karl Fischer and his equally lovable old wife, Katrina. All their lives they have worked and saved and denied themselves in order to have a modest competence for their old age and enough to secure the future of their daughters, Emeline and Thekla. And suddenly one day when old Karl goes to the savings bank to draw his quarterly interest the bank is no longer there. It has failed weeks ago, and his money is gone. Karl is an engraver by trade; and feeling that the public has stolen his money, his simple mind sees no harm in trying to get it back by counterfeiting bills. Discovery inevitably follows, then a perfunctory trial, and the bewildered and broken-hearted old man passes the remnant of his days in Sing Sing prison.

Then there is the subsequent story of the two daughters. Emeline, selfish, ambitious, aristocratic in her tastes, ashamed of her parents, determined to rise in spite of them, in the end actually accomplishes the prodigy of marrying into the most exclusive circles. Thekla, on the other hand, loyal, impulsive, unable to deny those she cares for anything they ask, unthinkingly goes to her ruin through an excess of generosity. And the fault, according to Mr. Henry, lies with society for not having learned how to make the

world a safe place for its Theklas to live in.

Then there are the Storrs family, ambitious social climbers, greedy for wealth. Mr. Storrs makes the mistake of speculating foolishly, using securities that belong to the bank of which he is president. In the crash which follows the bank goes down, incidentally ruining Karl Fischer; and Mr. Storrs comes out of the wreck penniless, but with untarnished name, having saddled his crime upon the stouter shoulders of a younger man.

Then there is Adams, the young lawyer from the West, outspoken, iconoclastic, full of wrath against the modern spirit of hypocrisy. It is he who undertakes the defence of the old counterfeiter, Karl Fischer, and does him more harm than good by his intemperate and socialistic doctrines. It is he who loves and finally wins the younger daughter of Mrs. Storrs, who is reduced to keeping an exclusive boarding house on the northern side of Washington Square, and a stranger wooing than that of Adams never found its way into print. Race suicide and the joys of having a large family are, in Adams's opinion, not only a proper topic of conversation for an engaged couple, but an essential topic, and he is surprised and hurt that Lou does not share his views. These are only a few of the interwoven threads that go to make this strong, many-coloured, somewhat uneven story of *The Unwritten Law*. It will inevitably provoke discussion; it will arouse some antagonism; but it cannot fail to make people think.

The Apple of Eden, by E. Temple Thurston, is an admirable instance of the

conscientious repression of the author's personal views. The book is a study of celibacy, but whether the writer ap-

proves or disapproves; whether, indeed, he is Catholic or Protestant, there is nothing in the book to show. A good many readers will probably be attracted to the volume by the fact that it is written by the husband of the author of the *Masquerader*. As a matter of fact, however, the two books are not in the same class. The one was simply an ingenious plot developed with a well-sustained cleverness;

the other is a searching and pitiless analysis of a human soul. Father Michael is a young Irish priest, uncompromisingly austere, deeply learned in the wisdom of books, but of childlike ignorance regarding the ways of the world. From his earliest years he has grown up with the idea of becoming a priest. He took the vow of celibacy at an age when he did not fully understand the significance of what he promised. His first awakening comes one day when a suppliant at the window of the confessional acknowledges that he has sinned, tempted by the beauty of a woman's hair—hair of a wonderful auburn red. The austere young priest refuses absolution; but after the suppliant has gone he finds that he cannot put out of his mind this strange, new idea that temptation may lurk in one colour of hair rather than in another. From the first implanting of this vague idea the book follows out fearlessly and relentlessly the consequences of a late awakening of a powerful nature to a comprehension of the significance of sex. It is not a book to be placed unthinkingly in the hands of the indiscriminate reader. But that does not alter the fact that it is one of the strongest pieces of psychological fiction that has appeared in English in many a long month—one which takes a grip upon the imagination that cannot easily be thrown off.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has always conscientiously held herself aloof from any active intervention in the solution of the problems that her books present. "The Marriage of William Ashe."

The most notable difference in her later volumes, since she turned aside from religious wrangles and the clash of creeds, is that the study of character and human life is steadily playing a larger part, and the specific problem a smaller, in the structure of her plots. In some respects *The Marriage of William Ashe* is as fine a piece of fiction as Mrs. Ward has yet produced. Yet it is somewhat puzzling to put into words just what her central problem is. If the attempt must be made, it resolves itself into something like this: to what extent is it the duty of the wife of a rising young statesman to put aside her own personal prejudices and ignore

slights and insults for the sake of smoothing her husband's upward course? And in the case of a capricious and headstrong young woman, who lets her own social feuds outweigh the success of her husband's career, to what extent has he the right to control her? Considered not as a problem, but simply as a study in incompatibility, *The Marriage of William Ashe* is a piece of subtle and delicate workmanship. Ashe, himself a born statesman, yet distrustful of his own powers; ambitious and yet hampered by a besetting indolence; seeing clearly the path open before him to a coveted place in the cabinet, if only his wife can be made to refrain from offending the wife of the English Premier. And, on the other hand, the young wife, little more than a girl, half French by birth and education, wholly French in excitability and caprice, loving her husband heart and soul, and yet unable to compel herself to utter the few tactful words that might have saved him from political defeat. Nothing could be better or more convincing than fully two-thirds of the history of this ill-assorted marriage. But when we come to the episode of the satiric novel that Ashe's wife Kitty has secretly written, heaping ridicule upon the Premier, the Premier's wife, and all her husband's various colleagues in the House of Commons; when, moreover, we are asked to believe that she publishes this book without her husband's knowledge, and yet with no suspicion that it will seriously disturb him, or in any way injure his career, the story ceases to seem altogether plausible. As for the further developments, when Kitty, crushed and repentant, is hastening back to London to rejoin her husband, but suddenly turns aside and elopes with a man whom she has long feared and avoided, the story suddenly takes on a flavour unpleasantly akin to melodrama, and the final expedient of removing this poor misguided little woman from her husband's path by killing her off with hasty consumption, somehow savours of the wanton and needless cruelty of tearing a butterfly wing from wing. Yet none of this alters the fact that the volume contains a score of admirable portraits—British statesmen, Peers, Bishops, ladies of rank and quality

drawn with a discrimination, a vividness, a delicate nuance of satire such as probably no other woman novelist of to-day could equal.

Among the women writers of Italy there is no one aside from Matilde Serao who so well deserves to be brought to the attention of the outside world as the Sardinian novelist Grazia Deledda.

In style she is as simple and unaffected as Verga himself. She effaces herself almost wholly, she makes you see the primitive life of her little island almost as vividly as though you were there in person. A great part of her stories you must listen to in the quaint phraseology of the Sardinian peasants, full of homely proverbs, quaint superstitions, strange and grotesque curses. Much of her best work

"After the Divorce."

has taken the form of the short story, yet her novel *After the Divorce*, just put into English by Maria Hornor Lansdale, will form a worthy introduction to the attention of American readers.

It is simply the history of a man accused, tried and condemned to twenty-seven years' imprisonment for a murder that he had not committed. At the time of his arrest he had been but a few months married, and owing to family opposition and his own poverty, they had dispensed with the religious service, and had only the civil ceremony. The man is convinced that his imprisonment has come as a punishment for his neglect of this sacrament, and as a punishment he accepts it with courage. The child born after his arrest he sees but once at the close of the trial. Shortly after it sickens and dies. For three years the young wife cherishes his memory, holding out against the combined attack of all her relatives, who urge her to take advantage of the Italian divorce law, which will grant her freedom from a felon serving a longer term than ten years. But finally she yields, gets her divorce and marries the rich and dissolute son of the village syndic. And then, when she has barely had time to learn to what a life of drudgery and abuse she has condemned herself, the real murderer is discovered, and her first husband, Constantino, is set free. Among a primitive people like the Sardinians, the conse-

quences of his return are simply inevitable, and it is an additional evidence of the author's admirable self-restraint that she manages the final scenes without unnecessary tragedy.

An odd little story published anonymously, but written with such marked individuality of style as should sooner or later make identification easy, bears the fantastic name of *The Opal*. Edith Dudley is a young woman who from child-

hood has been trained to respond with marvellous brilliancy to the moods and opinions and ideals of each and every person that she successively talks with. She

is literally a human opal, flashing into strange and iridescent fire. But she has no individuality, she is all things to all men, a mere echo of the person with whom she is for the moment talking. Philip Morley meets her at a reception in Boston, he stands near her for half an hour and hears her successively discuss sociology with a philanthropist, religion with a young curate, scepticism with an atheist, flowers, dancing and frivolity with a Harvard Sophomore, and other curiously assorted topics with a variety of other men and women. Forthwith he falls under the spell of her wonderful versatility. It takes him something more than a year of married life to discover the utter emptiness of his wife's intellect, her lack of a single aim or aspiration she could call her own. When he discovers this, he finds at the same time that he has ceased to love her—in fact, that he really loves another woman who, while lacking his wife's physical attractions, possesses instead a rare mentality which is just what his own mind needs to rouse it to its best efforts. A plot like this could not consistently end otherwise than tragically. The weakness of the story, however, lies in the fact that Morley is supposed to require a whole year in which to learn the shallowness of his wife's mind. It becomes perfectly apparent to every reader in the course of that sequence of conversations which Morley is supposed to have overheard at the outset of the volume. If after that he needed further enlightenment, he must have been singularly obtuse. *Frederic Taber Cooper.*

AMANDA OF THE MILL*

BY MARIE VAN VORST

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Grismore will hold the scene before his eyes in his remembrance to his dying day.

It could not be said that he was terrified. He was fascinated by the danger, and quite prepared to blow out his brains at the first prospect of attack that should mean death at the mercy of his mill people. He had no intention of being rent asunder or burned at the stake, but close to the window, his eyes fixed on the tremendous sight before him, he determined to wait until the last moment before putting himself out of existence; and to judge by the hullabaloo, the cries and threatenings, to judge by the mass of human creatures who had come so far with such sinister intent, that moment Grismore believed would come.

From the balcony, as far as eye could reach, spread a sea of upturned faces, lit by the torchlight, reddened until eyes gleamed lurid, and the very hair of their heads seemed to the manufacturer's agitated vision to rise and dance. Under the exaggeration of the light the expressions of the usually gentle visages was ferocious. It seemed to him as though the labouring world had rolled one stormy tide to his shores to engulf him. The menace, the brandishing weapons, and a torch suddenly hurled from over the heads of the throng, striking the railing, and quivering down to the ground, brought the insurgents terribly near to him. He did not see how he could escape. What influence could one man have on that multitude? What single voice could hope to silence, or even be heard, above the cries of a thousand?

Still, the nearest rioters became quiet wonderfully fast, and lifted their eyes to Euston, who, close to the balcony, addressed them, first from one—and then to another—and another—over the whole swaying tide.

As much as Grismore could see, the

faces appeared to soften, and the cries grew less appalling. Flickering torchlight and shadow might mislead him in regard to the aspect of the mass, but they were quieting.

The room seemed full of them to Grismore. He could not believe himself alone, straining ears and eyes to see what his chance was for life. Life! It was sweet still! Its desire and pulse proved it to him as his hand clutched the slender pistol quite ready to fire in act of murder or suicide.

"By —!" he muttered; "if he saves me, if he quiets those devils, I will make him the richest man in Rexington!"

Poor Grismore! Gold was all he could give to the son whose life he had branded with disease and shame. Close to the shutters, a little bent over, he watched through the slats the swaying, seething mob.

"Ah," he thought, "they will sweep forward . . . presently . . . and be on us! ("Us," it was now.) "They will brush him away like a straw—and then come to me."

And, indeed, it seemed as though they would do so. The name of Grismore introduced by Euston into his address stimulated ferocity anew, and it rang in their mouths, coupled with curses, until Grismore's flesh grew cold. But above his personal fear, as he watched that one figure against a thousand, there awoke in him a feeling of anxiety for the man valiantly fighting for him, fearlessly bearing the brunt of the danger, offering himself to a thousand blows, pleading, calling in that wonderful ringing tone that overshot the distance like an arrow, and found hearts in the uttermost edge of the crowd.

With the insurgents—Grismore, listening—was carried on the power of that voice.

Magnetic and telling, it rose like a sob and quivered; it rang out like a clarion and commanded. Grismore was too tense to catch the words, but the people

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nearest Euston heard, and those a little farther still caught his meaning, and from pushing and jostling and swaying, from a cursing riot, the insurgents became attentive. Born inspirer, leader, and commander, he was their master. He had been for years, and he claimed his leadership supremely at this crisis. They were under the leash of his words. They were under their spell above all, and they could not choose but obey. One by one his orders, his encouragements, his reproofs, and his promises were passed over the heads from the nearest to the farthest ranks. Whisper, like a rustling forest, filled the air, then fell to silence as his voice took up a new thread.

All this did not consume more than twenty minutes. It was not half an hour since the rioters poured themselves forth, a foam of angry waters, to envelop in a whirlpool everything that bore the name of Grismore. And now the minds of this multitude were falling more nearly into peace than ever they had known hitherto in all their lives. For Euston with authority and conviction promised them—in the name of Grismore, what seemed a millennium!

By the cries that rose Mr. Grismore could mark the progress and the success, and understand what had been Euston's argument.

"Shorter hours!" (Then cheers for Mr. Grismore.) "Rise in wages!" (Cheers for Mr. Grismore.) "Better times all through!"

And from the place where he stood the manufacturer saw that Euston had won. His eyes left the crowd, and rested on the slender figure of the single man dimly seen in the darkness by the uncertain flare of a few torches as Euston leaned against the balustrade white as death. Grismore could see him smile and extend his uninjured hand. His gesture complete with brotherhood, instinct with tenderness, seemed to bless these beings whom Grismore had wrung like rags in his greed. And the victory transfigured Euston in the eyes of the man who gazed at him. He was proud of him. The sensation running through him was electric; it infused a new life. It was Fatherhood. Its sentiment, coming to

him for the first time, made him conscious of a feeling more soft, more melting, than pride—of yearning and tenderness. His eyes pricked . . . *that was his son!*

Here cries of "Grismore! Grismore!" rang out, and they brought him to himself with a start almost unnerving. They wanted him to come out that they might curse him? To tear him asunder? . . . No, *to thank him!* Without hesitation the manufacturer stepped on to the balcony.

Euston turned, and as he spoke to his father his failing voice showed his emotion and strain.

"Speak to them, please: tell them everything I have promised is true. . . . You must swear it . . . it is your only chance."

His words sounded cold and hard to the man now profoundly touched. Grismore was wounded for the first time in his life.

Leaning with both hands on the balcony, he said as loudly as he could:

"It's all true, my men; I grant your demands! Better times," he called—"better times!"

And it echoed from a thousand throats. He did not know what he had promised; he was elated, intoxicated with the excitement of the hour, and the natural feeling that was revealing him a better man than he had ever dreamed to be. He turned to Euston to thank him, to say some word that would link him with his son, but the pleasure was denied.

The shouts had turned to Euston's name, and the people claimed him. Four or five men scaled the balcony; he was caught up on to the shoulders of the throng, and handed over the crowd. As it moved and swayed and turned away from the Grismore place, the manufacturer watched it—a mass of labourers going to a sure success led by *his son!* He called to Henry Euston, but he could make no impression upon the tumult. They were headed for Rexington; there they would take what food and good cheer the town could give their starving need.

And as Euston had left the Rexington strikers under sworn promise and oath

bound to peace, tranquilly disbanding and going to their homes in a conquered city, so he led the Crompton insurgents to triumphantly display their victory to the town.

CHAPTER V.

The days following her interview with Henry Euston, and the time of Amanda's promised meeting with him, were unlike the usual interval between love and its goal. They did not drag, they were winged. They flew too fast.

If Amanda had loved the man less, or more newly even, the remembrance of his face as she last saw it in the flickering instantaneous light of the match, the sensation of the hands that clung to hers with the force of a perishing man, would have been sufficient to render her unconscious to the splendid gift she was in reality making, to cloud any likeliness of sacrifice. But Amanda required no stimulus, since to love Euston, to be his and for ever near him, was all she cared for in existence. It was the opposite condition she could not contemplate. To lose him, to conceive his desolate ruin, would have wrung for her the very heart out of life.

The days at Penvallon were relentlessly swift. She realised that she was bidding farewell to a portion of the world, and in a measure to all mankind. She might never visit these poor, degraded people again; she was to be more degraded than they. If they knew of her flight, they would despise her. The individual case of Milly Jones was the hardest to contemplate. With this woman Amanda's influence had been great, and she knew that with the authority of a pure and consistent life she could save Milly. Now she felt that she dragged her along with herself to shame. But since the universe pitted against Euston could not avail to weight the balance, it is not strange that Milly should be lost with the rest of decency and the world. She arranged her parting with the girl with diplomacy, contriving an errand of importance at Plankville which she confided to her protégé, and in a cart driven by the negro jehu of the town

Amanda, with no farewell whatsoever, saw Milly start away, a deserted and unconscious victim of The Great Temptation.

And now she visited all her friends and beneficiaries, and diffused with new lavishness her bounties throughout Penvallon, successfully avoiding Mr. Ware. He recalled to her mind the sage in Lamia with clear, challenging eyes threatening to reduce her happiness, if such it could be called, to ashes.

She sent her serving-woman and luggage North, telling the woman to await her orders in New York at a given address, that she herself would follow soon. She was going away to rest and to travel. These things accomplished, she felt extremely free, and could not but find it strange that so little inevitable barrier was raised between her desire to adjust her life as she wished and its fulfilment.

The last hours before she left Penvallon dragged wearily. With a nervousness unusual, and a haste that retarded her movements, she packed a few remaining things in a little satchel, and soberly dressed, she started on foot for the train. Unremarked, and with no good-bye to Ware, thankful to have been spared the farce it would have been, she settled herself in the car, and let her beating heart, her agitated, not thoroughly understood emotions, have their sway. Before her eyes through the window the stretch of the little village and the mills slipped from sight, and the train passed almost directly into the darkness of the forest-covered country between Penvallon and Rexington.

She arrived in Rexington at noon, and was regarded with curiosity by the railroad officials, one of whom came up to her and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but you won't go up to the town? There's a riot there, and it wouldn't be safe, even if the police would let you pass."

Greatly disturbed, she cast about in her mind what course to take. She could get out to the moors by the lower river road. This was not only possible, but the most direct course. It would give her, however, twelve long hours between the time when Euston had promised to

come. As she started forward, intending to try to bribe some man to carry her satchel part of the way, she came face to face with Mr. Ware.

With no surprise—indeed, almost as if he had expected to meet her, as, indeed, he had, for he had travelled from Penvalon in another car—he said:

"How glad I am to see you here! I am starting over to Crompton with a lot of provisions for the poor people there. I have learned that there is a woman in great need. Indeed if we"—and he used the pronoun with singular assurance—"do not hurry, we may be too late."

Ware was walking by Amanda's side, talking as he went. His presence caused her the liveliest annoyance. She could not say to him, "You must leave me. I am here to meet Henry Euston clandestinely. I am going away with him to-night." She could only try to disguise the truth from him as well as she could. Ware was scarcely equal to the duplicity which his course of conduct demanded. His voice trembled slightly as he addressed her.

"You will drive out with me?"—he almost appealed. "The road is quite safe; it is deserted. I need your help."

By his face—and his tone—in a flash—Amanda saw that he knew. She stood quite still, and as she looked at him her expression was that of a dogged, determined child, and almost a challenge. After a second she said:

"I must be in Rexington this evening. Until then I will go where you like, if you will promise to bring me back."

And Ware, over lips as pale as hers, said:

"If you will come with me now to this deed of mercy, I will see you are driven to any destination you may choose to name."

She believed him, and without replying followed him to the station platform. They were some three-quarters of a mile from Rexington; the depot was guarded by soldiers. The railway traffic hitherto had been undisturbed. One sole vehicle stood as if it waited for them. Ware said:

"I have hired this buggy for all day and all night if need be. Will you get in?"

And Amanda obeyed.

Ware drove directly out toward the mills, and the woman by his side never vouchsafed a word to him during the four miles. There were moments when he imagined she must hear his beating heart, that she must have some consciousness of his trend of thought, of his almighty desire that from what she intended to do she should be restrained.

CHAPTER VI.

They stopped before the first house on the mill line of the deserted Crompton village. Amanda got out of the buggy, and at the foot of the porch steps she looked at Ware for the first time since they started from Rexington. She met fully his eyes, and their defiant expression was eloquent, and said for her, "Why have you brought me here, Mr. Ware? By what right? Why do I obey you?"

She did not speak, however, but as he evidently did not intend to accompany her, she ascended alone the steps of the little frame house. She found the front room empty, as was likewise the kitchen, where before her rose the inevitable stairway to the loft above. Something stronger than her inclination impelled her, and she went on upstairs. There the garret revealed to her a tumbled bed, and thrown across it a woman. Amanda glanced at the figure with a chill of horror. Had Mr. Ware brought her to the dead? From the creature's ragged skirt protruded a naked leg, the foot encased in a broken shoe. The visitor went across to the bed, and put her hand on the woman's shoulder. It was warm, and the live touch disrobed the situation of mystery; repugnance only remained. Amanda shook the sleeper, slightly turned her over, and saw her face.

"Wake up!"

Her voice was hard. She would give no name, no identity to this individual. The person so coldly summoned opened her eyes, rubbed them, sat up, and stared.

"Get up; come downstairs!"

Thus brusquely aroused from her sleep, the woman who had seated herself

on the edge of the bed yawned aloud, and said drawlingly:

"Well, Ih'm up, ain't Ih? What you-all rousin' 'round hyar fer?"

"Come downstairs if you can. It is too hot here to breathe."

The other squinted suspiciously at the stranger.

"G'wan down yo'self. Nobody ast you-all up. Ih ain't comin'; Ih'm afraid."

"Of what, pray?"

"Ever'thin'." She looked over her shoulder. "The han's is gone crazy."

"You have no need to be afraid. There's no one in the town; it seems deserted."

"So et am—since noon. *Ih* wouldn't go with 'em! No, suh! *Ih* reckon thar's 'nough tew lynch Grismore 'thaout me. He ain't done me the harm others hev."

The face, overlaid with dirt until the original lines were effaced, was growing distinguishable to the eyes of the visitor, who was forced against her will to read it, to consider it, to find it terribly changed for evil, to see little remnant of decency on it—marks of care, suffering, and sin—no lingering trace of girlhood or of the young, pretty creature of whom she had been girlishly jealous in years before.

"What you-all hyar fer?"

"I came to see if you had everything you want!"

The other laughed aloud. It sounded at once familiar and dreadful to the sister.

"Look raound 'n' see!"

"It seems squalid—pitiful. You are poor . . .?"

Lily Bud spread out her dirty hands and scrutinised them.

"That's what rich folks allers asts—'Got all you want?' Why, Ih ain't got reg'larly nothin'."

The visitor, still hard and repellent, would ask no further questions. Her head swam with the stunning shock this existence dealt. Her lips were dry, her eyes burned. She took out her purse and a roll of bills, which she gave to the woman, who took the gift indifferently, and did not even look to see its worth. Her curious gaze on the lady, she asked:

"What you-all seeked me aout fer?"

"I heard you had come lately to Crompton from Ireton. . . . You must be sorry to be here—in these terrible times."

The woman replied gloomily:

"Times is alike tew me—all baad. Ih ain't hed no luck sence Ih wuz bo'n. All Ih hope is. . . ." Her voice assumed a sudden life; hitherto her attitude had been apathetic. "All Ih hope is, that this yer strike will do *him* up."

Searching the coarse countenance, a mirror reflecting the lowest images, until its very form was distorted, Amanda shuddered to think these eyes had ever seen, these lips ever approached, the man she knew and loved.

"Whom do you mean by 'him'?"

"Ma husban'. Tew look at me, you-all wouldn't reckon Ih had a lawful husban'. This ez how he lets me lie!"

"Can he help it?"

"Help et? He's a rich man! He thinks he suttinly am a gen'leman. *He ain't fit tew live.*"

Her disdain had a certain quality of dignity, and she straightened herself as she judged him.

The visitor's face was in the shade. The mill woman could not see it.

"I must be going."

It was beyond her endurance to face longer this epitome of need, want, and accusation. But her exit was not so simple.

"No, suh! You-all ain't goin' like that! You shakes me up and gives me a bundle o' dollars and snakes aout, 'thaout telling you're naime? No, suh!" She came over to Amanda and stopped in front of her. "You rich folks makes me *sick*!" she blurted out. "Ih know you-all. You're the lady what spen's her money tew Penvallon, Ih hyard, ain't yo'?"

The stranger bent her head, acknowledging the fact.

"Look at me!" cried the woman. "Ih'm a show, ain't Ih? Well, et's all his fault what calls hisself Euston. That's ma naime, tew. Henry Euston what leads this yer distric', he's ma husban', ma'am."

The information arousing no comment, she went on:

"Ef Ih'd of hed a chanct Ih'd of riz along of him. Ih suttinly would, tew! He's so set on *raising* folks! Ef he had a little *pachance* I'd a tried hard. Ih uster

think ef Ih hed a littl' chil'—he's so po'ful fond of children—ef Ih'd of hed a kid, he'd of stuck by me. But, ma'am, what does you-all reckon?" She approached her dirty face near to Amanda's, and her voice broke. "*Ma sister—ma own sister—like ter murder me 'n' killed th' child Ih'd of hed.*"

(Here the hearer exclaimed under her breath.)

"Ih wuz terrible ill. Et wasn't never bo'n."

She wiped her face on her dress skirt. Once her guest had put out her hand as though to stop the words, to ward off their effect, for fear her heart prove less adamant.

Again she murmured, "I must go."

The other woman now put her hand on her arm. She said presently:

"You-all go about these parts quite some. . . . Hev' you ever seen him?"

"Yes; I have seen Mr. Euston."

The hands of the creature were forcing the money back into the giver's.

"What are you doing? . . . Keep the money. What are you doing?"

"You-all ast me ef Ih got all Ih waant. Ih don't reg'larly waant anythin' but *him*. Ast him tew come back tew me."

"Why do you return the money to me? . . . It is yours."

"Money ain't nothin' tew me," she said, with a choke in her voice. "He-all sends me plenty o' bills. Ih never hev' teched one on 'em. Ih got 'em all. Ih want *him*. 'N' ef he'd give me a chanct Ih'd clean up 'n' try ter rise."

She had risen! Poor, pitiful creature! As Amanda looked at the heavy face, the sodden eyes seemed illumined.

"Et's years sence Ih seen him," she murmured. "Ih came along over tew Crompton tew be near ez Ih could."

The mill clock of Crompton struck eight. There was no one in the deserted town to summon from labour, or back to toil again, but its summons was direct to Amanda, warning her if she lingered she would be late—late for her meeting with the man she loved, late for her unlawful meeting with the husband of this woman, whose heart was breaking for him! Without speaking, she turned abruptly and went downstairs, the other following.

There in the light—for the kitchen was bright with sunset—as she crossed the room, her hair caught the abundant glory, and her face was clearly revealed. The woman, rushing to her, caught her arm, turned her forcibly about; half believing, half doubting, she cried:

"'*Manda—'Manda Henchley!*'"

Ah, the old, old name, uttered by a voice full of beseeching, and joy, and tears, as though it would summon for both of them whatever memory of childhood remained!

In Lily Bud the revelation produced but one simple effect. She was glad! She threw her arms about her sister, pressed her to her, repeating between sobs and gasps of joy, "'Manda! Amanda!'"

But the utter unresponsiveness of the figure she embraced penetrated even her ecstasy. She let Amanda free, still sighing and sobbing.

"Ih know'd you-all by your haar, 'n' you-all didn't rightly know me, did you?" she said pathetically. Then her countenance altered in the twinkling of an eye, and she said slowly, with penetration, "Why, yes, yo' did tew, 'n' yo' come hyar fer tew see me . . . 'n' yo' wuz 'shamed o' me . . . 'n' yo' give me money . . . 'n' yo' wuz goin' away 'thaout speakin' . . ."

That look of desolation and agony must not settle on the poor face to leave the cruellest scar of all the many! That cry of grief and reproach now at the lips must never come forth!

Amanda's arms were about her sister; she held her silently, her cheek soft and sweet and delicate as a flower against the beautyless face, against the tear-stained, dirty cheek. She felt no repugnance, no distaste; a wonderful emotion of tenderness and protection shook her. She was changed. Her heart melted in her breast.

"I wouldn't have gone so, I am sure! To see you so poor, so changed, so needing whilst I have so much, it dazed me—do you see? Can you understand? Lily Bud . . . Lily Bud . . ."

She kissed her, and drawing back a little, looked at her frankly loving; the grey eyes gave their beauty and their passion sincerely to the other eyes, who read but one thing in their depths—ten-

derness. This was 'Manda, with the red, red mouth, and the pretty hair!

Amanda made her sister sit down, and Lily Bud clung to her as though, if she let her go, she might vanish out of her sight.

"You must forgive me, Lily Bud, for the past . . . for the wicked blow I never meant to strike. . . . You will forgive me?"

* * * * *

The day, so portentous, so historic for the State of South Carolina, was nearly at its close, and the declining sun, flaming in at the shanty window, folded the two women in ineffable glory.

Lily Bud gazed down in rapture at the apparition so familiar, yet so strange. She was unmindful of the posture her sister had assumed, and of its suggestion of confession, its pleading for forgiveness, for pardon. Amanda, on her knees by Lily Bud's side, caressed her sister's hands. Her agitation and her need of all her control was great. As she replied to the torrent of naïve, curious questions, her whole nature was in tempest of revolt and passionate desire to override still, at the eleventh hour, all things for love. Thus she knelt, answering her sister gently, patiently, and the fire and beauty this struggle imparted to her uplifted face might well impress the mill woman.

"You-all suttinly is growed up peart, 'Manda Henchley. 'Pears like yo' wuz made outter gold in this yer pretty even-in'."

* * * * *

Without, in the deserted village, Mr. Ware waited for Amanda to appear. With what success would his mission meet? He believed he knew the woman sufficiently well to predict the desired end. However unbounded by convention, however lawless she might be by nature (and he thought her both, despite her years of careful nurture and her wise education), however willing to sacrifice herself to the man she loved, he believed she would not sacrifice another. Her generous heart, so quick to respond to the cry of need and pain, would in this case be equal to the demand upon its grace.

The row of houses along the street suggested shells from which the lepidopterae

had flown, having found their wings. In the distance, over bordering wood beyond the Bye, the sky, yellow as marigold, swept deeply above the pine-trees, whose purple, filmy points penetrated into the effulgence, yet took no tone other than their own. Toward the zenith the translucent heaven melted, pulsed, and to his eyes seemed to vibrate. In the face of the terrors of Rexington (and he had but to cast his look in the other direction to see when the wind carried the smoke of the burning mills against the east), in spite of the sedition and evil and strife, his heart was singularly at peace. He felt selfish to be so tranquil, and wondered if he were growing callous to life.

Just here he heard the cry of some young child left in the neighbouring house. Presently a little girl not over nine years of age came running out from another cottage, and went into the house where the cry was, and reappeared, staggering under the weight of a baby. She sat on the steps humming to it in a melancholy voice. She was representative of all her tribe—pinched, haggard, ragged, a travesty on childhood; elf, changeling, left in youth and joy's place. She knew labour, and now she soothed infancy with the patience of age. She was singing in a high, droning key a hymn caught, perhaps, at some service of his own:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. . . ."

She did not know the words. He, listening, supplied them mentally, as she swayed and crooned.

He was startled from his musings by a voice at his side:

"Mr. Ware . . ."

He exclaimed, "Miss Morgan!" and hastily descended from the carriage to receive her. The woman's face bore the marks of weeping, but revolt and accusation had vanished, to be replaced by a deep composure. Summoned as he thus was from communion with spiritual things, Amanda's face was as the face of an angel.

Without speaking, he helped her into the buggy, and they started away toward the river road to Rexington. Before they left the town, he said:

"I shall drive you to Rexington . . ."

then return here. There is much I can do to-night for the people left behind, unless you care to stay as well?"

"No, if you will be so kind as to drive on, and as quickly as you can."

The cries and noises of Rexington came to them with the smell of smoke and cotton and oil.

"He may be dead by this," the woman was thinking, "as we drive here; he may be hurt or dead. God knows in what state or where he is; but if he is amongst the living he will find means to come to me."

CHAPTER VII.

Back of Euston were the sensations of a lifetime compressed into a few hours. *And yet he thought of but one sole thing.*

The Supreme Sensation has won its right to its distinction. Skies cannot wall it out—it pierces heaven. Mountains cannot fix its horizon—it has gone beyond . . . melting over their peaks. Seas cannot quench it; it is the vital spark instinct with life. Have you ever observed the mad tearings of a river along its bed, where in the centre abruptly rises an obstructing-stone? It marks the entrance, too, of a new source springing determinedly here in the very heart of the river. Indomitably the waters rush swiftly back over the rock, a second current pushing, forcing, shaking its torrent of crystal drops up the stream. Who shall tell the bubbling waters that the stronger current gathers them scarcely are they born, and this course, inevitable as the river, is toward the sea?

Euston had discovered the man to whom he owed his existence. He had probably saved his father's life. He had seen himself first threatened by hundreds of half-crazed beasts, then the beloved of as many reclaimed people. The fiery enthusiasm to be conceived only by a leader of mankind, the exaltation in the power to sway a multitude, when from heart and brain the current runs until the limbs glow, the hands tingle, and the eyes film with the consciousness of a magnetic personal sympathy that must carry the people to whatever shore the speaker will—all had been his. In his apotheosis he

had thought of but one thing. He must get loose of them all, reach his house, "*and if God is good!*"—he put it so—by midnight he would have the one woman of all the world in his arms.

His hand was badly injured, but he was only sensible of a sting that served to accentuate his already keen sensations. What their future would be he had had ample time during this week away from Amanda to consider. They would go to some foreign city—Germany possibly, or Belgium—and there he would write, and by his pen win recognition and perhaps distinction. A man's private life is his own; it need not cripple his career. . . . *And for the woman?* As he could only reply to this reiterant question by the frankest, direct facts, he let the issue lie accusing, troubling, unsolved. Unlike Amanda, Euston could not plead primitive ignorance and easy years of freedom from knowledge of public morals and the exigencies of life. He had been well grounded, not in ethics only, but in creed, and he had learned his religion from lips he loved. Nor could he now adduce as excuse his birthright to outlawed things. He had been born in wedlock. He bore no stigma, and if he chose to fling defiance in the face of approved canons, he could claim no especial grace. His reason in arms against his desire, his mind teeming with reproach and warning, he thought of but one thing—*Amanda, Amanda!* Full of her, calling to her with all his nature, he forced his way through crowds, past choked streets, putting aside those who tried to stay him, silencing those who would acclaim. The last person he shook from him was Fal-loner, who had stuck close to him since his *sortie* from Grismore's. Euston besought him to leave him now, and let him go home alone. He was tired, wanted solitude.

"Come to-morrow the first thing, Dex, and tell me how things are."

He would leave a letter for him—a word of farewell and some explanation.

He then slipped like a thief toward his goal, and succeeded in getting free of the town, and struck out toward the meadows. As he perceived his house in the distance—perceived it dark and unlighted—his heart sank. She was not there!

Why should she be? Great God! What reason had he to believe, what right to hope, that this woman would be so mad as to sacrifice her life to him? He hurried on. If she failed him! In honour and manhood he must rejoice for her—and for himself . . . ?

With gloomy brow and beating heart, he put his hand to the latch of his door. . . . On the instant a step fell within—and someone asked, "Who is there?" A match scraped—spluttered, the door opened.

With his uninjured arm he caught her strongly to him; he fairly lifted her across the room. She was close against the bandaged hand, but he was unconscious of it. They stood thus a few moments immovable as one figure in the meagre light from the candle; it flared sickly, quaveringly, and then burned straight and clear. Amanda, as she made herself free, perceived that he was wounded.

"You are hurt! What have they done to you? How cruel—cruel! On this of all nights!"

In answer to her solicitude he said:

"Because it is this night, I do not know that I am hurt. . . . I don't feel the least scratch. I only know life is worth living. . . . I am glad for the first time to have been born!"

He sank down on a chair. Dust-stained, dishevelled as he was, he was on fire—eager, successful; the single fact that he had a legitimate right to a name and existence lifted a burden from him. He looked young to her and beautiful, and as he devoured her with his ardent eyes her own fell. She was shaken beyond control, and carried whither she must not go.

"Tell me, how were you hurt, Henry?"

Euston sighed, as though he were unwilling to contemplate any fact but one.

"All day I have been trying to quiet Rexington. This excess, you may be sure, was in no way due to my orders. A mill-hand struck me with his knife as I was trying to turn the tide. Falloner flung up his arm just as he struck, otherwise he would have killed me. We had all we could do to keep them from lynching him."

He gave her a brief account of the day—all save the fact that he was Grismore's son; this long story he reserved for some quieter time.

She listened. Her pride in him, her admiration for his courage and success, combined with her love to make him seem heroic. If she had appreciated how potent for his victories the passion that illuminated him had been; how she infused and inspired him; she would have trembled to contemplate for him an existence with this flame struck out.

He murmured: "Amanda, with you near me always I am sure to win. Temptation is quite incompatible with my present state. I am filled with you—Amanda!"

But she stood silent, her hands clasped.

His ecstasy at finding her there, the fact that she had kept her promise and come to him—the surrender of herself her presence declared—blinded him to her appearance. He failed to see her pallor and the tears—not yet dried on her lashes—but when she did not answer him, averted her head and repulsed his embrace of her—he bent forward, searching her expression for explanation and cried in a voice of tenderness and reproach:

"Come nearer to me! Why do you draw away? Look at me!"

Dismayed at her unresponsiveness he let fall the hands he was holding, and said abruptly:

" . . . You repent, already, perhaps?"

To this she indeed murmured some reply, but it was inaudible. She leaned against the table for support whilst he waited with contracting heart for her to deny his words.

Then she turned and burst forth, almost with violence:

"Yes—I do regret! Oh, you don't know what I have been through waiting all these hours in this gloomy house. No one to speak to—no one to tell me where to turn or what to do. But I won't say that," she interrupted herself, "I *know* what to do—every woman knows. Oh, I have seen ghosts here!"

She shuddered, looking over her shoulder as if she expected an apparition to lurk behind Euston.

"Please stand where you are, Henry,

don't come to me. We are wrong—terribly wrong—we shall bring a curse upon ourselves!”

With her words, solemn and foreboding, she pushed him from her, her hands against his breast.

Euston, before whom on this day of his apotheosis every barrier had fallen, listened as well as his excited senses would permit, but he scarcely heard her. The meaningless words meeting the flame of his passion were whirled out of existence. But as he was about to forcefully claim her, to silence her in his embrace, he was withheld by the cold defiance on her face—the dread of him, so he read it—in her eyes. She had ceased to care.

She went on. “Listen to me! Something very strange has happened since I saw you, and for the first time I realise what madness we have planned. It is useless to argue—useless to plead—”

“Useless to plead?” he exclaimed, drawing near to her. “Why, I love you—do you hear? . . . don’t you know it?—and you love me—you have said it many times.”

She had not sufficiently counted on his ardent nature. To-night he was victor, his birthright had been restored and transported to the highest pinnacles of excitement, he had been carried on the very wings and breath of success to her. His compelling eyes drew hers to his as tides to suns, she seemed to melt—to transfuse into him. She tried in vain to evade him; with a gesture as if brushing aside invisible foes between the woman and himself, he swept her into his embrace.

There were to him no codes, no laws but one; the mightiest of all pleaded in his pulse. They were alone in the world together, himself and the woman in his arms.

“Ah, let me go!” she cried, breathless—“let me go, Henry.”

She kept her face from him obstinately and her lips and cried over his words which assailed her ears and stormed her heart.

“I have seen my sister.”

Here his arms dropped from her. She at length claimed his attention, but her words brought with them great relief. *This* then was the secret of her altered

attitude! Putting both slender hands either side her face, framing its agitation, her loosened hair falling over her fingers, she whispered brokenly:

“I shall never forget that dreadful sight as long as I live. Oh, that wretched, miserable creature!—deserted—abandoned—and she loves you still. I am *not* yours! You belong to another woman—I can’t rob her of you.”

He still did not realise the significance of her words. The sense of her was yet in his embrace—his heart had beat for ever so short a time on hers—it stung him to ecstasy still.

He put out his hand and said simply: “Come—dearest.”

Euston, who for others’ causes had many powerful pleas, had no words for the crisis of his life. He only repeated with tender obstinacy:

“Come—Amanda.”

With a fainting courage and a great joy as she saw her power over him she saw too the fruitlessness of her mission. She had failed, and her strength was leaving her fast; she retreated a few steps as if she were afraid he would take her by force and carry her away, as if she were afraid she would go!

“Where are your things, Amanda, it is late?”

Her hands were at her breast to quiet its uncontrolled beating—all the natural forces, blind and purely human, clamoured for the man she loved. She had but one desire—she was utterly his. But she courageously rallied her forces toward one more effort for the woman at Crompton Mill.

“Go!” she said sharply. “Why, you can’t leave Rexington—the people need you. You can’t leave that wretched woman—”

But he broke in passionately:

“What are you saying? No woman under God’s heaven has a right to me but you,—we belong to each other. . . . How can you speak or think of anything but ourselves, Amanda! Your sentiment is false—you don’t mean what you say—you don’t *know* what you say. Hush—I will not listen! You are mine—mine—mine. . . .”

He had again drawn her to him.

“. . . Hush,” he commanded again,

"I refuse to hear! Let us go, now—we are nearly too late. Dearest, do you dream I am going to give you up?"

She yielded—wax to his fire, so it seemed to him, and his heart leaped as she let him lead her gently across the room, close to her—his cheek on hers. But suddenly she came to her reason and almost brutally pushed him from her; the colour rushing into her face as if her blood proclaimed the loyalty she was about to deny.

"Don't—don't—let me free, Henry!—don't touch me again!"

And her voice was so strange that he stood away from her, smitten at length through his passion.

"What do you mean?"

Amanda realised that appeal to him was useless. So long as he believed she loved him, they were lost, all three.

"You have carried me away," she said slowly, "by your magnetism and your power, as you have carried away the cotton-spinners. When I am with you—see you—I forget the right. When I am away from you—it is different."

As she said these words in a voice from which all tenderness for him had gone, everything in Amanda renounced for him in this sacrifice rose to his vision as never in the time when his love, warmly returned, clouded everything else in the world.

"I don't understand. . . . I don't follow you, Amanda. My own feelings have made me stupid."

It seemed already to him that he was speaking to another woman.

"If we went away together to-night," she said, "it would mean that we put our love supreme—"

He interrupted hotly, catching at her words:

"So it is—so I do put it—"

"But I do not."

Euston quivered as though she dealt him a blow—he was white as his bandaged arm.

"Amanda—"

She made no reply.

He repeated across the dim space of the candle-lit room:

"Amanda!" summoning her to him.

She knew she could not look at him again and keep her control, so she fixed

her gaze on the space of the open window before her, where without hung a curtain of blue darkness, the soft humid atmosphere of the midsummer night. Her hair dishevelled fell about a face stern and unyielding as though cut from some substance more beautiful than ice and more cold. Back of her the candle-light shone through the loosened ends of her hair till they glowed like threads of fire.

She heard Euston ask:

"You mean then to tell me—to let me see—that you don't care—?" He stopped.

She could not make her voice obey her. It shook her—calling him—it was met and stifled by her will.

"Answer me!"

She bowed her head.

He felt a convulsion in his throat. Lest he should be unmanned he hurried:

"I don't believe it—I don't believe it!"

He came nearer to her.

" . . . A false sense of duty is driving you to this, and I tell you it is useless—useless! You are overstrained, nervous, watching in this gloomy place. Tell me—I am right—!"

But she was silent—and as she forced him to believe her, fury sprang into his eyes. When he spoke again his voice was strained with pride, its scorn hurt like a lash.

"And you came here to send me to that creature?—to put me in my rightful place?—that is what you think of me?" he laughed aloud, "the companion of a drink-sodden—" He stopped, choked back the words.

"Why did you come?" he repeated; and she answered, dully:

"I promised to come."

He turned abruptly—went over to the window and leaned against it. He did not dare to speak again, his anger would have scorched her. Betrayed, baulked, he felt himself the plaything of caprice. Amanda stood behind him like an inanimate bloodless woman, and so tense that a motion on her part would have broken her like a reed.

Well—she had saved them, then, from whatever disaster her imagination had foreseen during the long hours of watching for Euston. Body and soul they were rescued. To atone for the past to

Lily Bud she had given up her life and soul.

It was long after eleven—an engine's whistle screamed out shrilly again and again, a signal of distress. It was the train they should have taken! The impersonal call reached Euston through his anguish and he turned about, revealing his face with its set, rigid lines, the lips hard and accusing. He spoke with difficulty:

"One of us must go at once. I can of course do so, but it will be hard for you to leave in daylight. Had you any plans?"

He waited.

She murmured:

"Mr. Ware, I think, will be waiting for me at the Carson City mill with a carriage."

Her gloves and hat lay by the candlestick; she gathered them up and put on her hat with trembling fingers. She was very beautiful, her eyes dilating through the tears that rushing from her heart would not be denied.

. . . And could a woman look like that upon any but the man she loved? Could eyes weep tears like these for any reason but love? Lips quiver so, and plead, for any but one cause in the world—?

She flew across the half-darkness, tore open the door, and fled into the night; but Euston had followed her, and with a cry he caught her to his breast. It was densely dark—the glimmer of the candle-light following them scarcely revealed Amanda's face as she raised it to the man who bent over it, reading, searching it with imploring eyes.

"Tell me—tell me the truth—speak to me again."

Through her tears she said:

"Oh, Henry—Henry—beloved—God forgive me—I love you so—I love you so—there is nothing else in the world." She hid her face against his breast.

As they stood together—the woman trembling, vanquished—the man shaken with joy and triumph and the revolution from despair to the highest heaven—a thunder of sound rang out on the atmosphere; struck it and left it palpitating. The ground vibrated under their feet. Amanda and Euston started apart, smit-

ten by a sense of horror and disaster. Again followed an abrupt undertone like a groan from the bowels of the earth.

"What is it, Henry—?"

Was it the river rising—was it the day of doom—or had they gone mad?

They stared at each other, their features dimly seen in the thick darkness. In a flash of time they read the hour's terrible portent, and felt themselves in the shadow of death. Behind them lay their insignificant past, however puny—irrevocable, changeless now, for men and their children's children to read. How futile was their struggle!—how useless their torturing desire, their selfish gratification, their great and absorbing passion in the face of the universal destiny!

The candle was blown out by the wind. Clinging together in the pitch darkness they groped their way blindly toward the house. A roar, a rush, a hurricane of sound came from the direction of the mills as if all the mountains of the universe were at war.

"Oh, Henry—listen— What is it? What can it be?"

They were at the threshold—back of them the rushing as of the wind through fields of harvest wheat, a whispering, seething, surging of many seas; and around their feet cruelly, swiftly, came the circling waters of the rising Bye.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Ware's tired horse had his own way on the drive back to Crompton. In the heat, over the heavy road, it lagged along the riverside whilst the man sunk back in the buggy, indifferent to pace, followed his meditations.

During the four-mile drive he reviewed with clarity his clean, high-minded life. If he could impersonally have compared it to the records of men around him it would have surprised his humility. Too reasonable to harass his conscience with imaginary sins and self-accusations, he honestly judged himself to have been guilty of one great weakness—his passion for a woman. With reverent awe and supreme uplifting of spirit he realised that he had been given the soul of this beloved being to save.

He believed it safe. The æsthetic beauty of his faith now made free with his thought of Amanda. The time had come when he might permit himself to think of her as he would admit the intense contemplation of a saint into the ecstatic meditation of his devotions.

The light of sunset was long left behind. The closing night seemed to swiftly pursue the course of the lagging vehicle, and to triumphantly overtake it before Crompton was reached.

There were no lights in the streets, but here and there a candle or lamp indicated which houses were still inhabited. An oppression as of a coming storm heavily weighed down the hot air, and the stenches of the miserable town were foul and sickening to the nostrils.

Ware tied his horse near the mill building, made his way on foot from house to house—from light to light, rather—and each firefly proved to be a signal from those who were in want or despair. The old, the timid, the very young, the crippled, and the bedridden, had been left behind. To them he could minister. He began his duties at the house most distant from Lily Bud Euston's shanty, and when, late on into the night, his tired feet ascended her steps, he was white to the lips with the exhausting strain.

She had not gone to bed. The day's excitement was still upon her. Moreover, she had seen Ware pass, and felt sure he would come to see her. He had been so good to her, seeking her from mill to mill until he had found her here, so patient with her outbursts and curses, so untiring in his encouragement, and, best of all, he had brought her Amanda! He would scarcely have known her as she stood waiting for him at the door. He looked in surprise at the figure she presented.

"Howdy, Mister Ware. Ih suttinly am glayde. . . ."

She nodded to a bed in the room's corner, and put her finger to her lips.

"Et's Conrad's little fellar, Pauley. He's asleep, 'n' when he wakes he do cough so po'ful bayde."

Without speaking, they seated themselves beside the bare table, on which was a teapot with cold sassafras-tea. She of-

fered it as all the barren house could afford. He drank it gratefully, flat and nasty as it was.

Mrs. Euston had spent the interval in trying to introduce some semblance of decency in her appearance. Soap and water used unsparingly had worked wonders. A poignant, though now adoring vision of Amanda's perfect loveliness, her glorious hair, her clothes, awoke in the poor creature the envy which becomes emulation. The old coquetry of her nature returned. Even her hair had been soaked in soapy water. It clung damply to her forehead, and from the depths of her possessions she had unearthed a clean wrapper, which she wore with an air of pride and self-respect. Life had revealed itself anew to her. Anew? For the first, indeed! So late—*ah Heaven, so late!* Her sister was restored to her; she believed her husband would return. He might even come this night! At all events, from this hour she would always tidy up against his coming. For Lily Bud—"that which was dead had come alive again, and that which was lost had been found."

Whilst Mr. Ware drank his tea, resting and composing his mind, she talked in a soft undertone, volubly, pathetically dwelling on Amanda's beauty, her fortune, etc.

"'N' she's *good*," she emphasised. "She suttinly ain't gone fer tew let me rot hyar, n'r want fer a thing." Her face was radiant. "She's a-goin' tew share with me."

"To the half of her kingdom," Ware thought, "to the whole of her treasure." He smiled at her sympathetically.

"I am rejoiced for you, and so grateful to see you like this."

"Yessir, Ih suttinly prob'ly am peart t'night."

After a little he said, wondering how to break it to her:

"I have good news for you, Mrs. Euston. I have reason to confidently hope your husband will return."

And Lily Bud gave no start at this miraculous news. She only nodded, and said simply:

"Ih reckon so tew. Ih always reckoned it."

Thus the gigantic sacrifice of two lives

was serenely accepted by the unconscious wife with whom were all the points of the law.

"Pore little Pauley Conrad's bad with consumption," she whispered. "Ih done fetched him in off'n the stoop a hour ago."

At this moment a sudden gust of wind blew the front door of the shanty violently to with a force that shook the building. Ware and Lily Bud started. The shock coming thus on a windless night was terrifying. As Ware went to the window and looked out he became conscious that the dense atmosphere was unnatural, and that the sound of the Bye was sinister and tremendous. The air, too, was burdened with the smell of water, not the odour of gentle rain from moist earth, but a concentrated breath as of a thousand torrents.

Lily Bud had risen, pale. The boy in the bed lifted his wasted form, and called to her. Then another gust of wind blew over the lamp on the table, and extinguished it.

Ware ran to the bed, and gathered the boy in his arms. He was a skeleton, no more, and light even for Ware.

"Come as fast as you can," he cried. "We must get to the roof."

"*The roof!*" The woman followed him. "In a storm!"

But Ware had gone to the staircase by this, and was ascending it.

"Hurry—hurry for our lives. It's the flood!"

They made their way in pitch dark through the garret, where a ladder reached up to the sloping roof. With great effort they carried the invalid out through the skylight and the eaves, and they clung to the chimney and the opening. They had taken but a fragment of time—it was none too swift. A muffled cannonade reverberated through the night, and Lily Bud cried in Mr. Ware's ear:

"Et's the dams tew th' Forks! They've broke! My God! my God!"

It was still far away—far away, because now remained for them but the mortal span between their living breath and eternity.

Pauley, half in Ware's arms, in his hoarse voice eaten away by disease, said:

"Ee cayn't tech mother. Ih'm right glayde!"

Then he burst into violent weeping.

They were at the town's end. The water, already many feet deep in the streets, now came with force sufficient to dislodge the house from its stilts. It was lifted like a ship on the tide, swaying and rocking.

The terror must have Janet for its morsel first, then Crompton.

Ware heard the woman shriek in his ears above the tumult, "*Pray!*"

He wore a little cross in his vesture. He managed to raise it to her lips. He could think of no words. None came to his mind, filled with deafening, horrible sound. The first great crash, with Pauley's piercing cry, was lost in the thunder with the cries of others. Ware could hear their heart-rending echoes as the wall of water pouring from the Forks rolled its pitiless volume down the Bye. It was advancing with the swiftness of doom.

Janet and its village are swept like leaves on one wave and one torrent. Crompton! The great mill falls together with a crackling, crashing noise, lost, indistinct, drowned in the roar.

"Pray . . . !"

"Hush!"

He held the boy close to him.

"Now . . . Lord Christ!"

The flood had come.

* * * * *

On the roof of the Barracks as it stood unsubmerged above the inundated country, a man and a woman saw the morning steal in grey loveliness over a desolated land.

Around them the river, swollen, crowded out of its natural bed and course by the liberated torrents from Forks Dam, had risen until the rooms below were filled with water. There, in obedience to law, they had stopped to come no farther. On the left—Rexington—city bereft in one short day and night of noble industries, scourged by fire and water, scarred by riot—lifted its steeples and roofs calmly in the pellucid atmosphere before the dawn.

Early as it was, the town was astir. Voices and shouting could be heard at this distance. Boats were already

abroad, sent forth to rescue what life might have been spared, and the first boat to leave the town was Dex Falloner's, who, with anxious heart, started toward the Barracks to find his master and his friend.

Ominous débris, black pieces of wreckage, masses dark and appalling, floated away in the distance along the still raging current of the river, or slowly drifted inland.

Clear and bright the pillared front of Mr. Grismore's house rose on its safe eminence.

But the faces of the man and woman were toward the mills.

The mills!

A waste of steel grey water stretched its sheet, its shroud, level over the place where the looms of Janet and Crompton had whirled and sung. Tragedies lay mercifully hidden beneath the concealing tide. All that had been left by the forthcoming strikers of living ones and miserable hearths and household gods, here was swept with spindle and shuttle for ever away.

That by the path of flood and death Fate had seen fit to unite the two who sat silent side by side they could not know. That their linked lives—welded,

blent through their great love for each other, and their human charity—should in years to come make this watery desert a land of good things, they could not know. That Euston, master of mighty mills, the head of new industries operating for the mutual benefit of employer and employed till to a happy, industrious people his name became a blessed thing, they could not foresee.

Still marvelling that life, and not death, were theirs, they sat, the woman's hands fast in the man's, their awe-stricken eyes upon the flood. And as they looked, the mills, mirage-like, seemed to rise to their sight, filmy, ghostly things out of the deeps.

Slowly, warmly, the gathering beauty of sunrise enveloped and possessed the sky. In utter disregard of fire, sedition, and disaster, the new day came over the old scenes and the strange new sea. Warmly it touched the windows of the houses of Revington till they gleamed like stars. Warmly it flushed the surface of the cruel waters till the turbulent miles gave the colour back again, and in the brilliance of the sunrise the little boat crossing the flood toward Euston and Amanda was red as a rose.

THE END.



AUTHORS' LETTER BOXES

III.—GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON



HE private correspondence of an author is limitless in more than one respect. It seems to be without end in the nature of its origin. Without any apparent effort or reason the author of a book—especially if it has had something of a vogue—finds himself at one end of an expansive and varied correspondence. As a writer of simple and undiluted fiction, I have found it more or less of a strenuous occupation to keep up my end of the correspondence. While it required but a short stretch of the imagination to write the Graustark books and *Castle Cranecrow*, it has been, all along, a severe strain upon my imaginative powers to answer in kind the letters of inquiry that those books inspired.

When one is called upon to account to the general public for the sins of his own imagination, one is forced to delve more deeply into the mysterious than even his most vivid flights warranted at the time of their conception.

More than once I have felt like burying my face in shame and self-contempt after reading the letters of inquiry concerning the location, customs and language of the principality of Graustark. Eight out of ten people in writing to me take it for granted that there is such a place as Graustark. A woman in Cleveland pathetically requested me to give her directions for reaching the place by rail after landing in Europe. Her daughter was an invalid, and she was quite sure that the climate of Graustark would be of "untold benefit to her." Another woman wrote to say that her husband was dying of consumption and she felt that if they could take or purchase a house on the mountainside in Edelweiss he could avert the death that seemed so near. It was like committing premeditated murder to write and tell them that the principality existed only in my imagination and by the indulgence of a generous public.

I received a telegram some time ago

from a man in the wise old East. It went something like this: "To decide a bet, what is the quickest way to git to Graustark?" The only answer to this confident question that I could send was: "Just imagine that you are there. That's the way I did."

A Cincinnati cynic took vigorous exceptions to the hour mentioned in Graustark for the departure of a certain passenger train. I had missed the correct time by an hour or so, but he confessed that "such stupid carelessness spoiled the book for him." To save my life, I have been unable to learn just what train he referred to, for the book did not pretend to establish itself as a railway guide.

Another, a woman, after reading *The Sherrods*, indignantly wrote to inform me that Jud Sherrod could not have married two women without having been "found out in the end." As Sherrod was "found out," I had only to refer her to the closing chapters in the book. Here, at least, was a woman who did not read the end of the novel first. I am quite convinced that she never finished the story, in fact.

A cowboy living in Arizona, forty miles from a post-office or a bookstore, was a Graustark convert. He learned my address from a Chicago man who happened to be travelling in that country and wrote me a long letter, in which he said he was eager to read my new book, *The Sherrods*, which had just been published. He had ridden forty miles, going and coming, twice a week for a month, but had been unable to secure the book at the nearest town. He was writing to ask me if I would send him a copy by mail if he would send me the price. I sent him a copy with my compliments and told him he need not mind the price, I was only too happy to give him the book. A month later he acknowledged receipt of the book. It required but little perception on my part to discover that he did not like the story. I have only to repeat what he said:

I don't wonder you are happy to give it away. You don't expect people to buy it, do

you? I'm much obliged to you for giving it to me for nothing, but even at that I think there is some change coming to me.

What criticism could be more caustic than that?

It penetrated to the very quick of my pride, and I made the mistake of retaliating politely. I sent him a dollar and fifty cents in stamps and asked if that made us square. He went me one better by responding that he could use the stamps to great advantage in warning his friends not to read the book. I was afraid to reply to this.

One very enthusiastic and entertaining man in Washington, D. C., read *Castle Cranecrow* in serial form. Each week after reading the instalment he wrote voluminous letters to me in which he sought to anticipate the adventures of the hero and heroine. Moreover, he offered countless suggestions for their relief in their most trying hours. He advanced theories of escape for the heroine and developed an endless array of means by which the hero could comfortably circumvent the villain—forgetting, of course, that the latter had to have his day in order to provide virtue with its own reward. This same individual wrote to inform me that he was organising a Graustark club in his lodging-house, and that he expected to escort the entire party to the principality as soon as the weather would permit. As we have had some delightful weather since then, and as I have not heard from him in three years or more, I am inclined to think that he is in Graustark—wherever it may be.

Here is a sample of the letters that came to me soon after *Beverly of Graustark* was published:

I am writing to ask for some information concerning the Calhoun family of which you write in *Beverly of Graustark*. My family name is Calhoun, and we came to Los Angeles from Virginia long before the Civil War. Beverly was my grandmother's family name before she was married, and I am wondering if your heroine, Beverly Calhoun, can be any kin to us. I am getting up a family tree so that I can join the Daughters, and it may be that you can help us some.

A San Francisco woman wrote to ask where Graustark is located.

I have a friend here who has travelled extensively. She says she has been in Graustark twice and loves it very much. Your description of the country is excellent, she says. We expect to go abroad this fall, and I am writing to ask how we can reach Graustark. My friend is in the East, and I cannot find the place on the map. She says she has seen the Princess Yetive and has gone through the castle.

I take off my hat to that much-travelled woman. She has a better way of expressing her imagination than I have. In replying to the innocent correspondent, I was constrained to ask for information myself. I asked for the address of her friend on the plea that I needed material for a new novel and my stock of deception was running low.

A man in administrative circles at Washington wrote just after *Brewster's Millions* appeared, addressing me as "Dear Mr. Greaves":

How did it happen that you forgot to give Brewster a chance to spend his money by providing him with a seat in the United States Senate? Washington is the place to spend money and have nothing to show for it after you are through.

His tone indicated that he had been dragged through a most ambitious but unprofitable social season, and there was something truly touching in his plaint.

A young seminary girl once wrote to ask what was the proper way to spell the word Graustark. Inasmuch as I laboured under the delusion that I had coined the word as well as the place, I could only reply that it began with a capital G and was continued in the next, referring her to the title-page of the book. A small boy asked, with considerable anxiety and rare consideration, if the word Graustark was copyrighted. He wanted to call his dog Graustark, but thought it best to first secure my consent, as he did not care to get into trouble with the government. Afterwards I read in a newspaper that a dog named Graustark had saved his small master from drowning at Narragansett

Pier. A dog by any other name might have done as much, perhaps, but just the same I was flushed with pride for many a day.

There is a girl's school somewhere in the East—it would be a breach of confidence to be specific—and I am quite sure I deserve the gratitude of its proprietress—if she could only know the truth. One of her young charges wrote me a long and discreet letter, in which she said the girls were not allowed to read novels, but she was sure she could do a lot of secret "advertising" for me if I would send her all of my books done up in a package that might be mistaken for a box of fruit. By thus smuggling my nefarious wares into the school under the very noses of the dragons I could rest assured that she would see to it that every girl in the place read the books. The pecuniary advantages to my publishers would be felt at once. Moreover, she wanted my best photograph and about sixty autographs. This young person's modesty was so beautiful

that I was not brute enough to desecrate it by responding. It would have been a shock to her if I were heartless enough to tell her that I am not, alas! a smuggler.

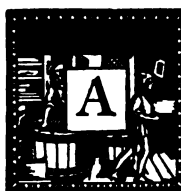
From a far Western editor came this startling message: "A man named McCutcheon was hung here yesterday. He said he was the author of *Graustark*, but that did not get him out of the scrape. Will you not write a letter to the *Banner* telling our readers how it feels to be hung by proxy?" That man's humour was worthy of a more exalted tomb than the office of a country newspaper.

But of all the ridiculous requests that have come to my notice, the one which routed me out of bed late one night was the most exasperating. It came by telegraph, and the sender, feminine, was evidently in a hurry. She said:

Please send me your autograph at once by wire.

George Barr McCutcheon.

ACADÉMIE GONCOURT AND ITS LAUREATE LÉON FRAPIÉ



LIVELY discussion is raging in the literary circles of Paris. It started with the recent awarding of the prize of 5,000 francs which is conferred every year upon a young writer of promise by the *Académie Goncourt*.

Let us first recall briefly what this institution is.

The brothers Goncourt (Edmond, 1822-96 and Jules, 1830-70) played an important part in the development of French literature in the second part of the nineteenth century. They claim to have been the real founders of the naturalistic school in introducing as a regular literary method the use of the scientific document. Except if one

chooses not to count Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, which is of 1857, and which, moreover, did not gain recognition until later, they are right. Their *Sœur Philomène* is of 1861 and *Germinie Lacerteux* of 1864, while Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* is only of 1867 and the *Rougon Macquart* series begins in 1871; Daudet's *Fromont et Risler* comes in 1874 and *Sapho* not before 1884.

Edmond de Goncourt was the more systematic of the two; Jules was the artist. They received their friends on Sundays, at their home of Neuilly—they called it *le Grenier*—and those gatherings suggested to Edmond the idea of the new Academy. Every new literary tendency has to fight its way through for recognition. It was so for the Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, it

was so again for the Romanticists, it was to be so once more for Naturalism. The bulwark of conservatism has always been, ever since its foundation in the seventeenth century, the French Academy. This influence had to be neutralised; and therefore, in 1896, when Edmond de Goncourt died, he bequeathed his fortune to some friends for the foundation of an independent Academy, animated with a progressive spirit. The relatives of the Goncourt brothers attacked the will before all possible jurisdictions, and it was not until the end of 1900 that their claims were definitely rejected. It took some more years to organise the new Academy—there is a good deal of red tape in France, and the Conseil d'Etat had to recognise the Institution as being "d'utilité publique;" it was not in running order until 1903.

Each member of the Academy receives a sum of 6,000 francs a year. There are ten of them. Before dying Edmond de Goncourt had already designated seven, namely: (1) Léon Hennique (b. 1852), one of the contributors to the famous *Soirées de Médan*, author of *La Dévonée*, a novel, and of one of the rare good products of naturalistic drama, *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien*; (2) Octave Mirbeau (b. 1850), the nervous and powerful author of *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*; (3) Gustave Geffroy (b. 1855), critic of literature and art; (4) J. K. Huysmans, (b. 1848), the well-known author of *A Rebours* and *La Bas*; (5 and 6) J. H. Rosny (b. 1856), the two brothers who walk so closely in the steps of the Goncourts and signers of the *Lettres des Cinq*, the famous protest against Zola's *La Terre*, and (7) Paul Margueritte (b. 1860), the author (with his brother Victor) of a series of beautiful patriotic novels under the generic name of *Une Époque*. Three more were elected in 1903, namely: Lucien Descaves (b. 1861), who wrote the famous *Sous-ouffs*, and in recent years *La Colonne*; Elémir Bourges (b. 1852), the delicate artist who gave us *Sous la Hache* and *Le Crépuscule des Dieux*; and finally Léon Daudet (b. 1867), the son of Alphonse, and whose satirical novel, *Les Morticolcs*, created a sensation some ten years ago.

The chief purpose of the Académie

Goncourt is this conferring, each year, of a reward of 5,000 francs upon a young writer showing distinct talent who has not earned recognition as yet from the general public. This year the prize went to Léon Frapié, the author of *La Maternelle*.

This choice, as said above, provoked a good deal of discussion, some approving of it, some violently protesting and declaring that the new Academy was to be as narrow-minded in its way as the French Academy, any writer not adopting the naturalistic theories of art being *à priori* eliminated as a possible laureate. *La Maternelle* had to stand very violent attacks. Even a keen and delicate critic like Remy de Gourmont spoke of the crowned work as "littératurette," and was followed by many belonging to his clique. The daily *La Presse* made an inquiry among all the leading literary people of Paris, about whom, in their minds, deserved the prize; the largest amount of votes went to the brothers Leblond. A strong attack, from still another quarter, was that made by women writers. A rumour went abroad that the writer who really had the preference of the ten judges was a woman, Mrs. Myriam Harris (daughter of a Polish Jew and of a German mother), and that her book, *La Conquête de Jérusalem*, would have been crowned if only it had been written by a man. Let me say that I do not believe a word of this story. A jury in which men as independent as Mirbeau are to be found, others who know so well what women can do in literature, as Daudet (remember his mother), and finally and especially such decided feminists as the brothers Rosny and Paul Margueritte, would never allow itself to be directed in its choice by such petty considerations. However this may be, women decided to protest, and the directress of *La Vie Heureuse* (a family magazine published by Hachette) proposed to found a kind of Academy of women. There are twenty-one of them,* all known more or less by their

*Here are their names: Mmes. la comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, présidente; Jane Dieulafoy, vice-présidente; J. Bertheroy, secrétaire générale; Juliette Adam, Arvède Barine, Th. Bentzon, P. de Coulevain, Alphonse Daudet, Delarue-Mardrus, C. Ferval, Judith Gautier,

writings, who will confer a prize of 5000 francs every year on the best book published in France during the year, "whether due to the pen of a man or of a woman." Their first choice was Mrs. Myriam Harris.

Thus we have now in France three Académies. Some may think that it would be advisable to stop. However, in fact there would be no reason for that, on the contrary. We do not deem it improbable at all that next year some people will be found who do not agree with the choice of the Academy of ladies, who do not agree with the choice of the members of the Académie de Goncourt, who do not agree with the French Academy.

In the meanwhile every one reads *La Maternelle*; the book has an extraordinarily good sale; public opinion supports the choice of the Goncourt Academy.

There must be some good reason for all this agitation. Let us first present the author and the book, and then try to see what it is that gives the latter such significance.

Léon Frapié is now, like Maupassant, Coppée and others, at the beginning of their literary career, a clerk in the service of the government in Paris. He devotes all his spare time to literature, having up to now written little, but read widely. His authors of predilection are Balzac, Zola, Maupassant, Dickens, Dostoïewski. Let me add the following peculiarities, which explain several traits of his books. When a boy, he was for a while in a girls' boarding school, the only representative of his sex, and later also he is said to have been brought up in some out-of-the-way fashion that was very favourable to the formation of an independent judgment, e. g., he never received the stamp either of the State education nor of the Catholic Church. The fact that his wife is a school-teacher in Parisian public schools is also interesting with regard to the literary field chosen by him.

Two books were published by Frapié before *La Maternelle*; one of them, *L'institutrice de Province*, seems to be a kind of first sketch of *La Maternelle*. A

L. Félix Faure-Goyau, Daniel Lesueur, Catulle Mendès, J. Marni, de Peyrebrune, Poradowska, Gabrielle Réval, Séverine, Marcelle Tinayre, C. de Broutelles.

woman teacher in the province devotes herself body and soul to her "motherly" task and dies with despair in seeing the little avail of her daily sacrifice.

In the new book this absolutely pessimistic note is dropped. *La Maternelle* is not exactly cheerful, but one feels all through it that the author is very anxious not to appear before the public as an advocate of social theories. In fact, if his book should prove anything at all it would be that the evils of school education are a natural result of the whole system of civilisation, necessary evils. We have here art for art's sake of the best kind. There is a love episode, too, running through the novel; the heroine does not die like the "Institutrice," she marries; but those scenes are so delicately interwoven in the different chapters—almost mere suggestions—that I should not be surprised if Frapié had put them in only in order to sidetrack now and then the natural propensity of readers to draw practical conclusions from the book.

The subject is introduced as follows: A young Parisian woman with full academic training is on the eve of marrying. Suddenly her father fails; she loses her dowry, and her fiancé disappears. She tries to get work, but soon finds out that her diplomas are more of a hindrance than a help. They inspire only diffidence in administrative circles. Officials always declare her too good for the place. Starvation threatens, and finally she sets to work deliberately trying to unlearn, to do away with the varnish that culture has impressed upon her manners, in short to *appear* unintelligent and rude enough to deserve confidence. Thus she succeeds in securing a position as "femme de service" in the "Maternelle" of the miserable quarter of Ménilmontant. A "Maternelle" is a district school for children from two to six years, preparatory to the Primary school.

To stifle the sense of revolt aroused in her and ward off thoughts of despair she decides to keep a diary of her experience in the school. This diary betrays an extremely kind-hearted woman at the same time as a keen observer.

Rose has the humblest task in the school: she dusts, sweeps the rooms, lights the fire early in the morning, and

she takes care of the children physically, all day round. Although from the point of view of hierarchy, the directress and the two subordinate teachers are far above her, in fact Rose is the one that comes in closest contact with the little ones. They could do without lessons, without reading, figuring, writing, drawing, but they cannot do without having their physical wants attended to. They know it, too; Rose is the one to whom they go naturally all the time, in every possible occurrence, as they would to a mother; she washes them when their nose is bleeding, in her arms they find consolation when roughly handled by a school-mate; in her skirt they hide even to find protection against angry and threatening parents. The pupils belong to the poor class, and many of them are so neglected and so miserable in their homes that the school is a good place for them to be. And the school to them, as I have said, is Rose, who allows herself to be altogether monopolised by them. All the maternal love which slumbers in every woman's bosom, all her powers of human affection, all the energy of despair drawn from her bitter experience of deceived hopes, all that is good, intelligent, deep in her, she devotes to these unfortunate, helpless little creatures. Yes, she understands them so well,—and yet there is not the slightest touch of sentimentalism in their little sorrows, in their cheap and innocent, sometimes serious, joys, even in their extraordinary plays, as when, for instance, they want to play father and mother, i. e., to fight, or *à faire la noce*, i. e., to be drunk.

I repeat it again, no preaching is to be found in the book, no more than attempts at eloquence or rhetorical flourishes, almost nothing except little events of everyday life, simply and soberly told. But it goes straight to your heart; everything human in you is stirred up. I wish I could quote a few passages, but my space is limited, and moreover it would be too difficult to choose. But let the reader take up the book himself and open it, e. g., on page 80, to get acquainted with the "mouse," the gentle five-year-old little mother with her brother, her "chickling;" or on page 71, to hear about Richard, the ugly and miserable crea-

ture, whose experience is such that he cannot imagine that there might exist anything like disinterested kindness and that he conceives of every relation between two human beings as of a regular bargain; or on page 72, to hear of Adam, the strong and noisy leader of the older boys, as the great boaster with girls who admire him because they are afraid of him. Or let him read the touching story of the cat *Mistigris*, who eats the little birds and thereby stirs up the wrath of the children (p. 130); or the heart-rending fate of poor little *Fondant* (p. 259); or the lesson of the well-intentioned school ma'am about "Miss Confusion" (p. 166); who came to school with her younger brother badly dressed, stockings that do not match, loose buttons, and so forth: Miss Confusion is in the class-room, everyone looks at her, and she listens, helpless, in a pathetic silence, taking a cruel lesson—about the injustice of this world. For *we* know another story—Rose told us about it—of a mother who had deserted her home several days ago, leaving father and children to get along as well as they could; she had taken with her hurriedly all the linen and clothes she could—therefrom the stockings that do not match, and buttons that remain unsewed. Or again let him read of the tragic event that befell the little girl *Guittard* (p. 228), who came to school one morning, pale as a sheet, totally absent-minded, with a vague, stupefied look. Everyone feels at once that something terrible is the matter; instinctively the other children stop playing and look at the newcomer. But *what* is the matter? Are you hurt?—No answer. Did you fall?—slow negative motion of the head. Did your mother punish you?—Same motion. But what is it? Can't you talk?—No answer, but always the staring glance, the terrified face. Then the class opens, and suddenly two men appear, who take away the poor little one, whose mother had been assassinated the night before. The only reflection the author allows himself are the few following words put in parenthesis: "Do you see her dressing all alone, striding over the corpse, taking her basket?" [the luncheon basket, that was of course empty]; but it is enough. We have here

a very good example of the sober art of Frapié. Let him who does not understand the power of simple language read this book. I know of only two authors that have obtained such effects in kindred subjects with similar means, Maupassant and especially Maxim Gorky.

Of course children, in both their joys and their sufferings, are always likely to move us. For one, sympathy goes spontaneously to the helpless rather than to the strong. But there is another reason. Children's sensations, needs, ideas, language are still very close to nature, and therefore express better, and appeal more to what is common, to all men, what makes us feel solitary and awakens among all the representatives of the human race brotherly and sisterly feelings. In this respect Frapié has chosen a particularly favourable ground, but certainly nothing is more legitimate for an artist, and surely no one who has only opened the book will dare say that undue advantage of it is taken here.

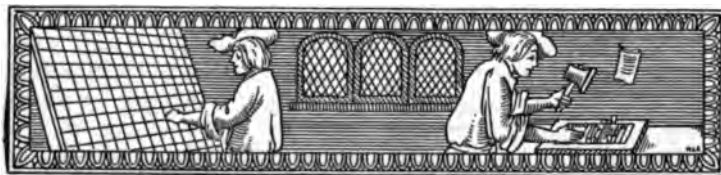
The preceding remarks lead us to our last point: What is it that has created such general interest in *La Maternelle*, from both those who admire and those who condemn?

This is the answer: This great poem of childhood and humanity is a beautiful revelation of the noble fruits which the vigorous tree of Naturalism can produce; and one thing is certain, namely, that Edmond de Goncourt, the first Naturalist, would have highly approved the choice of Frapié as a laureate of his Academy.

There is no desire here to discard idealism or to undervalue it. Only it must never be forgotten that there are several sources of poetry, two especially that may be said to have inspired most of the literary masterpieces of the world. One is found in the aspirations of humanity; it is the goal that the noble gift of thought has

placed before us; it unites the human race in the future, or better in higher spheres not yet reached by us—it is an *ideal*. The other is found in an exactly opposite direction; it rests also upon a feeling of brotherhood among men, but based upon human nature in the realistic sense of the term. Back of all our actions, thoughts and emotions there is something that is common to all. Our ideals and aspirations may diverge as much as they please from this starting point, there remains always a path open that leads us back to, and allows communion with humanity as a whole—it is a *reality*. Now the poetry of idealism we have known long ago, but the poetry of realism, or Naturalism, is a relatively recent discovery in our modern civilisation, and it may be said that it was the great task of the Naturalistic School of the nineteenth century to reveal it to us in its full sense. For France it is an honour to have been the country to lead it to its ultimate triumph. In studying carefully the evolution of European literatures, I think that, in spite of some appearances to the contrary, it will be found that the whole romantic movement was really only a first step toward Naturalism; in many respects it may be called a pseudo-realism or an abortive naturalism. It is not the place here to develop this theory, but I may simply add this. Compare the artificial and sentimental naturalism of Richardson and even Rousseau. The declamatory and socialistic realism of Victor Hugo or Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, and again the neo-Democratic and melodramatic style of Coppée and hosts of modern writers for the masses—compare them with *La Maternelle*, and you will realise what a long way artistic literature has gone since the eighteenth century.

Albert Schinz.



TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART V.—MAKING A RECORD



RIOR to the Civil War, the tariff system of the United States had, as a whole, been primarily devised to produce revenue, and only secondarily to protect domestic industries against foreign competition. Thus, the acts of 1824, of 1828 and of 1832, which represent the high-water mark of protective sentiment in antebellum days, were at the most intended to give American manufacturers of iron, cotton and woollen goods and a few other commodities some temporary assistance until they should have established themselves on so firm a basis as to stand alone. The protectionists of those days were of the old school, regarding a high tariff on imported goods only as a means to a definite end and not as an end in itself. The "infant industry" argument was the one which writers and speakers upon the subject most often used and which most appealed to the popular intelligence. "Give us help for a while, until our factories are built, our machinery installed, our business organised, and our experience acquired, and then we can hold our own against the world." This was quite in accordance with the independent, individualistic spirit of the native American of the early nineteenth century, who asked only for an opportunity to make a fair start and who, after that, had a sturdy confidence in the sufficiency of his own brain and his own hands. By 1842, in fact, the country at large had begun to experience a reaction from even so much of protectionism as had been embodied in the acts just mentioned. To be sure, in 1842, a new tariff bill, passed by the Whigs, was professedly a protective measure; but its life was short, and under President Polk the duties were scaled

down by the tariff of 1846 to a point where many of the articles about which protectionist writers have the most to say were subjected to an average duty of only thirty per cent. These rates were lowered still further by the act of 1857—a purely non-political measure—and when the Civil War broke out, the tariff system of the United States represented an approximation to Free Trade in that it was intended to produce revenue for the needs of the Government and not especially to shelter or build up industries which without protection would be unprofitable. Agitation on the subject of the tariff had at that time practically ceased. Both political parties were satisfied to leave things as they were. The country had been extraordinarily prosperous. Manufactures flourished, and the "infant industries" which had appeared to require assistance in 1832 were well past the period of infancy. When, therefore, in 1860, with a view to the coming election, the Republicans introduced in Congress a new tariff bill with a higher range of duties,* they were rebuked by one of the ablest of their own number, Mr. Sherman, who declared:

"When Mr. Stanton says the manufacturers are urging and pressing this bill, he says what he must certainly know is not correct. The manufacturers have asked over and over again to be let alone."†

In fact, the instinctive dread of any change whatever, which in later years led business men and producers generally to dread a lowering of the tariff, operated in

*The object was to benefit certain special interests in Pennsylvania and in two or three Western States, of which the electoral votes were indispensable in the next election.

†*Congressional Globe*, p. 1867 (1859-60).

1860 to make them dread an increase in the duties.

The war, however, brought with it an insistent and incessant demand for money to meet the drain upon the Treasury. Every species of taxation that could be devised by the harassed Chase was legalised by Congress. When at last the expenses of the Government had risen to something like \$3,000,000 a day, there came a climax to the financial agony in the passing of measures of taxation, direct and indirect, more sweeping than any modern nation had ever known. Incomes were taxed; the excise imposts grew heavier and heavier; cheques, notes, drafts, wills, deeds, mortgages, business agreements, insurance policies, and almost every form of legal document were valid only after they had paid their tribute in the form of revenue stamps. The barest necessities of life—even medicines, salt, and matches—yielded great sums to the tax-gatherer. Specific or *ad valorem* duties were heaped upon a vast number of products and manufactures. Transportation by rail or boat was taxed, and so was the business of the telegraphs and of the great express companies. A multitude of ordinary callings had to pay heavy license fees. More than this, not only were manufactures subjected to a general tax, but at each stage of production a separate tax was levied on every article—first while it existed only as raw material and then again when it had been turned out as a finished product. Nothing escaped the eye of the inquisitor. Many persons ruefully recalled the pungent words in which Sydney Smith depicted the miseries of tax-ridden England at the close of the Napoleonic wars.

It was the manufacturers who suffered most; and in order that they might not be absolutely ruined, some compensatory legislation was needed in their interest. "I shear my sheep; I do not kill them," said the Emperor Tiberius on one occasion; and in the same spirit the financiers at Washington sought to preserve the manufacturing industries from extinction, so that they might continue to be a source of revenue. "If we bleed manufacturers," said Mr. Morrill of Vermont in 1862, "we must see to it that the proper tonic is administered at the same

time." The "tonic" was administered in the shape of a high tariff on imported manufactures. This largely shut out foreign competition, and so gave to the American producers a monopoly of the home market as a compensation for the heavy burdens which they were bearing in time of war. The measure was understood to be distinctly a war measure. It was avowedly a temporary arrangement, a part of the whole abnormal, exceptional legislation which Congress adopted to meet an extraordinary crisis in the struggle for national existence. Its advocates never dreamed that it was to be perpetuated, any more than the tax upon the telegraph or the license to carry on an ordinary business.

After the war had ended, the thousand and one unprecedented expedients for wringing money from the people were speedily abandoned. The floating debt was funded. As stability and order brought renewed prosperity, and as the need of maintaining half a million men in arms ceased to exist, Congress repealed tax after tax. At last every one of the exceptional burdens from which the manufacturer had suffered was removed. Logically, then, the protective duties which had been imposed to enable them to bear those burdens should also have been abolished. This, however, was not done. Leading Republican statesmen, even those who were protectionists, admitted that the high duties were no longer necessary, and, therefore, that they were no longer just.* Many attempts were made to remove or modify them, as in the abortive measure of 1867, which had a majority in both houses of Congress, but which failed to pass because, owing to a technicality of parliamentary law, a two-thirds vote was needed to bring it before the House as an amendment. Gradually the long delay in lowering the duties produced a singular effect upon the public mind. The

*"It is a mistake of the friends of a sound tariff to insist on the extreme rates imposed during the war. . . . Whatever percentage of duties was imposed on foreign goods to cover internal taxation on home manufactures, should not now be claimed as the lawful prize of protection when such taxes have been repealed."—Speech by Senator Morrill, *Congressional Globe*, p. 3295 (1869-70).

special circumstances under which the duties had originally been levied were forgotten. They ceased to be regarded as a war tax, but were rather viewed by many as an integral and normal part of our financial system. Moreover, the manufacturers, who were heaping up fortunes through the operation of the war tariff, exerted all the power which great wealth affords of creating a sentiment in its behalf. Liberal gifts to the campaign fund of the Republican party were rewarded by legislative favours. But the tariff issue was not strictly a party one. There were high-tariff Democrats as well as low-tariff Republicans. For instance, Mr. Samuel J. Randall, who was long a Democratic leader in the House and who twice served as Speaker, was as thorough-going a protectionist as "Pig Iron Kelley" himself; and in fact, in some of his canvasses for re-election, the Republicans in his district set up no candidate to oppose him. Protection sentiment, in a word, was strong in the States where protected manufactures flourished, and weak in the agricultural States, which received nothing from the tariff except an increase in the cost of living. When General Hancock in 1880 said, "The tariff is a local issue," the remark was received with a shout of derision; but in the sense in which he meant it, it was profoundly true.

In the course of time, the agricultural communities of the West began to get an inkling of the truth, and to perceive how preposterous it was to protect industries which had without protection successfully maintained themselves against foreign competition before the war. Various popular movements, such as the Farmers' Alliance, Grangerism, and the like, made the Republican managers uneasy. Several revisions of the tariff were undertaken, ostensibly in the direction of lower duties. The act of 1872 was one of these attempts, but it was so artfully framed as, in fact, to leave things very much as they had been before. In 1883, a general revision of duties actually raised many of them, as, for example, those on woollen dress goods, iron ore, and steel. Nevertheless, economic causes were at work which were distinctly unfavourable to a perpetuation of high protection as a policy.

Chief among these causes, as has been seen, was the increasing surplus in the Treasury. Every Republican President, from Grant to Arthur, had called the attention of Congress to this, and had specifically recommended lower rates of duty. It is likely that, had the Republican party remained in power, these recommendations would have been ultimately carried out. It was the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1884 and his attitude toward the tariff which solidified the Republicans not merely in support of the old war rates but of an extension of these to new classes of imported goods.

When Mr. Cleveland made a distinct issue of lowering the tariff, his opponents from sheer necessity were driven to take the other side. They ignored the whole history of protection in the United States. They put aside the utterances of their own leaders in the past. In the end they went even further than they had probably intended, and they flatly declared that protection, so far from being a temporary measure, was one to be perpetuated for its own sake, and that duties, instead of being lowered, should be made even higher than they had been under the actual stress of war. The campaign of 1888 had practically been fought out over this issue; and since the Republicans were successful, they felt that the country had given them a mandate to do whatever they saw fit. It was with this conviction that the act of 1890, popularly known as the McKinley Bill, was framed by the Republican members of the House Committee and ultimately reported by the chairman, Mr. McKinley. From this time dates the New Protectionism, which proclaimed the doctrine that high duties and high prices were a distinct advantage to the country.

The McKinley Bill was a very radical measure. It raised the duties on a great number of articles, and it removed from the free list a great many others. Unlike other acts, it laid imposts upon commodities which are used in every household—articles of clothing, carpets, table linen, thread, tools, and also upon many kinds of food. The effect of this was certain to be felt at once throughout the entire country in the shape of a direct rise in prices. Some of the Republicans

themselves had an uncomfortable feeling that a measure such as this was eminently unwise. Such was emphatically the view of Mr. Blaine, himself an old-time protectionist and one who remained unconverted to the doctrines of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Blaine saw that the new tariff bill would not only prove unpopular with the country, but that it would shut out American trade from the most desirable foreign markets. Many times he appeared before the committees of Congress to urge upon them with all his authority a wiser policy. Mr. Blaine was the shrewdest of politicians. He knew the value of a taking catchword. What he wanted to secure was the admission of foreign goods untaxed from such countries as would admit American products of certain classes free from duty. This was in reality a species of free trade, but he artfully described it as "reciprocity"—a word which would not alarm the timid voter, who had been taught that free trade spelled ruin. Day after day, the Secretary of State laboured with his party associates to introduce the principle of reciprocity into the pending bill. Every stage of its passage was watched by him with intense interest, and he wrote to Mr. McKinley many pointed notes, of which the following is typical:

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1890.

DEAR MR. MCKINLEY: It is a great mistake to take hides from the free list, where they have been for so many years.

It is a slap in the face to the South Americans, with whom we are trying to enlarge our trade. It will benefit the farmer by adding five to eight per cent. to the price of his children's shoes.

It will yield a profit to the butcher only—the last man that needs it. The movement is injudicious from beginning to end—in every form and phase.

Pray stop it before it sees light. Such movements as this for protection will protect the Republican Party into a speedy retirement.

Very hastily,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Mr. Blaine had small success with the members of the House of Representatives. The McKinley following had gone mad over high protective duties. They acted as though, whatever they did, there

would be no day of reckoning. They placed duties upon the sheer necessities of life. They sought artificially to stimulate the production in this country of commodities, such as tin plate, that had never before been produced in the United States. They were not forgetful of the fact that the protected manufacturers had furnished the great campaign fund which had carried Indiana for Harrison. Remembering that Mr. Cleveland, like his Republican predecessors, had urged the remission of duties on raw materials, Mr. McKinley removed one such duty. This, however, was the duty on raw sugar, and its abolition meant millions of profit to the great Sugar Trust, which was beginning to be extremely powerful at Washington. The folly of such a course was pointed out by Mr. Blaine,* who hammered away by argument, exhortation and published letters, in behalf of reciprocity. Before the Senate committee he made a speech so energetic and so full of passion that the reports of it in an imperfect form went all over the country. In his vehemence, Mr. Blaine pounded the desk on which lay a draft of the proposed bill, and in doing so he smashed his tall hat under his descending fist. This appealed to the people's sense of the picturesque. "Blaine has smashed his hat on the McKinley Bill," was the sentence that went from mouth to mouth; and this trivial incident attracted more attention to the measure than whole columns of printed speeches. Finally the Senate proved somewhat more open to reason than the House had been, and an element of reciprocity was introduced into the bill by a Senate amendment, rather ungraciously worded, which authorised the President to impose duties on certain free goods whenever the country from which they came imposed duties that were "reciprocally unequal and unreasonable" upon certain specified American exports.

The McKinley Bill had been passed by the House of Representatives in May; with the reciprocity amendment, it passed the Senate in September; and it became

*"Pass this bill, and in 1892 there will not be a man in all the party so beggared as to accept your nomination for the presidency."—Hamilton, *Life of Blaine*, p. 685.



MR. MCKINLEY AS A POLITICAL TAM O'SHANTER (Cartoon from *Judge*)

law by receiving the signature of the President on the first day of October, 1890.* Even before the measure had been adopted, but when its passage had become a moral certainty, a sharp advance in prices throughout the country was acutely perceptible. Merchants were unwilling to sell their goods at the old rates, when the cost of importation was so soon to be increased. Those who did so made a virtue of the fact by advertising that certain wares would be sold at low figures for the next few weeks, but that after a specified date the prices would be raised because of the McKinley Bill. Although these notices were pure strokes of business, they helped to imbue the public mind with a belief that the new tariff act was certain to increase the cost of living. Importers hastened to bring in enormous quantities of goods, so as to take advantage of the favourable rates that still prevailed. Ocean liners sought to break the record for speed in hurrying cargoes across the Atlantic before the new act should take effect. The Cunard steamer *Etruria*, reaching the port of New York a few minutes before the hour set for the

enforcement of the McKinley Bill, saved by her speed something like a million dollars for the owners of her cargo.

Everywhere the pinch of higher prices was quickly felt, while no increase in wages was perceptible. For the first time since the war, the nation received an object lesson in what high protection really meant. Hitherto the average man, and especially the average woman, had turned a deaf ear to tariff talk. What did they care whether steel rails and iron ore cost more or less? They did not clothe themselves in iron, or dine and breakfast on steel rails. But now every household throughout the land discovered that the purchasing power of the family income had been seriously reduced. The housewife who went to market and suddenly discovered that she must pay much more for food than she had ever paid, began at once to take a very personal interest in the cause of this phenomenon. Butter, eggs, flour, dried apples, lard, potatoes, bacon, corned beef and poultry jumped up in price after a fashion which to persons of limited means was most alarming.* It now cost more to clothe the family, to carpet the rooms, to

*For an analysis of the McKinley Bill, see Taussig, *The Tariff History of the United States*, pp. 251-283 (New York, 1899).

*See the figures in a report by Senator Aldrich. *Senate Report*, 968, pt. I.

provide table linen, and to keep the domestic utensils properly renewed. An outcry went up from those who usually paid no attention to economic questions. Party hacks tried hard to create enthusiasm for "Bill McKinley and the McKinley Bill," but their efforts were met with a sudden silence or sharp denunciation.

The manner in which the measure had been "jammed through" the House of Representatives under the iron rule of Speaker Reed was offensive to the American sense of fairness. Mr. Reed, having



THOMAS B. REED

got a taste of arbitrary power, had become intoxicated by it. At first, the country had applauded the nerve with which he dominated the body over which he presided. So long as he used the new rules only to prevent "filibustering," and to insure the efficient despatch of public business, the sentiment of the people was with him. When he said in his epigrammatic way, "The House is no longer a deliberative body," the remark called forth an appreciative laugh. But in time, what at first had been a wise

autocracy became something very like oppression. Mr. Reed carried his tyranny so far that even members of his own party were driven to revolt. On one occasion* the Speaker had parts of the journal of the House omitted in the daily reading. Mr. Mills of Texas objected, and it came out that the Speaker had been guilty of a misstatement and that the parts of the journal which had been omitted contained a record of proceedings that had never taken place. Even then the arrogant Reed refused to have the necessary correction made. An appeal from his ruling was taken, and enough Republicans united with the Democrats to override the "Czar."

The Congressional elections of 1890 took place at the very moment when public sentiment was most deeply stirred against the record which the Republicans had made. In less than two years the Treasury had been emptied, the odious Force Bill had been introduced, a sort of tyranny had been established in the popular chamber, the cost of living had been enormously increased, and no one had received any benefit save the multimillionaires of the protected industries and the Sugar Trust. The election, therefore, proved to be a veritable cataclysm. The Republican control of the House was annihilated. When Congress met in 1891, the Democratic representatives numbered 235, and the Republicans only 88, while in the Senate the Republican majority was reduced from 14 to 6. A significant fact was the strength which had been shown in the West by a new party which now became known as the "Populists," who elected nine representatives and two senators. In the South, out of 121 members, there were only three Republicans. Even in New England, the Democrats had secured a fair majority. In Ohio, Mr. McKinley himself was defeated at the polls and retired to private life. Mr. Blaine's prophecy of disaster had been strikingly fulfilled.

In 1890, great popular interest was taken in a movement to overthrow the Louisiana Lottery Company. The story of this contest deserves to be repeated here, because the issue presented was not unlike the issue involved in the battle

*June 19, 1890.

against the Trusts. It was a contest between enormous wealth and selfish interest on the one hand and an enlightened moral sentiment upon the other. Those who feel a sense of hopelessness when they endeavour to forecast the final outcome of any struggle such as this, may take courage from recalling the overthrow of one of the most ably planned conspiracies against the common welfare which this country has ever witnessed. The Louisiana Lottery had been chartered in 1868 by a "carpet bag" legislature at a time when political conditions in that State were indescribably depraved. The promoters of the lottery were three in number—John A. Morris, Z. E. Simmons and C. H. Murray—men as unscrupulous and as able as any who engineered the later Trusts. At that time, although most States had by law forbidden the sale of lottery tickets within their borders, these laws were practically disregarded. Several enterprises of this sort, nearly all of foreign ownership, reaped a rich harvest by the sale of tickets for their monthly drawings. Among these were the Havana Lottery, the Royal Saxon Lottery, the Hamburg Lottery, and later the Kentucky Lottery.

Morris and his associates, having secured their charter in return for an annual payment of \$40,000 to a charity hospital, proceeded to organise their business in a very far-sighted way, taking every precaution to fortify themselves alike against the law and against popular prejudice. They secured the services of General Early and General Beauregard to superintend their monthly drawings. They advertised extensively in leading newspapers throughout the United States, paying for their advertisements several times the ordinary rates. They even established newspapers of their own, and maintained them, so that if the necessity arose, the Lottery would have stanch defenders in the press. In every great city of the Union the ablest lawyers were employed as counsel for the company to watch and to avert every possible form of danger. In Louisiana, Morris practically controlled the State. Many of the judges were to all intents and purposes appointed by the Lottery. Money was spent lavishly in

charity, in behalf of public enterprises, and in private gifts. Vast sugar-works were even opened and operated by the lottery owners, who desired to pose as representative business men engaged in fostering one of the great industries of the State. In 1877, when Louisiana was striving to shake off the last vestige of the carpet-bag régime, the Lottery Company gave the money needed to bribe those legislators whose votes were necessary to oust the carpet-bagger, Packard, from the Governor's chair. Public sentiment in Louisiana, therefore, was more than cordial to the Lottery. Its charter was renewed in 1879; and after that, it seemed to be assured of a permanent lease of life. Its revenues were very great. One-third of the entire mail-matter which reached New Orleans was addressed to M. A. Dauphin, the nominal president of the company. It was said that the postal notes and money orders which it cashed amounted to no less than \$30,000 a day.

In 1880, the attention of Mr. Alexander K. McClure, editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, was attracted by the persistency with which the Louisiana Lottery sought to have advertisements inserted in his newspaper. He was startled also by the lavish offers of money which were made to buy such advertising. An investigation showed him that although the Pennsylvania law imposed a penalty for advertising lotteries, not less than \$50,000 a year was paid to the newspapers of the State for the use of their columns. Mr. McClure brought suit in the local courts to test the law, and it was found to be defective. He then framed a more stringent bill; and after a vigorous campaign he secured its enactment by the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1883. In the course of the discussion which went on in the press, Mr. McClure's own paper had spoken with frank severity of the Lottery managers. These persons, angered by the loss of their Pennsylvania business and wishing to make an example of the man who had opposed them, noted down his name and waited until circumstances should enable them to take revenge.

Two years later, in 1885, Mr. McClure visited the New Orleans Exposition. The Lottery through its spies had learned that

he was coming, and at the very moment of his arrival he was served with a writ, sued out by Dauphin and claiming \$100,000 damages for libelling the Lottery. Mr. McClure was in a distinctly hostile community, where the courts were in the hands of Lottery appointees. The lawyers of the city were nearly all in the Lottery's pay; and to defend the suit seemed to be an absolutely hopeless undertaking. Even one of Mr. McClure's personal friends said to him: "We are all in it here, and I hardly know how to advise you." So pleased was Dauphin over his successful *coup*, that he telegraphed an account of it to every city in the land, through the agency of the Associated Press.*

This little burst of exultant insolence on the part of Dauphin was perhaps not unnatural, but it cost the Lottery Company dear. It stirred to active indignation a feeling which had lain dormant all over the country, and even in Louisiana itself. Within a few hours after Dauphin's news had been made public, a wealthy Philadelphian telegraphed Mr. McClure that \$50,000 had been placed to his credit for use in his defence. The unbought press in every State took up the case with vigour. In New Orleans itself a committee of lawyers, all strangers to Mr. McClure, called upon him to say that the bar of that city would defend the suit without cost. The Governor of the State, though friendly to the Lottery, deplored its action in this instance, and gave Mr. McClure the benefit of his advice, sending to him as counsel a lawyer whose fidelity and honour were above suspicion. The Lottery managers refused to take warning from this display of enlightened sentiment. They resolved to press the case at once to trial. They felt themselves to be omnipotent. They regarded the judges as their creatures. Even the marshal who drew the names for the jury was in their pay. They had millions of money at their disposal. Why should they not make a conspicuous example of this stranger from the North? They laid their plans in such a way as to prevent (so they thought) all chance of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr.

McClure's counsel, however, devised a plea which baffled them. It appeared that a suit instituted against Mr. McClure by the Lottery in Pennsylvania was still before a United States District Court on a question of appeal. The situation was therefore anomalous in that the company was prosecuting Mr. McClure upon the same charge before two Federal courts at one and the same time. These facts were duly set forth, and a plea of justification was entered, to which was appended a long series of questions that Dauphin would have to answer should the case be tried. These questions were most ingeniously framed, and Dauphin could not answer them without giving information which would expose himself and his agents to criminal prosecution in nearly every State and Territory of the Union. This meant not merely fine and imprisonment for the Lottery officials, but the absolute destruction of their business.

As soon as Dauphin's lawyers perceived the gulf which was yawning for their employers, they experienced something like a panic. When the case was called, they actually opposed a motion to have the appeal advanced upon the docket. By this time many leading men in Washington had become interested in the matter. Senator Edmunds and Senator Hawley arranged that the trial, when it took place, should be presided over by Mr. Justice Wood—a judge of unimpeachable integrity. The Attorney-General of the United States appeared in the Supreme Court in opposition to the Lottery Company. An agitation was begun in Congress which seemed full of menace to the lottery interests. Dauphin and his associates, therefore, capitulated on their knees. One of their representatives went to Mr. McClure and begged him that the suit might be discontinued, offering to pay all the expenses—counsel fees, the cost of depositions, printing, and the rest. Mr. McClure consented; and within twenty-four hours the company had settled every bill, and had withdrawn its suit. But they had gone too far, and they had thereafter to deal with the public resentment which they had evoked. Measures were passed in Congress excluding lottery tickets from the mails.

*See McClure, *Reminiscences*, pp. 173-183 (Salem, 1900).

and forbidding the transmission of newspapers which contained lottery advertisements. The Anti-Lottery Bill of 1890 even forbade the delivery of registered letters, or the payment of postal orders to the company. Driven from the mails, the Lottery sought to carry on its business through the express companies; but as these were engaged in interstate traffic, Congress again interfered effectively. At last in Louisiana the question of the renewal of the company's charter came before the people. A campaign

very important legislative measures which reflected the rapidly-growing hostility to Trusts in general, and to the lawlessness of railway corporations. Senator Sherman of Ohio, on December 4, 1889, introduced a bill which, with a few amendments, was subsequently passed, and was approved by President Harrison on July 2, 1890. It is usually spoken of as the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, though its formal title was, "An act to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies;" and



LOUISIANA LOTTERY TICKET. SHOWING BOTH SIDES

against it was carried on successfully in a burst of moral indignation. The company offered to pay the State a million and a quarter of dollars every year, but the bribe had no effect; and in 1893 this gigantic structure of lawlessness and corruption was swept out of existence forever.

Public wrath against the Lottery was only one phase of a wider agitation. The Fifty-first Congress enacted two

both in its phraseology and in the intention of its framer it was a very drastic measure. Its purpose as described by Senator Sherman himself was

"—to arm the Federal Courts within the limits of their constitutional power that they may co-operate with the State courts in checking, curbing, and controlling the most dangerous combinations that now threaten the business, property, and trade of the people of the

United States. It aims only at unlawful combinations. It does not in the least affect combinations in aid of production where there is free and fair competition. It is the right of every man to work, labour, and produce in any lawful vocation, and to transport his production on equal terms and conditions and under like circumstances. This is industrial liberty and lies at the foundation of the equality of all rights and privileges."*

The immediate cause of the enactment of this law was an investigation which had been conducted by a committee of the Senate in 1888-1889. Sitings were held in Washington, Chicago, and elsewhere; and in spite of the reluctance of some witnesses and the absence of others, a mass of testimony was taken which proved beyond question that many of the great corporations were crushing out competition and destroying industry by means which were in direct violation of the common law. Some very peculiar facts were brought to light regarding the operations of the Sugar Trust, the Standard Oil Company, and the great dressed-beef combination, of which Armour and Company, of Chicago, were the head. But it was not this investigation alone which made it impossible for Congress to remain quiescent any longer. Similar inquiries had been conducted by State legislatures, testimony had been taken in many civil and criminal cases in the State courts and had been made public. Moreover, thousands of business men had felt the crushing weight of monopoly in the destruction of their means of livelihood. Therefore, although certain Senators professed to feel doubts about the constitutionality of the bill, it was passed by a non-political vote in both houses.

The essential provisions of this act applied to all contracts and combinations in the form of trusts or otherwise, and to conspiracies in restraint of either interstate or international commerce. Such contracts or combinations were made illegal, and persons participating in them were declared to be guilty of a misdemeanour, and were subject either to a fine not exceeding \$5000, or to imprisonment not exceeding one year, or to both these penalties, at the discretion of the

*Speech of March 21, 1890 (Senate).

court. Furthermore, all goods shipped in violation of the act were to be seized and forfeited by proceedings instituted by the Attorney-General on behalf of the United States. How far this act was to prove effective as a weapon against monopolies will be considered in another chapter. It was in itself a strong measure and did honour to the statesman who framed it and ably advocated it.

Another concession to the widespread feeling against corporate abuses was an act aimed against those railroads which had practically defrauded the Government and the nation in the matter of the public lands. The generosity of the National Government to the railways of the West had been remarkable. The case of the Union Pacific Railway Company (after 1880 known as the Union Pacific Railroad Company) is sufficiently illustrative to justify citation. This company was incorporated in 1862. It received from the Government a grant of five sections of public land for each mile of rail; and two years later, this grant was doubled. In all it received the enormous total of 6,806,497 acres.* It is interesting to remember that the contractors of the road, in order to augment the land-grants, built their road, not in a straight line across the prairies, as would naturally have been the case, but in an erratic zig-zag, with twists and turns, intended solely to increase the length of rail, and thus practically to cheat the Government out of hundreds of thousands of acres. In order to assist the railway still further, the Secretary of the Treasury was directed to turn over to it, as a loan, sixteen currency bonds of the United States, each of the denomination of \$1000, for every mile of road constructed through the plains, and forty-eight similar currency bonds for each mile of road built through the mountainous region of the Rockies. The total issue of such bonds for the benefit of the railway was \$61,000,000. As though all this were not enough, the company was allowed to issue first-mortgage bonds equal in amount to the Government bonds just mentioned. Thus, the lien of the Government upon the railway dropped to the position of a second mortgage. The

*Sanborn, *Congressional Grants of Land* (Madison, 1899).

road was actually built by the notorious *Crédit Mobilier*, which took over all the resources of the original company, both land and cash. Of course, the construction of a railway uniting the Atlantic States with those of the Pacific was a work of immense national importance. On the other hand, it became evident in after years that the generosity of the Government had been ill requited. Thus, under the directorship of Messrs. Jay Gould, and later of Charles F. Adams, the management diverted a good part of its earnings, above operating expenses and fixed charges, to the building of branch lines instead of applying a percentage of the profits toward cancelling the obligations to the Government, as provided in the act of 1862. Indeed, the Government received but slight consideration from any of these Western roads for whose construction it had pledged its credit.

In the matter of the public lands, the railroads were peculiarly unscrupulous. In President Cleveland's first message to Congress,* attention was sharply called to the whole subject by the declaration that these "princely grants and subsidies" had been "diverted to private gains and corrupt uses. Our great nation does not begrudge its generosity, but it abhors speculation and fraud. A faithful application of the grants to the construction and perfecting of their roads, [and] an honest discharge of their obligations, are all the public asks, and it will be contented with no less." But as time went on, it was plain that the railroad magnates had no conception of public duty, and thought simply of their own enrichment. One of them, Mr. C. P. Huntington, who had wrung a great fortune out of his manipulation of Pacific railways, was told that if he did not fulfil his obligations the Government might step in and take possession. "It's quite welcome to," he cynically answered. "There's nothing left but two streaks of rust and a right of way." In 1890, however, this scandalous state of things came to an end. The Western States were swept by a feeling of anger against the corporations, which in impudent disregard of their own obligations, were hold-

ing vast tracts of fertile land, and thus barring them against intending settlers under the Homestead Law. An act of Congress which the President approved on September 29th, ordered the forfeiture of all such lands, of which more than two million acres were thus restored to public uses.

The last two years of Mr. Harrison's administration were marked by great activity in the State Department. This was due not so much to Mr. Blaine's fondness for a "spirited foreign policy" as to circumstances over which he had no initial control. In March, 1891, a band of Italian criminals in New Orleans reached a climax of sporadic lawlessness by murdering the chief of police. For a long time they had been extorting money from citizens under threat of death, and had committed other crimes with practical impunity because the local juries were either afraid to convict them or else had been bribed to disagree in rendering a verdict. Hennessy, the head of the police, showed immense energy and acuteness in tracking down the members of this band. They had him watched and followed; and late one evening he was shot almost to pieces at a signal given by an Italian boy. Against nine Italians strong evidence was gathered, and they were promptly brought to trial. To the astonishment of the judge himself, the jury acquitted six of the prisoners, and disagreed in the case of the other three. On the following night a mob, led by some of the most substantial citizens, broke open the prison, seized the prisoners, and either hanged or shot them all. Within a few hours the Italian Government had cabled a strong protest to Mr. Blaine. Italy's Prime Minister, the Marquis di Rudini, demanded that the lynchers should be immediately punished, and that an indemnity should be immediately paid. Mr. Blaine answered temperately to the effect that the United States Government had no local jurisdiction in Louisiana, but that to Italian residents the State courts were open precisely as to citizens. He did, however, strongly urge Governor Nicholls of Louisiana to set the legal machinery of the State in motion, and he assured the Italian Premier that the whole affair should receive most careful

*December 8, 1885.

consideration. The Italian blood was up, however, and Baron Fava, Italy's Minister at Washington, was directed to press Mr. Blaine incessantly. Baron Fava intimated that unless immediate action were taken he must withdraw from Washington. To this hint he received from Mr. Blaine a very sharp reply:

"I do not recognise the right of any government to tell the United States what it shall do. We have never received orders from any foreign power and shall not begin now. It is a matter of indifference what persons in Italy think of our institutions. I cannot change them, still less violate them."

To this curt note, written much in the same spirit as Webster's famous letter to Baron Hülsemann, in 1852, the Italian Minister made no answer, but at once left Washington and took passage for Italy. His action caused great excitement, especially in New Orleans. Many persons expected that Italy would deliver an ultimatum which President Harrison's Government would certainly reject, and thus bring war within an appreciable distance. Rumour said that an Italian squadron was being mobilised and might soon appear off the mouth of the Mississippi to threaten New Orleans. The situation looked even graver when the American Minister at Rome left Italy. But those who were well informed felt no disquietude, in view of the enormous

disparity in fighting strength between Italy and the United States. An English naval officer, who was in New York at the time, made a joking comment which contained a certain element of truth.

"You people," said he, "want more ships for your navy. Just let those Italian fellows send over a fleet. Then you take the fleet, and there you are!"

As a matter of fact, the Italian Government thought better of it before very long; and though many Americans were mobbed and otherwise insulted in Italy, and though the Italian press breathed forth threatenings, amicable relations were soon restored. It turned out that only three of the Italians who had been lynched were subjects of the King of Italy, the rest having been naturalised in this country; and so, when Congress, purely as an act of grace, voted the sum of \$25,000 to be given to the relatives of the dead men, King Humbert accepted the award, and diplomatic relations were resumed.

An embroilment between the United States and Chili, which took place at about this time, was a much more serious affair, and one in which Mr. Blaine and President Harrison showed great firmness, and a strong resolution to uphold the honour of the United States. As it is necessary to narrate this incident in detail, it may fitly be reserved for a succeeding chapter.



FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. II.

TIBETAN CONQUEST AND TRAVEL.*



THE shelf that holds Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*, Nansen's *Farthest North*, Sverdrup's *New Land*, and Sven Hedin's *Through Central Asia and Tibet*, must now find place for two new books—Perceval Landon's *The Opening of Tibet* and Edmund Candler's *The Unveiling of Lhasa*. Both are narratives of the progress and results of the Younghusband-Macdonald treaty expedition from Sikkim to Lhasa, and both, besides being works of historical importance, are alive with human interest and permeated with the romance of exploration. Although covering the same ground, they may, in a very real sense, be said to supplement one another. Mr. Landon, as correspondent for the dignified *London Times*, necessarily approached his subject from a standpoint somewhat different from that of Mr. Candler, the correspondent of the chatty and vivacious *London Daily Mail*; consequently each in the letters that form the basis of the present volumes laid varying stress on different aspects of the campaign and of the country thrown open to Western civilisation by that campaign. Thus, while it must be said that Mr. Landon has given us by far the more comprehensive work, Mr. Candler elucidates not a little that is rather summarily dismissed by his brother correspondent, yet is essential to a thorough understanding. For instance, while both writers emphasise the fact that nature rather than man intervened to oppose barriers to the army of invasion, Mr. Candler elaborates with the greater detail the hardships undergone by the expedition and the difficulties inevitable to Tibetan travel. We have also to thank Mr. Candler in partic-

*The Opening of Tibet. By Perceval Landon. Introduction by Colonel Younghusband. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Unveiling of Lhasa. By Edmund Candler. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

ular for an exposition of the natural resources of the region. On the other hand, such essential themes as the religion, art, manners and customs of the Tibetans, given little more than passing attention by Mr. Candler, are exhaustively explored by Mr. Landon, whose description of Lhasa itself is incomparably the more satisfactory. Both observers relate graphically the military developments of the expedition—the heroic but futile opposition of the natives, the sanguinary, if necessary, punishment inflicted upon them, and the exploits of the Gurkhas, Sikhs and Pathans, without whom it is certain the enterprise would have proved a failure.

Mr. Landon opens with an interesting survey of the history of Tibetan exploration, and then passes to a narration of the circumstances leading to the despatch of the Younghusband Mission to Kambajong and the subsequent march on Lhasa. In common with Mr. Candler he loses no time in shattering the fiction that the expedition was undertaken merely to vindicate treaty rights. As was clearly shown not long ago in Arthur Sawtell's *Actual India*, it was in reality a countermove to Russian intrigue in Lhasa, as a result of which the Indian Government feared for the security of the frontier. Mr. Landon points out that as early as the spring of 1903 Lord Curzon planned to invade Tibet, but was deterred by the home authorities, who, "from first to last . . . had mistaken the real importance of the issue." There is also reason for believing, although our authors do not say so, that Lord Curzon had underrated the obstacles in the way of a successful march against Lhasa. Certainly too low an estimate was placed on the fighting qualities of the natives, who would have defended their territory to good purpose had they possessed the slightest strategical ability. The simple expedient of cutting the British line of communication would have spelt disaster to the invaders. Brave and good-natured but archaic and priest-ridden is the verdict passed on the Tibetans by Mr. Landon, who further observes: "In private life the Tibetan is a cheerful body with, of course, the defects of that

amiable quality. Not infrequently he gets drunk, and he has at no time many morals. But he is a hard worker, capable of enduring for weeks extremes of physical discomfort which would incapacitate a native of India in a day, and, above all, it must be set down to his credit that he is merciful to his beast." Says Mr. Candler, in one of his most delightfully incisive passages: "The Tibetans are not the savages they are depicted. They are civilised if mediæval. The country is governed on the feudal system. The monks are the overlords, the peasantry their serfs. The poor are not oppressed. They and the small tenant farmers work ungrudgingly for their spiritual masters, to whom they owe a blind devotion. They are not discontented, though they give more than a tithe of their small income to the Church. It must be remembered that every family contributes at least one member to the priesthood, so that when we are inclined to abuse the monks for consuming the greater part of the country's produce, we should remember that the laymen are not the victims of class prejudice, the plebeians groaning under the burden of the patricians, so much as the servants of a community chosen from among themselves, and with whom they are connected by family ties."

One result, and by no means the least valuable, of the expedition was to inspire the natives not merely with respect but with friendliness for the British. The care shown in the treatment of their wounded, and the fact that liberal compensation was made for whatever supplies were seized, conjoined to establish amicable relations. Even in Lhasa the one "unpleasantness" recorded by Mr. Landon is laid at the door of the Chinese residents. Mr. Candler, in a series of clear-cut sketches depicting the every-day life of the people, bears similar testimony to the good-will uniformly displayed by the Tibetans when not "on duty." These sketches, it might be remarked, form the most striking feature of that portion of Mr. Candler's book given over to Lhasa, just as the corresponding chapters in Mr. Landon's are chiefly noteworthy for brilliant word pictures of the Potala Palace, the Jo-Kang, and other architectural marvels of the City of Golden Roofs. Fine descriptive writing, indeed, is character-

istic of Mr. Landon's work throughout—from his initial transit of the Himalayas to his return ride to India as a bearer of government despatches.

The concluding pages of each volume are given over to a review of results. Barring the observations of individual investigators like Mr. Landon little was achieved from the scientific standpoint. It had been planned to send several exploring parties from Lhasa, but with one exception—and that not of the greatest moment—these projects were abandoned. As Mr. Candler points out, "an expedition to the mountains bordering on the Tengri Nor, only nine days north of Lhasa, would have linked all the unknown country north of the Tsang po with the tracts explored by Sven Hedin, and left the map without a hiatus in four degrees of longitude from Cape Comorin to the Arctic." Military considerations, however, intervened, and now that the British have withdrawn, it is probable, in fact, virtually certain, that the country about Lhasa will be as rigidly closed to exploration as it has been in the past. Politically, of course, the expedition attained its main object of vindicating British prestige. But the establishment of prestige is quite another thing. To this end Mr. Landon declares strongly in favour of a course the British Government has refused to sanction—the occupation of the Chumbi valley as security for the payment of the indemnity saddled upon the Tibetans. Mr. Candler goes even further, advocating the appointment of a Resident in Lhasa with an armed escort to guard British interests. By the policy actually adopted Great Britain has unquestionably left the road open to further Russian intrigue, and the Tibetans being "the most unimpressionable of peoples," they may not be long in forgetting the lesson so harshly taught. Still, they may remember—and for the present, at least, the Anglo-Indian Mission must be credited with the results thus summed up by Mr. Candler: "The removal of a ruler who threatened our security and prestige on the Northeast frontier by overtures to a foreign Power; the demonstration to the Tibetans that this Power is unable to support them in their policy of defiance to Great Britain, and that their capital is not inaccessible to British troops."

Hot on the heels of these authoritative volumes comes another book dealing with Tibet, a book from that most renowned of latter-day explorers, Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor.* It appears that about two years after his hair-raising experiences on the Roof of the World, Mr. Landor, who was still very much of an invalid as a result of the tortures inflicted on him by the Tibetans, decided to recuperate by a jaunt through the glaciers of the Himalayas. No sooner said than done. "Perhaps it may interest the reader," remarks Mr. Landor naïvely, "to know that the entire preparations, the selection of all my followers, the purchase of an excellent Tibetan pony, and of all the outfit and provisions to last my men several months, were accomplished in the short space of twelve hours." A record, this would seem, but nothing to an exploit subsequently chronicled—the ascent and descent, in thirteen hours, of a summit 23,490 feet above sea level, a climb wherein, Mr. Landor modestly affirms, a point was reached several hundred feet higher than mountaineer had ever before attained. And the marvel of it! Disregarding all Alpine Club traditions, Mr. Landor jogged to the ice-held summit minus alpenstock or rope, merrily brandishing a bamboo cane, and clad only in "clothes of the thinnest tropical material, no underclothing to speak of, a straw hat" and "comparatively light boots of medium weight such as I would wear in London on a wet day." Incidentally his party dodged an avalanche and saved him from the unpleasant consequences of a fall from the summit. Happily, as he gratefully records, his straw hat was also saved. The fate of the bamboo cane is left in doubt.

Tramping over crevasse-lined glaciers in blinding snow-storms, performing acrobatic feats above the clouds, tobogganing down mountain sides, and gleaning all manner of curious information under most uncomfortable conditions, our explorer blithely made his way through northwestern Nepal and southwestern Tibet, defying not only the Nepalese and Tibetans, but the authorities of the "Northwest Provinces," who, incensed

at the fact that "I had on several occasions shown them up in a very poor light" acted toward him in a highly ungentlemanly way. In this connection Mr. Landor adds a curious foot-note to history when he observes: "As a punishment for what they [the Tibetans] did to me—because, after all, my men and I suffered a great deal more than the average man could stand—the government of India practically ceded . . . all the rights to Tibet of an immense district of British territory at the frontier." The illustrations with which Mr. Landor has liberally besprinkled the story of his achievements are even more astonishing than the text.

H. Addington Bruce.

III.

MR. STURGIS'S "BELCHAMBER."

Mr. Howard Sturgis has been known for several years to lovers of delicate workmanship and directness of insight as the author of a simple and charming tale called *All that was Possible*.

His resource and versatility are shown by the remarkable degree in which his new novel differs from this earlier story. *All that was Possible*, a tragedy in miniature, has the pearl-grey tints of a sunless day; *Belchamber* is overhung by storm-clouds and shot through with baleful lightnings. The former book presented three persons, who were studied only in their relation to one another; while *Belchamber* shows a large group of people depicted in their relation to society. The two tales have, however, one quality in common; and that is the directness of observation that marks them both.

In a day when almost every one writes too much, Mr. Sturgis has the rare fault of writing too little, and *Belchamber* in some respects suffers from the fact that its author's hand has been inactive since the production of the shorter tale; but the redeeming merit of this inactivity is found in the preservation of that freshness of view so often sacrificed to technical facility. Mr. Sturgis has not seen his story through other novels, his own or those of others; if his first pages are reminiscent of Thackeray, that is merely

*Tibet and Nepal. Painted and Described by A. Henry Savage Landor. London: A. and C. Black.

a literary echo, the *tâtonnement* of the infrequent writer not quite in possession of his formula. As the story develops, Mr. Sturgis instinctively throws off this method, and tells his tale in his own way: in a confidential, desultory, but not prolix manner, as though he were sitting over the fire with his reader, and giving the facts as they had come under his observation.

Belchamber, in short, has at once the faults and the freshness of the novelist who has told little but observed much: faults of construction and perspective, such as the hack writer would easily have avoided, and freshness of sensation and perception such as he could never have achieved. It has, above all, the quality of the "thing in itself;" with something of the desultoriness, the irregularity, of life caught in the act, and pressed still throbbing between the leaves of the book.

Form is much—so much that, to the plodder through the amorphous masses of Anglo-American fiction, it seems sometimes all in all—but when it is the mere lifeless reproduction of another's design, the dreary "drawing from a plaster-cast," twice removed from reality, it is of no more artistic value than any other clever reproduction; whereas the *chose vue*, the thing personally felt and directly rendered, asserts itself through all accidental difficulties of expression.

Mr. Sturgis's choice of a theme may be thought to mark his relative inexperience as a novelist. Some may say that, in his desire to present life as it is, he has chosen what Balzac called "a situation true in life, but not in art:" that is, unfitted to the restrictions and conventions of the novelist's craft. But the sincere critic's first business is to accept the author's postulate, and if Mr. Sturgis has chosen to hamper himself with a "difficult" subject, the question in point is to find out how he has dealt with it.

The difficulty lies in the character of his hero, the Lord Belchamber who gives the book its name. Mr. Sturgis has evidently said to himself: "I am tired of the so-called manly hero, the brawny and beautiful being who has pervaded English fiction for the last fifty years, always brilliant, victorious and irresistible. I will show that, in real life, this showy

person often produces his effects at the cost of a great deal of suffering and shame inflicted on the adoring group about him; and by way of contrast I will present as my protagonist a man at odds with life, at odds with his situation, a man crushed under his rank and wealth, and miserably, ironically conscious of his inability to play the part which the other would fill with such consummate grace. I will show how this man, ridiculed, misunderstood and exploited by those about him, gives his life to repairing the evil wrought by the brawny and beautiful being who, according to the conventions of fiction, ought to be the hero of my book."

Lord Belchamber is heir to a great name and great estates; but he is lame, sickly, shy, and tormented by a morbid disbelief in the august institutions which he represents. The circumstances of his life have all tended to increase his self-distrust, his consciousness of being a square peg in a round hole. His mother, an energetic and ambitious woman, who has laboured through his minority to restore the fallen fortunes of the house, turns instinctively to the showy and brilliant younger son, who has the normal tastes of his class for war, woman and sport. The clever Cambridge Don, from whom Belchamber has imbibed some of his discontent with existing institutions, instead of responding to the young lord's desire to give up his title and devote himself to Settlement work in the East End, takes refuge in platitudes about the duty of remaining in the station to which one has been called; and all the persons nearest to Belchamber turn a deaf ear to his aspirations, and make him feel that, inadequate and out of place as he is, there is no escape from his situation.

Belchamber has never thought of marrying; his brother Arthur is tacitly regarded as his heir; but when Arthur ends a long course of extravagance and dissipation by giving his name to a vulgar-souled variety actress, Belchamber is confronted by the fact that, unless he takes a wife, this irresponsible spendthrift couple will succeed to the estate so carefully nursed by his mother, and to the public duties and responsibilities connected with it. Sceptical as Belchamber

is about the usefulness of the class to which he belongs, he has all its inherited devotion to the ancestral acres, and to the accumulated duties of the great landowner; and he allows his mother to push him gently toward marriage. A marriage of convention would be impossible to him; and the way in which he is captured by Cissy Eccleston and her mother is one of the cleverest and saddest chapters in the book. It is a profound touch of nature to make this self-critical, self-depreciatory man the victim of the first bold huntress who sets her cap at him; the vain man would have been warier, and even Cissy is surprised at the promptness with which she lands her prey.

The subsequent chapters of the book deal with the tragic results of this tragic marriage; and Cissy herself, the feminine counterpart of Arthur, is perhaps the most brilliant study in the book. She is not the caressing hypocrite dear to the novelist of fifty years ago. Whatever blushing and sentimentalising has to be done, she leaves to her mother, who, in deference to the traditions of a past generation, contrives to throw a glamour of romance over the crudity of the situation. Cissy scorns such pretences; her frankness would be a redeeming trait, were it not so obviously the expression of a callous nature. During the engagement she allows her mother to represent her as the lovesick maiden, rendered mute by the intensity of her feelings; but once married she pours out her disdain upon her dupe with savage indifference to his anguish. Mr. Sturgis has been criticised for his heroine's reckless indifference to consequences in these sudden revelations of her real character; but as an extreme expression of a selfish nature's unwillingness to pay for what it has got, her rash outbreaks are surely logical enough.

Indeed, it is the most noteworthy thing about *Belchamber* that all its characters appear to do, not what the author has planned for them, but what is true to their natures. They are full of human inconsistencies and inconsequences, with the result that they are all alive, that one can walk all around them and see them on every side. This is as true of the subordinate characters as it is of the principal figures. Gerald Newby, the young Cam-

bridge Don, whose "splendid opinions on all sorts of subjects" are so suddenly and surprisingly modified by his introduction to the aristocratic party assembled at Belchamber for his pupil's coming of age; the terrible old Duchess of Sunborough, with her wig, her sachets, her "spurious freshness," her shoulders "displaying to the world with the indifference of long habit their great expanse of lustreless pallour;" Claude Morland, the charming, tactful, adaptable young cousin, who ruins Arthur, corrupts Cissy, and thrives and grows more charming on the misery he spreads about him; Belchamber's mother, the earnest, down-right, narrow-minded woman, who works so hard for her son's material welfare while she remains so blind to his spiritual needs; all these diverse figures are drawn with energetic strokes, and once set on their feet, remain there, instead of collapsing, as the most promising novel-characters have a way of doing after they have stood erect for a few moments. It is this effect of sustained life-likeness which distinguishes *Belchamber* from the mass of smartly written books made out of the stock accessories of fiction. Mr. Sturgis's little world is full of sound and movement: one learns to know how his people look, one would recognise the tone of their voices.

The tale in which they figure belongs to the class which is sometimes described as "unpleasant" by readers who do not pause to distinguish between a writer's purpose and his theme. Books dealing with the adventures of idle and fashionable people do not generally make for edification, for the reason with which Dr. Watts has furnished us. But there is a noble way of viewing ignoble facts; and that is the view which Mr. Sturgis has taken of the world he depicts. He has shown us, in firm, clear strokes, the tragedy of the trivial: has shown us how the susceptibilities of a tender and serious spirit, hampered by physical infirmity, may be crushed and trampled under foot in the mad social race for luxury and amusement. A handful of vulgar people, bent only on spending and enjoying, may seem a negligible factor in the social development of the race; but they become an engine of destruction through the

illusions they kill and the generous ardours they turn to despair.

Edith Wharton.

IV.

S. K. GHOSH'S "THE VERDICT OF THE GODS."*

A novel of India by a native Hindu is in itself attractive not only to the reader of fiction, but to him whose technical studies lie in the peninsula south of the Himalayas. In *The Verdict of the Gods*, by Sarath Kumar Ghosh, with its lucid English style and its fascinating plot, the Sanskritist may trace analogues with the life and literature of ancient India, the student of the novel may find an example of the amalgamation of Hindu and Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and the casual reader be charmed by a theme of the magic of the East working out a romance of love.

The tale of *The Verdict of the Gods* is told to a great king who lies sick unto death, that by its story of perils bravely endured and happiness won at last, he too may be inspired to hope and health. As adventure after adventure is narrated and triumph after triumph described, the monarch grows in courage and strength, knowing, indeed, "that a man may be in the grip of death and may yet escape." The "box-arrangement" of the novel at once suggests the similar structure of the *Arabian Nights* and Boccaccio's *Decameron*, or, turning to India's own ancient literature, the fable-collections of the *Panchatantra* and *Hitopadeśa*, and Bana's novel, the *Kadambari*. The story of Ghosh, however, is not, strictly speaking, a romance; it is rather a tale of adventure, and thus harks back, if one seeks an ancient Hindu analogue, to Dandin's picaresque novel, *The Adventures of the Ten Princes*.

The scene of the narrative is laid near Allahabad, where for seventeen years Devala, the daughter of the king, had lived, seeing no man's face except her father's. Into her life came the royal juggler, Narayan Lal, the reputed son of his predecessor, Hira Lal, who had found

him floating in a basket on the Ganges twenty-five years before. Discovering their love, the king commanded the guards to strike off Narayan's head, but the latter, asserting that he was of Rajput blood, claimed his privilege to die only at the hands of the king, his fellow-member of the Kshatriya or warrior caste. Instead of instant execution, however, Narayan Lal received six tests to prove his claim, that in the issue of these trials the verdict of the gods might be made known. By the side of the princess Devala in her sorrow stands the maiden Leila, whose lover, Harman Das, is captain of the palace guards; while over Narayan Lal watch the mysterious figures of Rama Krishna and the high-priest of Kali's temple, the opposing forces being represented by the king and the jemadar, a secret agent of the Thugs, set to plot against the life of Narayan Lal for many years.

The tests were not long delayed. The first one came on the Tower of Victory, a leaning structure erected by a conqueror long dead, and so shaken by an earthquake that any added weight would at some unknown point disturb the centre of gravity and bring the tower crashing to the ground. Slowly Narayan Lal ascends, while from his lips comes a line, at first thin as a spider's weaving, but at last thick as a rope, floating in the breezeless air. The tower sways, its summit wrapped in a strange haze, and suddenly the climber disappears, while the fragments of the column strew the ground; yet even as the thronging spectators cry that Narayan Lal is dead, he stands unharmed before the king.

Here, however, comes a strange and, to the reviewer's mind, an unfortunate error of method. Like a chorus, a gang of hemp smokers gather in a dive on the outskirts of the city and debate the day's events. When they have given a naturalistic explanation of all that has occurred, Ghosh, returning abruptly to the framework of his story, makes the slowly recovering monarch to whom the tale is told ask its narrator what his opinion is. In the answer, "By the will of Parameshwar" [the Lord Most High], we find the author's solution, which he defends, somewhat pedantically, by familiar ac-

*The Verdict of the Gods. By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

counts of the feats of Hindu jugglers. It is a jarring note. We have moved in the magic past of India, and would not be recalled to the petty rationalism of the West.

In the second test, the Well of Ten Thousand Sighs, Narayan Lal is lowered into a pit, there to remain for nine days without food, drink, or air. Permitted to have the services of his brethren, the devotees of the goddess Kali, before he descends, he is cast by them into a trance, the familiar "yoga-sleep" of Oriental mysticism, until, at the expiration of the nine days, his apparently lifeless body is raised in air by the power of the priests, although untouched by them, and restored to consciousness. Again, however, there is a point which may be criticised, and which recurs too frequently throughout the book. The help received by Narayan Lal from others, the mysterious messages carried to him, and the direct conveyance to him of the antidote for the two poisons given him in the fifth test rob the romance of much of its potential supernatural charm. Yet it is true that this may be only an Occidental prejudice, for surely it was no shame to Adam that, according to Mohammedan tradition, Allah taught him the names of all creatures, or to Solomon that the jinn revealed to him the answers to the hard questions of Bilkis, Queen of Sheba.

The third test imposed on Narayan Lal was for him so to hypnotise his audience that they should "see and feel something that is not before us now," to breathe fire into straw and prove its reality as it blazed upon his own head, and then to cross unharmed a bed of burning coal.

By far the most interesting trial of all is the fourth, in which the hero is sent to gain the *manik*, a jewel set in the eye of a false god, and guarded by a mysterious power which brings death on all who touch it unless they are pure from any taint of ingratitude. His way, beset by the thugs sent by the jemadar, Narayan Lal wins his way to the temple, and, through the hint whispered to him by his *guru*, or spiritual teacher, the priest of Kali, he returns in safety with the gem.

The fifth episode, on the contrary, is

comparatively weak, and the sixth, in which the verdict of the gods is given, is, it must be confessed, scarcely a true climax; nor can the happy union with Devala, who, having dared all, cuts her lover free from the post to which he is bound waiting for a maddened tigress to break her wicker cage, reconcile the reader to the relative poverty of plot in this portion of the book. The final revelation of the royal birth of Narayan Lal, over whom Rama Krishna, his dead father's prime minister, had kept watch in an ascetic's guise, is rather hasty and quite conventional.

There are at least five other modern Hindu novels accessible to the English reader: *Durges Nandini*, *Kopala Kundala*, *The Poison Tree*, and *Krishna Kanta's Will*—all by the Bengali writer Bankim Chandra Chatterji—and *Sarnalata*, by an anonymous Hindi author. Besides *The Poison Tree* and *Kopala Kundala*, the novel of Ghosh loses in psychologic interest and revelation of Indian thought, while in wealth of incident it is superior to all its congeners. The entire group of romances of modern Hindustan, moreover, presents few analogues with the works of Dandin, Bana, and Subandhu, the novelists of ancient India.

A single addition might be suggested for future editions of the book—a fuller explanation of the somewhat numerous Urdu words in the novel, or even a brief glossary, such as is appended to the *Sarnalata* and other romances of this class. Some, perhaps, will not at once distinguish between the *choga* and *sari*, or recollect that *charpoy* is a litter and *musnud* a cushion rather than a pedestal. *Jehannum* may not immediately suggest Gehenna, or *pahari* a woman from the hill country, while the Hindi phrase *Jai, jai, Raj Kumar ke jai*, might have received some hint of its English meaning, "Victory, victory, victory to the Prince!"

For all these trifling cavils, *The Verdict of the Gods* must rank as a novel of unusual interest, and as a noteworthy indication of the growing interest of the Western world in India and India's increasing sympathy with the Occident.

Louis H. Gray.

V.

ZANGWILL'S "THE CELIBATES' CLUB."*

In *The Celibates' Club* we have Mr. Zangwill at play, as he frankly confesses in his cautionary preface. It is a pretty serious matter to determine deliberately to be funny, but as we laboured on we ceased to take him seriously, and by joyously skipping every joke we began at once to have a very good time. To adapt Artemus Ward to Mr. Zangwill's case, we should say that as a punster he is not a success; he is saddest when he puns; so are those who read him; they are sadder even than he is. But for that matter, what punster is hearkened to without protest, punning never so wisely? We cordially recommend these parts of the book to such as are never happy until they have ferreted out and impaled an author's "hidden meaning," confident that they will have a very earnest and remunerative time of it. Besides, it is more inspiring to think that Mr. Zangwill scattered these weighty quips broadcast as a blind, and that all his studied whimsicalities and surprises cloak another collection of pet cynicisms. We suspect him of a desire to let off steam, prick bubbles, ride hobbies and satirise things in general—matrimony in particular—in his old dexterous manner. It is more like him. And though it took our breath away at first to see him evoking so many oddly assorted fancies from one

cornucopia, yet we soon calmed down and even began to feel we could do as well or better ourselves. Prestidigitation always seems so easy till you try. And Mr. Zangwill's cleverness in this instance is of that continuously astounding sort that soon carries one to the point of satiety.

The first part of the book is taken up with Paul Pry's description of the rise and fall of the Bachelors' Club, a unique organisation subscribing to the following articles of faith: "*There is nothing half so sweet in life as the awakening from Love's young dream.*" "*Genius should only marry genius; and no woman is a genius.*" "*Love cannot be bought or sold; traffic requires realities.*"

Paul, as his name implies, has no scruple in hunting down recreant members and prying out the inmost secrets of their craven hearts. And through him Mr. Zangwill has a sly fling at everything from psychology to the servant problem, and dramatic criticism to the family tree. Paul Pry himself is a satire on sponging, while the story of Eliot Dickray is a very amusing skit on literary fame.

And in like manner the old maids take themselves off one by one to hymeneal misery, accidentally or with malice prepense. It would be a pity to steal their thunder by describing how it was done. Suffice it to say that, as in *The Grey Wig*, we have here more of Mr. Zangwill's keen yet not unkind badinage of women.

G. W. Adams.

**The Celibates' Club*. By I. Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.



SIDELIGHTS ON THE FILIPINO AND HIS DRAMA



"IVA la Independencia!" "Viva Libertad!" "Viva Filipinas!" "Viva Tolentino, viva Gomez!"

A storm of cries, and a restless sea of dark, sweating, excited faces fronted the stage with wild gesticulations of delight and frenzy. The players responded with their best efforts. The house swayed to their mad lines and their madder acting, and then the crash came. One of the players tore down the American flag in a perfect fury of applause, forgetting in his excitement that he had other spectators than his brethren, tossed it contemptuously into a corner upon the ground, where it was trampled, and ran up the native or insurgent flag in its stead. In an instant the famous seditious play, *Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas* (Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow), was a mangled wreck, and the players were glad to escape from the theatre with their lives, their costumes and properties having been torn to shreds and the remnants burned by loyal Americans in distant Manila.

The Filipino drama presents in all of the four classes into which I have divided it unusual interest, for it is one of the few types of semi-civilised literature which has been the means of directly, if only in part, raising a people out of barbarism of the crudest type to a state of some literacy and enlightenment. Before the advent of the Spanish in 1521, the Philippines had had and lost a sort of lyric poem-drama, of which specimens may yet be found by careful search. That, the prehistoric, was the first class; the second, or religious, was founded by the friars sent to Christianise the islanders; third was the middle period or Moro-Moro class, which dealt chiefly with intertribal wars and a jumble of personages, and last of all came the seditious drama of our own times, all the seditious plays having been written and produced

since the conquest of 1898. Of these four divisions, the ones most interesting to the American people are the middle period and the modern or seditious plays.

The former series, which comprised such famous efforts as the well-known *Tagalog Tears, For Love of Country*, and others of like nature, is principally formed on the basis of the struggle between the Christian and the infidel or Mohammedan tribes for the possession of the islands and the right to propagate their faith. But in the drama, besides the story of the tribal and religious struggles, is a strange mass of extraneous matter which has not the slightest relevancy and is apparently introduced by the author to show the people that he knows more than they. In one such play, given back in 1800, Fray Joaquín Martínez de Zúñiga said that it "was in verse, composed very bombastically in diffuse style, conforming to the Asiatic taste. In it they did not fail to recount the expeditions of Ulysses, the voyages of Aristotle, the unfortunate death of Pliny, and other passages of ancient history which they love much to introduce into their narrations.

. . . When that to which reference is made is the more extraordinary, it merits among them the greater approbation.

. . . Of Aristotle they say that, not being able to comprehend the vastness and profundity of the sea, he threw himself into its waves and drowned himself; of Pliny, that he threw himself into the crater of Vesuvius in order to understand better the nature of the fires which continually rage in the interior of this volcano. And in this manner they mix these and other tales with history."

Failing entirely to use what sense of proportion they have, the Filipinos are curiously childish in all their works of the pen, and permit their imagination to run away with them to such an extent that though they themselves must realise at times how grotesque their work is, they nevertheless continue to produce extravaganzas in all seriousness. In a passion

play of rather more than ordinary merit given last winter in Manila itself the trial scene before Pilate was carried to an extreme of barbarism that is typical of a race which delights to take its prisoners of war into the forest and bury them to their necks in ant hills, or stake them out naked upon the ground in the blazing sun and lay a trail of jam or honey to the nearest ant-colony, so as to lead the frightful pests up to their living and helpless prey. In this play referred to, the Christ was scourged in a horribly realistic fashion for almost the entire scene, which lasted about half an hour, and the audience howled itself hoarse with delight and pleasure at each blow of the knotted scourge, while the dragging scene on the way to Calvary was lurid and vivid to a degree that may not be told here. And throughout all their plays, whether seditious, religious or poetical, there runs the same wild spirit of savagery which has made the native interesting, though repellent. Irresponsible and cheerfully insouciant, the playwright strives first to get and hold the attention of his audience; after that has been done, the audience is ready to hearken to any sort of balderdash that may be forthcoming.

The seditious play is an outgrowth of the struggle of the people for independence, and just at this point it may not be amiss to state that the native as a class has rather curious ideas of the spirit of liberty and what she really is. Some two years or more ago a Visayan named Rios, an insignificant, though bright fellow of the lower class, proclaimed himself to the people of his locality as prophet, emperor, dictator, generalissimo, priest, and a few other things. He established the sale of indulgences for a few pesos, and told his people that he had independence, which he would release to them when the time was ripe. Hawking his papers and preaching sedition against America, Rios, self-styled *El Papa* (the pope), gathered a considerable fund and set up a form of government which he told the people would be far better than anything he had ever told them about.

At last he set the date for the release of independence, stating that he would open the small leathern trunk, in which he declared he had the magical spirit imprisoned, on the great day. In the meantime,

however, the government captured, tried, and condemned the "pope" to be hanged. Curiously enough the date set for the execution was the one on which he had to release independence. For some reason the hanging did not take place, and Rios's followers immediately showed greater veneration than ever for their leader, declaring that "the independence" made him *anting-anting*, or invulnerable and safe from all danger. Two weeks later the execution did occur, and when Rios came forth to ascend the scaffold, he found about three or four hundred of his rascals grouped in, on and under the scaffold, and scattered all about the market-place square in Atimonan, some of them having vigorous little impromptu cockfights and others pitching pennies against the sides of the stair of death, all curious to see whether their "pope" would really die. The leathern trunk was opened by the authorities—it held a few silver pesos, a package of indulgences, and an old Visayan *anting-anting*, or amulet, against the cholera.

Rios, however, was not the only Filipino who led his brothers into folly, for no less a man than the late Mabini, called the Jefferson of the Philippines by those good-natured and misinformed persons who did not know the truth of local conditions, did something even sillier. When, as the principal man in Aguinaldo's (Aguinaldo, by the way, is the Spanish word for "Christmas box") first cabinet, he was ordered to draw up a constitution and set of laws for the embryo republic, Mabini began by the statement, on the first page of the constitution, that the Ten Commandments had been written by the hated friars of Spain, and he, Antonio Mabini, a "pure Filipino," would give them a new set, with which he had been inspired by *Bathala* (the Creator God). Strange as this may seem to the occidental, it is perfectly in accord with the orient, and there are to-day hundreds of *taos*, or peasants, in Philippine fields and forests who know about Rizal, and who honestly believe that he did not die when the Spanish firing squad did its work, but that he has been transported by miraculous means to some other part of the islands, where he is still working for the glory and good of the beloved mother country.

Without attempting to go into the detail, which is wearisome to those unfamiliar with the whole long story, the seditious plays have been the result of the agitation of one or two active and traitorous minds who prefer, not the independence of which they prate, but cash. It has not yet been proved, so far as I know, that Doctor Dominador Gomez was the author of the plays himself, but at least he was the leading spirit and formed the project. Remembering the experience of the old friars, that the natives were more quickly and easily influenced by the drama than by any other means, Gomez set his aides to work to produce plays with the object of making all the trouble possible for the American government, and at the same time putting money in his own pocket. This Gomez, by the way, is the surgeon who charged a house servant a fee of a thousand pesos (about \$450 in our money) for taking five stitches in a cut in the boy's forehead one noon. The boy, of course, could not pay, and the case came to court, the judge demanding to know why such an exorbitant fee was asked. Gomez replied with his characteristic bombast, that it was just after lunch, that he had been waked from his siesta to perform the operation, that he had eaten much and did not like to be disturbed, that it was very hot, that the roads were dusty, and that he had to go to the boy, all of which gave him the right to exact a large fee. He got eighty pesos. He does not attend servants now.

Under his supervision and direction, the first of the plays came out about three years ago, and the people, justifying Gomez's expectations, literally went mad over the piece. Play after play followed, and the situation soon became so grave that the government was forced to take some definite and well-considered course of action. This resulted in a punitive and drastic order to the police that any play at all suspicious must be stopped instantly, and that all plays of the slightest taint must be *visée* before being acted. With their customary cunning the natives got around the new order easily for a while, there being few of the police who knew anything of Tagalog, the language spoken by three-fifths of the islanders. A playbill would be posted, and the police

would at once investigate, with the result that the smiling author would come to the station in that district with the manuscript of a mildly innocuous play called the *Butterfly and the Cuckoo* or the *True Path to Heaven*, bearing prominently the initials of the censor upon its title-page. Passed and released, the author-hero-manager would go back gaily, and when the night came for the play, the police on duty would be mystified by the American flags and the plainly insurgent costumes, and the lunatic behaviour of the audience, which would go raving mad over the way to get to heaven via the theatre. But at last the police learned that the *True Path to Heaven* and other gentle hints to the unregenerate were nothing less than the sinister and dreaded but popular *Pulong Pinag Lahuan* (The Enchanted Island), *Tatlong Pung Salapi* (Thirty Pieces of Silver), and others of the same character, thinly disguised from American eyes by being played under innocent titles. The former of these two plays is, incidentally, considered by many of the best informed natives to be more seditious than even *Hindi Aco Patay*, which is as standard a work to the Filipino as *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* is with us.

All with the one object, the freedom of the islands, many of them similar in incident and construction, ringing the same changes on the one theme, the seditious plays are nevertheless gifted with a threnodic power which is little short of remarkable. The song they sing is the old one of the battle of the weak and incompetent against the strong and able, but it is characterised in places by a rhapsodic fire which stands out clear and strong against the sinister background of the long night of savagery and barbaric cruelty in which the native has grown up.

In plot and action some of the dramas are surprisingly like the plays of Christendom; others are clearly the product of the mind which has as yet been unable to assimilate the doctrines of peace tribunals and Red Cross societies. But in two respects the Filipino plays are unlike anything Americans have ever seen on their own stage. Pitifully lacking and faulty in stage "business" and effects, for the reason that the apparatus at their command is so scanty and primitive,

these plays have one scenic effect that is bewildering to the eye untrained to catch a lightning change and appreciate it in the brief instant of its duration. In *Hindi Aco Patay*, *Kahapon*, *Ngayon at Bukas*, *Pulong Pinag Lahuan*, and one or two of the others, the costumes of the players are so coloured and draped that at a given signal or cue the actors and actresses rush together, apparently without design, and stand swaying in the centre of the stage, close to the footlights, their combination forming a living, moving, stirring picture of the Filipino flag. Only an instant or so does the phantom last, but that one instant is enough to bring the entire house to its feet with yells and cries that are blood-curdling in their ferocious delight, while the less quick-witted Americans in the audience are wondering what all the row is about. For minutes after the picture has dissolved the noise goes on, for the native, more subtle and quicker to see a very illusory thing like the flag effect, must be given the proper time to expend his enthusiasm; to check such an outburst would not only be injudicious, it would be impossible. It has never been done but once, and of that more later.

Malaya (The Philippines), one of the first of the plays, is very seditious, but on the whole rather dry after the startling and uncompromising scenes in some of the others, while *Luhang Tagalog* (Tagalog Tears) is really not seditious at all, but serves merely as a preface to the most interesting of all, the infamous *Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow*, written by Aurelio Tolentino, who recently jumped his bail, took to the hills and became a *tulisan*, or armed robber. In the case of *Hindi Aco Patay* (I Am Not Dead), one of the most interesting accidents of the trial was the discovery of the real author, Juan the Brave Cruz. On the flyleaf of the play was the name Leodegaria Ezguerra, who was known to be Cruz's wife. The woman was put on the stand, and it was speedily ascertained that she could neither read nor write. This was immediately after Cruz had sworn that she wrote the play, and that his name was used on the outside cover merely to shield her, an obviously false statement, for in most lower class native families the

women "wear the breeches." In the questioning that followed, Cruz said first that he dictated the play to her, she writing it from his dictation, to which the woman, who is a densely illiterate hag, cheerfully assented; a few more questions, and the court learned that that was not the case, but that she dictated the play to him, and that he merely copied down what she told him. Still later he declared that he did not know who wrote the piece, but that he and his wife copied it together. All this, after the woman's proofs that she could neither read nor write a line, even in her own alphabet and tongue, convinced the court that Cruz was guilty, and later he acknowledged it with some pride. He is now serving a two-year sentence in jail. The play itself is interesting, and shows the workings of a far finer mind than Cruz possesses.

Karangalan—the literal meanings of each name are given in the parentheses which follow—(Dignity), the natural wealth of the Philippines, is sought in marriage by Macamcam (Ambitious), the American government, who is put up to the trick by his father Maimbot (Avaricious), the United States. Karangalan runs away with Tanguan (Defence or Defender), a loyal (or insurrecto) native, because her brother Ualang-hinayan (Pitiless), who represents the native troops in the local forces of the United States Army, is trying to force her to accept Macamcam against her will. Tanguan meets Macamcam in the forests and they have a duel (a battle between the troops and the insurgents) and Tanguan falls, sorely hurt, being carried away to die. Satisfied that he has disposed of his enemy, and that things will now come about as he wishes, the victor sends for his father, who comes over to be present at so fortunate a marriage. The burial party of Tanguan passes the house of Pinagsakitan (Pains, Labours, Sufferings), the spirit of the Philippines, and mother of Karangalan, just as the wedding party is gathering. As the catafalque reaches the gate, Tanguan suddenly springs from his bier with the fierce yell, "*Hindi aco patay*" ("I am not dead," meaning the insurrection), and takes everybody by surprise, including Karangalan. The two Americans, Ma-

camcam and Maimbot, then decide, according to the text of the play, "to wait until another day," as the insurgents are once more in power, and the bribe-taker, Ualang-hinayan, is powerless. One of the points best illustrating the morals of the Filipino occurs where the two cousins of Karangalan and friends of Tanguan, Kauri and Kakulay (Of the Same Blood and Of the Same Colour), are talking about the girl's escapade in running away with Tanguan. Kauri says that it is a pity they did not have time to get married, but the other responds that where two people love each other so well, marriage, being a mere form anyway, is not at all a necessity, a fact which is sedulously lived up to throughout the islands, so much so that there is a section of Manila itself which is contemptuously called Queridaville, meaning that part where the contracting parties to an alliance have not thought a priest vital to their happiness.

So artfully is this play written and acted that even an American feels his sympathies to be with the distracted and persecuted girl and her old mother throughout the piece, as characters on the stage, and ignoring their symbolic significance. On the native audience the effect of such a firebrand show is much like that obtained by smoking over an open powder keg. It is in this piece that the ingenious flag device was so tactfully used, and though there were plenty of Americans in the house, only one or two could truthfully say afterward that they saw and understood the incident, and they were both trained and expert detectives for the government.

Still another class of seditious plays existed in former days, just before the acted play became so formidable a factor in the peace of the islands. These other plays appeared exclusively in the native press, and were, for the most part, vile concoctions of Spanish, English and the native dialects, harping on the general wickedness of the friars and the evils of the American government. One of the most curious and typical examples comes from one of the later ones, which appeared in a little sheet published in Manila. This play, whose name itself was a pun, had to do with the robberies of the people by

the friars, who divided with or bribed the government not to take notice of their nefarious proceedings. The point which was most liked by the Filipinos was contained in the following lines:

Friar (to native)—You quiere wiskey, bueno americano wiskey?

Native—No, señor; no quiere wiskey; mucho malo. No es *mabuti*. (No good.)

Friar—(Drinks) Bebe (drink); you no bebe, you mucho godam loco (crazy).

In reading this play, the writer has seen even loyal *americanistas* (natives who serve our government) in the office of the detective bureau in Manila grow so interested that their voices would rise and their eyes dilate and flash in spite of the absolutely ridiculous character of the thing, and the fact that it was written in a mongrel hash of languages—which all the natives use and which all of them affect to despise heartily.

To return to the other plays, their second remarkable characteristic is the punning, of which they are all full. In no play which is seditious is there a single important character whose name has not some definite, and to the native, deeply symbolic meaning. In some, even the name of the piece itself, as with *Hindi Aco Patay*, is a grim homonym. Others not going so far as that, still play on the names, which in most cases represent some characteristic of the rôles to which they are attached. Not only do the names of the characters reappear continually in the dialogue in a punning way, but the words are also rapidly and continually used in their true significance as native words, without the mention of the character at all. Of all the plays I have examined, and perhaps twenty or more have come under my personal notice, the only one where the names indicated little or nothing was *Luhang Tagalog*, and as that deals entirely with the treachery of a native *lakan* (military chief of the sixteenth century), and tells the story of how he tried to kill his son and sell his country to the Chinese, it does not fairly belong to the category of sedition.

Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow, least excellent in literary character of all, but by far the most striking, depicts the former state of the islands under Chinese

and Spaniard for their *yesterday; to-day* represents the American domination, and *to-morrow* is the glorious day when freedom and liberty have dawned upon the Filipinos through their own unaided efforts and superhuman sacrifices. Asahayop (Beastly) is the traitor, who has sold his brothers to the Chinese; he is captured with the marks of his treason upon him, and immediately burned to death, the fire being where the audience can see the whole thing. A dummy is thrown upon the flames, and the Tagailog (Tagal, or loyal native) calls the attention of his followers to the "crackling of his greasy bones in the flames of justice." Tagailog himself comes to grief later, at the hands of the Spaniards, and his other traitorous enemy visits him, only to be murdered in prison. Tagailog then burns the face of the corpse to hide its identity, while he, slipping into the dead man's clothes, makes good his escape. After Inangbayan (The Mother Country) has been buried alive and resurrected, and after Spain has had a fearful dream, which is portrayed realistically, in which the King of Death and the *anitos*, or spirits, of those she has murdered appear and execrate her, the climax is approached. In the last act everything is ready for battle, and the signal arranged, the fight depending on the attitude of America. Things go just as the conspirators expect, and America refuses liberty to the adults. Then the last card is played, and the chil-

dren are brought in to plead the cause. This they do so successfully that independence is finally granted, and the electric bullets and airships and large cannon the conspirators have prepared are not necessary.

But the seditious drama has seen its best days, and there is now not much chance for a repetition of the stirring scene which took place one night two years ago in Singalon, a suburb or *barrio* of Manila, when *Hindi Aco Patay* was delighting the audience. Everything went smoothly enough until the close of the third and last act was almost reached, when a soldier in the audience, who had drunk just enough native liquor to make him smart and lively, rose and, as the huge red cotton sun of liberty (the rising sun is the blood-red emblem of the *Katipunon* or assassins' revolutionary society, and appears in all the plays) peeped over the hills in the background, took careful aim, hesitated a moment, and then, egged on by the comments of his companions, threw a large beer bottle squarely through the centre of the glowing but doomed luminary. A terrific riot and uproar followed, and though *Hindi Aco Patay* was played later in that same theatre, the doorman was careful to see that no more missiles like beer bottles were admitted with the white men, and after a time it became too dangerous to let the latter in at all.

Arthur Stanley Riggs.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY

D. Appleton and Company:

A Diary from Dixie. By Mary Boykin Chestnut.

In Mrs. Chestnut's diary, which was written from day to day as occasion prompted her to do so, are clear pictures of the social life carried on without interruption in the South during the war; the spirits of the people when victorious or beaten; and of the principal happenings in Charleston, Montgomery and Richmond. The diary, which covers the period of time between November 8, 1860, and August 2, 1865, was given to Isabella D. Martin, who, with the assistance of Myrta Lockett Avery, contributed the introduction and edited the work.

Langbarrow Hall. By Theodora Wilson.

The love-story of two cousins born on the same day and brought up together. The intense jealousy of the hero's eldest sister is responsible for the tragical portions of the tale. The book contains a picture of country life among the upper class in England.

My Poor Relations. By Maarten Maartens.

A collection of fourteen stories of Dutch peasant life. They vary in length from nine to ninety pages. The titles include Jan Hunkum's Money, The Fair-Lover, The Mother, "Silly," The Summer Christmas, The Banquet, Why He Loved Her, etc.

Modern Advertising. By Ernest E. Calkins and Ralph Holden.

One of the Business series. The volume deals with advertising in its various phases. It gives the history of advertising, numerous illustrations of successful advertisements, the channels of trade in which advertising is employed, etc. It describes the advertising mediums, outdoor advertising, the general advertiser, the advertising manager, various schools of training, the general advertising agency, retail advertising, mail-order advertising, styles and mathematics of advertising, and mechanical details in connection with advertising.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Digressions of Polly. By Helen Rowland.

In each chapter of this book Polly and

her fiancé carry on an animated conversation upon a different topic. Sometimes it is about cigarette-smoking, in which Polly indulges on the sly; sometimes about old love-letters, of which both have a large number; and then again they will become absorbed in such subjects as dress, manners, the art of proposing, the making over of a wife, etc.

My Mamie Rosie. By Owen Kildare.

A cheaper edition of a book published about two years ago. It was reviewed in the Chronicle and Comment of THE BOOKMAN for November, 1903.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Wanderers. By Henry C. Rowland.

Several of the characters of the author's former novel, "To Windward," appear in this story of the sea. Most of the many incidents and adventures of the tale occur during yacht cruises between Gibraltar and the South Seas. The abduction of the yacht on two occasions and a duel are among the interesting features of the story.

The Unwritten Law. By Arthur Henry.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this magazine.

The Right Life and How to Live It. By Henry A. Stimson.

The first book in The Right Life series, a series to which several men of distinction will contribute. This volume is said to be a modern, every-day, practical book, which clears the air and shows the way and gives advice as to the best things of life. Dr. William H. Maxwell has written an introduction to the book.

Brentano's:

Songs from the Silent Land. By Louis Vernon Ledoux.

A collection of about forty poems having for their themes Life, Love, Nature and Thought. The verses are attractively bound.

The Century Company:

The Orchid. By Robert Grant.

A story illustrating the class of people with whom "the only unpardonable social sin in this country is to lose one's money. Nothing else really counts." The heroine is pictured as being almost unimpressible. She marries a wealthy man who loves her, but for whom she soon loses what little affection she ever possessed. The man to whom she does become attached is a poor man. The

wife obtains a divorce from her husband and secures the custody of her child. In order that means for maintenance may be assured her, she offers to give the child to its father upon the payment of two millions of dollars, which offer is accepted. The receipt of this money establishes her once more in her former social position.

Constance Trescot. By S. Weir Mitchell.

The story of a woman's vendetta, the scenes of which are laid in a Southern city, just after the Civil War. It concerns George Trescot, a Northern young man, and his wife who have gone South in order that he may settle some long-standing land disputes for his wife's uncle. This novel presents in Constance Trescot a psychological study of a New England woman of splendid character, and of high birth and culture. It shows how even a woman of this refinement will degenerate when the purpose of destruction becomes a fixed idea.

Autobiography of Andrew D. White.

Will be reviewed in a subsequent issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Robert Grier Cooke:

As Wild Birds Sing. By Mary Randall Shippey.

A collection of nearly seventy poems. The following titles, selected at random, give some idea of the variety of themes: Three Little Stockings, My Prayer, Who Took Care of Baby, O Where Shall Rest be Found, Life, Arbutus, Lethean Waltz, Old Letters, Gethsemane, The Test, The Teacher, etc. The book, which takes its name from the first poem, is well bound.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Personality of God. By Lyman Abbott.

A small volume based upon a much-discussed and much-criticised sermon delivered by Dr. Abbott in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, on December 18, 1904.

The Drink Problem. By Henry C. Potter.

In this little book Bishop Potter deals with the question of regulating the saloon. He endeavours to show how mere laws of repression often do more harm than good.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By John J. Craven.

This reissue from the edition of 1866 is published to supply a demand created by the recent controversy. It is said to be a true account of the arrival of Mr. Davis, his incarceration, the placing of shackles on his ankles, and the other

circumstances which then occurred that are now under discussion. A portrait of the author, who was chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe during the whole of the imprisonment of Mr. Davis, appears as the frontispiece.

The Black Motor Car. By Harris Burland.

The theme of the story concerns the revenge of a man for the woman who had years before, when he had stolen a large amount of money for love of her, betrayed him to the authorities. He drives the black motor car at a mad pace in pursuit of his betrayer. Six pictures illustrate the story.

Reuben Larkmead. By Edward W. Townsend.

Reuben Larkmead, a young man of wealth, returns from college to New York. He is made "the object of two strong and opposing forces; the delights of polite society on one hand, the alluring snares set forth in the world of swell graftdom on the other." When the crisis is reached, the heroine, a charming lady who knows the world, turns the tide in favour of the polite society.

When Love is King. By Margaret Doyle Jackson.

Jessie Dunham is loved by two young men of sterling qualities who have been life-long friends. After various adventures, and after passion, jealousy and brave, manly loyalty have each held sway, she is compelled to decide between them. The story is well illustrated.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Art Thou the Man? By Guy Berton.

The city of Denver is the setting for this detective story. The plot concerns a man who has been accused of murder. In order to prove his innocence he employs an attorney, who pleads his case so well that his client is acquitted. The selection of a lawyer brings to light a more than peculiar coincidence, on which the whole story turns. There is much at stake: happiness to two women—existence to one of them, safety for a number of people, and security of law and order in a whole community.

The Heart of Hope. By Norval Richardson.

The scenes of this story are laid in Vicksburg, of which place Mr. Richardson is a native, before and during the siege by Grant. Although it is intended to be of historical interest, a love-story is the main theme of the novel.

Venice as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A new volume in the series containing London, Paris, Japan and Russia.

The Lagoons and the Grand Canal are described by Théophile Gautier; The Rialto by Charles Yriarte; the Doge by William Carew Hazlitt; the Ducal Palace, the Columns of Piazzetta, the Brides of Venice, by John Ruskin. These are but a few of the titles of chapters taken from the index.

Brothers. By Horace Vachell.

Mark Samphire lacks the splendid presence and strong personal magnetism of his brother Archibald, but he is far more spiritual and intellectual. The sermons that Archibald delivers, but which are written by Mark, leads Betty Kirtling to believe herself in love with Archibald. It is not until after their marriage that she discovers Mark to be the genius and the one she really loves. One of the sermons that helped Betty make her first choice determines the future of their lives.

Beethoven. By G. A. Fischer.

A character study. The influences which developed the character of the great composer, as well as his influence upon the present-day music, is described. The volume also contains Wagner's indebtedness to Beethoven.

The Bandolero. By Paul Gwynne.

On account of a cruel personal wrong done him by the Marquis de Bazan, Don José Calderón, formerly a captain of dragoons and a gentleman—now a bandit—avenges his injury by kidnapping the only child and heir of his enemy. The child is reared at a farm with the outlaw's daughter Petra, who has been placed there for safe-keeping. A romance in which there are serious complications develops. Among other exciting incidents the story contains a sketch of a bull-fight.

The Apple of Eden. By E. Temple Thurston.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number of **THE BOOKMAN**.

Amanda of the Mill. By Marie Van Vorst.

Will be reviewed in a subsequent issue of **THE BOOKMAN**.

Robert Browning. By Charles H. Herford.

"An attempt to work out, in the detail of Browning's life and poetry, from a more definitely literary standpoint and without Hegelian prepossessions, a view of his genius not unlike that set forth with so much eloquence and penetration, in his well-known volume, by Professor Henry Jones. . . . The great central epoch of Browning's poetic life, from 1846 to 1860, has been treated deliberately on what may appear an inordinately generous scale."

Pam. By Bettina von Hutten.

Pam is an original type of heroine for a novel. By her birth and early surroundings she is destined to live a life vastly different from that of most girls. She has strong personal attractions and the story proves her to be original, witty, tender and brave, and to be able to face a difficult problem and solve it.

A History of Ireland. 2 vols. By John F. Finerty.

Mr. Finerty, editor of the Chicago "Citizen," president of the United Irish League of America, and one of the foremost champions of the Irish cause in our country, has written this history from the Irish standpoint. The first volume deals with the story of this people from the earliest period to the advent of the Reformation in the sixteenth century; the second volume brings the history down to the passage of the Land Purchase Bill, 1903.

Honoré de Balzac. His Life and Writings. By Mary F. Sandars.

Said to be the best and fullest life of Balzac ever written in English. Miss Sandars has received valuable assistance from M. de Lovenjoul. The volume contains numerous "letters written by Balzac from 1833 to 1844 to Madame Hanska, the Polish lady who afterwards became his wife. The letters are exact copies of the originals, having been made by the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, to whom the autographs belong."

Billy Duane. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

Billy Duane, the Mayor of New York, and his wife have lived very happily together until a Polish pianist, De Barreaux, appears and almost succeeds in a powerful effort to break up their home. Many phases of life, such as graft and corruption in politics, gambling-house raids, marriage and divorce, love and murder play important parts in the story. The book contains four illustrations.

The Verdict of the Gods. By Sarath Kumar Ghosh.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Lion's Skin. By John S. Wise.

"A historical novel and a novel history." The scenes of this story are laid in Virginia in reconstruction days. The negro problem is sympathetically dealt with; Richmond, as Mr. Wise saw it in ante-bellum days and on the day when Sherman marched his victorious army through the city on his way to Washington, is described; and an account is given of many stirring events through which the author passed.

Tommy Carteret. By Justus Miles Forman.

A young man from New York, self-exiled in the "Land of Egypt," becomes engaged to a "Gypsyish hill girl." While driving to the wedding a fierce storm overtakes them, during which the girl is shot and fatally injured. She dies promising that death itself cannot separate them. Tommy receives a wound in the head, from which he recovers sane on every subject except that Mariana has fulfilled her promise and has come to him. She moves, talks, changes in appearance as time passes, and is "perfectly real except to the touch."

The Indifference of Juliet. By Grace S. Richmond.

Here are two romances. Juliet, who agrees to superintend the furnishing of a cosy little home for Tony, whom she has refused, and the "other girl" finds upon the completion of her work that it has been a task of love. Tony's declaration that she has always been the "other girl" comes in a very opportune time. While the whole story is devoted to the happy life which these two people enjoy, a second romance develops, in which the principals are Tony's bachelor friend, who is a noted physician, and Juliet's friend and household assistant, a young woman of small means but good education. Mr. Henry Hutt has made eight illustrations for the book.

The Way of the North. By Warren Cheney.

A romance of Alaska in the days of Baranof. While going to this king, a shipload of settlers encounter a severe storm which even causes the captain to fly to the refuge of his crucifix. The terrified passengers attribute the presence of a heretic as the reason for their danger. The suspicious person is the father of the heroine, who is on her way to join the man who is to become her husband. The intervention of a young doctor and a priest restores order. When the girl lands she finds that another has taken her place in the affections of the man she loved. Then follows the development of the romance between the young girl and the physician. The priest figures largely in the story.

The Grafton Press:

An American Abelard and Heloise. By Mary Ives Todd.

A love story. It is also an "indignant protest against various injustices of modern times in church as well as in state." It describes a fashionable clergyman of modern times and his adoring feminine congregation, likewise his change of heart. The heroine is a self-sacrificing American girl.

Harper and Brothers:

Down to the Sea. By Morgan Robertson.

The author of this collection of fourteen sea tales was a sailor for many years, and his stories are said to be true pictures of sea life. Some of the titles are *The Closing of the Circuit*, *The Subconscious Finnegan*, *The Torpedo*, *Fifty Fathoms Down*, *The Mutiny*, *A Hero of the Cloth*, *The Shark*, etc.

The Probationer. By Herman Whitaker.

The Canadian Northwest is the section of country from which the scenes of these stories were drawn. The first story gives the book its title. Some of the other tales are about *The Mercy of the Frost*, *A Drummer of the Queen*, *The Freckled Fool*, *A Son of Copper Sin*, *A Slip of the Noose*, *The Black Factor*, etc.

The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By Elinor Glyn.

Evangeline tells her own story in a frank, simple way. It had always been understood that she was to be the heir of the rich old lady who brought her up. At the last moment, however, Christopher, the lawful heir, received his fortune and a request to marry the girl. Evangeline describes herself as having "brilliant, dark, fiery red hair," and "eyes as green as pale emeralds." She agrees with Christopher that the terms of his aunt's will cannot be met. He eventually loves her, so do two others, a handsome guardsman and a very rich and ridiculous Scot.

Mother and Daughter. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson, who is herself a mother, makes suggestions for improvement in the bringing up of girls. Stress is laid upon the importance of parents and older people making an endeavour to adapt themselves to the younger generation. The relation of mother to daughter is dealt with from babyhood up.

The Candidate. By Joseph A. Altsheler.

A political novel in which the hero, who is a Presidential candidate, is accompanied by his niece on a lively speech-making tour through the West. One of the newspaper correspondents, also in attendance, loves the girl, and is largely responsible for the candidate's triumph. The path of love is far from smooth, inasmuch as the girl is at the start betrothed to a distinguished politician, whose enmity her uncle has no wish to incur.

History of the United States. From 986 A. D. to 1905. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William MacDonald.

The original edition of the "History

of the United States of America" included the history of this country up to the close of President Jackson's administration. The new edition has been revised and enlarged, and records the events of the United States to the present time.

The Dryad. By Justin Huntley McCarthy.

The author of "The Proud Prince," "If I Were King," and several other well-known novels has woven into his new mediæval romance a thread of Greek mythology. A dryad, still hovering about the woods near Athens, meets and falls in love with a French prince, for whom she gives up her immortality. Mediæval figures, colour and action are portrayed in the story.

The Georgians. By Will N. Harben.

Si Warren, a drunkard and a worthless man, is in jail in Georgia under sentence of death for killing Buford, whom he claims to have shot in self-defence. His past record and the absence of the principal witness, Abe Wilson, who saw the murder, causes the jury to bring in an adverse verdict. Abner Daniel and Eric Vaughn are the only two villagers who in any way befriend him. Uncle Ab, who was also a character in Mr. Harben's previous story, is drawn to him out of sympathy for the "man that is down;" Eric has a deeper motive. He had loved Si's daughter Marie who had been taken away from her home by her evil-minded father, and reported by him as dead. By means of Eric's wealth and Uncle Ab's help the witness was found and Si acquitted. He soon sickened and died, however, confessing to Eric on his death bed that Marie was alive and was the adopted daughter of a wealthy family in New Orleans. After many misunderstandings, which were finally straightened by Uncle Ab, the lovers are reunited.

Seléné. By Amélie Rives.

A dramatic poem in which the theme is that of Diana and Endymion. The excellent typography of the book deserves special mention.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

The Health-Culture Company:

Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them. By Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian.

A treatise on how to get the highest form of animal energy from food. It includes recipes for preparation, healthful combinations and menus. The authors claim that "the application of heat in the cooking of food destroys some of the important food elements

that were vital and organic by rendering them inorganic, including those that are needed in the building up of the system and the maintenance of bodily and mental health."

Henry Holt and Company:

The Staple of News. By Ben Johnson. Edited by De Winter.

The twenty-eighth volume of Yale Studies in English. The editor has included an introduction, notes and a glossary. The book is bound in paper.

The Princess Passes. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A new automobile story by the author of "The Lightning Conductor." Jack and Mollie Winston, the principals of the former novel, superintend the courtship of Lord Winston's friend. Lord Lane has been induced to accompany Lord and Lady Winston on an automobile trip to a resort in the Alps in order that he may forget the woman in London who does not return his affections. Here he meets the heroine, and by means of much engineering on the part of the Winstons the end of the story proves satisfactory to all concerned. This book was reviewed more at length in the Chronicle and Comment of the March BOOKMAN.

The Lightning Conductor. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A revised, enlarged and illustrated edition of a romantic automobile tour through Southern Europe. In addition to the frontispiece by Eliot Keen, there are sixteen full-page illustrations from photographs of the scenes of the story in France, Italy and Spain.

The Boys of Bob's Hill. By Charles Pierce Burton.

A forest fire and a narrow escape on the railroad are among the many stirring adventures which the boys of Bob's Hill experienced on their mission of fun and good times.

Nut-Brown Joan. By Marion A. Taggart.

This story for girls has a quaint heroine, a member of a large family. The usual joys and sorrows and fun and frolic are pictured. The story includes a romance between Darby and Joan.

A Harvest of Chaff. By Owen Seaman.

A volume of parodies in verse. Most of these have previously appeared in "Punch."

The Belted Seas. By Arthur Colton.

A story told by a sea captain, in which he narrates his adventures in South America and elsewhere.

After the Divorce. By Grazia Deledda.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this magazine.

William R. Jenkins:

La Neuvaïne de Colette. Par Jeanne Schultze.

In the introduction which Professor R. E. Bassett has written to this book he says that it presents "a skilful sympathetic study of a rich young nature cramped by a rigorous system of repression, yet ever yearning for a more adequate means of giving expression to a rare fund of sentiment and devotion." The book is written in French and is bound within paper covers.

John Lane:

Musa Verticordia. By Francis Coutts.

A volume of poems, the first of which gives the name to the collection. The theme of one poem is the trial of Dreyfus; another is an interpretation of Parsifal and Die Meistersinger, and others are commemorative verses to Hawker and Philip Bailey. There are also two series of Spanish folk rhymes.

Otia. By Armine Thomas Kent. Edited by Harold Hodge, with a memoir by Arthur A. Baumann.

A collection of poems, essays and reviews. The two articles on Della Crusca and Anna Matilda and Leigh Hunt as a poet deserve special mention.

The Specialist. By A. M. Irvine.

The story of a season in a Swiss sanitarium. The Specialist, a great throat and lung doctor, has but one love—the love for his work. There are two romances in the book, one concerns the patient who submits to an operation never before performed for the benefit of science; in the other the doctor himself is one of the principals. It is not until almost the closing of the story that the Specialist meets the woman who forces his profession to hold second place in his heart.

A Prince to Order. By Charles Stokes Wayne.

A romance of double identity. The hero whose last recollections are of some brokerage details in Wall Street, awakens from his dreams to find himself passing as a crown prince in a luxuriant Parisian apartment. He is the tool of a group of conspirators who are trying to place him upon the throne of a small European kingdom at the death of the reigning king who is very ill, as the prince and heir long since exiled. The tale brings love and mystery well to the front. The trapping of his conspirators is said to be a strong part of the plot.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Barham of Beltana. By W. E. Norris.

The plot of this story concerns two

families, each consisting of father, son and daughter. The Barhams leave Tasmania and come to England in order that their acquaintance with the Marches may be renewed. The father of the Barhams makes no personal appearance into the story, as he was a convicted felon, charged with stealing money from the March family. Eccentric Lady Warden, some large mastiffs and a ghost play their respective parts in the story. The romance is woven around the young people belonging to the two families.

Constitutional Law in the United States. By Emlin McClain.

The purpose of this book is to enable the reader to "reach a rational and correct conception of the nature and meaning of the constitutions of the United States and of his State, and to understand the essential features of the governments provided for by such constitutions."

McClure, Phillips and Company.

On Life's Threshold. By Charles Wagner.

Talks to young people on character and conduct. In his introduction the author expresses the wish that the book may "compel my young readers to think, may awaken them to moral reflection, at that period of early adolescence when the question begins to be formulated in the mind "What has one come to do in this world?" Edna St. John made the translation.

The Macmillan Company:

What is History. By Karl Lamprecht.

Five lectures on the modern science of history. The subjects are Historical Development and Present Character of the Science of History, The General Course of German History from a Psychological Point of View, The Translation to the Psychic Character of the German Present, Universal Mechanism of Psychic Periods of Transition, Psychology of the Periods of Culture in General, and Problems of Universal History. The translation from the German was made by Mr. E. A. Andrews.

The Art of the Musician. By Henry G. Hanchett.

A guide to the intelligent appreciation of music. Its chief purpose is "to supply the demand of those mature lovers of music who wish to understand the aims and purposes of a composer, some of the methods of his work, and to get some ground for fairly judging his attainments and results. It aims to supply such information as should make concert-going more satisfactory, listening to music more intelligent, and that may assist in elevating the standards of church, theatrical and popular music."

Chatham. By Frederic Harrison.

To be reviewed later in this magazine.

The Letters of Theodora. By Adelaide L. Rouse.

Miss Rouse by the aid of letters tells the story of how Theodora comes out of the West to make her fortune in the literary world and to avoid an old lover. Hack-work and lecturing are resorted to, by which means Theodora manages to dress well, but she "lives on hope and grape-nuts in a hall bedroom." Needless to say, she marries the man who has followed her from the West.

On Becoming Blind. Advice for the Use of Persons Losing Their Sight. By Dr. Émile Javal.

Dr. Javal, who lost his sight at the age of sixty-two years, gives advice and counsel to persons who are blind or who are in danger of becoming so. The book is addressed particularly to the friends and families of the sightless. Dr. Carroll E. Edson has made the translation from the French.

Beyond Chance of Change. By Sara Andrew Shafer.

Those who read the author's "The Day Before Yesterday" will meet their little friends again in this latest volume. It is an idyl of childhood in which are pictures of child life in the Middle West during the late sixties.

The Golden Hope. By Robert H. Fuller.

A story of the time of King Alexander the Great. The invasion of the Empire of Darius by the Macedonians forms the background of the story. The love-story deals with the separation of Cleaschus, a young Athenian, from Artemisia, his fiancée, the night previous to their wedding. This was brought about by a speculator who tried to obtain possession of Cleaschus's fortune. With the aid of two friends and the Pythia, Cleaschus makes a successful search.

Another Hardy Garden Book. By Helena Rutherford Ely.

The author here records the results of her own experiences, extending over a period of years, in raising vegetables, fruits and flowers. It is a statement of simple methods of gardening, especially in the small home garden. The volume contains about fifty illustrations.

The Celibates' Club. By I. Zangwill.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Falaise of the Blessed Voice. By William Stearns Davis.

A historical novel, the scenes of which are laid in the youthful days of Louis IX. of France and his Queen Margaret of Provence. The plot turns on the en-

deavours of Eugerrand de Coucy, the King's chamberlain, to prove the marriage of Louis and Margaret invalid in order that the chamberlain's daughter may be the wife of Louis and Queen consort. Falaise, a blind little outcast girl, is brought up out of pity by the retainers of the castle. By means of her wonderful voice the conspirators are defeated. King Louis remarries Margaret, throws off the control of his mother and declares his kingship.

The Historical Development of the Poor Law of Connecticut. By Edward Warren Cappen.

A paper-covered volume of over five hundred pages. The aim of the work is to trace the development of the Poor Law of Connecticut from its beginning, in the early colonial period, to the present day.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. V. S-Z. Revised and Enlarged under the Supervision of George C. Williamson.

The final volume in the series contains over one hundred illustrations. The most notable article is said to be that on Titian by Mr. Herbert Cook. "There is an unusually large number of biographies in the volume relating to old Italian masters whose lives in recent years have been reconstructed, and whose works have received fresh and informing attention."

The First Wardens. By William J. Neidig.

A volume of poetry upon rather unusual themes, as will be seen by such titles as *The King's Fool*, *Alvah* and *Azubah*, *The Adoration of the Magi*, *Wine of Laurel*, etc.

Mrs. Dane's Defence. By Henry Arthur Jones.

A play in four acts, the point of which is the skilful way in which the lawyer forces the truth from Mrs. Dane after a trifling slip. It was played in New York in the years 1901 and 1902.

Dictionary of Saintly Women. By A. B. C. Dunbar.

A collection of legends and records of women worshipped as saints or so considered. Some of the incidents have been included "on account of the historical importance of the heroine, her noble character or wonderful gifts, or because of some interesting sidelight which they shed on customs or beliefs of her time and country."

The Lodestar. By Sidney R. Kennedy.

A small town in the Connecticut hills is the background for this story. Most of the characters, however, have their homes in New York. While driving together through this country, a novelist

and a painter meet a refined and well-educated country girl, with whom both fall in love. One of the principals of the novel is a millionaire who devotes himself to giving enjoyment to others and who entertains all the other characters of the book at a house party.

William Cullen Bryant. By William A. Bradley.

The author has especially emphasised the national element of Puritanism and American nature and landscape in Bryant. He also impresses upon the reader the fact that the poet took up and carried on the best traditions of English verse. The first mission of the book is to deal with Bryant as a poet and man of letters, but it also contains accounts of his varied activities in the world of affairs, of his participation in national politics in a crucial period of American history, and pictures him as the foremost figure at the civic celebrations of New York City.

The American Thoroughbred. By Charles E. Trevathan.

An addition to the American Sportsman's Library. Mr. Trevathan gives the history of the race-horse from the first one to land in America, in the seventeenth century, to the present day. The volume is well illustrated.

James Pott and Company:

Dolly Winter. The Letters of a Friend which Joseph Harald is Permitted to Publish.

The story which these letters unfold concerns a man of the world who has temporarily sought simplicity of life in a small village. The romance is not fiction, as the letters are genuine with fictitious names substituted.

Two of the Guests. By Kate Gertrude Prindiville.

"The history of a week's end party and the love affair resulting." The story is told in a series of letters.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Self-Made Man's Wife. Her Letters to Her Son. By Charles Eustace Merriman.

It is said that although the author tried to please those readers who were first attracted to "Letters from a Son to His Self-Made Father" by its humour, he has also striven to make the second a more serious piece of literature by showing what the self-made father and son owed to the homely, old-fashioned wife and mother, with all her goodness and kindness not unmingled with shrewdness and a keen knowledge of human nature. The volume is illustrated by F. T. Richards.

A Bookful of Girls. By Anna Fuller.

The collection of six stories are intended for girls, but mature minds will find them interesting reading. The titles are Blythe Halliday's Voyage, Artful Madge, The Ideas of Polly, Nannie's Theatre Party, Olivia's Sun-Dial, and Bagging a Grandfather.

The Coming of Parliament. By L. Cecil Jane.

An addition to the Story of the Nations series. It deals very largely with the development of the constitution of England from the year 1350 to 1660. The author aims to trace the steps by which Parliament attained to a permanently important share in the government of that country. An outline of the general history of this period is also included.

The United States. A History of Three Centuries. Part II. By William Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes.

This volume is a history of the Colonial Union, 1698-1774, and is a record of the development of the several English colonies and of the rise of the spirit of revolution. It covers the so-called "neglected period" from 1700 to 1760, and the period of radical agitation from 1761 to 1774. The work is illustrated with one hundred maps and diagrams.

The Physical Culture Life. By H. Irving Hancock.

A volume purporting "to present, in a clear and succinct way, the real aims and methods of the physical-culture movement that is marching onward in England and in the United States." An effort has been made to explain the essential and ascertained facts of physical-culture, and to induce every reader to begin to attend to his own physical upbuilding. The volume is well illustrated.

Belchamber. By Howard Overing Sturgis.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Heart of the World. By Charles M. Sheldon.

The author of "In His Steps" here presents in story form the great principles of Christian socialism for which he stands. In it may be found a combination of love, philosophy, oratory and religion.

The White Peril in the Far East. By Sidney L. Gulick.

An interpretation of the significance of the Russo-Japanese War. A study of how Japan has attained the necessary power, material and temperamental, to face and conquer the white man; and of the

problems of the Far East in their world-setting.

Dr. Grenfell's Parish. By Norman Duncan.

The purpose of this book is "to spread the knowledge of the work of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, at work on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; and to describe the character and condition of the folk whom he seeks to help." It is said that this Oxford man is master seaman, missionary, promoter of industry, magistrate, physician, and the helpful friend of every fisherman on the Labrador coast. The book is well illustrated.

The Harvest of the Sea. By W. T. Grenfell.

The author endeavours to present in fiction form a true story of the lives of the people off the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland. Dr. Grenfell tells of some of the hardships, dangers, adventures and romances which he has seen and experienced during the twenty years he has lived among these people. There are sixteen full-page illustrations in the book.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. 2 vols. By Sir Alfred Lyall.

Almost all the original materials for this biography have been supplied to the author by Harriot, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. Much of it consists of facts taken from Lord Dufferin's Journal, which extended over many years, though not continuously; from the official correspondence for the periods of his two Governor-Generalships in Canada and India; from the letters and despatches written by him from his four embassies, at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Rome, and Paris; and from a large number of noted persons who were in some way connected or associated with Lord Dufferin. The books are well illustrated.

The Eighteenth Century in English Caricature. By Selwyn Brinton.

An addition to the Langham Series of Art Monographs. The purpose of the book is not so much to give the history of the men, the catalogue of their achieved work, as to "show the spirit of the age itself reflected most faithfully, even when it seems most caricatured or burlesqued, by their brush or graver or pencil." The volume contains sixteen illustrations and is well bound.

The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Translated by John Addington Symonds.

Said to be the first complete translation of Michael Angelo's sonnets into

English rhyme. The translation has been made from Signor Cesare Gausti's edition of the autograph, in 1863. A portrait of the poet is the frontispiece.

Albert Dürer. By T. Sturge Moore.

In this volume, written at the request of the late Mr. Arthur Strong, the author has attempted an appreciation of Dürer in relation to general ideas. The work is divided into four parts: Concerning General Ideas Important to the Comprehension of Dürer's Life and Art, Dürer's Life in Relation to the Times in which He Lived, Dürer as a Creator, Dürer's Ideas. The book contains over fifty illustrations.

Drawings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

A large volume containing forty-six plates. Some of the studies are in black and white and others are in tints. An introductory essay by T. Martin Wood describes the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The Poems and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by William Knight.

Homer's Iliads. Translated by George Chapman.

The Plays and Poems of Ben Johnson.

Homer's Odysseys and Shorter Poems. Translated by George Chapman.

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. Translated by Thomas Roscoe.

The Life and Voyages of Captain Cook. By Andrew Kippis.

Six additional volumes in the Caxton Thin Paper Classics series. They are well bound in flexible bindings. Each book contains a portrait of the author, except "Homer's Iliads," which has a portrait of George Chapman, the translator, and "The Life and Voyages of Captain Cook," which contains Captain Cook's portrait. The translations are said to be accurate and true.

At Close Range. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

The result of searching the secret places of many minds and hearts with which the author has come in contact is found in these nine stories. The titles are A Night Out, An Extra Blanket, A Medal of Honor, The Rajah, of Bungpore, The Soldo of the Castellani, A Point of Honor, Simple Folk, "Old Sunshine," and A Pot of Jam.

Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By Mary King Waddington.

These letters from Madame Waddington to her mother and sister are divided into two parts: Part I. describes the journey from Paris to Italy, the month after Monsieur Waddington had resigned the Premiership of France, and their residence in Rome; the letters of

Part II. relate the incidents which occurred during a temporary residence in Rome about twenty years later, after Monsieur Waddington's death. The volume contains about twenty-five illustrations.

Iconoclasts. By James Huneker.

A book of dramatists, which includes reviews, impressions, or criticisms of the dramas of Henrik Ibsen, August Strindberg, Henry Becque, Gerhart Hauptmann, Paul Hervieu, Bernard Shaw, Maxim Gorky, Hermann Sudermann, Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, Eleonora Duse, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and Maurice Maeterlinck.

The School of Life. By Henry van Dyke.

The nature of this essay is explained in the title. The characteristic charm of Dr. van Dyke's former works is extended to the present volume. The book is of a convenient size and well bound.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The Hygiene of the Schoolroom. By William F. Barry.

Introductory Physiology and Hygiene. By H. W. Conn.

Educational. The title of the book first mentioned explains the nature of the work. It is meant for educators and others interested in children. The second book is for use in primary grades.

Thomas Whittaker:

The Church and the Good Samaritan. By Rev. F. N. Westcott.

A series of Lent addresses to men. They include *The Lawyer's Question*, *The Jericho Road*, *The Priest and the Samaritan*, *The Samaritan and the Jew*, *The Wayside Inn*, *The Two Pence*.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Reform. By Colonel Ralph de Clairmont.

An essay on the political, financial and social condition of the United States, showing its dangers, defects and remedies.

Pipes and Timbrels. By W. J. Henderson.

A collection of verse by the musical critic of the *New York Sun*.

Poems. By Egbert Willard Fowler.

A posthumous volume of verse. It is divided into three groups: Miscellaneous poems, a group called *A Mood Pageant*, and *Prairie Poems*.

William G. Badger:

A Pageant of Life. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

These poems, upon various subjects, are grouped under the following divisions: *A Pageant of Life*, *The Villa of Hadrian*, *Song of the Sirens to Ulysses*, *A Verse of Isaiah*, *Leopardi*, *Sonnets*, *Songs and Lyrics*, *Prologue and Lyrics from a Mad World*, *Translations*.

Oliver Ditson Company:

The Opera Singers. By Gustav Kobbé.

A collection of costume and other portraits of the grand opera singers best known to the opera-goers of America today. There is, also, a series of pictures showing many of these famous singers during moments of relaxation, while travelling with the Maurice Grau Company, in which they appear as "mere men and women." The author has supplemented the pictures with biographies, the material for most of which was furnished by the singers themselves. The book, which is intended as a pictorial souvenir, presents an attractive appearance.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Madcap Cruise. By Oric Bates.

His love for a young lady is the cause of a Harvard youth turning thief and stealing a fine yacht from his uncle whom, as his guardian, has refused him the necessary funds to follow the object of his affections to Europe. In this yacht he is accompanied by his college friend to the Mediterranean. A race with an English yacht, the smuggling of art treasures out of Italy, and a storm at sea are three of the incidents of interest which the story contains.

Isidro. By Mary Austin.

"A tale of love and springtime in Old California." The hero of this romance is turned from the life he has chosen—that of entering the priesthood—by the appearance of "the one woman." The story takes him through several adventures and causes him to endure many hardships. It is said to be a historically accurate and fair picture of the Mission days. The illustrations by Eric Pape are worthy of special mention.

Manual of the Trees of North America. By Charles Sprague Sargent.

A comprehensive volume in which the author has endeavoured to present in convenient form for the use of students, the information concerning the trees of North America, exclusive of Mexico, which has been gathered at the Arnold Arboretum during the last thirty years. The book contains descriptions of over

six hundred trees, the leaves, fruits, and flowers of which are illustrated from drawings by Mr. Charles Edward Faxon.

Essays in Puritanism. By Andrew Macphail.

The subjects of these five essays are Jonathan Edwards, John Winthrop, Margaret Fuller, Walt Whitman, and John Wesley.

Out of Bondage. By Rowland E. Robinson.

A collection of seventeen stories about the old-time Vermonters. The characters are the farming and trading countrymen of the Green Mountains and the Canadian-French people of New England. The same quiet humour which is characteristic of Mr. Robinson's former works runs through these stories.

The Opal. Anonymous.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number of **THE BOOKMAN**.

The Hawthorne Centenary at the Wayside. Edited by Colonel Higginson.

A full account of all the anniversary proceedings at the Hawthorne Centenary celebration at Hawthorne's home in Concord, last July. Addresses by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Moncure D. Conway, Julia Ward Howe, Maude Howe Elliott, Frank B. Sanborn, Charles Francis Adams, and Charles T. Copeland are given verbatim; also, papers by Julian Hawthorne and Frank Preston Stearns; and letters from Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Dr. Richard Garnett and others. The volume contains seven illustrations.

Little, Brown and Company:

Barbara. A Woman of the West. By John H. Whitson.

The Heroine of the Strait. A Romance of Detroit in the Time of Pontiac. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

Love Thrives in War. A Romance of the Frontier in 1812. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

A Girl of Virginia. A Love Story of the University. By Lucy Meacham Thruston.

Four recent books of fiction issued in a popular edition, at seventy-five cents each. The volumes are well bound in cloth and each contains a frontispiece.

The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale.

A new National edition with new preface and notes by the author. Mr. Frank T. Merrill has made the illustrations.

An American Girl in Munich. By Mabel W. Daniels.

In this volume the author gives her impressions of a year of music study in Munich. The operas and symphonies are criticised, and reference is made to a number of persons in the world of music. A typical German romance runs through the book.

My Lady Clancarty. By Mary Imlay Taylor.

At the age of eleven years Lady Clancarty is married to a rich Irish earl by an avaricious and ambitious father. When William III. came to the throne Lord Clancarty, who was a Jacobite, was banished into exile. Although Lady Clancarty had not seen her husband since their wedding day, no threat was strong enough to force her to submit to an annulment of the marriage. Her father, who is now a Whig, is desirous of ignoring the formal marriage and marrying his daughter to better advantage, but Betty remains loyal. Her husband returns incognito and wins the affections of his wife, who, upon discovering his identity, pleads successfully with the Dutch king for the pardon of her husband.

The Freedom of Life. By Annie Payson Call.

The object of this book is to "show people how to overcome some of the difficulties of life by the application of principles drawn from practical experiences." Some of the subjects dealt with are How to Sleep Restfully; Hurry, Worry, and Irritability; Self-Control; Other People; Nervous Fears; Human Sympathy, etc.

A Prince of Lovers. By Sir William Magnay.

A story of love, adventure and intrigue, the scenes of which are laid in two independent German states, of which, for nearly two centuries after the Thirty Years' War, there were so many. The author has obtained suggestions for this novel from chronicles of these kingdoms and principalities. The characters include an ambitious, unscrupulous minister, a brave hero, an unprincipled man of the world, and a heroine for whom pride, love and policy fight desperately.

John W. Luce and Company:

On Going to Church. By G. Bernard Shaw.

The clergy and laymen may both find cause for reflection after reading Mr. Shaw's latest, and what is said to be his best, essay. The volume is bound in a style uniform with the other works of the author.

The Robinson Luce Company:

Little Burr. By Charles Felton Pidgin.

A tale of the old Revolutionary days. As is implied in the title, this story concerns Aaron Burr, "The Warwick of America." In his preface, the author says that "Little Burr" should be read first, then "Blennerhassett" and "The Climax" in the order named. This trilogy gives in story form many of the facts concerning Burr. Mr. Isaac Brewster Hazelton has made twelve illustrations for the book.

L. C. Page and Company:

Lady Penelope. By Morley Roberts.

A farcical satire presenting a picture of modern society life in London. Penelope has eight suitors and many admirers. She imposes a task on all of them, which they perform so satisfactorily that she tells them she will marry one of them, but which one she weds secretly is not known until the end of the book. The motor-car, driven by fearless chauffeurs, figures in the story. Nine portraits by Arthur William Brown illustrate the book.

Return. A story of the Sea Islands in 1739. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke.

A love-story, the scenes of which are laid in Charleston, South Carolina, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The heroine is the belle of this colonial city and the hero, a young Virginian, bears the historical name of Marshall. The book draws a contrasting picture between the youth, beauty, and wealth of the fashionable world, and the rude and exciting life of the frontier settlements in the Georgia Colony.

The Black Barque. By T. Jenkins Hains.

A tale of the pirate slave-ship *Gentle Hand* on her last African cruise. Captain Hains is said to have drawn from a large fund of personal experiences for the material for his book.

Slaves of Success. By Elliott Flower.

Six chapters of this book have previously appeared in periodicals, the seventh is here published in its entirety for the first time. These anecdotes are said to reflect petty politics in any Northern or Middle Western State. The plain countryman is the link which connects the different stories, the titles of which are *The Necessary Vote*, *The Reformer Reformed*, *A Mortgage on a Man*, *The Slavery of a Boss*, *A Strategical Defeat*, *A Favour for a Friend*, *Azro Craig's Awakening*, *The Cupidity of Carroll*.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Words for Music. A Symphonic Series. By William Wells Newell.

A collection of eighty short poems, bound in white, with gilt letters.

Chants Communal. By Horace Traubel.

About forty short essays on questions of purpose, life, and living. Strong emphasis is placed on justice, for which everything—business, ambition, love, and all other witnesses of life—must stand aside.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Whitaker and Ray Company:

"Chess-Humanics." By Wallace E. Nevill.

A philosophy of chess; a sociological allegory, in which the author has drawn parallelisms between the game of chess and our larger human affairs.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Elisabeth Towne:

The Story of a Literary Career. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

In order to meet the many demands from different literary clubs for information concerning her life, methods and works, Mrs. Wilcox has published her autobiography in book form. To this has been added a description of her home and life by her friend, Ella Giles Ruddy. The book is bound in heavy paper covers.

LONDON, ENG.

Elliot Stock:

Literary Blunders. By H. B. Wheatley.

A chapter in the "History of Human Error." This cheaper edition of Mr. Wheatley's work is a reissue of the edition published in 1893 without alteration. The discussion includes blunders in general, blunders of authors, blunders of translators, bibliographical blunders, lists of errata, misprints, schoolboys' blunders, and foreigners' English.

CHICAGO, ILL.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Religion and Art. By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

The initial essay in this collection of five serves as the title of the book. The other subjects are *The Development of Educational Ideas in the Nineteenth Century*, *The Meaning and Worth of Education*, *The Physician's Calling and Education*, and *Social Questions*.

Julia. By Katharine Tynan.

The author's real love of Ireland is woven into her new novel, the scenes of which are laid in that charming country. Julia, who is introduced as the youngest of six daughters, and as "yellow as a kite's claw," lives to see the day when she is no longer considered the "ugly duckling" of the family and when she has her own delightful romance. Miss Tynan illustrates the relations between Protestant mistress and Catholic servant, between landlord and tenant, and between Ireland's young ladies and England's young men.

For the White Christ. By Robert Aines Bennet.

A story of the days of Charlemagne, in which the two leading characters are knight-errants of this great ruler. Queen Hildegard and her daughter and Fastrada are other important personages in the novel. Charlemagne himself also appears in all his imposing splendour. Each chapter is headed with short selections from ancient lays. The appearance of the book, with its marginal decorations and coloured illustrations, deserves special mention.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Dodge's Advanced Geography. By Richard Elwood Dodge.

Educational. "The first part of the book treats of those phases of general geography which are necessary as a foundation for an intelligent and disciplinary study of the several continents from the causal standpoint. In Part II. special emphasis is given to commercial geography."

DES MOINES, IA.

Personal Help Publishing Company:

Ready Money. By George H. Knox.

An addition to the Personal Help Library. The volume is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the necessary acquirements for the accumulation of wealth. The second part is devoted to bits of eloquence. These extracts are taken from the famous speeches of as many famous orators.

FITZGERALD, GA.

North and South Publishing Company:

The Doctor as an Autocrat. By R. P. Brorup.

A paper-covered pamphlet. The essay is written from the point of view of an American citizen, without affiliations of any sort.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Thomas H. Benton. By Joseph M. Rogers.

An addition to the American Crisis Biographies. The author shows from an impartial standpoint the strong and weak points of the Missouri statesman, and gives a picture of the leading political events from 1820 to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, with which Benton's public career ended.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Ravanel. By Harris Dickson.

The spirit of vendetta prevails in this novel. From childhood Stephen Ravanel waited for the hour when he could avenge the assassination of his father. A love-story, typical of life in the South to-day, is an important part of the romance. Mr. Seymour M. Stone has made four illustrations for the book.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Eastside Publishing Company:

Folks Next Door. The Log-Book of a Rambler. By W. A. Croffut.

With New York as the starting place, the author describes a yachting cruise along the New England coast, through Canadian waters, to Cuba, Yucatan, Mexico and the Pacific coast. Not only are the seaport towns described, but the manner of living and numerous incidents connected with the people of the different parts of the country. The volume is well illustrated.

Government Printing Office:

Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Part II. J. W. Powell, Director.

The second volume of this report is devoted to The Hako: A Pawnee Ceremony. The work is divided into two parts. The first contains such introductory explanations as are essential to the understanding of the ceremony, together with Kurahus interpretation of the songs and accompanying rites. The second part consists of an analysis of the ceremony, and treats of its structure, purpose and teaching.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

Ruperth Fehnstoake:

Letters from Tuskegee. Being the Confessions of a Yankee. By Ruperth Fehnstoake.

A series of letters, not originally intended for publication, touching upon

5. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. *God's Good Man.* Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *The Plum Tree.* Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Millionaire Baby.* Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *The Princess Passes.* Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. *The Man on the Box.* MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The Fugitive Blacksmith.* Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. *The Clansman.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Masquerader.* Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Return of Sherlock Holmes.* Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. *The Plum Tree.* Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. *Parsifal.* (Ditson.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *The Princess Passes.* Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. *The Return of Sherlock Holmes.* Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Millionaire Baby.* Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Sea Wolf.* London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *Foolish Dictionary.* Wurdz. (Luce.) 75c.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *The Silence of Mrs. Harrold.* Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Princess Passes.* Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. *The Millionaire Baby.* Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Man on the Box.* MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. *The Clansman.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *For the White Christ.* Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

3. *The Clansman.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *The Man on the Box.* MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Plum Tree.* Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. *Hurricane Island.* Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. *The Prize to the Hardy.* Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. *In the Arena.* Booth Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. *The Return of Sherlock Holmes.* Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. *Tommy Carteret.* Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. *The Clansman.* Dixon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. *The Return of Sherlock Holmes.* Doyle. (Morang.) \$1.25.
2. *Dr. Luke of the Labrador.* Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. *Rainbow Chasers.* Whitson. (Langton & Hall.) \$1.50.
4. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
5. *A Crime of Under Seas.* Boothby. (Ward, Lock & Co.) Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.
6. *The Simple Life.* Wagner. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. *The Color Line.* Smith. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Masquerader.* Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *The Clansman.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. *The Princess Passes.* Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. *The Sea Wolf.* London. (Macmillan & Co.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. *The Clansman.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. *The Marriage of William Ashe.* Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Masquerader.* Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *The Law of the Land.* Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. *Whosoever Shall Offend.* Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *The Lion's Skin.* Wise. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Prize to the Hardy. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Ravanel. Dickson. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Penelope. Roberts. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Marathon Mystery. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. At Close Range. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
2. A Short History of Oregon. Johnson. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Constance Trescott. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. At Close Range. Smith. (Scribners.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Freedom of Life. Call. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Mrs. Pryor's Reminiscences of Peace and War. Pryor. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lion's Skin. Wise. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Mysterious Disappearance. Holmes. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Mysterious Mr. Sabin. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Secret Woman. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Long Ago and Later On. Bromley. (A. M. Robertson.) \$1.50.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Hurricane Island. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (Morang & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Copp-Clark Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Opal. Anonymous. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

				POINTS
A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10	
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.	294	
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.	172	
3. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.	160	
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.	123	
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.	108	
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.	73	

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JUNE, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A New University President.

The installation of Dr. Edwin Alderman as President of the University of Virginia marks a new epoch in the development of that historic seat of learning. Ever since it was first opened in 1825, its departments have been rather loosely held together, quite in the particularistic spirit of Jefferson, who founded it. The executive officer was a chairman elected by the Faculty and having no more initiative than had the President of the old Continental Congress. The choice of a real head is a concession to the tendencies of the time and a marked departure from the traditions of the past: but it is undoubtedly a wise step, while the choice of Dr. Alderman is a very happy one. He is a North Carolinian by birth, and represents all that is best in Southern culture, blended with an experience and a point of view that are distinctly national. A student of education, an able administrator, a man of letters, and a particularly effective and really eloquent orator, he seems to embody all the qualifications which the most exacting mind could possibly suggest.

The Princeton Experiment.

For a long while the great universities of the country have been seriously concerned over the enormous increase in the number of their undergraduates. In the old days, when a class of a hundred men was considered a large one,

each class formed an entity and possessed an individuality of its own. Every man knew every other man, and the interests of one were the interests of all. In this way, each class had its distinct individuality, and there was promoted that much talked-of "class feeling" which fostered friendships, created strong ties and a lasting sentiment, and thus indirectly strengthened the loyalty of the



EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

student body to the university at large. Of late years, classes have become so huge and unwieldy—numbering, as they often do, five or six hundred men—as to destroy to a great extent this unity and to create also many serious administrative perplexities. This problem has presented itself most forcibly to Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. At Harvard it has been proposed to divide the College proper into a number of smaller colleges, after the fashion which prevails at Oxford and Cambridge, and to scatter the undergraduates among these, giving to each college its own head and its own teaching force. Yet nothing has been actually done at Harvard looking to this end, while at Yale the problem still remains unsolved. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton has, however, now taken the matter vigorously in hand, and will begin with the next academic year a very interesting experiment. He is calling to Princeton a large number of able young instructors in all departments; and among these men the undergraduates are to be divided in groups. Each preceptor will look after the aca-

demic interests of his particular group, giving to the members of it more or less informal instruction, supervising their work, and supplementing the instruction offered by university lecturers of higher official rank. In this way the undergraduates will come into constant personal contact with men who possess both scholarship and enthusiasm, and it is expected that the evils and difficulties of the overgrown class-system will thus be done away with. The Princeton experiment practically reproduces the tutorial system that is traditional at the different colleges which make up the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The Princeton alumni have subscribed a fund of one million dollars to enable this experiment to be carried out with liberality. Each of the preceptors is to receive from the outset an excellent salary, and he is definitely told that promotion will be swift if he shows himself equal to his opportunities. The mere presence in the University of so many energetic, highly trained, and enthusiastic scholars must inevitably have an instantaneous effect upon the *morale* of the whole institution; and it gives the



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA



EDFRID BINGHAM



GUY ROBERT LA COSTE

The authors of Art Thou the Man?

authorities, in filling future professorial chairs, a chance to select their occupants from those who have been thoroughly tried and tested. We believe that by this very wise and liberal plan President Wilson will immensely increase the prestige of Princeton University and will set an example which must in time be followed by other seats of learning which are confronted with the same problem.

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The following is from the Princeton Alumni Weekly:

Filtering through the mail from the mountains of Pennsylvania, came this modest request the other day:

Mr. Grover Cleveland,
President of Princeton University.

DEAR SIR: Will you please send me a catalogue of your school?

Yours truly,

He got the catalogue.

The profession of librarian may not unreasonably be regarded as a subdivision of the profession of literature, when one uses the latter word in its broadest sense. It is for this reason that we take

pleasure in noting the celebration this year in the library world of Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson's semi-centennial of service as a librarian. Mr. Nelson, in March, 1855, began his professional experience in Gorham, Maine—an experience which he continued at Harvard University, at Drury College, Missouri, in the Astor Library of New York, in the Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans, and in the Newberry Library of Chicago. At the present time he is reference librarian at Columbia University, with which he has been connected since 1893. Mr. Nelson has done extremely important work as a cataloguer. He has had a share in the preparation of *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature*, and has

Mr. Nelson's Anniversary.

contributed to many works of reference. Of his Astor Library catalogue and of his catalogue of the Avery Architectural Library, Mr. J. C. M. Hanson, an expert in the Library of Congress, has truly said: "Both catalogues are in my opinion entitled to the very highest rank among American bibliographic enterprises along this line." Bibliographical work, like lexical and encyclopædic labour, is properly appreciated only by the specialist. The average literary worker accepts his dictionaries, his encyclopædias, and his bibliographical aid, just as he accepts the

and we wish him at least another half century of useful effort and of well-earned honours.

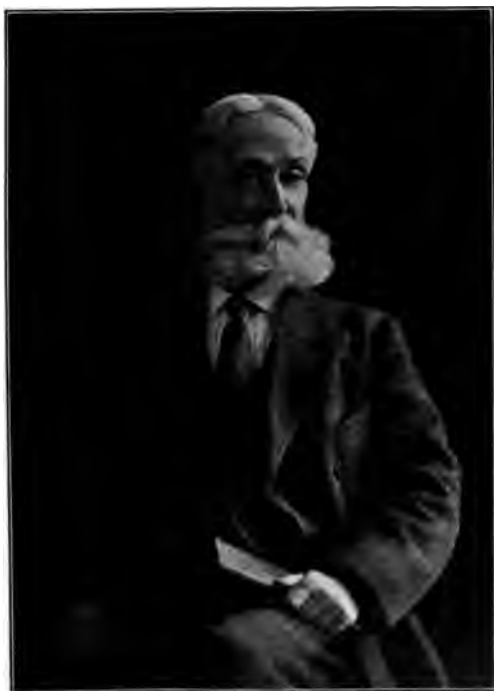
■

That the motor car in fiction has come to stay is beyond all question. Two or

The Motor Car in Fiction.

three years ago one occasionally came across in the magazines tales based on the strange eccentricities of carbureters,

and coils, and spark plugs, and overheated cylinders, just as five or six years ago it was thought the proper thing for the short-story writer to use a golf course as the background for the Man and the Woman, and to flavour his narrative with allusions to puts and punch bowls and bunkers and bad lies. But with one or two exceptions golf in fiction never went far beyond the short sketch, and for that matter it is not easy to see how a writer could have kept to the "Royal and Ancient" game and been interesting through an entire novel of the conventional length. The motor car, however, is another matter, and the tremendous and genuine success of *The Lightning Conductor* opened the eyes of authors and publishers to the fact that there was a new and popular field to be worked. The automobile is very much in evidence among the books of the present season. A big red car and a mysterious chauffeur are factors of considerable importance in *The Van Suyden Sapphires*. *The Motor Pirate*, whose adventures we read last year, was probably the first gasoline propelled highwayman to appear in fiction, but he was by no means as striking and original a character as the automobile driving scamp who assisted in the theft of the Van Suyden jewels. There is a collection of automobile stories entitled *The Motor-Maniacs*, by Lloyd Osbourne, and if you have the slightest touch of the fever in your veins you will enjoy every line about the Englishman who ultimately reaches the stage where he writes of turning his ancestral Norman chapel into a beautiful garage; of the Great Bubble Syndicate; of Coal Oil Johnny, and of the recalcitrant Jones. These stories are very much above the average. Then there are *The Black Motor Car*, by Harris Burland, and S. E. Kiser's *Charles, the Chauffeur*.



CHARLES ALEXANDER NELSON

air which he breathes, without thinking whence it comes or even being thankful for it. Yet without it, he and his own work would be practically non-existent. One should remember this fact at least occasionally, and should give a little thought to those who smooth the path of the investigator, as Mr. Nelson has done with so great an expenditure of time and thought in the course of his life-work. At the present time he is President of the New York Library Club, and Secretary of the Bibliographical Society of America,



CHARLES CAREY, THE AUTHOR OF "THE VAN
SUYDEN SAPPHIRES"



S. E. KISER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES, THE
CHAUFFEUR"



MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, AUTHOR OF "THE MOTOR-MANIACS," AND HIS MOTHER, MRS. ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON, IN THEIR CAR. MR. OSBOURNE IS AT THE WHEEL



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

A good many people are amusing themselves by trying to identify the originals of some of the characters of David Graham Phillips's *The Plum Tree*, a book which just now seems to be having considerable vogue. For instance, the portrait of President Burbank is said to be drawn from President McKinley; Senator Hanna is thought by many to have suggested Senator Saylor; while as to the original of Scarborough, whose history is continued from *The Cost*, opinion is divided between William Jennings Bryan and Senator Beveridge of Indiana. The latter is generally favoured because he is known to have been Mr. Phillips's classmate at De Pauw University. The author, however, when approached on this point, disclaims all intention of singling out individuals of national fame for praise or pillory, maintaining that his characters are composites, and that separate traits may readily be fastened on separate men. If, for example, Mr. Hanna contributed much to the making of Saylor, it seems

likely that Mr. Aldrich contributed as much again. An article by Mr. Phillips on Senator Aldrich, entitled "The Boss of the United States," created something of a stir a year or two ago, and what better name could be found for Saylor than the title of that article?

Mr. Phillips is one of that large and growing number of novelists who have derived their best practical training from active daily journalism. By birth a Hoosier, his early environment was rugged and stimulating. From the public schools of his native town of Madison, Indiana, he went to De Pauw University, entering the Sophomore class at the age of fifteen. The college life of those days is reflected in *The Cost*. From De Pauw he went to Princeton, where he took his degree in the class of '87. After graduation he drifted into newspaper work, first on the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, then on the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, then on the New York *Sun*, then on the New



WALTER H. PAGE, WHOSE NAME IS GENERALLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE AUTHORSHIP OF "A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION," WHICH IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE



ARTHUR HENRY, AUTHOR OF "THE UNWRITTEN LAW," AT HIS CATSKILL HOME

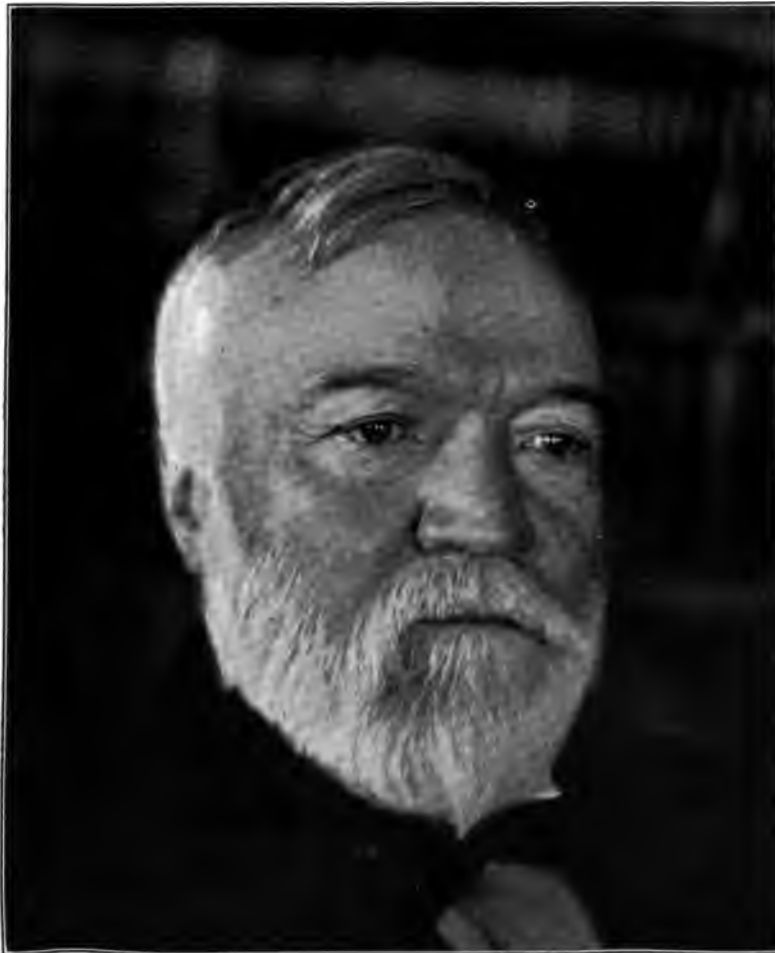
York *World*, at one time as London correspondent and afterwards as an editorial writer. It was through Mr. Phillips's hands that there came to the *World* one of the greatest "beats" in that newspaper's history—the story of the ramming of the British battleship *Victoria* by the *Camperdown* off the coast of Asia Minor. As is usual with great newspaper "beats," it was partly the result of chance. An American missionary was the only one of the many who witnessed the disaster from the shore to realise its significance, and he sent the news to the London office of the *World*, where Mr. Phillips was in charge. Cabled to this country, it was cabled back to London the next day, and in this way was first brought to the knowledge of the English Government and the English press. Mr. Phillips's first books were written in the moments snatched from his daily journalistic work. His later novels, however, have been done more leisurely, as in January, 1902, he broke away entirely from newspaper work.

Apart from its merits as an individual work, Richard Barry's *Port Arthur, a Monster Heroism*, is of interest as being the first book to be issued by the new publishing firm of Moffat, Yard and Company. Moffat, Yard and Company, although the firm has now been in existence for more than three months. Before embarking on this new venture Mr. William D. Moffat and Mr. Robert Yard were both widely known in the publishing world, as for a number of years they had been connected with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. To mention that each had at some time edited the magazine which was first the *Bookbuyer*, then the *Lamp*, and now is the *Book-buyer* once more, is of especial significance and, in a way, an augury of success, for among other former editors of that periodical are Mr. Frank N. Doubleday, of Doubleday, Page and Company, and Mr. Edward W. Bok, who has won so wide an audience through his clever management of the *Ladies' Home Jour-*

nal. Like the house of Scribner, the new firm has a decided Princeton flavour, as Mr. Yard was Princeton, '83, and Mr. Moffat Princeton, '84.

A very interesting little story in connection with *Collier's* Prize Contest, to which we have alluded before, concerns the manner in which the news that he was the winner of the first prize of five thousand dollars was broken to Mr. Rowland Thomas. Mr. Thomas had comparatively little faith in 'Fagan,' which was based on an actual episode and character which had come under his observation during the two years that he

was teaching in the Philippines, but pinned all his hopes on "The Land of Sunshine and Shadow," the other story that he had submitted in the competition. When it was decided that the first prize was to be given to "Fagan," Mr. Albert Lee, of *Collier's*, wrote to Mr. Thomas, saying nothing of the award, but intimating that one of his stories was to be among those purchased, and asking him to come to New York in order to discuss some articles about the Philippines which the magazine wished him to undertake. Without the slightest suspicion of the real state of affairs, Mr. Thomas came. He was met by Mr. Lee and taken to the home of Mr. Collier, where he met, besides Mr. Collier, Mr. Charles Belmont



ANDREW CARNEGIE, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF JAMES WATT"

Davis, Mr. Norman Hapgood, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, and Mr. Robert Collier, of the Weekly's staff, and Mr. Walter H. Page. The company sat down to dinner, during which every topic was discussed with the exception of the Prize Contest. Finally, during a lull in the conversation, Mr. Collier arose and, holding up his glass, said: "Now that we are here, I wish to propose a health to the winner of the first prize." Every one, including Mr. Thomas, rose and held up his glass. Mr. Collier went on: "The health of the winner of the Five-Thousand-Dollar Prize—Mr. Rowland Thomas."

A novel which impresses us as being distinctly above the average is Mr.

Mr. Norval Richardson.

Norval Richardson's *The Heart of Hope*, a story of the siege of Vicksburg. It is the author's first book, and was written in the short space of six weeks. The idea of the tale first came to Mr. Richardson when the interest and work on the National Park was started in Vicksburg. The deeper he went into the subject, the more interesting he found it. It was a



NORVAL RICHARDSON, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF HOPE"



MARIE VAN VORST, THE AUTHOR OF "AMANDA OF THE MILL"

unique situation in the history of the United States—a small town resisting the force of a huge army and enduring for six weeks a steady bombardment, which was kept up continually night and day. The local colour and atmosphere of the time he found in a correspondence which was carried on during the siege. In one way, Mr. Richardson was particularly fitted to write on a subject of the kind without sectional prejudice, as his father was from Massachusetts and his mother a Southern woman.

In common with other unreasonable beings we hate masterpieces in translation, and on going to see

Two Literary Experiments on the Stage. the English version of *The Misanthrope*, recently presented by Mr.

Mansfield in New York, we feared the worst. In the first place, Molière could not be translated, and in the second place, Mr. Mansfield for some years past had been tricked by that siren voice of his into the manners of grand opera. He no longer asked himself how much meaning he could extract from his lines, but how much melody; hence he often left the impression of beautiful but untimely noise and misdirected musical purposes. On these two counts we con-



MOLIÈRE

demned the venture in advance. As a matter of fact the translation though ruthless to the felicities of phrase was true to the spirit of the original and kept much of its vigour and saliency. It did not fall into insipidity by attempting to render it into equivalent English verse. And Mr. Mansfield broke completely with his habits and kept his voice down to the business in hand. To those who have seen it in the "home of Molière," in its native tongue and with perfect castes, our guileless praises will seem pitiful. But having no sacred memories of the Comédie Française for it to compete with, chastened by frequent contact with the American stage as it is, at a time when a Mr. Pinero is relatively huge and even a Mr. Clyde Fitch is no light matter, in a season of *Proud Lairds*, *Freedom of Suzannes*, *Firm of Cunningham* and less, we may point to Mr. Mansfield's Alceste as a pelican in the wilderness, sparrow on the house-top, owl in the desert. It was the most interesting experiment made on our stage during the past year.

In the debate that has been going on among Frenchmen for more than two centuries as to just how ridiculous Molière meant Alceste to be, Mr. Mansfield has evidently chosen the more obvious side. His Alceste is plainly for our derision. There is no sympathy whatever with his hatred of hypocrisy and small deceits, his anger at injustice, his generous impulses and courage. It is simply the headlong, egotistic, ill-mannered, preposterous Alceste, whose fate is no more regretted than that of a bull in the china shop. It is the Alceste of the earlier stage. Nowadays we are not content with merely laughing at the Alcestes and the Don Quixotes. Humanitarian compunctions spoil the sport. The Bon Idéaliste and the Révolté which, as a French critic says, are hidden away in some corner of us demand more clemency in the rendering of Alceste. We lack that remorseless seventeenth-century sense of the ridiculous. But Mr. Mansfield's Alceste if somewhat archaic was authentic, credible, and played with much spirit, and he triumphed over a bad caste and over adverse influences, academic and Philis-

tine, the prejudices of those who, having seen it on the French stage, thought the case hopeless, and of those who expect to find an old work of art less novel than the wretched market products of the present moment.

Another event, regarded as of good literary omen, was Mrs. Le Moyne's presentation of Browning's *Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. It found many sympathisers and was warmly praised by people of the conscientious, stage-elevating sort who think that literature whether it has any dramatic qualities or not can of itself redeem the theatre. We doubt if any one with an honest appreciation of Browning at his best ever cared a rap for *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon* as a poem. One would not suppose from internal evidence that Browning wrote it, except perhaps for the little song that Mertoun sings under Mildred's window, and this, by the way, Mrs. Le Moyne expunged from the play. As a drama it has never deserved any serious attention, and seen on the stage it is to be viewed only as a solemn memorial rite in honour of a dead poet. Written by Browning at the age of thirty-one and in such a hurry that he fell between the two stools of poetry and the drama, it is merely interesting as one of his mistakes. It was intelligently played, and in having Miss Grace Elliston, one of the most beautiful women on the stage, for Mildred, got more than it deserved.

In *The Proud Laird*, written by the two players Cosmo Hamilton and Charles Cartwright, the heir to an ancient but impoverished Scottish estate, the head of a diminished clan and the lord of a ramshackle mediæval castle returns home from Oxford with some modern notions. He feels the absurdity of his shabby grandeur and the contrast between his family's lordly pretensions and his leaking roof. He and a young American heiress, his mother's guest, are tricked into a betrothal by the familiar device of making each think the other is in love. It is bro-

ken off when they discover the trick, but renewed by another familiar stage stratagem, the lady pretending to lose her money and learning thereby that she is loved for herself alone. Some pleasure might have been afforded by a dexterous treatment of the main situation, the embarrassment of a modern man in the trappings of an ancient chieftain. But an actor-made play is seldom concerned with conditions or with character. It is a play of points emphasised to the point of blatancy. And British humour of the staple sort calmly reckons on the most incredible obtuseness. *The Proud Laird* left one with the general feeling of having been incessantly poked in the ribs. In *The Freedom of Suzanne* and *The Firm of Cunningham* the writers did not so grossly miss their opportunities, but in choosing the most conventional of subjects and an atmosphere of mild feminine intrigue with obvious dénouements,

they allowed themselves little chance. The former, however, was carried off pleasantly enough by the high spirits of Miss Marie Tempest. The assumption underlying both plays is that we shall always and in all imaginable circumstances be profoundly interested in the question whether a female stage figure, with or without human verisimilitude, will in the long run prove unfaithful to another stage figure, symbolically a man and husband. Will the end be $x - y$, divorce, ruin, with the sterner critics calling it immoral, and the other sort rejoicing in a "problem"? Or will it wind up safely as $x + y$, with the home preserved, and wedlock vindicated, and good men calling it "clean and wholesome"? The ethics of the conventional play are the ethics of unrealised human quantities, and we are apt not to care much how the people behave, when the women are y 's and the men are x 's.



"THE PROUD LAIRD"

DOROTHY DONNELLY ROBERT LORAINE



"THE FIRM OF CUNNINGHAM." ACT III.

WILLIAM HARCOURT

HILDA SPONG

The spirit of spelling reform is abroad in France as well as in the English-speaking world, but perhaps our spelling reformers might take a lesson from their brethren south of the Channel and learn from them how to improve and modernise without revolutionising the orthography of an historic language. True, the French reformer is held in check not only by the nature of the language with which he deals, but also by the fact that he has to win the assent of recognised authorities, clothed with real power in the matter. These authorities are two in number, the Conseil Supérieur de l'Instruction Publique and the French Academy. The latter, as is well known, publishes from time to time a dictionary, which is almost universally accepted as a standard, but which is not legally binding, while the latter prescribes rules for the schools where the language is taught,

and for the numberless state examinations where the knowledge of it is tested. Just now these two authorities do not agree; the Conseil is much more radical than the Academy. In the name of a committee appointed from among its members by the Minister of Public Instruction, Professor Paul Meyer, the greatest romance philologist in France, has just published a remarkable report aiming at the simplification of French spelling. The perusal of the report is highly interesting even for those who are not in sympathy with the tendencies manifested by its signer, as it contains what must be recognised as an authoritative history of French orthography. The fact is there brought out that mainly by the dropping of superfluous letters the third edition of the dictionary of the Academy, issued in 1740, altered the spelling of no less than five thousand words, or about one in every five that it contained. Clearly, Professor Paul Meyer would

like to do at least as much as that. His committee strove to go as near as practicable in the direction of phonetic spelling. One of its most radical propositions is to reserve the letter *g* for such words as *gare* or *grand*, giving it always the pronunciation it has in those words, which would result in substituting the spellings *gerre*, *Gillaume* for the present *guerre*, *Guillaume*; in the other words in which *g* is now used *j* would be substituted, and *manjer* would take the place of *manger*. Whether the Academy ought to be much blamed for refusing to assent to such a change may be seriously doubted. The double pronunciation of *c* and in a smaller degree of *g* is such a universally accepted fact among nations using the Latin alphabet that the need of disturbing this state of things ought to be clearly established before it is attempted to introduce such a sweeping change in our spelling habits. Upon other points the Academy's resistance to phonetising French spelling ought to be upheld. For instance, the committee recommends the spelling *niaise* instead of *niaise* for the feminine of *niais*; but what for the masculine when the *s* is silent? Shall it be *niaiz*? And shall we introduce silent *z* as a new mute letter? Is not this complication instead of simplification?

But where the Academy's stand cannot be understood is when it opposes doing away with superfluous letters, such as the *p* of *temps* or *corps* and the *g* of *doigt*, and the substitution of *f* for *ph* in such words as *philosophie* or *physiologie*. The Academy, besides fearing thus to make the etymology of the word less visible, is afraid of altering what it calls "the figure of the words." Does the Academy think the words have always had the same outward appearance as now? The spellings *cors*, *tems*, *doit* may be found in numbers of volumes printed in the eighteenth century. If adopted, the new spelling would soon have as familiar a look as the older one now has; and as to *filosofie*, why would it be hurtful to the French, when *filosofia* is daily used in Italy without ruining the country? The Academy grants very little. It

consents to drop the circumflex accent in such words as *forêt*, *apprêt*, etc. It regularises the plural of the words ending in *ou*, so that in the future the popular *soupe aux choux* will become the *soupe aux chous*, only a half-way measure, as it ought to be the *soupe aus chous*; it allows in a number of cases the substitution of a single for a double consonant, and this is about all. It is not enough; it is only a beginning. The Conseil Supérieur may do a little more. And if the two official authorities remain too timid, the public press will have to step in, and who knows but that a congress of proof-readers may not show the French the way to salvation?

Cyrano II—such ought to have been the title of the play produced at the Gaieté in Paris by Coquelin, and the author of which is Catulle Mendès, the quondam son-in-law of Théophile Gautier. *Cyrano* was a second-rate poet and humourist of the first half of the seventeenth century; so was Scarron. He was distinguished from all others by an unusual physical feature, his enormous nose, which made him very homely. Scarron was a cripple. He was, until Rostand's drama called attention to him, all but forgotten. So would Scarron have been if his widow had not become the morganatic wife of Louis XIV. Mendès, or rather Catulle, "our Catullus," as the Parisians fondly call him, had a fine theme to handle, if he had had in him the *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes the dramatic poet from the literary artist. His *Scarron* will be read for its beautiful lines, but not even Coquelin's masterly acting could keep it upon the boards for more than a few weeks. And yet Mendès might have done better. The writer of these lines remembers attending at the Odéon years ago at about the time of Catulle's runaway match with his now divorced wife, the fascinating Judith Gautier, a drama of his *Les Frères d'Azmes*, which held out great promise. But instead of concentrating his energies upon the drama, Mendès frittered away his gifts upon all sorts of produc-

tions, from the newspaper *chronique* to the *roman pornographique*, and the result is that *Cyrano II* is about as unlike *Cyrano* as *Napoleon III* was unlike *Napoleon*!

■

In a little magazine called *Ability*, of which Vol. I., No. 1, has just come to us from San Francisco, we find this account of what Jack London writes to the literary aspirants who want him to find a publisher for their books:

OAKLAND, CAL., February 20, 1905.

DEAR SIR: Every time a writer tells the truth about a manuscript (or book) to a friend-author, he loses that friend, or sees that friendship dim and fade away to a ghost of what it was formerly.

Every time a writer tells the truth about a manuscript (or book) to a stranger-author, he makes an enemy.

If the writer loves his friend and fears to lose him, he lies to his friend.

But what's the good of straining himself to lie to strangers?

And, with like insistence, what's the good of making enemies anyway?

Furthermore, a known writer is overwhelmed by requests from strangers to read their work and pass judgment upon it. This is properly the work of a literary bureau. A writer is not a literary bureau. If he is foolish enough to become a literary bureau he will cease to be a writer. He won't have any time to write.

Also, as a charitable literary bureau, he will receive no pay. Wherefore he will soon go bankrupt and himself live upon the charity of his friends (if he has not already made them all enemies by telling them the truth), while he will behold his wife and children wend their melancholy way to the poorhouse.

Sympathy for the struggling unknown is all very well. It is beautiful—but there are so many struggling unknowns, something like several millions of them. And sympathy can be worked too hard. Sympathy begins at home. The writer would far rather allow the multitudinous unknowns to remain unknown than to allow his near and dear ones to occupy pauper pallets and potter's fields.

Sincerely yours,

JACK LONDON.

About two years ago we published in these columns a series of curious letters which Mr. Charles Hanson Towne had collected from the mass of correspondence which invariably comes to an editor's

"More Literary
Impossibilities"

desk. In many instances the letters were in themselves so incredibly absurd that numerous readers doubted their authenticity, although we had assured them of our personal acquaintance with Mr. Towne. Moreover, our own experience in receiving strange editorial letters gave us no ground to doubt the genuineness of our contributor's quotations from his files. The letters which follow have come to a certain magazine during the past year and have brightened, unknown to their authors, many a sad and busy day. A man from some obscure town in California whose effusions had been repeatedly rejected, invented this delightfully ingenious scheme for making his friends believe that at last he had found his way into the magazines. In forwarding his manuscript, he wrote to the editor thus:

DEAR SIR: This is a small place where I live, and whenever a story of mine comes back, the whole village knows it. Now, I know you don't want the enclosed MS., but I'm sending it along just the same, together with a post-card, which I *beg* you to remail to me. The post-mistress will read it, of course, and I need not tell you that within three hours the news of what is on it will be all over town. I will know when it comes that my MS. is rejected, and you need never return it to me. But *please* mail the card to me, and win my everlasting gratitude.

The post-card had been carefully type-written and self-addressed. It bore these words:

DEAR SIR: Your MS. received, and accepted. Will write you fully regarding it as soon as possible. Is \$100 a satisfactory price?

Yours truly,

— PUBLISHING COMPANY.

■

Often there come to an editor pleasing epistles in rhyme, and the worse the rhythm is the more delighted is the tired reader of manuscripts. Space will not

permit the quotation of an entire letter written in this form—it contained nine stanzas of varying length—but here are several lines which will give a good idea of the author's naïve style. She entitled her "poem"

WROTE BY ONE WHO LOVES TO RITE.

It's my chief delight
To rite and rite and rite,
And if my riting had any sense
It woud pay all my expense.

Of the poverty of poets we often read,
But author's of stories invariably succeed.
All who an interesting story reads
Is made very happy indeed.

A young man thus burst into song:

Dear Editor, I'm broke,
And so I send this joke.
I need your dough and hope that you
Will care to use my poor jokes two.
Now, if you don't I shall be sad,
For your cash I need very bad.

And a woman living on a ranch in the far West, who had, as she told the editor in twelve closely written pages of bad English, been reading stories of the 400, ended her letter with this remarkable question:

Who are this wonderful smart set
Who in all the stories are named?
And where, may I ask, are they found,
For *what*, if you please, are they famed?
I know my ambition flies high,
But make me acquainted with them,
I promise to make my best bow—
Write a sonnet, too, with my pen:
I desire to know the smart set,
Now please, oh, please, *don't* look so fierce
And should you decide to be kind,
Well—my name is Ada J. Pearce.
P.S. If you use the enclosed you will please
to remit
As to you may seem rightly and justly
is fit.

Those who think sentiment is dead should read this note, which accompanied an inspiring versifier's sonnet on "Renunciation":

DEAR EDITOR: Sitting in the twilight I have been impelled to write the enclosed. Is there

any worth in it? I think not—and yet impulse urges me to send it.

Another young miss from the country, in submitting a "poem," told the editor it was not her best work. "I have many others," she wrote, "a *very* good one entitled 'Farewell to Summer,' also 'Beautiful Autumn Days,' 'The Sadness of the Rain,' and a pretty 'Christmas Greeting.' " Then in a postscript she added that she "also wrote advertisement poetry," and urged the editor to send her name and address to "a book and valentine publishing house and also publishers of singing and instruction books." He never did so.

When a letter like this comes from Indian Territory, signed "A Constant Reader and Admirer," the editor feels a real interest in his correspondent:

DEAR SIR: I have a sure thing bet. I win either way. If you publish enclosed nonsense—which a sane editor forbid—Fame. If you refuse, a bottle of something rare in the Territory!

The contributor who is in financial straits, and frankly says so, is very common; but usually he requests money in more humble terms than this writer:

GENTLEMEN: Send me your cheque for \$100 for the enclosed piece. I find that the roof over my veranda needs repairing.

A great many letters flow into the editorial desk which are so hopelessly illiterate that the manuscripts accompanying them, or which threaten to follow, are never read. But these letters are, if their writers but knew it, highly appreciated by the recipients, not merely because they are amusing, but because they require no reply! An editor's correspondence consumes an immense amount of his time, and he has to learn the art of sifting his mail, throwing out those letters which it will do no good to answer. For instance, a man who writes thus should have no encouragement in a literary career:

Dere sir i rite storys. my reglar visit to N. Y. is listed for July 6. if you wish too conferr with me lett me no; papers under

separate cover tells something of me, flattering of course.

✽

Then there is the correspondent who has an exalted opinion of his talents, and, introducing himself through a hopelessly poor MS., expects instant recognition. Here is one who is delightful:

GENTLEMEN: A short time ago I submitted my MS. to you entitled my trials with the serpents of Africa. It was at the suggestion of some ladies and gentlemen I submitted it to you. Parties that are great readers of your magazine.

still I was a little skeptical about your purchasing with a view to publication hence my not inclosing stamps for return . . . I can write many more interesting stories as I have been a grate traveller to all parts of this mundane. Both as gent of leisure and a nautical man and now am permanently located here in Wyoming as I love this climate.

if such a man as Kipling can make such a hit with his writing's (as a great reader I fail to see anything in his stories that are interesting) i should think i have had greater advantages than he had anyway in education, travel, also financially. I am a typical New Yorker, but Wyoming has one my heart. i shall kindly submit stories for your inspection.

✽

Here is another Wyoming correspondent whose letter is an example of numerous others:

I see in your magazine that you will publish short stories and I have one that no one can tell how it will end when they are half way threw. I will sell it cheap an get it copyriteded if you think you would like it and if you will make me a offer you may have it cheap: the title is the undecided lover. are two girls with one lover it fills 41 pages of tablet paper. hoping to get a faverbell answer i remain truly yours.

✽

From Arkansas comes this undiscovered genius:

I am a thirteen year old girl and I am in the eight grade. In Feb. I started a book and in July I finished it. It contains 21 chapters. It is by no means a novel but a pure interesting family story very exciting and delightful. It would be a very nice story to print "continued"

in your magazine. I would be satisfied with a small price for my first story and afterwoods I would write another still better as I have a fine literary talent.

✽

A New York aspirant recently wrote to an editor that he was "a young lyric, just in my infancy." Perhaps he knew what that meant. The editor didn't. And a seventeen-year-old youth wrote to the same editor, telling him that he would like to write stories so that he could have a little money to invest in business. "Having got ten medals," he concluded, "and testimonials at the various schools I have attended for English composition, thought I was qualified to start this work." Many correspondents go into interesting details about their personal history; but the editor hasn't time to thank these simple folk for their confidence. He appreciates it, nevertheless. Surely this young woman was frank and earnest. In sending her MS. she wrote:

You see I am aspiring rather lofty,—sending my poor production of what I fear is a none too fertile brain, to your fine magazine. But I am another instance of the "great American hog," and I am resolved to devote my energies to the leading literary gems. I am not building marvellous air-castles, which reveal me to myself on the pedestal of an Emerson or Dickens, but one does not like to bury the talents which might be improved. . . . I have been foolish enough to flatter myself that I can equal some of the stories you publish; but never having enjoyed notoriety beyond the schoolroom, I am not looking for any wonders to arise from my poor efforts; and never having enjoyed, or suffered, as the case may be, a romance of my own, my stories may not breathe sincerity. However, I have an extremely vivid imagination which may supply the defects of my experience.

✽

Mr. Oscar L. Triggs recently brought suit against a newspaper on the ground that by misrepresentation and ridicule it was in part responsible for the loss of his professorship at Chicago University. Counsel for the defence, in order to test Mr. Triggs's qualifications for the chair

"In the Van
of the
Thinkers."

of English literature, examined him as to the degree of his familiarity with *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Triggs was unable to recall the names of the characters or the place where the scene was laid. He was not concerned, said he, with these details, but rather with the underlying motives of the play. As to the much-quoted dictum that in constructive genius Shakespeare was inferior to John D. Rockefeller, Mr. Triggs declared that his estimate of Mr. Rockefeller had no connection with the fact that he was the founder and patron of Chicago University. That facetious writers for the newspapers have exaggerated Mr. Triggs's absurdity to the point of libel is now established, for the jury awarded him six cents damages. They have, moreover, prepared the readers of Mr. Triggs's new magazine for disappointment. Its title is *To-morrow* and it is further described as "A Monthly Handbook of the Changing Order." Though there is about it a certain swagger of radicalism, it is on the whole a tame and familiar publication.

I would march in the van of the thinkers,
Bear the brunt in the front of the fray
That is waged with the dogma-tinkers
Whose thought is the thought of Cathay.

is the Tyrtæus strain that opens the April number, and as we proceed we learn that "the wages of materialism is death—death physical and moral and spiritual," and that socialism is in the air and that copper is the curse of Montana and that the universities are asleep and that Russia is on the verge of revolution. All this in a tone of desperate valour, as if editor and contributors were hourly expecting each platitude to be their last. They nerve themselves by battle-hymns into saying the sort of things that we hear at a tea-table. Mr. Triggs cannot even attack the trusts without feeling himself a hero.

✻

So from the perusal of *To-morrow* we conclude with regret that Mr. Triggs is not nearly so radical as he would like to be or so queer as we had hoped to find

him. There are thousands of Triggses everywhere you turn. You pick up some "advanced thought" publication in quest of strange adventures and find only milk-and-water. The "new thinker," apparently, is merely a man who does not know what other people have already thought. The West is full of these pioneering illusions and they are always asserting squatter rights in the backyards of other people's intellects. That is why President Roosevelt so fascinates them when he sets his teeth firmly into one of Dr. Watt's hymns. Not that Triggses are found only in the West. They abound wherever men have so little faith in one another that they think nothing goes without saying. A Triggs, if we may attempt a definition, is a man who aspires to an egregiousness far beyond the limits of his nature. He is a fugitive from commonplace, but without the means of effecting his escape.

✻

The second annual dinner of the Periodical Publishers' Association, given at Lakewood on the evening of May 11th, deserves to be recorded in a more enduring place than in the columns of the ephemeral daily papers. The dinner and the reception preceding it were planned on a very broad scale and the plans were carried out with taste, tact and dignity. There were three hundred guests, public men, editors, publishers, authors and artists. The speakers were Frank N. Doubleday, the president of the association, Hamilton W. Mabie, who told a story of a woman who boasted that she could "read Henry James in the original," Dr. Lyman Abbot, Charles Battell Loomis, Francis E. Leupp, Melville Stone, Professor Lounsbury, F. Hopkinson Smith, Holman F. Day, and George Ade, who in response to the toast "The Business End of a Periodical from the Author's Standpoint," sang the praises of Hoosier literature and made the exceedingly conservative estimate that there were in Indiana 22,837 authors classified as follows: "Historical novelists, 8,903; dialect poets, 6,397; magazine poets, 1,625; real poets, 430; dramatists, 1,216; syndicate humourists, 674; short-story writers, 3,532.

JUAN VALERA



JUAN VALERA is dead. To many persons this simple statement will be of no particular importance, but to a host of others it will mean that a dearly beloved friend has been taken from them. What is the secret of this feeling on the part of persons many of whom have never met Valera, and who perhaps know him chiefly through one work, and that one work very probably only in translation? The answer is not so simple as it might be.

Juan Valera was a many-sided genius. He studied philosophy, letters and jurisprudence at Málaga and Granada, in the latter of which cities he received in 1846 the degree of *Licenciado en Leyes*. Diplomacy, however, attracted him much more than did the law, and he soon entered upon that career of travel and experience that was later to serve him so well and so unexpectedly. He began his diplomatic service in the legation at Naples under the famous chief of the romantic movement, the Duke of Rivas. After that he saw service in the legations at Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, Dresden and St. Petersburg. Later he was several times elected to the Cortes as Deputy and Senator; took part in the revolution of 1868; was a member of the commission to offer the throne of Spain to Amadeo after that revolution; and was intrusted with various portfolios as Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works, Assistant Secretary of State, and Member of the Council of State in the Department of Education and Justice. After this he again entered the diplomatic service and was accredited as Minister Plenipotentiary to Frankfort, Washington, and Brussels, and as Ambassador to Vienna. In 1862, he was admitted to the Spanish Royal Academy of the Language; became Senator-for-life in 1881, and in 1882 received the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit of Charles III.

Brilliant as he was in those fields, it is not, however, as diplomat or statesman

that Valera most appeals to us. This cosmopolitan experience, added to the solid foundation of a profound study of the humanities (a study kept up throughout his whole life and not limited, as in the case of so many others, to his actual residence in academic halls), was only the general equipment that Valera constantly made use of in an extremely varied literary career. He has appeared before us as poet, philosopher, critic, and novelist, and in all these phases he has shown himself master of a style of exquisite delicacy and clearness.

As a philosopher he cultivated the *auream mediocritatem* between blind belief in all dogma and rabid refusal to believe in any dogma. As a poet he brought repose, dignity, and metrical correctness to Spanish verse of the nineteenth century. Perhaps "El Fuego Divino" will outlive all his other poems. As a critic he has had an incalculable influence over two generations and on two continents. But it is especially as novelist, story-teller, and stylist that Valera will live. His prose, even the less important pieces, will be known for many years to come because of its style, and his best will be read as long as Castilian literature endures.

In this country he is known perhaps almost exclusively by his *Pepita Jiménez*. This novel is not Valera's best work, but it is none the less of prime importance in literary history, for from its appearance we date the renaissance of the Spanish novel, sunk in the Slough of Despond for over a century. Valera broke away from French influence and produced a work entirely national in spirit and in treatment, and possessed of what Coventry Patmore has described as "that complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art, and which out of Spanish literature is to be found only in Shakespeare, and even in him in a far less obvious degree."

It may not be without interest to recall what Valera himself says of the genesis of this book:

Years ago there was in Spain a conservative minister who sent a god-child of his to study philosophy in Germany. By rare chance this god-child, whose name was Julián Sanz del Río, was a man of clear and profound intelligence, of indefatigable persistence, and possessed of all the powers conducive to making of him something in the nature of an apostle. He studied, formed his system, obtained the chair of metaphysics in the University of Madrid, and founded a school which produced a brilliant galaxy of statesmen, philosophers, and men illustrious for their learning, eloquence and virtues. Among them we find in the front rank Nicolás Salmerón, Francisco Giner, Gumersindo Azcárate, Federico de Castro and Urbano González Serrano.

The clerical party soon began to make war on the master, on the pupils, and on their doctrine, accusing them of mystic pantheism. I, who had at times ridiculed the involved terms, the apparatus, and the method employed by the new philosophers, was none the less their admirer, and I came to their defence, along unbeaten paths, in newspapers and in magazines. Previously I had maintained that our great dogmatic theologians, and especially the glorious Domingo de Soto, had been more liberal than the liberal rationalists of to-day, since they affirmed the sovereignty of the people by divine right; because, if power comes from God (as St. Paul says), it is through the people, which God inspires to establish it; and because there is no power of immediate divine origin except that of the church.

So, then, I set to work to demonstrate that, if Sanz del Río and those of his school were pantheists, our mystic theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were also pantheists; and that if the moderns had as predecessors Fichte, Schnelling, Hegel, and Krause, Santa Teresa, San Juan de la Cruz, and the illuminated and ecstatic Padre Miguel de la Fuente, for example, followed Tauler and other Germans. Still, I did not deny Spanish originality to any of these writers, but on the contrary, I recognised in this closely connected transmission of doctrine the progressive interrelationship of European civilisation.

In order to carry out my purpose I read and studied with fervour every devout, ascetic, mystic Spanish book that came to hand, falling daily more and more in love with the abundance of such books in our literature, with the wealth of poetry that they contain, with the

daring and freedom of the authors, and with the profound and delicate observation with which they examine the functions of the soul, in all of which they are superior to the Scottish school. I was charmed to see how they succeed in penetrating to, and losing themselves in, the centre of the mind, the very root of the spirit itself, so as to see God himself therein and unite themselves with God, not losing their own personality nor their value in active life, but coming out of their ecstasies of divine love better fitted for any task that is useful to the human species, just as steel comes from the fiery furnace cleaner, brighter, and more highly tempered.

Because the Spanish public of to-day had forgotten all this, I wished to give it a sample of what was most poetic and most easily understood therein. But as I was a man of my times, not of the elect in these matters, and not very exemplary for my penitent life, and had the reputation of being somewhat a free-thinker, I did not dare to speak in my own name, but invented a student for the priesthood, so that he might speak. Then I imagined that I should paint more clearly the ideas and sentiments of that student if I put over against them an earthly love, and thus *Pepita Jiménez* was born. Thus I became a novelist when I least expected to do so. My novel, consequently, had all the freshness and spontaneity of the unpremeditated.

Those who have read and enjoyed *Pepita Jiménez*, with its novice-hero and its widow-heroine, should read also his *Doña Luz*. Here very much the same problems are treated, but the plan is more solid, the psychological analysis is deeper and finer, and the characters are sketched with a firmer hand. Furthermore, the problems involved are treated at a more advanced stage. The protagonist, although single at the outset, is married to a despicable character. The hero, who loves Luz and is loved by him, is not a novice, but a fully ordained priest. Both characters are strong enough to remain true to their respective obligations, although the struggle to do so costs Padre Enrique his life.

Superior to both these novels in touching sincerity, tragic power and virility of expression is *El Comendador Mendoza*, which is probably Valera's masterpiece. It is a work that appeals with almost

equal power to head and heart. The presentation of grandiose historical legends (in which Spain abounds) is united with the real characteristics of the historical novel, and philosophical problems are, more so than in the other two novels, a mere means to an artistic end.

Among his short stories, two at least may be claimed as masterpieces in little: "El Pájaro Verde" and "Asclepigenia." The former is a fairy-tale, full of Oriental imagery and told in so delightful a manner that adults enjoy its charm quite as much as do the children.

Several times I have referred to Valera's worth as a stylist. Let me give a couple of examples to show how his countrymen consider his style. It has frequently happened to me to ask a Spaniard the meaning of some phrase that I did not understand. If the person questioned likewise did not understand the phrase, and I remarked that the phrase was from Valera, the invariable reply was, "If you find it in Valera it is correct, and it must be one of those delicate turns that I have little occasion to use." The second incident is from a somewhat higher social scale. One of the most brilliant pulpit orators in Madrid—and himself a poet of no mean ability—told me that if he had time to attempt to gain a perfect style he would read something of Juan Valera for an hour every day.

The various characters in Valera's world of fiction are so sketched that each stands out distinctly from the rest, and says and thinks and does what he should say and think and do; and yet in reading Valera we are conscious of a sensation (which never loses its charm) that however much he may try to hide himself behind his characters, we are really all the time in intimate association and contact with a delightful personality, whose catholicity of taste and whose broad experience are constantly being more fully revealed to us.

This, to my mind, is what constitutes one of the most potent charms of all of Valera's work, and makes so many of us feel a personal sorrow at his death.

From the day that I finished reading *Pepita Jiménez* for the first time, I cher-

ished the hope that some day I should be permitted to meet Valera. That hope was realised in the late fall of 1901. We were ushered into his library, a large, light room, all of whose wall space was occupied by mahogany book-shelves bending under the weight of the learning and culture of the ages. In one corner a cheerful log-fire was crackling. The furnishings of the room showed taste and refinement. Seated in a low arm-chair beside a Moorish tabouret, on which still stood his after-dinner coffee-cup, was Valera. He arose as we entered, and what a picture he made! Six feet or more in height, broad shoulders squared back in military fashion and surmounted by a perfectly god-like head, which was crowned with a great halo of silky, snow-white hair—it was not hard to picture to one's self the fine figure he must have cut in the drawing-rooms and salons of Washington and elsewhere. He stood with outstretched hand and waited for us to come to him, all the while speaking words of heartiest welcome. The whole atmosphere of the place was delightful, and one felt immediately at ease. Out of courtesy to us, and also, I believe, out of real personal interest, he turned the conversation to American writers. He was very fond of "Greenleaf Whittier" and "Russell Lowell" (Spaniards usually have two family names, the father's plus the mother's), and pointed with pride to a complete presentation set of the works of the latter, whom he had known when Lowell represented the United States as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid in 1877. My feeling was indescribable as I looked upon that noble figure, listened to the brilliant conversation of that man, who had graced so many courts and diplomatic circles and who was the perfect embodiment of his people's genius, and realised that, although still in full mental vigour, he was forced to retire from the scenes of his triumphs and remain in his little corner because he was almost wholly blind. It was an afternoon that we shall never forget, and when I left him I felt as if I had been sitting at the feet of a modern Homer.

John D. Fitz-Gerald.

PIETY AND LETTERS



O have chanced upon the recent monographs on Bunyan and Newman, the *Life of Aubrey de Vere*, the new collection of the *Cowper Correspondence*, and the still newer *Life and Letters of Hawker*, may have (but probably have not) given the reader occasion to reflect a little on the relation between religious mania and literary excellence. None of these men can be said to have experienced a normal religious life. They did not rest in God, they pursued Him; and this pursuit constituted, they thought, the main object of their lives. What effect, we can but ask, did this animus have upon that portion of their writing which we consider to have been really "literary" or "creative"? It sounds like a ponderous question, to which the answer can be no more than suggested here.

Newman and de Vere evidently belong together as Anglo-Romans and fellow-mystics. Hawker, in spite of his hatred for nonconformists (or, rather, for non-conformity), and his death-bed apostasy to Rome, belongs rather with Bunyan, as of course the evangelical humourist Cowper does. The two Oxford converts are plainly of the type which represents a genuine embodiment of religious feeling in forms of literary art (I mean least of all a union of religiosity and literosity—abominable terms, which nobody could wish to wed for fear of progeny). The authorised version of the English Bible certainly supplied all such writers with a model of English prose, which they have followed in somewhat curiously varied ways. Newman, as Dr. Barry has said, "while shrinking from an application which he would have thought profane, was taught by it the grave serenity, the chastened colour, and the passionate yet reserved tone" by which his own style is distinguished. Newman's manner is, of course, not in the least like Bunyan's; it is a spirit rather than a code of rules with which that amazing casual masterpiece endows its faithful students.

Newman was, in fact, one of those rare persons who, capable of a kind of disdain for the mere cultivation of letters, for the production of "mere literature," have owed a genuine literary inspiration to a practical or spiritual experience. As to Augustine or Aquinas, religion to him was life, affairs, art; hence it was that his *Apologia*, theological document that it was, touched all hearts. Belated Mediævalism or not, it rang true; it had its unmistakable afflatus; it was neither brief nor tract; it was that ideal-real thing, that partial utterance of truth through personality, for which we are always looking, which we value more in the end than any other manifestation of power. Yet his composition, spontaneous and impassioned as it seems to be, was by no means the product of a ready writer. Newman had to the full that painful instinct of the literary craftsman. "When," was his characteristically ingenuous admission, "I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it, but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and rewrite as I was thirty years ago." Yet Newman has small patience with the cultivation of style as an extrinsic accomplishment. Style, he holds, expresses not the studied ingenuity of a writer, but "his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance. . . . The force and keenness of his logic are imaged in the tenderness or energy or richness of his language." His achievement, therefore, is "the monument not so much of his skill as of his power." Even in passages which would most obviously be called religious, Newman's own skill is most clearly subordinate to his power, yet the skill he manifests is by no means small. "I would rather be bound to defend the reasonableness of assuming that Christianity is true than to demonstrate a moral government from the physical world. . . . But if we commence with scientific knowledge and argumentative proof, or lay any great

stress upon it as the basis of personal Christianity, or attempt to make man moral and religious by libraries and museums, let us in consistency take chemists for our cooks and mineralogists for our masons." There is no denying a cogency in sentences like this, which is not merely of the earth, earthy; a vision is behind, if not expressed; here, we feel, is a prophet commenting upon matters the most practical to him in life.

In his university days, Aubrey de Vere gave his assent to the principles of Newmanism, though for a long time he shrank from taking the logical step in which so many promising men of the day felt constrained to follow the great religious leader. The superstitions and the tyrannies of hierarchical Rome oppressed him long. "I was quite astonished," he writes in an early letter from Italy, "by the entire belief in their own miracles which these over-credulous people really possess, and are quite willing to avow in this place, where the superstitions of their own church are not kept in check as they are amongst us by the neighbourhood of Protestantism.

"A lady who was trying to convert me the other day mentioned as an incontestable fact the existence of a monk at present in Rome whose devotional raptures constantly lift him four feet from the ground, and keep him there suspended. Another gentleman assures me there is a monk who sees all your thoughts, and Lord Shrewsbury asserts that all those things are so satisfactory in their proofs that no person of *common judgment* can doubt them. I wish all those persons who think the Roman religion has been changing its character with the advance of knowledge would come here and look around them; they would soon confess that though its policy changes as rapidly as that of Proteus himself, the principles of the Church of Rome are as invariably the same as the principles of pagan Rome, and that there is a very considerable resemblance between them, the ultimate object of each being a universal empire." Yet later, when he finds himself involved in the turmoil of the Anglican schisms, he "can but see a great ship lift her shining sides near our crazy little bark." What wonder if at length he climbs aboard?—

from that high safety he is to sing his clearest notes. Never has the mood of tranquil faith been uttered with greater purity, though it may, perhaps, have been uttered with greater force than in the later religious poems of Aubrey de Vere.

Bunyan is essentially a prose moralist, the effect of whose moralising is reinforced by the quick impulse of a creed. He is the apologist, not, as he has been too often thought, of a sect, but of human nature. The lusty human body of his thought is not to be obscured by the chance of its Calvinistic trappings. If *Pilgrim's Progress* were merely a long sectarian discourse, we should have forgotten it long ago. Fortunately, it is a masterpiece of the humorous imagination; religion supplies its subject-matter, that is all. The direct expressions of his personal religious experience are by no means equally impressive. Like Jonathan Edwards's *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, they seem too often merely the utterances of a religious fanatic. Some traces of the literary sense we find, to be sure, in all such outbursts. Bunyan cannot but write with vigour and a kind of scriptural picturesqueness—"I told him I thought I had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and he told me he *thought so, too*. Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort; but, talking a little more with him, I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil." To be upon terms even of armed neutrality with the great adversary, not at least to have felt the unhallowed dint of his claws and teeth—this was a form of humanity which had not quite fulfilled itself. Yet all this was figurative to the mind of Bunyan at his largest. His best work, as Mr. White admirably says, "though the form of it may be theological, has a meaning in it which is human, and the great laws of nature, eternal as the stars, may be discerned in the discussion of texts." So in the *Heavenly Footman* the prevailing tone is that of the emotional moralising of any age: "Soul, take this counsel and say, Satan, sin, lust, pleasure, profit, pride, friends, companions and everything else, let me alone, stand off, come not nigh me, for I am running for heaven, for my soul, for God, for Christ, from hell and everlasting damnation. If I win,

I win all; and if I lose, I lose all. Let me alone, for I will not hear. So run." The eager bluntness, the breathless zeal, of such passages must take hold of one strongly. Apply the same style to narrative, and we have at once a potent literary form. *Pilgrim's Progress* (or so children used to think twenty years ago) is a rattling good story, allegory and all. Certainly, it is not mere sugar-coated religion; it is separated infinitely from a modern Sunday-school book as *Comus* from *Candida*; it possesses, in short, the kind of excellence which, in despair of finding a simple and sensible word to fit it, we are forced to call "literary," or "artistic," or "creative." The book is as much a part of our literary heritage as *Job* or *Lear*. We are inclined to doubt whether Mr. White, in his otherwise admirable monograph, need have given a fifth of his space to what is really an abridgment of the famous narrative.

The *Cowper Correspondence* is a more important as well as a more imposing publication. The form used is the large octavo, which appears just now to be the fashion for collections of letters, but the volumes are light, and the page shows none of that pompous magnitude of type which is an irritating obstacle to the progress of a rapid reader. The editor (though the tone of his introductory matter is sufficiently self-gratulatory) does not claim that this is a "complete edition" of Cowper's letters. It seems, however, to be as nearly complete as we need hope or even wish to have. We may go farther, and suggest that a final edition would gain by the omission of not a few of the letters here included. Some of them are not only without special significance, but really trivial and dull. If Cowper was, as Mr. Wright triumphantly calls him, "the greatest of English letter-writers" (by no means an obvious fact), he is to be regarded so on the strength of a few remarkable epistolary light essays; the rest of his correspondence we peruse out of affection or curiosity.

As for his outpourings of religious feeling, they contain not one passage which we can wish to remember in connection with Cowper's name. His religious mania took an unusually painful form. He lacked that subsidiary robust-

ness of nature which made it possible for Bunyan to emerge a stronger man from his two years' self-conviction of the sin against the Holy Ghost. If Bunyan felt himself to be under condemnation, he was suffering, at least, as a criminal of some dignity. There must always be a kind of Satanic exaltation in imagining one's self the unique offender of a society and of an age. Such illusions rank among those infirmities of noble minds which, as a rule, either kill or cure. Cowper had no compensation of the kind; he felt himself not so much a great sinner as a wretched victim of divine wrath. Why he did not know, but he had been singled out from among all the sons of men for the scorn of "an angry God." This was a pleasant eventuality quite reconcilable with the holdings of the evangelical faith as it then obtained. During a number of years previous to his arrival at this sense of enduring spiritual loss, his letters are filled with what is neither more nor less than the evangelical cant of the day: "I know it is good to be afflicted. I trust you have found it so, and that under the teaching of God's own spirit we shall both be purified. It is the desire of my soul to seek a better country, where God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of his people; and where, looking back upon the ways by which He has led us, we shall be filled with everlasting wonder, love, and praise."

We need not doubt that such employment of the conventional phraseology indicates sincere feeling, but it does not even remotely resemble literature; it fails to express any sort of "truth through personality," and is not even of decided value as a "human document." Of interest upon the latter count, and for that tense "lowness of tone," which we connect with the admired tradition of "classical restraint," is at least one passage in a letter written many years after the strange crisis of 1773. "Adam's approach to the Tree of Life, after he had sinned, was not more effectually prohibited by the flaming sword that turned every way than mine to its great Antitype has been now almost these thirteen years, a short interval of three or four days, which passed about this time twelvemonth, alone excepted. For what reason

it is that I am thus excluded, if I am ever again to be admitted, is known to God only. I can say but this: that if He is still my Father, this paternal severity has toward me been such as that I have reason to account unexampled. For though others have suffered desertion, yet few, I believe, for so long a time, and perhaps none a desertion accompanied with such experiences. But they have this belonging to them, that as they are not fit for recital, being made up merely of infernal ingredients, so neither are they susceptible of it, for I know no language in which they could be expressed. They are as truly things which it is not possible for man to utter as those which Paul saw and heard in the third heaven. . . . In such a situation of mind, encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair, and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror, I first commenced an author. Distress drove me to it, and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment still recommends it."

With Cowper, indeed, authorship seems to have been regarded as a comfortable substitute for that playing with carpenters' tools, with hares, squirrels and guinea-pigs, which had relieved his earlier years. To "commence author" had not yet got to be quite reputable. The odour of Grub Street was still strong in the nostril of your gentleman-writer, and Cowper was of that most fastidious type of gentleman, the rustic recluse. Like Fitzgerald and Hawker, he might be indifferent to certain forms of convention, was capable even of slovenliness, but never for a moment forgot what was due his station. There seems never to have been a person (unless it may have been Fitzgerald) more genuinely insensible of any "call" to the active life. He seems to have been quite sincere in regarding his writing as a casual diversion; his religious predicament was to his imagination the overwhelmingly important issue of his life. One doubts whether it was really so. It must surely be highly uncomfortable to be possessed of a devil. Cowper had his moments of violent mania and after them his hallucinations, his voices, his sense of being damned. It may be not quite brutal to fancy in all this a gloomy sort of recreation for the Olney recluse—

a change undesirable, but still a change, from good Mrs. Unwin. In Mrs. Unwin, and what she stood for, lay the main occupation and theme of the sane Cowper. Consequently, his pious letters and poems are the part of his work which we could best spare—next always to his translation of Homer. We remember him as the familiar humourist, the chronicler of passionless and often trivial domesticities. That was an excellent suggestion made by a recent writer in the *New York Evening Post*: that we ought some time to have (what the present editor has failed to give us) an assembling of Cowper's familiar poems and letters, which should bring together passages dealing with the same themes or belonging clearly to the same period. This would give us pretty much all of Cowper that we really esteem for its own sake.

The *Life of R. S. Hawker*, by his son-in-law, must be regarded as one of the best biographies of recent years. Here was that double risk of undue revelation and undue adoration which must always threaten the filial biographer. Mr. Byles has been successful in avoiding both difficulties. Full as his record is, it contains nothing irrelevant to our study of the man, and it seems to suppress nothing. One slighting of emphasis there is, singularly like that one has noted in the narrative of the younger Crabbe, the almost minute allusion to a habit without our knowledge of which we should have failed to understand much of the work of both writers and not a little of their conduct: "He took opium at first as a medicine, afterwards from habit, and there can be little doubt that this explained a great deal in his character and mental attitude. Under its influence, perhaps, much of his finest work in poetry was written, but it had its inevitable reaction in irritability and moods of profound depression. He broke himself of the habit after his second marriage, but renewed it some years before his death." This is all, and yet here is the key to Hawker's hallucinations, to his excitability, to his inconsistency and to his productiveness. A comparison of the effects of religion, alcohol and opium upon imaginative work (no doubt some German did the thing long ago in Latin) could

hardly give opium the worst of the argument. Somewhere on the slopes of Helicon is a poppy-bordered spring, where loiter the ghosts of Crabbe and Coleridge, de Quincey and Hawker, now stooping to drink, now lifting their heads to discourse strangely and grandly of things beyond our mortal and undrugged ken. Who but an opium-eater could have written a traveller's note like this: "We ascended by a narrow stair of stone from the north wall into a small, low chamber, called still the Monk's room—it is an obvious cell. There lived a solitary man. There dwelt thought as a Demon and Memory attired in the garb of a Fiend. Long years, long years—the vigil of the night, the abstinence of the day, the solitary yell, the lonely psalm, the Mea Culpa of a goaded mind. Mother of God, why is thy face so like to hers I slew? Oh, let my hell burn now. Let those who torture come before the time"—and then ever and anon in the pauses of the public mass, a sob, a wail, an echo from the wall, a whisper from a Man to his Mate, "It is the Monk." Of even less dubitable inspiration is the remarkable fragment beginning: "It was the Day when the Thrones and the Princedoms had glided each from his orb, to burn with Tidings of their Errand amid the conscious light of God: and Arioch, the Angel of England, was there. Now, in those realms, there is neither Voice nor Utterance, nor any sound. For the thoughts of a Spirit are Things, and their minds beam out and

shine around them like Breath visible or Air."

Hawker's religion was in part a profession, in part a cult. He was incapable of the spiritual struggles which he would have considered the just punishment of dissenters, whom, for their lack of faith, he called the "Great Unspooked." He himself was fully Spooked; he discerned fairy rings in his meadows, he once saw a Brownie, and a Pixie, he preached, was the wandering spirit of an unchristened infant. He made the sign against the evil eye, and his favourite seal was the pentacle of Solomon. . . . Such a man needed no proof of miracles; such a man was capable of exacting the last farthing of tithe-arrearages from dissenters who wished their dead buried in consecrated ground. Hawker was, in short, an ecclesiastic of the old school, local magnate as well as priest, a learned if not always trustworthy antiquary, master of a glebe, truly original writer of countryside sketches and ballads, a poet who, at his best, Tennyson admitted, had beaten him on his own ground. His favourite tobacco was Latakia, his favourite author was Aquinas. These facts and many others of equal interest this book holds for true lovers of the Cornish Ballads and the Footprints, and the letters contain many passages in the very best chronicling vein of that genuine worthy, the Vicar of Morwenstow.

H. W. Boynton.



THE ART OF CONVINCING AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



UNTIL recently the routine book reviewer who wished to utter the final word in praise of a scene, a character or a novel solemnly recorded that it was convincing. At present, however, there are hopeful signs that the popularity of this overworked, threadbare word is on the wane, and that the mere writing of it no longer evokes the old-time pleasant glow of self-complacency. As a matter of fact, it always was a feeble, inadequate, back-handed sort of praise, comparable to vaunting the merits of a clock for keeping time, or a piano for being in tune. To say that a novel is convincing is, after all, nothing more than to say that, in the opinion of one individual reader, it is not glaringly artificial; that while he read it he was carried along by the interest of it to the extent of forgetting that it was a tissue of fabrications, the stuff that dreams are made of. It is a wonder that novelists do not feel more chagrined than pleased when they are told in this dogmatic sort of way that their stories possess a quality without which it were better that they never had been written. Imagine the feelings of a landscape painter if cordially assured that his meadow, his willow trees, his group of Alderney cows, are quite convincing—good enough, in other words, to convince us that they really are trees and cows and not telegraph poles or scarecrows.

It is, however, a rather sad commentary upon current fiction, an evidence of comparatively low standards, that the possession of this vital quality of carrying conviction has come to be regarded as something distinguishing and exceptional; it speaks ill for the average novel of the day if a book which throbs and tingles with the pulse of reality stands out conspicuously. In this twentieth century, the art of novel writing ought to have reached the point where a book

which might justly be branded as unconvincing would remain in the outer darkness of unaccepted manuscripts. Yet it is a fact, and one which tends to make critics pessimistic, that even in volumes which come from practised hands you will every now and then run up against some character, some episode, perhaps merely some scrap of dialogue, which not only fails to convince, but fairly slaps you in the face with its glaring falsity to life. It does not necessarily follow that the moment an author ceases to produce a faithful picture of life he becomes melodramatic; a figure may be equally out of drawing whether it represents a Leonidas leading a forlorn hope or a Charlotte cutting bread and butter. An incompetent disciple of Jane Austen may be as unconvincing as one who emulates the "big bowwow style" of Scott. But those who paint the trivialities of life enjoy the advantage of having their models always with them. The even flow of social small talk, the cheerful clatter of the dinner dishes, the gnat-like swarm of daily petty vexations, may be recorded with photographic fidelity, almost without quitting our easy chair, while the novelist who goes in for the social and physical cataclysms of life, who pictures wars and avalanches and typhoons, must trust to memory and to hearsay evidence, and often lack that assured touch which carries conviction with it.

Accordingly, in nine cases out of ten, the story or the chapter of a story which suddenly jars us into a consciousness of its artificiality is out-and-out melodrama—a sequence of incidents that in themselves are distinctly extraordinary, and which the author has not helped us to accept by a multitude of little details which explain and persuade. It may be laid down almost with the assurance of an axiom that incidents in themselves do not make melodrama; it is the way in which they are presented to us which makes all the difference between melo-

drama and realism. Murders, suicides, trolley-car collisions—these things are a part of life, even if they are not among life's commonplaces. The front pages of our yellowest journals bristle daily with enough horrors to equip the average novelist the rest of his days. Yet no one thinks of branding them as melodramatic or as lacking in convincing force. They are all too grimly real. And the writer who put them one and all into the pages of a single book would still be within his rights. No one may say that a particular accident could not have happened on a certain day, or a particular crime have been committed. It all depends upon the fidelity of little details, the lucidity with which he shows us the sequence of facts that led up to the murder or the misplaced switch, whether we find the author unconvincing.

In most cases where the illusion of truth is spoiled, it is due to forgetfulness or the failure to see clearly just how things would have happened in real life. The hero of melodrama is usually exasperatingly immaculate. He may have been dragged for rods by a runaway horse or buried alive under the fallen timbers of a burning house, but he comes out unscathed; with the rescued heroine in his arms. The mere mention of a wilted collar, a singed moustache, might have saved the situation. A good case in point is an episode in one of last year's successful novels, written by one of our ablest women writers. The episode in question deals with the midnight visit of a mother to the office where her son, a young architect, is toiling over some important plans. Now the mother is a frail, nervous little woman; the son's office is in the thirteenth story of a down-town office building; the elevators, of course, have long since stopped running for the night, although the author fails to mention them; the reader who grasps the situation finds himself sympathetically panting for breath as he mentally follows the little lady up that dozen flights of stairs; he is fully prepared to have her arrive speechless, with her hand pressed over her beating heart, and to have her son greet her with a gentle reproach for so overtaxing her strength. Well, in the book nothing of the kind happens; if the

lady is out of breath, she does not show it, for she at once rushes into a voluble argument with her son on matters far removed from physical and worldly considerations. If you have never happened to climb the stairs of a New York skyscraper, or if you do not happen to remember those stairs, the scene is well enough. But if you do, why then the arrival of the lady, cool and collected, if not actual melodrama, is something very much like it.

An admirable illustration of the lack of any necessary connection between melodrama on the one hand and a sequence of fantastic and improbable happenings on the other is afforded by William J. Locke's latest volume, *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*. It is a refreshingly whimsical book, the sort of book that might have been written by an Anglo-Saxon Anatole France in holiday mood. Yet told in epitome, it sounds like a tissue of absurdities. Marcus Ordeyne—Sir Marcus, to give him his due—is a bookworm and a confirmed bachelor, the hopeless sort of bachelor who occasionally enjoys a couple of hours with some child, because "the enjoyment is enhanced by the feeling of utter thankfulness that he is not my child, but somebody else's." The opening pages are a deliciously frank portrayal of egotistical content between his stolid English valet, Stenson, his fat French cook, Antoinette, his one-eyed cat, Polyphemus, his treasured *cinquecento* volumes and his long-standing and vaguely defined relations with Judith, an intelligent and sympathetic little lady living in "the purloins of Tottenham Court Road." And all of a sudden Sir Marcus's carefully planned scheme of existence, even his code of morals, is rudely shaken to its foundations by a most unprecedented occurrence. Fate leads him one day to the Thames embankment, where by rights nothing extraordinary should have happened to him, but where, as a matter of fact, he encounters a strange young woman, a poor little waif whose only knowledge of life had been gleaned within the walls of an Eastern harem, and who is now utterly dazed and terrified by

the rush and whirl of the metropolis. When this strange apparition in bizarre apparel appeals to him for help, and tells an extraordinary tale to account for her presence in London, it is the turn of Sir Marcus to feel dazed. It is not a tale which invites confidence, and Sir Marcus frankly disbelieves it until he looks into her big, innocent eyes. Then he capitulates.

I told her to give me time. One is not in the habit of meeting abducted Lights of the Harem in the Embankment Gardens, beneath the National Liberty Club. It was, in fact, a bewildering occurrence. I looked around me. Nothing seemed to have happened during the last ten minutes. A pale young man on the next bench whom I had noticed when I entered, was reading a dirty pink newspaper. Pigeons and sparrows hopped about unconcernedly. On the file of cabs, just perceptible through the foliage, the cabmen lolled in listless attitudes.

And so on through a lengthy series of vivid trivialities the author makes his stage setting so real and his Sir Marcus so thoroughly human that by sheer force of contrast he wins credence for the young woman from the harem—and very largely because, however extraordinary we find her, we can never be any more astonished and bewildered by her peculiarities than is Sir Marcus himself. The subsequent story, which is of the kind that might easily be ruined by a clumsy touch, and which in point of fact is delicately handled almost to the last, pictures the serious havoc wrought upon Sir Marcus after he has, out of pure benevolence, installed this unsophisticated and embarrassing young person in his bachelor apartments. It seems a pity that a volume which for the most part is written in a vein of indulgent satire and tender humour should be marred by the tragic touch of the harem girl's elopement with another man.

Robert Grant is certainly one of our American authors to whom one would not think of applying the reproach of being unconvincing. And yet *The Orchid* is a book that one lays down with a feeling of disappointment akin to exasperation. One feels that while many

another writer might have handled the same theme without making half so much out of it, Mr. Grant could, if he had chosen, have made vastly more. Clever as it is in its scenes, its dialogues, its enjoyable diversity of types, the real merit of the little volume lies not so much in what it actually gives as in what it suggests. The theme had possibilities for a long novel, a searching piece of psychological vivisection, after the fashion of a Henry James. Mr. Grant has chosen to squander it upon a "novelette." The rather banal situation of a young woman who has married for money, believing herself temperamentally cold, and when too late meets a man with the power to stir her pulse, takes on an entirely new aspect, owing to the existence of a child which the husband idolises, while the wife feels nothing for it, unless aversion. She wants a divorce, and she plays upon her husband's love for the child, threatening not only to leave him, but to take the little girl with her, unless he will buy her at the cost of half his fortune and the withdrawal of any defence to her divorce suit. Now "unconvincing" would certainly be the wrong word to apply to this story of *The Orchid*. Society is full of just such hot-house productions as Lydia Arnold, whose marriage with the Herbert Maxwells of real life would in most cases result in a similar fiasco. It is even quite conceivable that such a woman, having once taken a dislike to her child, on account of its resemblance to her husband's family, might end by bartering her claim to it in exchange for her own freedom. One does not disbelieve the story; one simply wishes that it was somewhat less sketchy. It is written far too much from the outside; much that is essential the reader learns at second-hand through the gossip of friends. Yet this outside attitude is not steadily and consistently adhered to—after the highly artistic manner, for instance, in which Mr. James in *The Ambassadors* persists in following out his entire plot through the indirect medium of Mr. Strethers's knowledge. On the contrary, on several occasions we are permitted to overhear conversations of quite an intimate and crucial nature between husband and wife or between wife and lover. Yet back of these, and be-

tween the lines, we dimly conjecture a far-stretching vista of similar scenes—incipient misunderstandings, growing antagonism, sharp altercations, protracted wars of words, the whole wretched, hidden drama of a loveless marriage, and a wife faithless in thought if not in deed. Yet the ability to suggest so much in so few lines is in itself a talent none too common. *The Orchid* is an interesting example of a psychological problem, worked out along lines almost purely realistic.

The Rose of the World, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, is an instance of the

novel which, without warning, suddenly gives you the sensation of a blow in the face through its extravagant disregard

of probabilities. To the reader who begins by taking the book seriously, and who finds a distinct merit in its delicate development of an unusual motif, there is a rude awakening in the discovery that the authors have elected to make their story end happily, at the cost of common sense. The first half of the book is so strong, so vivid, so carefully developed, that it was deserving of a better fate. Rosamund Gerardine has been twice married, first to a gallant young English officer, who fell eight years ago guarding a mountain pass on the Indian frontier, and secondly to Sir Arthur Gerardine, the lieutenant-governor, pompous, dictatorial and middle-aged. Rosamund had never loved her first husband; she was then too young, too immature. Her heart was hardly ready to awaken when he was sent away to hold at any cost a mountain outpost, and after weeks of siege and sickness and starvation was cut down in plain sight of his friends just as the relief expedition had reached him. Rosamund remarried, almost before a decent period of mourning had elapsed. She never spoke her first husband's name, never asked the details of his death, never even opened the package of papers he had left, his last letter to her, his diary kept throughout the weary weeks of the siege. But as the years go by and the strain of her present loveless marriage becomes constantly harder to bear, she begins to treasure secretly the memory of

her first husband, and to look upon the little tin box that holds his unopened papers as something to be guarded sacredly. Suddenly this secret joy is rudely broken in upon by the arrival of her first husband's most intimate friend, Major Bethune, the man who shared with him the perils of the siege, the man who saw him fall. Major Bethune privately despises her for her former coldness to her first husband, her hasty marriage to her second. He is therefore much surprised at her curt refusal to let him have the letters and papers in her possession, which he needs to use in preparing a biography of his friend. The woman cannot bring herself to part with the letters; she knows now that if her husband had come back from the siege she would have learned to love him; she realises for the first time what she has lost. And when, at the command of Sir Arthur, who cannot understand her reluctance, she finally consents to collaborate with Bethune in preparing the biography, and forces herself to open and read the diary, we have the curious and subtle study of a woman's heart awakening to a passionate love for a man whom eight years before she had scarcely mourned with decency. To this point the story is unfolded with admirable subtlety; the woman's physical and mental condition, her racked nerves, and the effect upon them of the message from the dead, the powerful appeal of the journal of the siege, which is one long, brave, pathetic love-letter—it is all so good, so sufficient, that one cannot resist a protest against the cheapening effect—one might almost say the anticlimax—of the end. The gallant soldier-husband, it seems, is not dead after all, but after a captivity of five years returned to find his wife remarried, and, disguised as a Hindoo, has for many months been living in the house as her second husband's secretary, trying to make up his mind whether it is for her best good to have him disclose his identity or not. At one stroke a delicate psychological study is metamorphosed into a Wilkie Collins melodrama.

An interesting instance of two authors independently hitting upon and elaborating the same central idea is furnished

by two volumes belonging to the fiction of the current month, *The Vision of Elijah Berl*, by Frank Lewis Nason, and *Justin Wingate, Ranchman*, by John H. Whitson. Both these stories deal in a general way with an attempt to reclaim large tracts of barren land in the far West through irrigation. In both of them there is a mystical, visionary character, a sort of religious fanatic, who prophesies a time when the desert shall blossom like the rose, and in both the prophecy eventually comes true, in spite of the villain's attempt to frustrate the work of irrigation by destroying a dam erected at great expense, an attempt that is discovered and checked in both books by the heroine. But aside from these general points of resemblance, the two stories part company quite widely. Mr. Nason's book is decidedly the stronger piece of work, as well as the more original. Elijah Berl, the fanatic, believes that he is divinely ordained to accomplish the regeneration of a vast region of Southern California. He has demonstrated on a small scale the practicability of raising orange trees in this locality; he convinces some Eastern capitalists of the practicability of boring a tunnel through the mountain and converting to their use the waters of a river flowing on the other side; and they forthwith organise a company to buy up and develop a large tract of available land. But beyond this, Elijah has discovered something far more important, namely, the existence of a frostless belt, miles upon miles of land which may be bought from the Mexican owners for a nominal

price, and which, properly irrigated, will be worth untold fortunes. And so firmly convinced is Elijah of his heaven-sent mission that he sees no harm in misappropriating the funds of the company already formed, and with them buying up all the land he can get in his own name and for his own profit. At least, he does not see the immorality of his deed until it is too late to draw back, and then his overwrought mind quite gives way, culminating in a tragedy which has been so ingeniously foreshadowed as to seem when it comes not only convincing, but inevitable.

Mr. Whitson's book pictures the cattle ranch of Colorado in place of the orange grove of California, and shows something of the clash, both physical and political, that took place between the cattlemen

and the farmers before the practice of herding in the open was abolished. It would be a better story, however, and a more plausible one, if less mystery were made of the parentage of Justin Wingate, and if Dr. Clayton, the taciturn physician who adopted him, had frankly told people that the dashing young woman called Sybil, who comes and goes unexpectedly in its pages, is his divorced wife, who is leading a scandalous life in Denver. It is difficult to accept Sybil and the doctor as real flesh-and-blood people, but much of the story is readable, and just at the end there is a stampede of cattle so described that you can actually feel the tremble of the earth under their hoofs as you read.

Fredric Taber Cooper.



TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART VI.—“A SPIRITED FOREIGN POLICY”



IN January, 1891, a furious civil war broke out in Chile. Of all the Spanish-American republics, Chile has been the only one to conduct its foreign and domestic affairs in such a way as to win the respect of other nations. Situated in the temperate zone and ribbed with mountain ranges, its climatic and geographic conditions seem to have developed in its people certain characteristics for which one looks in vain among the other South American states. The government of Chile has been conspicuous for its intelligence, conservatism and integrity. Its finances have been ably administered. Order has been maintained through the strict enforcement of enlightened laws. Its political institutions are modelled upon those of the United States; and throughout the greater part of its history it has been free from turbulence and mercenary insurrection. Its successful war with Bolivia and Peru in 1881 showed that Chile deserved consideration as a military and naval power.

The knowledge of these facts, however, has led the Chilean people to cultivate a self-consciousness which does not always show itself in the most attractive forms. Educated Chileans are apt to forget that, after all, their nation is a very small one and that, from the nature of things, it cannot figure very conspicuously in the history of the world. They are too fond of comparing it with the wretched little republics which are its immediate neighbours; and they forget that while Chile is an important State when contrasted with Peru or Uruguay or Venezuela, it is only a dwarf beside the United States or the giant nations of Europe. But the typical Chilean has a dream of his own, and one which he has

cherished for more than fifty years. He believes that ultimately his country is to assert an hegemony over all the Spanish-speaking peoples of South America, and even in the end to extend its influence northward, until, at last, having absorbed even Mexico, Chile shall confront the mighty North American Republic upon the borders of the Rio Grande. There are not a few Chileans to-day who think that by the end, perhaps, of another century the United States may have to do battle with this Southern rival for the mastery of the Western world. There is a touch of Spanish vanity in this magnificent vision; yet, though to Americans it may seem only ludicrous and fantastic, it appeals very strongly not merely to the Chilean imagination but to the Chilean sense of probability. Not unnaturally, therefore, the statesmen of that small republic have always been very sensitive concerning the claim of the United States to concern itself with South American affairs; and they resent the assumption that the Monroe Doctrine has any application to their country. It is necessary to remember these facts in order to understand the drift of the events which are now to be narrated.

In 1886, Chile elected as its President one of those extremely able but unscrupulous men who appear from time to time in South American nations, and of whom Francia of Paraguay and Guzman Blanco of Venezuela serve in history as interesting types. This was Señor Don José Manuel Balmaceda, whose rule up to the end of 1890 was marked by the most enlightened measures. He belonged to the so-called Progressist Party, and while President he did much to promote public education, to foster internal improvements and generally to develop the resources of his country. His political op-

ponents, however, who headed a sort of oligarchy made up of leading members of the Chilean Congress, accused the President of plotting to perpetuate his power by securing the election of a tool of his as his successor. When he dissolved Congress, the Congressional Party proclaimed a civil war* and sought to overthrow Balmaceda by force of arms.

In this struggle, the United States had no direct interest; but various circumstances soon led to complications of a very serious nature. It had been for thirty years the policy of our government to give no encouragement to revolts in other countries. Mr. Blaine, therefore, by President Harrison's direction, continued as before to recognise Balmaceda as the lawful head of the Chilean Republic, and to refuse to accord to the Congressionalists the belligerent rights which they claimed. Balmaceda had been legally elected President. He held possession of the capital of the country. He controlled an army which was carrying on operations in the field against the rebels. Therefore, why should the United States sever its official relations with him and suddenly recognise his enemies?

The case seemed plain enough; yet there were circumstances which made the situation somewhat delicate. Ever since the events of 1882, which have already been narrated,† Mr. Blaine had been viewed with a certain rancour by Chileans of all classes. They regarded him as an intermeddler, or even worse, and honestly believed him to be actuated by a feeling of hostility to Chilean interests. Therefore, when he continued to recognise Balmaceda, the Congressional Party in Chile claimed that his action was due to this unfriendly spirit; and before long they professed to see what they called his malign influence at work against them. A good part of the Chilean navy had joined the revolutionists. Some engagements took place between these ships and those whose officers were Balmacedists. A small American squadron under Rear-Admiral Brown had been ordered to Chilean waters to protect American interests, and the Congressionalists asserted in very bitter language that officers from

American vessels had acted as spies; that they had reported to Balmaceda the strength and also the movements of the rebel ships; and that in various other ways the naval force of the United States had violated the requirements of strict neutrality. Admiral Brown indignantly denied this charge, which was repeated in the most offensive manner. There was no evidence at all to justify it. But it was generally believed by the Congressionalists who had now got possession of the entire seacoast, and especially of the great fortified port of Valparaiso. Hatred of the United States became nearly universal after an incident which occurred in May.

Early in that month, a Chilean ship, the *Itata*, chartered by the Congressional Party, put in at the harbour of San Diego, in California. It was reported to the government at Washington that the *Itata* was taking on a cargo of arms and ammunition for the Chilean rebels, in defiance of our neutrality laws. On May 6th, a United States marshal took possession of the ship, forbidding it to leave the port. On the following day, the *Itata's* commander cut his cable, overpowered the United States officers, and put to sea, carrying them away as prisoners. This high-handed procedure stirred the Washington Government to instant action. The cruiser *Charleston* was despatched in swift pursuit with orders to take the *Itata*, and to sink her if resisted. When the Chileans heard of this, the hot-heads among them sent their new steel cruiser, the *Esmeralda*, to meet the *Itata* and to protect her against capture. The *Charleston* and the *Esmeralda* were ships of equal size and armament, and the result of a fight between them was awaited with breathless expectancy. It was supposed that the *Itata* would put in at the harbour of Acapulco on the Mexican coast; and to this harbour the *Charleston* hastened. The *Esmeralda* did the same; and both cruisers lay there with steam up, with decks cleared for action, and with the crews ready beside their guns. It was an exciting moment: but no shot was fired, for the *Itata* failed to appear, and made her way direct to her destination. By the time of her arrival there, the Congressionalists had thought better of their

*January 7, 1891.

†See BOOKMAN for April, p. 148.

defiance of the United States; and on June 4th, they delivered up the *Itata* to Rear-Admiral McCann, in command of the American squadron at Iquique.*

The revolt in Chile proved to be successful. On August 7th, Balmaceda's forces were routed by the Congressional army, which marched upon the capital, Santiago, and entered it in triumph. Balmaceda took refuge in the Argentine legation, where, on September 18th, he committed suicide. A new government was proclaimed in Chile under the presidency of Señor Jorge Montt. Everywhere the revolutionists prevailed, and they were now recognised by the United States. The most serious part of the whole affair was, however, still to come.

Soon after becoming Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine had secured the appointment, as Minister to Chile, of Mr. Patrick Egan. Mr. Egan was one of the group whom Blaine's political opponents were accustomed derisively to call "Blaine Irishmen." He had not long been naturalised as an American citizen, having come to this country somewhat hastily to escape arrest and imprisonment at the hands of the British authorities in Ireland, who charged him with political offences in connection with the Irish Land League. Critics of the administration in this country spoke of Mr. Egan as "an escaped jail-bird" and even insinuated that he had been connected with the Phoenix Park murders in 1882. There was not a shadow of truth in all this. Mr. Egan was a man of ability and honour, and had simply made himself disliked by the Castle set in Dublin at a time when the British Government was trying one of its periodical experiments in repression. Nevertheless, his appointment to a diplomatic post was properly open to criticism: and in Chile, especially, where there were so many influential English residents, it was the cause of social embarrassment. Mr. Egan, moreover, in carrying out his early instructions to recognise the Balmaceda Government, had perhaps erred through excess of zeal: so that he was peculiarly obnoxious to the Congress-

sionalists, who regarded him as a partisan of their enemy.

When Santiago fell and the troops of the revolution entered that city, intoxicated with their victory, many of the Balmacedists, fearing for their lives, took refuge in the American legation, begging the protection of the Minister. By the law of nations, the precincts of an embassy or of a legation are regarded as being the soil of that country whose flag flies over it; but whether the immunity which such a place enjoys should be used to protect citizens of the State to which the embassy is accredited, is a disputed point. Mr. Egan, however, received the Balmacedists—among them the late Minister of Foreign Affairs and the late Governor of Santiago, together with members of their households. The new Chilean Ministry demanded the surrender of the fugitives. Mr. Egan hoisted the American flag and declined to accede to the demand. The Chileans were furious, yet they hesitated to violate the sanctity of the legation. They tried other means, however, hoping to annoy Mr. Egan into a compliance. The neighbourhood of his residence swarmed with spies. Drunken soldiers reeled by, yelling out vile epithets and making boisterous threats. It was learned by Mr. Egan that a plot was laid to set fire to the legation and thus drive out the fugitives. Meanwhile, the Chilean State Department carried on a correspondence with the American Minister with regard to the rights of the question from the standpoint of international law. Here Mr. Egan neatly scored on his adversary in a series of very able notes, in which it was shown that in 1866, during a revolution in Peru, the Chilean Government had directed its Minister in that country to insist upon two principles,—the right of asylum and the right of safe conduct to a neutral territory of persons taking shelter in a foreign legation. In 1888, at the Congress of American Republics, Chile had again asserted the same principles. Mr. Egan, in fact, made out so good a case as to put an end to the design of taking his guests from him by force, though the right of safe conduct was still denied.

All this controversy, following upon

*Snit was afterward brought to test the legality of the government's action in seizing the *Itata* at San Diego. The Supreme Court decided in favour of the United States.

the charge against Admiral Brown and upon the affair of the *Itata*, intensified Chilean animosity toward the United States. The newspapers contained violent attacks upon Egan, Blaine, and Americans in general. Every sort of slanderous story was circulated and believed, and day by day popular feeling grew more and more inflamed. At this time the United States cruiser *Baltimore*, commanded by Captain W. S. Schley, was in the harbour of Valparaiso. On October 17th, Captain Schley rather unwisely gave shore-leave to nearly one hundred of his sailors. Within a few hours after they had landed they were surrounded by a mob of over two thousand Chileans, who separated them into small groups and then attacked them. The sailors were unarmed, but defended themselves manfully until a body of fifty policemen took part in the assault upon them with carbines and bayonets. Two of the Americans were killed—one of them being shot by a policeman—and eighteen were badly stabbed, cut, or bruised by stones. The rest were dragged to prison, some of them by the heels through the streets, amid the threats, curses, and uproar of the mob.

The news of this affair naturally caused great indignation in the United States and led to a long and voluminous diplomatic correspondence, as well as to a sharp interchange of notes between Captain Schley of the *Baltimore* and the Intendente of Valparaiso. Of course, the sailors who had been dragged to prison were speedily released, but the Chilean authorities were unwilling to admit that the United States had a just grievance. An investigation instituted by Captain Schley showed the facts concerning the assault to have been those which have been set forth above—that the police of Valparaiso had taken part with the mob in shooting and otherwise assaulting unarmed bluejackets. The Chileans, on the other hand, asserted that the Americans were drunk, and that they had provoked the attack by their outrageous conduct. The charge of drunkenness was doubtless true, for sailors of whatever nationality are not wont to ask for shore-leave from motives which would commend themselves to total abstinence so-

cieties.* But it was perfectly evident that the attack had been made upon them because of hatred to the uniform which they wore, and was directed against them, not as individuals, but as Americans. The conduct of the police, moreover, showed an official animosity which surpassed even that of the rabble. Under the circumstances, Secretary Blaine insisted upon a specific apology from the Chilean Government, and upon an indemnity to the wounded men and to the families of those who had been killed. The Chileans put this demand aside pending a further investigation on their part. This investigation dragged along interminably, and on November 25th Mr. Blaine complained of the delay. The Chilean Minister in Washington informed him that Spanish law was "slow in its processes, but exact in its conclusions;" and with this statement Mr. Blaine was for the time forced to be content.

It was fairly evident that the Chileans intended to postpone any definite action and to let the affair drag along until it should have been half forgotten. From time to time vague hints were made looking to arbitration, but nothing specific was suggested. Meanwhile, the newspapers of Santiago and Valparaiso continued their abuse of the "North Americans," and especially of Mr. Egan and Mr. Blaine. It looked as though the final outcome of the incident might be very grave. As a precautionary measure, the United

*Commander Evans afterwards summed the matter up very bluntly in these words: "He [Captain Schley] was in the midst of a correspondence with the Intendente, conducted in the most perfect Castilian, to show, or prove, that his men were all perfectly sober when they were assaulted on shore. I did not agree with him in this, for in the first place I doubted the fact, and in the second, it was not an issue worth discussing. His men were probably drunk on shore, properly drunk; they went ashore, many of them, for the purpose of getting drunk, which they did on Chilean rum paid for with good United States money. When in this condition they were more entitled to protection than if they had been sober. This was my view of it, at least, and the one I always held about men whom I commanded. Instead of protecting them, the Chileans foully murdered these men, and we believed with the connivance and assistance of armed policemen. That was the issue—not the question of whether they were drunk or sober."

States Government put all its vessels of war into commission. Rear-Admiral Walker with a squadron was ordered to Brazil, and the vessels already off the Pacific Coast were held in readiness for active service. At this time, the opposition press in the United States very intemperately accused Mr. Blaine of seeking to stir up a war with Chile. Looking back upon all the evidence, it is impossible now to hold this view. Mr. Blaine's



ROBLEY D. EVANS

attitude was a firm one, yet it is certain that all the while he was exerting his influence to hold back the President. Mr. Harrison was perhaps unconsciously influenced by the thought that a foreign war would almost certainly re-elect him; but whatever his motives, he seemed anxious to force matters to a point at which war would become inevitable. Mr. Blaine, on the other hand, employed patience, and refrained from any action which could be regarded as precipitate.* The *Baltimore* was withdrawn from Valparaiso. The *Boston*, which was cruising in Chilean waters, merely touched there

*From this time probably dates the estrangement between the President and Mr. Blaine, which was to have important consequences.

and then proceeded northward. During the critical days of December, although the harbour of Valparaiso was crowded with foreign ships of war, the United States was represented only by the little gunboat *Yorktown*, under the orders of Commander Robley D. Evans.

Commander Evans was a Virginian, who had adhered to the Union throughout the Civil War, in which he had fought with great gallantry, receiving several serious wounds. He was popularly known to his comrades in the navy as "Fighting Bob," a name which was always a curious puzzle to the honest commander himself, for in his own estimation he was one of the most peaceful of living men. He thought himself a miracle of patience and forbearance, whereas in fact he was never truly happy unless he could scent the smell of gunpowder. He resembled that interesting hero of Conan Doyle's who vivaciously announced that he would slash to pieces any man who dared describe him as pugnacious. The position of Commander Evans at Valparaiso was a very trying one. Nearly the whole Chilean fleet was distributed about him in the harbour. If he went ashore, he was dogged by spies and scowled at by the populace. The foreign element, especially the Germans, were still more unfriendly, if such a thing were possible. Finally, the Government at Washington depended upon him for detailed accounts of the state of public feeling, while Mr. Egan was continually sending to him from Santiago messages of the most alarming character.

Commander Evans, however, kept his head and carried off the situation in admirable form. He treated the Chilean officials with punctilious courtesy, while at the same time resenting hotly any overt acts of enmity. The Chilean torpedo-boats used to engage in what they called practice drill. This drill consisted for the most part of speeding their craft as near to the *Yorktown* as was possible without touching it, often within a distance of a few feet. The object of this was twofold. First of all it was meant to show the American commander how utterly he was at their mercy. In the second place, it was intended as a little diversion at the expense of the *Yorktown*

and for the amusement of the German, French and English naval officers whose ships were in the harbour. After a few days of this sort of thing, Commander Evans sent for the officer in charge of the torpedo drill, and protested against his action as discourteous.

"I beg to inform you," said the Chilean with a veiled sneer, "that the water of this harbour belongs to my government, and that I propose to use it in manœuvring the torpedo-boats under my command."

"Very good," returned Commander Evans. "But I beg to inform you that the *Yorktown* is the property of my government, and that if one of your boats so much as scratches its paint I will blow her bottom out."*

This put a speedy end to the Chilean torpedo drill. On another occasion, a party of roughs amused themselves by throwing stones at one of the small boats of the *Yorktown* and daring the men in it to come ashore. Commander Evans at once pulled for the Chilean cruiser *Cochran*, whose captain, Vial, was senior officer, not only of the fleet, but of the city. Evans has described the interview in these words, which suggest that his sobriquet of "Fighting Bob" was not wholly misapplied:

"I could hardly hold myself down while I told him of it; but I did, and then read him the riot act. I demanded of him immediate and efficient protection by the police, and served notice on him, then and there, that a repetition of the offence would be sufficient evidence that they could not control their people; and that I should arm my boats and shoot any and every man who insulted me or my men or my flag in any way. Vial was greatly shocked, turned as white as a sheet—my manner was not very mild, I fancy—swore and damned the discharged soldiers and said they were doing all they could to involve the country in war with the United States. . . . After a few moments Captain Vial hastened on shore to jump on the police, assuring me that I should have an ample apology to-morrow."†

In the meantime, the situation of the

*Evans, *A Sailor's Log*, p. 297 (New York, 1901).

†Evans, p. 287.

refugees in the American legation at Santiago was becoming a very serious one. Crowded into a comparatively small house, unable to leave its shelter, their lives threatened at every moment, they were doubtful whether the protection accorded them by the American Minister would prove effectual for very long. The Chileans were now willing to let them slip away secretly to the shore, but they refused to grant them formally a safe conduct. As the American Government still refrained from pressing matters to an extremity, the arrogance of the Chileans increased from day to day. Most of them believed in all sincerity that their navy was more than a match for that of the United States. Their newspapers boasted that in case of war, San Francisco would be laid in ashes and that the whole Pacific Coast of the United States would be ravaged and laid under contribution. This attitude, although it seems preposterous now, was not merely due to the sort of pride which goes with Spanish blood. There was in Valparaiso a very large German colony composed of merchants and persons engaged in shipping. They, together with the English, had largely monopolised the foreign trade of Chile, thanks to the high protective tariff of the United States. The Chileans, therefore, knew little about Americans. They did not trade with them. They seldom saw them; and they listened eagerly to the German talk about the helplessness and general insignificance of the United States. It came at last to be an article of faith that in the event of war, the German Empire would come to the support of Chile.

One finds it difficult to believe that any such delusion possessed the government officials at Santiago. Yet, perhaps, one member of that government may have entertained it; since otherwise it is very difficult to understand his action. On December 11, 1891, Señor Don Manuel Matta, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed a telegram to the Chilean Minister in Washington relating to a message on Chilean affairs sent by President Harrison to Congress. In this telegram, language was used which was insulting not only to Mr. Egan but to Secretary Tracy and even to President

Harrison. Señor Matta spoke of the President's statements as "erroneous or deliberately incorrect" (*deliberadamente inexactos*). A note of Mr. Egan's was described as "aggressive in purpose and virulent in language." Matta's telegram ended with an allusion to what he called "the intrigues which proceed from so low a source, and the threats which come from a source so high." This telegram was read by Matta to the Chilean Senate and was also telegraphed to all the Chilean legations in Europe, thus publishing the insult to the world.

Mr. Egan at once sent a note to Señor Matta demanding to know whether the text of the telegram as published in the newspapers was correct. Matta replied that it was, intimating at the same time that it did not concern any one save the Government of Chile and its officers. The Chilean Minister at Washington thoroughly appreciated the "blazing indiscretion" of which his chief had been guilty, and he took the responsibility of suppressing the offensive telegram so far as he could do so. It was, however, cabled to the American press and was read by the American people with intense indignation. Even Mr. Blaine no longer sought to hold President Harrison in check. Preparations for war were openly begun. The navy yards at San Francisco and Brooklyn worked night and day. A squadron of eight cruisers was assembled in Pacific waters; blockade ships were ordered to be bought; and an ultimatum was finally sent to the Chilean Government containing three peremptory demands: first, that the Matta telegram should be withdrawn, its language disowned, and an explicit apology offered for it; second, that an indemnity should at once be paid for the outrage upon American sailors; and third, that the refugees in the American legation at Santiago should receive a safe conduct to neutral territory.

For a moment the scales were evenly balanced between peace and war. Volunteers offered their services to the War Department in Washington. The Chileans boggled over the terms which Mr. Blaine had laid before them. They talked of arbitration. They offered, while refusing to withdraw it, to declare that the

Matta telegram was not meant to be offensive. The Chilean Minister argued that it was a purely domestic communication and therefore privileged. Blaine and the President, however, stood firm, and on January 23d the Chilean Government executed a complete backdown. The terms in which its submission was offered left nothing to be desired on the score of completeness. Wrote Señor Pereira to Mr. Egan:

"The undersigned deplores that in that telegram there were employed through an error of judgment the expressions which are offensive in the judgment of your Government. . . . In fulfilment of a high duty of courtesy and sincerity toward a friendly nation . . . the Government of Chile absolutely withdraws the said expressions . . . —a declaration which is made without reservation in order that it may receive such publicity as your Government may deem suitable."

The sum of \$75,000 was paid from the Chilean Treasury to the sailors of the *Baltimore*, and the refugees in the American legation received a safe conduct and left Chilean territory unmolested, under the protection of the United States.*

This was the second incident during the Harrison administration which showed that the American people were no longer unconcerned with their foreign relations. As in Samoa, so in Chile, a new spirit in American diplomacy had been manifested in a striking manner, and had served notice to all the world that the Government of the United States was becoming a force to be reckoned with in international affairs. Mr. Blaine's enemies at home bitterly attacked his conduct of these negotiations. The Mugwump press accused him of jingoism, of duplicity, and of insincerity. So violent was this opposition at the end, as to find expression in the most unpatriotic sentiments. At the very moment when peace and war were trembling in the balance, a Mugwump association in New York, known as the Reform Club, actually invited a Chilean emissary to ad-

*The whole diplomatic and naval correspondence was submitted to Congress by President Harrison as an appendix to his message of January 26, 1892. It makes a volume of some 650 pages.

dress it, and listened with applause to his venomous attacks upon the President and Government of the United States.* Such things as this, however, simply disgusted and repelled all right thinking people; and Mr. Blaine came out of the Chilean imbroglio with his popularity greater even than it had been before.

Not long after the Chilean affair had reached its climax, events of great interest took place in a distant island of the Pacific. The little kingdom of Hawaii had for forty years been living under a constitutional monarchy which continued the line of native kings. Its independence had been guaranteed by France and Eng-

important personage, made a tour of the world. Much to his surprise and delight, he found his kingship recognised by some of the greatest sovereigns of Asia and Europe, who treated him with every mark of respect as a member of the royal caste. His flag was saluted by the fleets of Japan, England, France and Germany; military reviews were held in his honour, and he was welcomed to palaces and fêted as cordially as though he were a monarch of much greater power and pretensions.* When he returned, he brought with him not merely bejewelled decorations from the Czar, from the Austrian Kaiser, from the Queen of England and



THE END OF THE CHILEAN AFFAIR
From *Judge*

land in 1843, and the United States, though not a party to this agreement, had, nevertheless, on more than one occasion, used its armed forces to repress disorder and maintain the reign of law. The white population of the island comprised a large number of persons of American ancestry, and these acted in accord with the resident English, the two together constituting an enlightened and highly prosperous community. In 1881, the Hawaiian king, Kalakaua I., who had not before regarded himself as a particularly

from the Pope, but brand-new crowns which he had purchased in London for himself and for his Queen, together with a field battery intended for a standing army, which already existed in his imagination.

His foreign journey, in fact, had turned his head. On a small scale he reproduced the follies and extravagances of the Egyptian Khedive, Ismail, the greatest spendthrift of modern times. Kalakaua began to imitate the monarchs at whose courts he had been so lavishly

*One member, Mr. Ellery Anderson, honoured himself by rising at this meeting and protesting against it as unpatriotic.

*For an interesting and often amusing account of this tour, see Armstrong, *Round the World with King Kalakaua* (New York, 1904).

entertained. He instituted an Order with insignia and decorations; he built himself a palace; he had himself crowned with a splendid ceremonial, though he had already been a king for nine years. In his private life he gave himself up to the parasites and panders who swarmed about him and suggested

had been established and ratified by the Hawaiian people. The royal expenses were now paid by the personal order of the King out of the public funds, and without the knowledge or approval of his Ministers. He tried to negotiate a foreign loan of \$10,000,000 in order to maintain a standing army for the enhancement



EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

to him new forms of wastefulness and new refinements of vice. Already he saw himself the head of a great Polynesian empire; and in 1887 he tried to interfere in the affairs of Samoa, with some dreamy notion of adding its islands to his own small kingdom.

Worse than this, he tried to dispense with or to evade the constitution which

of his royal prestige. He even lent an ear to the native element, who urged him so to alter the constitution, as to exclude from the franchise the white residents of Hawaii. These, however, uniting with the more intelligent of the natives, not only resisted the attempt, but compelled the King to keep more closely within his constitutional limitations.

In 1891, worn out by anxiety and by unrestrained excesses, Kalakaua died, and was succeeded by his sister, Liliuokalani. The new Hawaiian Queen was a woman of great force of character and of much personal charm. Her bearing was truly regal. In public functions her manner was one of great dignity, while all who were received by her in private audience came away charmed by her grace and affability. She had been highly educated, and spoke both French and English with perfect purity and elegance. She was, however, as thoroughly imbued with a sense of her royal prerogative as though she had been an Elizabeth or a Maria Theresa. She was in England when the Constitution of 1887 was established in Hawaii; and when she learned that under its provisions the white residents were to have an equal share of political power, her indignation passed all bounds. On her accession to the throne, she set herself to the task of abrogating that instrument and of restoring the personal government of the Kamehamehas. She had no sooner taken the coronation oath than she declared to one of the Cabinet, "My Ministry shall be responsible to me alone!" She dismissed the existing Cabinet and chose a Ministry of her own selection, which was opposed by the majority of the Hawaiian legislature. To provide the funds needed for her campaign against constitutionalism, she leagued herself with certain interests which sought a lottery franchise and a law licensing opium. By a series of intrigues which it would be tedious to detail, these measures were legalised, and at once the Legislature was dissolved. On January 14, 1893, the Queen had planned to promulgate by royal order a new Constitution, which should supersede the old one. Her Ministry informed her that such an act would be revolutionary. She demanded their resignations, but they refused, and issued a proclamation (January 15th) setting forth these facts and declaring the throne vacant. On the following day, a mass meeting of the foreign residents and many of the natives formally resolved that in view of the Queen's arbitrary acts, stringent measures were needed "for the preservation of the public credit and to avert the final

ruin of a financial condition already overstrained."

A provisional government, headed by Mr. Sanford B. Dole, a Justice of the Supreme Court, was organised, with an Advisory Council representing the best elements of the community. This body, in view of the intense excitement prevailing in Honolulu, called upon the United States Minister, Mr. John L. Stevens of Maine, for assistance in preserving order. The United States cruiser *Boston* was lying in the harbour; and at the request of Mr. Stevens a battalion of sailors and bluejackets was landed by Captain Wiltse and marched through the streets of the capital, encamping before the Government Building. Mr. Stevens on his own responsibility recognised the new government and formally proclaimed Hawaii to be under the protection of the United States (February 1, 1893). The Queen, seeing that resistance was useless, made a formal protest and then yielded, as she said, only "to the superior forces of the United States of America."

The provisional government, doubtful of the effect of these events upon public opinion in the United States, hurriedly despatched a commission to lay their case before President Harrison, and to ask for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. The President and Mr. J. W. Foster, who had succeeded Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State, strongly favoured this suggestion, which was, in fact, not a new one, since as early as 1854 annexation had been considered. A treaty was hurriedly negotiated between the Commissioners and the Secretary of State; and on February 15th a treaty of annexation was signed, providing for the continuance in power of the Dole government, and the retention of the existing Hawaiian laws, subject, however, to the exercise of supreme authority by the United States, which was to appoint a commissioner empowered to veto any or all acts of the local administration. It was further provided that the United States should assume the Hawaiian debt,* that it should pay the deposed Queen an annual grant of \$20,000, and that it should give to the Princess Kaiulani, who was next in line of succession, the sum of

*At this time a little over \$2,000,000.

\$150,000 in return for a renunciation of her rights. This treaty, after having been duly signed, was immediately submitted by President Harrison to the Senate for ratification, accompanied by a message in which he said:

"The overthrow of the monarchy was not in any way promoted by this government, but had its origin in what seemed to have been a reactionary and revolutionary policy on the part of Queen Liliuokalani, which put in serious peril not only the large and preponderating interests of the United States in the islands, but all foreign interests, and indeed, the decent administration of civil affairs and the peace of the islands. . . . The restoration of Queen Liliuokalani to her throne is undesirable, if not impossible; and unless actively supported by the United States would be accompanied by serious disaster and the disorganisation of all business interests. The influence and interest of the United States in the islands must be increased and not diminished.

"It is essential that none of the other great powers shall secure these islands. Such a possession would not consist with our safety and with the peace of the world. This view of the situation is so apparent and conclusive that no protest has been heard from any government against proceedings looking to annexation. Every foreign representative at Honolulu promptly acknowledged the Provisional Government, and I think there is a general concurrence in the opinion that the deposed Queen ought not to be restored."*

President Harrison's assertion that the United States had no part in the revolution in Hawaii was denounced by the opposition as disingenuous. It was said that Mr. Dole and his associates were simply conspirators, who had acted in accordance with a preconceived plan, the details of which had been fully communicated to the American Government. The opportune presence of the *Boston* at Honolulu was viewed as something more than a coincidence. The action of Mr. Stevens was denounced as treacherous to the government to which he had been accredited. The whole affair was described as an outrage upon a helpless people and as an attempt on the part of Mr. Harrison and his party to seize terri-

*Message of February 15th, 1893.

tory in a distant part of the world without any shadow of justification. The white residents of Hawaii were styled "carpet-baggers" and their new government a barefaced usurpation. Many sneers were directed at these "sons of missionaries," who, though aliens, had deprived the natives of their political birthright.

Reviewing this affair in the light of all that is now known, two facts stand out beyond the possibility of refutation. In the first place, there can be no doubt that Queen Liliuokalani had justly forfeited her throne. She had violated the Constitution which she had solemnly sworn to observe, and was proceeding to action such as would in the case of an English sovereign lead at once to the forfeiture of the royal rights. Furthermore, the sneers aimed at the "sons of missionaries" as aliens were thoroughly unwarranted. Mr. Dole, for instance, and his immediate associates were not aliens at all. Though of foreign ancestry, they had been born in Hawaii. Their homes were there. All their interests were there. They were the ones who had transformed the island into a civilised community. It was they who maintained the system of public education, who paid the greater part of the taxes, and who supported the administration of the laws. If revolution is ever justifiable—and of this no Anglo-Saxon can feel any doubt—the revolution in Hawaii was surely so as being the act of men defending their political liberties and personal rights.

On the other hand, it may be regarded as absolutely certain that the American Minister, Mr. Stevens, was not only well aware of what was going on, but that he had fully informed his government, and that President Harrison and his advisers sympathised with the annexation feeling. In February of 1892, Mr. Stevens wrote to the State Department a letter in which he said:

"There are increasing indications that the annexation sentiment is gaining among the business men."

On March 8th of the same year he had asked Mr. Blaine for special instructions, "in case the Government here should be reorganised and overturned by an orderly and peaceful revolutionary movement. I

have information which I deem reliable that there is an organised revolutionary party in the islands. . . . These people are very likely to overthrow the monarchy and establish a republic with the ultimate view of annexation to the United States."

On December 30th, Admiral Skerrett, who was under orders to take command of the Pacific squadron, had called at the Navy Department in Washington for final instructions. He said to the Secretary:

"Mr. Tracy, I want to ask you about these Hawaiian affairs. When I was out there twenty years ago, I had frequent conversations with the then United States Minister, Mr. Pierce, on the subject of the islands. I was told then that the United States Government did not wish to annex the islands of Hawaii."

Mr. Tracy answered:

"The wishes of the Government have changed. They will be very glad to annex Hawaii. As a matter of course, none but the ordinary legal means can be used to persuade these people to come into the United States."

"All right, sir," answered Admiral Skerrett, "I only wanted to know how things were going on, as a cue to my action."*

*Senate Report on Hawaii, p. 10 (1893).

Finally, Mr. Stevens, on the day when the American marines were landed in Honolulu, sent a despatch to Washington saying, "The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it."

From all these facts, it is quite obvious that the American Government was fully aware of the impending revolution and was in sympathy with it as a means for securing the annexation of the islands. Whether the revolution would have succeeded had not marines been landed from the *Boston* at the critical moment is a purely hypothetical question. As to the morality of the whole proceeding opinions will always differ. At the time, the administration received much harsh criticism, and though President Harrison, in his message of February 15th, had urged the Senate to ratify the annexation treaty at once, definite action upon it was delayed. The sands of the Harrison administration were fast running out. Its hours were numbered; and the Hawaiian question was soon to assume a new form and to pass through many different phases before it reached a final settlement. A few days more, and another hand had laid a firm grasp upon the helm of State.



FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ROBERT D'HUMIÈRES'S "THROUGH ISLE AND EMPIRE."*



BOOKS by citizens of one country describing the institutions of another form a large and growing part of the literature of political science. Some few of these, by virtue of thoroughness and philosophic penetration, acquire the rank of classics; others, though seriously meant, are less pretentious in form and more ephemeral in appeal, while the third and lowest class of all consists of scurrilous or merely humorous international lampoons and libels. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* and Bodley's *France* clearly belong to the highest grade, and, like de Tocqueville, will doubtless continue to be read long after the actual institutions they describe have been modified beyond recognition or swept out of existence by revolution. Max O'Rell's voluminous writings belong to the third class, or rather to the more respectable group of the third class, while Karl Zimmermann's recent book on *Onkel Sam* may serve as an example of the sort of slander which strong national antipathy begets. The volume now before us, *Through Isle and Empire*, by the Viscomte Robert d'Humières, is a series of sketches of England, Egypt and India by an uncommonly observant and clever Frenchman. The author, however, would hardly claim for it rank and standing equal to Bodley's *France*, which as a study of the present French Republic by an Englishman naturally suggests itself for comparison. Nevertheless, d'Humières is so markedly more capable and brilliant than O'Rell, so truly philosophic at times in spite of the sketchy nature of the greater part of his work, that one regrets his failure to reach a higher achievement, the potentiality of which is

*English translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, with a prefatory letter by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1905. lx. + 300 pp.

abundantly revealed in *Through Isle and Empire*.

Nearly all books of the general class referred to above have as one of their main purposes the creation of a better feeling between the nation described and the nation to which the author belongs. It is assumed that a better understanding must lead to more cordial relations. At first glance this proposition might seem self-evident, but what if the better understanding shows more clearly than ever before the existence of adverse and irreconcilable interests? French and Germans were more than fairly well acquainted with each other prior to the Franco-Prussian War, but they came to blows nevertheless. Civil wars are proverbially the most bloody of all in spite of the close mutual knowledge and often relationship of the contending parties. Unlike Mr. Bodley, M. d'Humières fails to consider this objection to his fundamental principle that in the injunction *fiat lux* there is to be found the great solvent of international rancours.

Perhaps this is due to the fact that M. d'Humières is a psychologist, not an economist. Filled with admiration at the spirit behind England's commercial and colonising policy, he fails to discuss adequately the possible points of conflict on this score between France and England. His purpose is rather to show that the genius of the English is worthy of admiration by his own people, and that the two nations are endowed with qualities not similar, but complementary to a high degree. In the end, therefore, they must abandon old animosities and find strength in close friendship and the pursuit of joint policies.

The very admirable and thoughtful introduction to *Through Isle and Empire* is taken up with a detailed proof of this thesis. To the ordinary Frenchman, according to M. d'Humières, the Englishman is a type of all that is selfish in international relations, of all that is harsh and cruel to weaker races, of all that is haughty and cold in social intercourse, of all that is hypocritical in morals, and

finally of all that is lustful of money in business. A formidable indictment, indeed, yet one that has been drawn up again and again by no small part of the Parisian press. In reply to the first allegation, M. d'Humières admits the success of English diplomacy, although he is of the opinion that in this line "Albion is an artless school-girl beside Russia." The French, however, have no right to be so much incensed at "British perfidy;" as a matter of fact, they have been no less selfish than the island empire in their own international aims. As a descendant of an ancient noble family and a partisan of the old régime, M. d'Humières does not hesitate to point out that the real animus of the Anglophobia of the French is their lack of success in foreign affairs due to the incapacity or improvidence of the present republican government. "That is so like men," he quotes from Laclos; "all equally rascally in their designs; the weakness which they display in the execution they christen probity."

To the other points in the current French indictment of the English, M. d'Humières replies in a manner rather less exasperating to his countrymen, although his aristocratic bias and hatred of the doctrine of equality are everywhere in evidence. Harsh and cruel to weaker races England may have been, but the present Irish and Indian policies of her government do not support such an accusation. As for his haughtiness and coldness, "note that the Englishman does not maintain this reserve so strictly toward the foreigner as toward his own kind." The hypocrisy in morals of which the Frenchman complains is at bottom "the sign of a great respect for good," which particularly in sexual affairs has reached a development among the English that the average Frenchman can hardly understand, still less imitate. Nor is money worship by any means confined to the English; it represents rather the recognition of a new kind of world power, the limits of which are being defined both in England and America, the achievements of which are not to be hooted at but admired.

On the other hand, M. d'Humières finds that the Englishman is inclined to criticise certain traits of the French, chief

among which are "a cynicism of ideas, a cynicism of morals, an anarchical and railing love of negative criticism. . . . The fundamental difference, the respective superiority, no less than the weakness of the two peoples, is that one sees the universe under an intellectual aspect, the other under a moral aspect." In an "ideal alliance" between French thought and English action then, the best interests of both nations are to be realised. One might find difficulty in granting this even if alliances ever are to be ideal. As a matter of fact, they very seldom are, although the friendly relationship d'Humières desires may be realised in time on quite another basis. France, as Kipling remarked of Asia, is a lady of many lovers, and having found Russia tolerable, should have no difficulty in accepting England. Recent events seem to be hastening this consummation, but the marriage will not be made in the heaven of d'Humières's ideals, nor in all probability will it last so long as the Frenchman's logic would seem to require. Moreover, one may without jealousy question the ardent wooer's statement that England "will never make friends with any nation, *not excepting America*, more willingly than with ours."

Following this introduction, M. d'Humières presents the sketches of English life at home and in Egypt and India upon which his generalisations are based. The scope of his observation is exceedingly wide, not only geographically, but also as regards the topics selected for treatment. Thus in the section devoted to the English at home he discusses, among other things, the fogs of London, the echoes of the Boer war, the coronation, art galleries, society, sport, theatres, country houses, and comparative manners. It is evidence of no mean powers that the author's insight and peculiar felicity of expression nowhere fail him amid this pot pourri of description and comment. At times an epigram neatly polishes off a topic in truly French fashion. Thus with reference to the abundant but incongruous decorations of London during coronation week he writes: "The more numerous the ingredients, the more successful the result; plum-pudding æsthetics, in short." In dealing with English

sport, a similar happy vein is apparent, while occasionally an even broader humour breaks forth. The vicomte notes that kissing the hand of an English woman after the Continental fashion is dangerous:

You take the hand held out to you and raise it lightly, bowing the while; a resisting force stops you: what is passing through the lady's mind? A tumult of thoughts, no doubt: "What is this Frenchman going to do?—Those people are capable of anything.—There's some one looking—I won't let him.—" All this passes "in less time than it takes," etc. Suddenly an illuminating idea: "I believe it's done on the Continent." The resistance ceases abruptly, the hand flies upward and you receive a violent bang on the nose. You usually finish the evening under the pump.

M. d'Humières's treatment of Egypt falls decidedly below the level of the rest of the book. As one might expect from nothing more than two winters' residence, it is rather superficial, and deals almost entirely with the sensational side of things Egyptian. India is decidedly better done, as the approval of Mr. Kipling sufficiently indicates. Throughout the book one is troubled with the suspicion that the translator has at times blundered or at least missed some fine distinction. Thus in reply to the question whether Anglo-Indian society is immoral, M. d'Humières answers, "No, it is not," but the comment immediately following makes it appear that directly the reverse was intended. It is also difficult to understand how even Mr. Kipling with all his great powers of expression could say anything "very sincerely, with a touch of blarney." Remembering the Jameson affair, the statement, "I know not that Mr. Chamberlain has ever been taxed with perfidy," is amazing, to say the least. Here, however, M. d'Humières himself would seem to be at fault.

Reference has already been made in the BOOKMAN to Mr. Kipling's striking and friendly letter of introduction to *Through Isle and Empire*.^{*} One or two of his expressions recorded in M. d'Humières's interview with him are also worthy of note. "I like the Russians, too," Mr.

^{*}BOOKMAN, p. 2, March, 1905.

Kipling is made to say. "They are so Oriental! Look at Tolstoy! He's a fakir. That longing to push his ideas to their ultimate catastrophe is just like the Hindu ascetic." Echoes of the controversy over "Kim" are recalled by Mr. Kipling's statement, "It must be my Oriental leanings, but I don't like a woman outside her house, in fiction properly so called. She is charming in real life, but one has seen a little too much of her in literature. There are so many other subjects. . . ." And finally one characteristic quotation from the letter of introduction referred to above:

From the point of view of an inhabitant, I am specially delighted with your tribute to the energy of the race, a thing which some of us at times to-day begin to doubt. There exists—I am glad you did not see it—our England which, ruined by excess of comfort, has gone to sleep and, because it snores loudly, believes that it is thinking.

Mr. Kipling's frankness cannot be gainsaid. And on the other hand, one closes *Through Isle and Empire* with the conviction that it would have been a much better book had the author treated his own people with the same sympathetic consideration which he has shown for the English.

Robert C. Brooks.

II

PROFESSOR PECK'S "LIFE OF PRESCOTT."*

With the exception of his introductory chapter, Professor Peck has produced, it seems to me, an excellent biographical and critical account of a writer to whom thousands of readers in all parts of the world have been grateful for two generations—the accomplished author of *The Conquest of Mexico*. It is not often that a reviewer can so definitely separate what he likes from what he does not as I have been able to do in this volume. Fourteen-fifteenths yielded me both pleasure and profit; one-fifteenth—to wit, the first chapter, I wished away, both because it appeared to be scarcely needed as a whole

^{*}William Hickling Prescott. By Harry Thurston Peck. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: the Macmillan Company, 1905.

and because it so frequently seemed misleading, inadequate or inaccurate in its details.

It is exceedingly hard to sum up in twelve pages the culture-history of America to the end of the eighteenth century, if not beyond; and this is what Professor Peck really tries to do, although he entitles his opening chapter "The New England Historians." His interest is not with those herculean annalists, but rather with a suggestive parallel between primitive New England and early Rome. Here he is on his own ground, but when he groups Gayarré, a learned historian who died in 1895, with Beverley and Byrd, who cultivated letters and large Virginia estates in the early eighteenth century; when he dismisses the erudite Legaré as a political rhetorician, and when he manages to tag a paragraph with the names of Freneau, Cooper, Bryant, Drake, Halleck, Woodworth and Paine (*sic*), he has plainly strayed into alien territory, where he makes it his main occupation to darken counsel. When this is said, however, and when it is pointed out that here and there a careless sentence may be found as well as a trivial error or two, such as the statement that it was to Lockhart that Scott dictated *The Bride of Lammermoor*, objections and mild censure must, in my judgment, give way to hearty appreciation of the diligence, the critical acumen and the general literary skill displayed in a volume which is thoroughly creditable to its author, its subject and the notable series to which it belongs.

Professor Peck devotes five chapters to Prescott's life, and by skilful selection and ordering of materials, and by lively and incisive comments, manages, all things considered, to make his hero's rather uneventful life stand out vividly before us. Except, perhaps, for the pages dealing with Prescott's blindness and his truly heroic and inspiring labours to fit himself for his life-work, this was not an easy biographical task. It would have been easier had the historian and his friends and his city been a little more subject to human frailties and reverses of fortune, to say nothing of compensating vices. Perhaps it would have been easier if Prescott had been an integral and im-

portant part of that Transcendental Movement which made the Boston of the thirties and forties the intellectual centre of America. The names of Emerson, Alcott and Margaret Fuller do not appear in Professor Peck's book, nor did he feel impelled or compelled to make Prescott's city live for the reader as truly and as clearly as the man.

As is acknowledged in the preface, the biographical chapters are mainly based upon the letters and memoranda contained in George Ticknor's valuable and elaborate but over-formal *Life of William Hickling Prescott*, published in 1864. The supplementary material furnished in Mr. Rollo Ogden's recent volume on Prescott in the *American Men of Letters* yielded very little to the latest biographer's purposes. While he could acknowledge the extent to which he had used Ticknor's book, Professor Peck naturally could say nothing of the skill with which he drew upon that portly volume. Having just reread Ticknor, I think I can safely say that Professor Peck has displayed not only a great deal of skill, but a large share of the pedestrian virtues of patience and accuracy in the preparation of his biographical chapters, which also furnish evidence that he did not rest content with the materials gathered by his conscientious forerunner.

Excellent, however, as these chapters are, they seem to me to reflect less credit upon their author than the four admirable chapters in which he endeavours to sum up the literary and historical merits of Prescott's work and to assign him his proper place among American historians. He is the first biographer to make this attempt, and, in view of the necessity it involved of dealing with a mass of archæological literature, the task demanded not a little courage. So far as I can judge, both Prescott and his biographer have their rewards for the latter's labours. It seems clear that while we must read *The Conquest of Mexico* with a key which shall make it plain, for example, that the palaces of the Spanish conquerors and chroniclers and of the American historian are large communal houses, we must also read it with gratitude as in most essential respects a reliable history and as a true literary master-

piece. Less praise is, of course, due *The Conquest of Peru*, and, from the point of view of literature at least, the *Ferdinand and Isabella* and the *Philip II.*, but when all is said, the four works seem to their latest and most thorough critic to justify amply the abiding fame of their author, both as a great scholar and as an excellent literary artist of the classical type.

From this verdict I see no reason to dissent, though I am inclined to doubt whether Professor Peck is fully warranted in suggesting that Prescott, if he had been spared, might have made *Philip II.* his greatest work. Nor am I entirely sure that Prescott, for all his achievements, deserves the encomium of the late President Charles Kendall Adams, approved by Professor Peck, that his merits are "so conspicuous and so abounding as to place him at the head of all American historians." The passion and fire and philosophical insight of Motley, and the rare combination of literary and scholarly gifts displayed by Parkman, render the task of awarding the meed of supremacy more difficult than the respective champions of the three historians, especially the numerous admirers of Parkman, appear to perceive. That Prescott is fully worthy to compete, however, with Motley and Parkman is an opinion which can be held all the more firmly by any devoted reader of *The Conquest of Mexico* who will ponder Professor Peck's closing chapters. Reading these chapters, I was beset with the desire to reread Prescott's books, especially his masterpiece. Is there any better test of the efficiency of criticism?

W. P. Trent.

III

A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION.*

According to the conviction of the present reviewer, the simplest and best way to begin a notice of this little volume of one hundred and seventy-five pages is with the suggestion that it should be read. And the best way to end the review is with an emphatic repetition of the same

*A Publisher's Confession. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

advice. It may perhaps be shop-talk, but it is so well done, there is in it so much sense and sincerity that it will entertain and impress you, no matter how far remote you are from books and their makers. As for the literary aspirant, the man or woman with a manuscript and a grievance, the author who agrees, or pretends to agree, with Lord Byron's hackneyed saying—with these people to read it is a matter of bounden duty.

Frankly, the book is a brief for the publisher. Although it is published anonymously, there is no trouble whatever in guessing the authorship. The man who wrote it is a publisher in a very broad sense, progressive, yet clinging to the old ideals of the cordial relations and perfect confidence existing between the man who writes the book and the man who prints it and presents it to the reading world, reluctant to concede the general contention that the manufacture of books is subject to the same conditions and should be run along the same lines as the manufacture of a soap or a patent medicine. The impression of one who hears for the first time that the author of such and such a book has been remunerated on a ten or a fifteen per cent. basis is that the publisher's share must be the unnatural one's share of the profit of ninety or eighty-five per cent. The author devotes the first chapter of his book to smashing that fallacy. He contends that there is positive danger in high royalties and that the eventual sufferer is certain to be the writer. A ten per cent. royalty on a book that sells only reasonably well he believes to be a fair bargain on both sides. "Figure it out for yourself," he says.

The retail price of a novel is \$1.50. The retail bookseller buys it for about ninety cents. The wholesale bookseller buys it from the publisher for about eighty cents. This eighty cents must pay the cost of manufacturing the book; of selling it; of advertising it; must pay its share toward the cost of keeping the publisher's establishment going—and this is a large and increasing cost; it must pay the author; and it must leave the publisher himself some small profit. Now, if out of this eighty cents, which must be divided for so many purposes, the author receives a royalty of

twenty per cent. (thirty cents a copy), there is left, of course, only fifty cents to pay all the other items. No other half-dollar in this world has to suffer such careful and continuous division!

In Chapter VI there is sounded a warning against the unscrupulous publisher who preys on the ignorance, gullibility and vanity of writers. We wish that this subject had been handled with a little less self-restraint. The author of *A Publisher's Confession* has put down only a part of what he knows. He might have been more direct and specific without the slightest injustice. Nevertheless, the account of the "Pirate's" methods set down here should serve as a warning. The story of the wanderings of *David Harum* in manuscript has given courage to thousands of worthless novels, a courage to travel to the last ditch, and the last ditch is the pseudo-publisher, whose very business depends on his ability to gull and to work upon the vanity of the unsophisticated author. The story in question he proclaims an unusual one, one which he will be proud to publish under a contract which the inexperienced author accepts with blissful ignorance.

An innocent and ambitious good woman sent to me last year a form of contract that a printer who pretended to be a publisher had sent her to sign for the publication of a novel. In its unessential clauses it was like the usual publisher's contract; but it required the author to pay in advance a fixed sum for the plates and for the manufacture of one thousand copies; and this sum was just about twice what they should cost him. Then he was to pay her not the usual ten or even fifteen per cent. royalty, but fifty per cent. on all copies sold—as well he might; and if at the end of a year the book had ceased to sell, she was bound to buy the plates from him at half cost. The meaning of all this translated into figures, is this: The plates would cost him \$250, for he does cheap work; a thousand copies of the book would cost him \$200, for he makes cheap books; total, \$450. She would pay him in advance \$900. He has a profit so far of \$450. He does not expect to sell any of the books. Her friends would buy perhaps as many as two hundred copies. They would not be on sale at the book-stores—except in her own town. At the end of the year she would pay him again for the

plates half what he charged her at first—which is just what they cost him. By this time she would have paid just three times their cost to him. His outlay in the whole transaction would be:

For plates.....	\$250	
For 1,000 copies.....	200	
	—	\$450
His income would be: her prepayment	\$900	
Her purchase of the plates a year later.....	250	
	—	1,150
His profit.....		\$700

He would not have even to make any outlay of capital. She supplies the capital and he makes his \$700 profit by writing her a few letters. If any of the books were sold he would receive also half what they brought. She would have spent \$1,150, less what she received for the few copies that were sold. Her book would not have been published—only printed at an excessive cost.

Every one will be interested in reading what the *Confession* has to say about "Why Bad Novels Succeed and Good Ones Fail." Yet the question cannot be said to be answered here any more definitely than it has been answered elsewhere. Perhaps that is because there is no answer. Bismarck once said of Napoleon III. that he was such a liar that one could not even believe the opposite of what he said. So the man who publishes a "bad" book on account of the huge success of other "bad" books is likely to make a mistake. The author of *A Publisher's Confession* concedes that it is a hard world in which *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, *Granstark*, to say nothing of *The One Woman*, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, and a hundred more "poor" books make fortunes, while Mr. Howells and Mr. James write to unresponsive markets, and even Mr. Kipling cannot find so many readers for a new novel as Mr. Bacheller of *Eben Holden*. Nevertheless, he says that he cannot weep because Mr. James and Mr. Howells do not find many readers for their latest books, maintaining that they find all that they deserve.

Beverly Stark.

IV

DR. MITCHELL'S "CONSTANCE
TRESCOT."*

Reading Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's *Constance Trescot* after a long course of Trollope and William Dean Howells, it is impossible to resist the temptation to place him between the two. Superior to Mr. Howells in daring, because he treats of men and women in their prime, and of the subtle complex natures of those who have lived but not grown old, but inferior to Trollope in insight and in that masterly drawing of character that has made the good Archdeacon of Plumstead Episcopi—the last word to be said on the obstinate man—Mrs. Proudie, on the domineering woman. Like Trollope, too, Dr. Mitchell is just a little unfortunate in his choice of names, though not in the same way. Quiverful with his fourteen children, Mr. Gumption, the lawyer, the country-houses Creamclotted Hall and Heavybed House, and the Duke of Omnium, master of Gatherum Castle, are an insult to the intelligence, like Shakespeare's Sir Andrew Aguecheek. More subtle is the annoyance caused by the unrelated syllables of Trescot, which ought to be "Tressler" or "Prescott;" and Greyhurst, which ought to be "Greystock," but keeps suggesting "greyhound," and reminds one of the Lurella, over which Staniford and his friend had so much ill-natured fun in Howells's *Lady of the Aroostook*.

The book is all Constance Trescot, and she is worth it. With no ties of blood except a sister, and with no real interests either intellectual or religious, she meets George Trescot, a Union officer wounded in the Civil War, which is but just over, and within two weeks they are engaged. She is happily characterised by Dr. Mitchell as the kind of woman "who desires to absorb, so to speak, all the thoughts and feelings of the one man; and who, as time goes on, becomes jealous of his friends, and even of his work, and at last of every hour not given to her. Such women are happily rare, but are now and then to be found. From the hour she

first saw him, frail and pallid from suffering, a vast protecting eagerness arose in her mind. As her kinship of pity blossomed into love, the desire to be with him and watch over what seemed to her new anxiety a more delicate life than it really was, supplied her with a reason for early marriage. She had never asked herself why she had been so suddenly captured; but as time went on she knew that she had drawn a prize in the uncertain lottery of love, and felt that his charm of manner, his distinction, the delicacy and refinement with which he had pleaded for her love, had fully justified her choice." It is clear that the passionate intensity of her love frightens George Trescot at times, and perhaps would have bored him in the end, for there were no depths in his nature that could answer to the depths in hers.

They are married almost immediately, and go to the South to live. George Trescot having accepted from his wife's uncle the agency of certain landed interests at St. Ann. For nearly a year their life flows on in exquisite oneness and sympathy, cut off in large measure from the life of the town both by the prejudice against them as Northern people and by Constance's jealousy of her husband's time. In this part, the religion is laid on with rather a heavy hand, for Dr. Mitchell's superstitions and diagnoses are more convincing than his religion. Then comes a dramatic court-scene over a disputed land-claim, at the end of which Trescot is shot down in cold blood by the defeated lawyer, John Greyhurst.

Now the real story begins. All that has gone before was merely to clear the ground. For weeks Constance's life is in danger. When she recovers consciousness, it is to hear that her husband's murderer has been tried and acquitted. She goes abroad, not to forget, but to gain strength for her work. Within the year she is back in the town where it all happened. There is no doubt or hesitation. She refuses the offer of her gardener, who has his own reasons for hating John Greyhurst, to kill him out of hand. That is too easy a fate. A chance meeting shows her the effect of her presence on Greyhurst, already beginning to win position and wealth in a

*Constance Trescot. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company, 1905.

quickly forgetful community. Her first move is to send him the telegram, stained with her husband's blood, by the aid of which Trescot had hoped to conciliate his enemy. The effect upon Greyhurst is tremendous. He lives over again the moments of a scene that had begun to be a little blurred by time. It is for him the beginning of the end.

Shortly after, he receives another communication from Constance Trescot, this time inclosing the letter found on her husband's desk after his death, in which Trescot declared that he would throw up his agency unless some compromise of the land-claim should be made. Even fate seems to aid Constance's purpose, for quite by accident she drops her bag, in which is George Trescot's photograph, near Greyhurst's house. He finds it, and examining the contents for some clue of the owner, turns up the photograph. As he raises his eyes, after looking at it long and steadily, he sees "some ten feet away and a little to the left the face of the man he had killed. It was larger than life and smiling" (as he had seen it the last time) "and not like the photograph. He rubbed his eyes, closed and opened them and moved about. The phantom kept its place; and at last he observed that if he looked down he lost it." So it went on for weeks, the face nearly always present, and with it fear in its purity—such fear as a child has when going upstairs in the dark. Finally he went to California for a month, and it was rumoured that he was engaged. Constance found out the girl's address, and sent her a letter whose insincerity, cunning almost, showed how far the disintegration of Constance's mind had gone. It seems worth while to quote it:

DEAR MISS WILSON: I have learned of late that you are engaged to be married to Mr. Greyhurst of St. Ann. If it be not true, I simply offer my apologies for this letter. If, on the other hand, it be true, I should be wanting in my sense of duty if I failed to do what probably no one else will do. Believe me, I have no motive except that as a woman who has greatly suffered by this man's act, I cannot leave another woman ignorant.

Mr. Greyhurst's first marriage resulted in a divorce caused by his ill-temper. On the ninth

of October, 1870, he murdered my husband, shooting down in cold blood an unarmed man, partly crippled, and who at the moment was going forward to meet him with a message of peace and an offer to settle generously the case Mr. Greyhurst had just lost.

If, for your misfortune, you doubt my statement, General Averill will, I am sure, indorse all I have said. Probably Mr. Greyhurst has told you his own story. Whether you can trust it or not you must decide. His only excuse can be that what he did was an act of sudden anger, the fatal result of a life without moral law and without religion.

I leave you to imagine what prospect of happiness a union with such a man may offer. I trust, at least, to hear that you have received this letter. To write it has cost me dear, and has renewed for me a scene I saw and can never forget.

Very truly yours,

CONSTANCE TRESCOT.

This letter produced the wished-for effect, and, maddened by the loss of his last chance in life, Greyhurst "pays his debt" by shooting himself before Constance's eyes in her own library. One touch only is needed. Constance has accomplished her purpose; she is revenged, but it has cost her her soul. No one exists now but herself. Everything must be sacrificed to her whim, especially the sister, whose attendance she has come to regard as a matter of course. But Miss Susan unites to a pretty wit a very large share of common sense, and declines to be sacrificed, so that Constance is minded to "find a companion and go abroad."

The story itself is old, as most stories are, but it is told in a masterly fashion, and the companion-pictures of mental breakdown—the wife of the murdered man and his murderer—read like pages from the great alienist's own note-book. Entirely different from each other and from the degeneration that is followed step by step in *The Autobiography of a Quack*, they are like that in being perfect down to the minutest detail. It seems almost like carping, when a performance is so excellent, to find any fault, to shudder at the dreadful word "energise," or to suggest that now and again the author follows an idea quite to its last lair. But one criticism does seem valid. Constance

is represented as a thoroughly "natural woman"—"too natural," her sister says, and George Trescot is slight, delicate, with his shoulder crippled by a Confederate bullet. This crippled shoulder is ceaselessly insisted upon. Their first meeting is at a dance, where an awkward partner brings her roughly against his wounded shoulder and he is faint with pain. He carries his hand slipped into his waistcoat as a sort of sling to take its weight off his shoulder. When he is run down in health he feels it in his shoulder, and he does not carry a revolver

at St. Ann, though it is customary to go armed, "because every one knows his right hand is crippled, and he could not hit the side of a barn with a revolver held in his left." All this is necessary to the dramatic effect of his murder, but it is not true to nature. Primitive devotion, the passion of a tiger-nature like that of Constance, is inspired by strength, beauty and physical perfection. To such a woman, herself strong and beautiful, physical weakness could only be a matter for contempt.

Richard W. Kemp.

"THROUGH LOVE TO ALTRUISM"



AMONGST the works of creative talent which come to the élite of France from the United States, *The Woman Who Toils* (*l'Ouvrière aux Etats-Unis*) has been without doubt the most widely appreciated. From the pen of one of the collaborators we have now a second book, this time a novel, *Amanda of the Mill*, by Marie Van Vorst.

Once again our inclination to human pity is justified as we read these accounts of a tragic suffering analogous, no doubt, to misery in France, but a state of affairs we are loath to acknowledge. In the work of Marie Van Vorst the acute realism of her characters, the indubitable verity of her accounts, point of view, landscapes and scenes, even the attitudes and gestures, captivate the attention—an attention which it will be conceded is in France scrupulous and exigent, the outcome of the growth and culture of scientific taste of the Latin people.

The Frenchman learns from the works of Bret Harte and Fenimore Cooper of the adventurous energy of the New World. John Fiske teaches us the evolution of his ancestors through history, and after what manner the pioneers freed themselves from their several yokes; in what manner

the discoverers and new inhabitants took from the soil the riches of the country. Emerson explains the heroism marking the War of the Rebellion; Longfellow reveals the melancholy sentiment of a meditative people, who compare the brevity of their passion to the immutability of a grandiose natural environment. Edgar Poe signalises the taste for synthesis, the desire for the unusual and weird; the virtuosity which characterised his contemporaries, who were none the less ancestors of present "trust magnates" and "the Four Hundred." On the other hand, Stockton gaily and humorously relates the humble tales of the modest middle class of existence, whilst Walt Whitman sings the virile vigour and conscious power of his people.

Our own compatriots, de Tocqueville, Laboulaye, Paul Bourget, Jules Huret, have told us of the social organisations, have described for us the worldly life, the people in power, and made us maps of the cities of the New World. This ensemble of ideas lacks, however, a demonstration of the multitudes who labour and toil in the land of Franklin and Rockefeller. For France this enlightenment was first given in *The Woman Who Toils*, and is continued in *Amanda of the Mill*. With the aid of these books, we are enabled to make an

approximate image of the Republic founded by William Penn and glorified by Washington and Lincoln.

Through the pages of this strong and brilliant novel we follow the inevitable tragedy of industrial power, dominating the times and the people, to find the resemblance strong between the New World and the Old, with the difference of race and certain conditions alone to distinguish.

We must thank the author of *Amanda* for her heroine and for the art which chains us first before it wrings our hearts. Amanda, daughter of the woods, first swims into our sight like a naiad in the tiny mountain lake hidden by the native ferns of the South Carolina forest. We see her first as nature intended her, a nymph-like creature, frail and delicate in her extreme youth, caressed by the sun and breeze. Under the "midday sun of late April," she was as though molten in its rays, a golden image."

Henry Euston approaches the forest bathing-place from which the hill girl has fled. He is a vagabond seeking self-destruction, unable to rescue himself from abject dissipation. But tramp and habitual drunkard though he is, he still retains in his inmost nature all the pride, all the initiative vigour, all the generosity even of this type of *déclassé*. Euston marvellously personifies the spirit of revolt against the hazard of social inequality. His past contains all the psychological causes capable of developing in a man the criticism of an organisation too parsimonious of benefits toward thousands of miserable ones and too prodigal toward certain masters of capital. Chance and malevolence seem to Euston to dominate the world—the felony of an egoist, the betrayal of a trusting woman, has given him an illegitimate birth, condemned him to disgrace and exclusion. Thus he has been thrown out upon a world whose inequalities determine the rancour and wrath of a cruelly humiliated righteous pride. He is an exile from the environs where life is smooth and goodness possible. The contrast between his misfortunes and those of the conventionalities of the time are apparent and sharply defined by the consummate art of the writer. It is logical

that this refractory, when he falls in with his brothers and sisters in toil and distress—breaks bread with them in the horrible mill boarding-house—should become the concentrated thinker for them all, their gesture, as it were, the epitome of this harassed multitude.

Horrible scenes he had witnessed, the spectacle of overworked human machines, had stirred morality in this complex nature. Euston lifted himself out of the mire of indulgence for his friends' sakes. He emancipated his body from the slavery of fourteen hours daily labour for them. Through the sublimity of human pity, he regenerated himself that he might be fit to act for them; for them he controlled his shaking, inebriate voice, which had fainted and waned too often with the wax and wane of his passions. It was now it possessed a thrilling quality, a note of passionate vibration; it was the accumulative expression of his own soul and the cries of his fellows.

The novel's construction is a harmonious edifice, resting on two caryatides, the workmen in revolt and the workmen enslaved.

Brotherhood, love, faith, which, according to Scripture, remove mountains, is in the case of Henry Euston able to lift the horror of the yoke imposed upon his unfortunate brothers by economic laws. Euston's regeneration is gradual at first. It comes through the influence of a passing interest in a pretty young girl, Lily Bud. She touches him to life, stirs sentiments half deadened by vice and misery. His own need of another human being first awakens him. His call to the world is a bit of ribbon swinging in the grasses by a forest pool! Life cries to life, and reaches this miserable man through the shades of despair.

One will read more than once the picture Marie Van Vorst has drawn between Desolation and Love by the border of a woodland pond in the light of a Southern spring. From the hour that a saving power drew Euston from the peril of suicide, gradually he is conscious of his part of a desire to cherish. He ceases to become the outcast—he becomes the social entity—until he finally no longer

belongs to hatred and alcohol, but to love, which he burns to show and share with his fellows.

With the exquisite sensibility of the artist and keen student of life, Marie Van Vorst has understood that love is the one remedy for the evils which she exposes in her novel. The poor, the oppressed, must learn to love and unite, and the best education for altruistic tendencies will be found in natural sentiments; above all, in the emotion at once complex and delicate which unites the man and the woman. If poor, vapid Lily Bud was not the perfect wife, if in the mills of Lexington she makes her husband's drunkenness the excuse for her own misconduct, if degraded by the habits of life the mills impose she degenerates into a dreary creature, habitually drunken, destroyed by labour and bad living, Amanda, on the other hand, delicate, charming Amanda, prodigals all her grace, tenderness and compassion upon her brother-in-law, whom she unconsciously loves.

She leaves the desolate mountain home after her grandmother's death and arrives at the jail where Euston is incarcerated for a murderous thrust at one of his wife's lovers. She appears covered by a little grey shawl, all her elegance and all her coquetry. In it she has enveloped her slender body against the winds of nature, against the winds of an evil world! Thus she stands before Euston; criminal and pauper, he is as desolate as she.

She did not look more than fifteen years of age as she stood before him, small and thin. He put out his emaciated hand and laid it on the grey shawl.

"You're worth your weight in gold."

"I reckon I'll be quite a fortune to the one that gets me," she said with her sweet laugh.

"Have you any money, Amanda?"

She shook her head. He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. He knew how empty they were; then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled at her, but the smile was sadder than tears. He shook his head without speaking. The child understood.

One will vainly look the literature of the times over to find a scene more perfect, more rare than is this interview.

The reader perceives the most delicate shades of feeling, the most subtle description of the tenderness which stirs in the heart and soul of this primitive little creature, who is moved compassionate, touched—terrified to learn and see how indispensable she is to the man who in turn is everything to her! In short, throughout the book the analysis is careful and complete—of alternatives, of anguish and grief, of the suffering caused by an unconscious love, which has no legitimate issue.

The candid, ardent nature of frail little Amanda is the artistic study of this admirable book. Euston's regeneration through his love for his kind is its major thesis.

The rivalry and jealousy of the sisters is well indicated, and perhaps France will award the palm of merit to the scene between the sisters in the mill, where Amanda injures Lily Bud. This chapter is to our taste a manifestation of a literature superior to any we have yet been called upon to admire from the States. We must again admire the power which evokes in incomparable manner the life of the mill, which puts before us the machines and their victims. We see the toil-worn features decimated by consumption, consumed by fever, destroyed by drink and vice. One will never forget little Milly, the child with the amputated arm, the baby who, nevertheless, continues its existence in the mills deprived of the most useful member of its slave-body. Here, in short, before us we have depicted the Industry at once horrible and beneficent, the masterpiece of modern civilisation, an enigmatical Monster of which one scarcely knows whether to say that it is good or bad; whether in augmenting the luxuries and ease of life it is a benefactor in measure as it is a destroyer, a sacrifice on the altar of supply and demand of the lives and souls of the people—in its destruction of so many poor chances for happiness, its extermination of so many households.

That Euston becomes the leader of his companions, instituting the forces of the workingman against the omnipotence of capital, and that he stands at length before the egotistical master of the mills, Jacob Grismore, the man who is his father

as well as his employer, this is the fatal outcome, the pinnacle of the book's conflict. To our judgment, there is nothing lacking in this epistle, this ode of human suffering, which has the volume and breadth of a great work of art; even the catastrophe at the close is a fitting conclusion, a tempestuous climax. The principal point of the important chapters is the psychological observation, extremely unusual and extremely true. Euston ceases to drink so long as he is occupied in liberating the masses, but as soon as his task is accomplished he finds that alcohol once again claims him for its slave. In order that his will should triumph over his vice, it is necessary that he should be upheld and inspired by a state of exaltation. When his goal is once reached, his exultation is exhausted, and the hero, abandoned by his ideal, becomes again the prey of his appetite. That he may be able to continue his victory and struggle, he claims love as a perfect salvation and inspiration; he appeals to, he claims, Amanda.

The literary critic, above all the artist, must approve the novelist's handling of this moral question. Amanda yields to

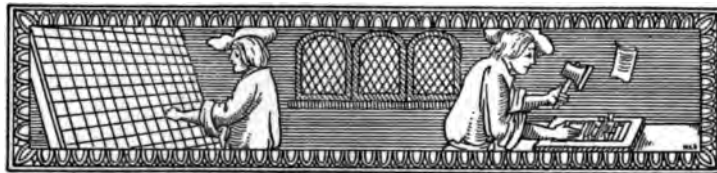
the claim put upon her by the man she has loved all her life.

This is only the natural sequence of the nature of this free-born, primitive creature; in short, of the woman who really loves. It is the human and the natural note, the only one that would ring true.

The fatality of natural laws puts us in constant war with our virtues, our faults, our ambitions and our audacious instincts. So thought Sophocles and Eschylus, and so thinks and writes this artist of modern times.

The writer knows the world of which she writes. Already the public has stood admiring before the courage with which this young woman left her home and her habitudes of life to follow the existence of the woman who toils, to adopt the livery of their slavery, to share the assiduous labour which permits our luxury to exist and our minds to know leisure. In *Amanda of the Mill*, Marie Van Vorst has been once again a mouthpiece for the people, as she was herself a heroine, before displaying to us an art which ranks with the best in the literature of this new century.

Paul Adam.



LITERARY CLUBLAND

II. NEW YORK'S LITERARY CLUBS

(IN TWO PARTS) PART I.

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

Presuming that my dear Bobby would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable club, I am happy to inform you that you are this day elected a member of the "Polyanthus," having been proposed by my friend, Lord Viscount Colchicum, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with Mr. Stiff, the worthy secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew. You were elected, sir, with but two blackballs; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of Tom Harico, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed, I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish it to go any farther) that Captain Slyboots and I, having suspicions of the meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.

Thackeray's "Mr. Brown the Elder takes Mr. Brown the Younger to a club."

I.

NEW YORK'S LITERARY CLUBS.



THE old New Yorker who is conversant with his city's affairs usually contends that club life in New York,—and in this respect club life in New York means club life in the United States—is a matter of the last thirty or forty years, and fleers at any pretension to American club life of earlier date. In one sense he is right. The club as we know it here is essentially a British institution modelled on British lines. And nowadays a good many Americans are carrying the British idea to the extreme and coming to associate club life first of all with the impressive and well-equipped club-house and the cuisine rivaling in its scope and variety that of one of the great new modern hotels. The New York club on these lines is a matter of recent times. The New York clubman of half a century ago had little magnificence. It was a simpler and more limited hospitality that he had to offer to his

friend or to the distinguished stranger. Yet this hospitality must have had its own flavour and atmosphere. There must have been something about it that went far to compensate for mere material deficiencies, if we are to credit the verdicts of those who were in a position to compare American club life with club life in England and on the Continent. Thackeray, as fine a judge of the matter as ever strutted through St. James's Park or scowled back at the Barnes Newcomes and Captain Heavysides in the club windows along Pall Mall, spoke and wrote of the Century, of New York, as "the best and most comfortable club in the world." And as Thackeray was not in the least given to flattery or over-effusiveness in his comments on Americans and American institutions, there is no reason to doubt his absolute sincerity.

As one runs over the list of New York clubs one finds that most of them are of comparatively recent date, very few being able to boast a history going back beyond the beginning of the Civil War. Although by virtue of its descent from the Sketch and the Column the Century might lay claim to an earlier origin, actual seniority among the New York clubs belongs to the Union, which was founded in 1836. Eight years later the

The second part of this paper will deal mainly with the Authors Club and the Players Club.



THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION AT NO. 7 WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET

New York Yacht Club came into existence, and in 1847 the men of the Century gathered for the first time under the name which the club bears to-day. These three organisations may be regarded as the pioneers in three different lines of New York club life. The Union has always stood for a certain social exclusiveness. The majority of its members have behind them their "three generations of oil," and are past middle age. It is the club of older men of social standing and tastes, just as the Knickerbocker is of the younger men. The New York Yacht Club was the first of the many clubs established in the interest of sport, and it has had a fine and interesting history. The Century is the oldest of the clubs based on intellectual achievement, on literature and art. Properly speaking, there are but three or four clubs of importance in New York to-day which come entirely within the scope of "Literary Clubland." These are the Century, the Authors, the Players and the Grolier. Men of letters may be found in the club rolls of other organisations, but the literary atmosphere is confined to these four. The Lotos Club, which in its early days had a decided artistic flavour, still gives dinners to many distinguished foreign authors; but in its membership it demands no qualifications of a specific nature. The Aldine was for years frequented by publishers and authors, and still retains something of a bookish flavour. Very naturally there is a literary element in the University Club, but it is submerged among the variety of other interests and occupations.

II.

CLUBS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Before taking up the clubs which have been named as representing the New York Literary Clubland of to-day, it is worth while saying something of the many ephemeral organisations which have sprung up in the past and lived for a few months or a few years. Long before the Union was established, the first literary club of the metropolis met in the back room of a little publishing house

far downtown and discussed books and exchanged anecdotes. The room set apart for the club was known as the Literary Den, and among those who frequented it were William Cullen Bryant, James K. Paulding, Fitz-Greene Halleck, G. C. Verplanck, Chancellor Kent, Mordecai N. Noah, and Colonel William L. Stone. About the same time, under the leadership of the truculent and not always clubable Fenimore Cooper, the Bread and Cheese Club came into existence. It met in the Washington Hotel, at Broadway and Chambers Street. Members were admitted by bread and cheese. If during the voting when a name was up for admission any cheese was found on the plates, the candidate was rejected. A few years later came the Sketch Club. This organisation was the result of the union of the literary and artistic elements of New York which, in 1829, were producing an annual called *The Talisman*. Among the writers in the Sketch were Bryant, Verplanck, Robert C. Sands, and a number of other newspaper editors and newspaper writers. Later Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding joined it. There was no regular home, the club meeting at the houses of members in turn. For six months during 1830, it did not exist, having been dissolved in May of that year, and reorganised in December. Thereafter for a few years it met in the Council Room of the National Academy of Design and then returned to the custom of meeting at the houses of the members.

Although, as has been said, the Lotos has long since lost its artistic flavour, in its early years it was much frequented by men of the allied professions. It was established in 1870 by six young newspaper men, and began with ten members. In a few weeks there were forty. The first home of the club was at 2 Irving Place. Its Saturday nights became famous. On these occasions one found there many distinguished artists, actors and writers. Among the men who were entertained by the Lotos in the early days were General Grant, Ferdinand de Lesseps, Edmund Yates, Froude, Tyndall, Lord Houghton, Proctor, Bartholdi, Bayard Taylor, Salvini, Stanley, Von Bülow, Offenbach. A double banquet



THE UNIVERSITY CLUB AT FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-FOURTH STREET



BISHOP POTTER. PRESIDENT OF THE CENTURY

was given to Gilbert and Sullivan. In the matter of its hospitality the Lotos has not swerved from its old traditions. If its dinners to distinguished men have not actually made history, some of them at least have very effectually mirrored it. Every newspaper reader will remember the Lotos dinner to Admiral Schley and the dinner to Captain Coghlan, at which the guest of the evening recited the famous "Me und Gott" poem and so ruffled the seas of diplomacy.

Of the informal literary clubs—the coteries of writers meeting by agreement at some restaurant or other to talk shop and exchange anecdotes—there have been scores. If New York ever possessed a real literary Bohemia it was that of Pfaff's beer garden in a Broadway basement near Bleecker Street. There, at the noon-meal hour and through the evening until late into the night, gathered the real literary Bohemians of the later fifties. This Bohemia had its king, Henry Clapp, Jr., and its queen, Ada Clare. Mr. Howells, in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances*, describes his

first meeting with Walt Whitman as having taken place in Pfaff's, for the poet was one of the place's most frequent habitués. Others who rallied there were Fitzjames O'Brien, Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly"), Charles F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), Richard Henry Stoddard, Charles F. Brown ("Artemus Ward"), Frank B. Goodrich ("Dick Dinto"), Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), Mortimer M. Thomson ("Doesticks"), Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), and George Arnold. Coming down to more recent times, the names of half a dozen ephemeral organisations of a literary nature suggest themselves. Some of these have been downright humbugs, whose sole reason for existence has been to give an opportunity for the failures in literature and art to meet and pose and exchange insincere expressions of admiration. To this day you will find plenty of coteries of this sort among the table d'hôtes in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. People visit them with the idea that they are seeing a bit of the real literary Bohemia and are immensely impressed by the antics and eccentricities of a type which has been described as "Mickey-Do-Nothing," who wrote a sketch for the *Sun* in 1878.

Of a genuine literary flavour and unconventionality was the Cloister Club of fifteen or twenty years ago, which numbered among its members such men as the late Henry Cuyler Bunner, Edward W. Townsend, the creator of "Chimmie Fadden;" Harry Leon Wilson, who was then known best through his contributions to *Puck*, of which he became editor after the death of Bunner, but who has since achieved a wider reputation as the author of *The Spenders* and *The Seeker*; James L. Ford, Robert W. Chambers, Julian Ralph, Chester A. Lord, Paul Potter, the dramatist; R. K. Munkittrick, George B. Mallon, and the artists L. Dalrymple and Reginald Birch, the latter of Little Lord Fauntleroy fame. The home of the Cloister was in Clinton Place, and the reason of the club's organisation was primarily the desire to continue to enjoy certain extraordinary dishes prepared by one M. Dubois, who had been obliged to give up the Restaurant Dubois in Wooster

Street because of the encroachments of a neighbouring factory. The membership of the Cloister was rather less than a hundred, and was drawn almost entirely from men engaged in artistic, literary and newspaper work. The club was not a place for one who took himself over-seriously. As in the famous Gridiron Club, there was a freedom and frankness of personal comment that made the first requisite of a member a sense of humour sufficient to enable him to enjoy a joke, even if it were at his own expense. Between the hours of 5.30 and 8.30 members enjoyed the privilege of bringing women guests to dine, although this privilege was guarded jealously by the Board of Abbots. So much care was taken in the selection of club members that the privilege was never abused. The club also gave a number of formal dinners, at which were heard some of the most entertaining after-dinner speakers of New York.

In the point of distinguished membership, there are a very few organisations in the Old World or the New that can compare with the Kinsman, an international literary club which grew out of a dinner in Delmonico's in 1882. The six men who sat down at the table on that occasion were Edwin A. Abbey, Laurence Hutton, William M. Laffan, Brander Matthews, Frank D. Millet and Lawrence Barrett. Barrett and Hutton have since died. The following year the club met at a dinner in London, and a number of new members, English and American, were elected. These were Joseph W. Comyns Carr, Samuel L. Clemens, Austin Dobson, Charles Fairchild, Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund Gosse, Julian Hawthorne, Sir Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, Andrew Lang, Alfred Parsons, Linley Sanborne, H. C. Bunner, Randolph Caldecott, Clarence King, George Parsons Lathrop, James R. Osgood and Elihu Vedder. In 1884, the Kinsman dinner was again given in New York. Of recent years, however, this club has been becoming more and more an English institution. In London, the meetings have been kept up regularly, while in New York there has been no dinner since that of 1894. In the roll of the Kinsman are found the American Ambassador

(*ex-officio*), Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Moberley Bell, editor of the London *Times*, Sir Francis C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, John Drew, John and Gilbert Hare, Anthony Hope Hawkins, the Hon. John Hay, William Dean Howells, Henry James, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Norman Lockyer, Captain Robert Marshall, Thomas Nelson Page, Sir Gilbert Parker, A. W. Pinero, John S. Sargent, Augustus St. Gaudens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Beerbohm-Tree, Stanford White and Francis Wilson. Among the dead Kinsmen were the Hon. T. F. Bayard, William Black, Edwin Booth, Harold Frederic, Bret Harte, George du Maurier, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Charles Dudley Warner.



THE LOTOS CLUB. 556 FIFTH AVENUE

In a magazine article published a few months ago Mr. George B. Mallon recalled vividly the ways of the Tenderloin Club, which was organised about fifteen years ago in a wooden building opposite the Thirtieth Street police station, and which numbered among its members many artists and men of letters. The Tenderloin resembled the Cloister in that the first qualification for membership was that a candidate "should not be stuck on himself." To a certain extent the Tenderloin was avowedly "queer." At any moment something unexpected and interesting might happen and consequently many men wished to join. Its membership included the Mayor, the Collector of the Port of New York, Inspector Byrnes, the captain of the Thirtieth Street precinct, members of such clubs as the Century, Lotos, Union, Union League and Calumet, and a number of actors, artists and newspaper men. Leaving its first home, the Tenderloin went into a house on West Thirty-second Street. Before the club took formal possession of its new home, that home had been turned over to half a dozen artist members to decorate in the most eccentric fashion that their imaginations could suggest. Until the opening night none of the other members were allowed to cross its threshold. Then it was seen that the artists had covered the walls of the main rooms with fresh plaster, in which before it hardened had been set some of the most extraordinary articles ever used for decorative purposes. They ranged from policemen's night sticks, weapons that had been used in celebrated murder cases, and counterfeit coins, to Carmencita's dancing slippers and the slipper worn by Pauline Markham on her first appearance in this country with the original "Black Crook" company. The appearance of these main rooms was typical of the entire club-house. The setting was an appropriate one for the series of freak entertainments which followed. The Tenderloin Club soon became known throughout the entire country. But this fame proved its undoing. New members were taken in indiscriminately, the sturdier element of its membership lost interest, and as a result the club soon collapsed.

III.

THE CENTURY.

By virtue of the dignity of its traditions and of its fifty-eight years of existence, the Century claims one's first attention among American literary clubs. Compared with London's literary clubland, our own clubs inevitably lack associations. Englishmen can hark back to the taverns frequented by the denizens of Grub Street, the inns where Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith regaled themselves, and find a connecting link between these places and the famous clubs of the present day. As Mr. Goodrich pointed out last month, the literary memories of such clubs as the Athenæum, the Garrick, the Savile, the Savage and the Whitefriars reach back for nearly a century—a century stretching from Gibbon and Byron to Meredith and Kipling, and with the splendour of the Victorian Age between. This was Charles Dickens's favourite chair. At this table Thackeray was wont to pen in that beautiful fine hand of his his monthly Roundabout Paper for *Fraser's Magazine*. In this corner of the library Macaulay spent hours poring over volumes of English history. This room or that is hallowed by memories of Tom Moore, of Trollope, of Matthew Arnold, or Browning or Thomas Carlyle.

Among American clubs, the Century alone can claim any such atmosphere of the past. It alone has a history. Years before the Authors or the Players was thought of, the Century was bringing together the leading men of letters and of art of New York. Yet somehow the Century of early times impresses the newer generation as having been tremendously portentous and dignified. There was plenty of good fellowship and good cheer, no doubt, but also the chill of a certain reserve. The talk of the Centurions seems to have been essentially serious—men expressing themselves not lightly, but judicially and after long deliberation; Mr. Bryant gravely conceding the right of Pope or Dryden or Watts, according to the subject of discussion, to be ranked as a poet, or denying the same, while members of lesser



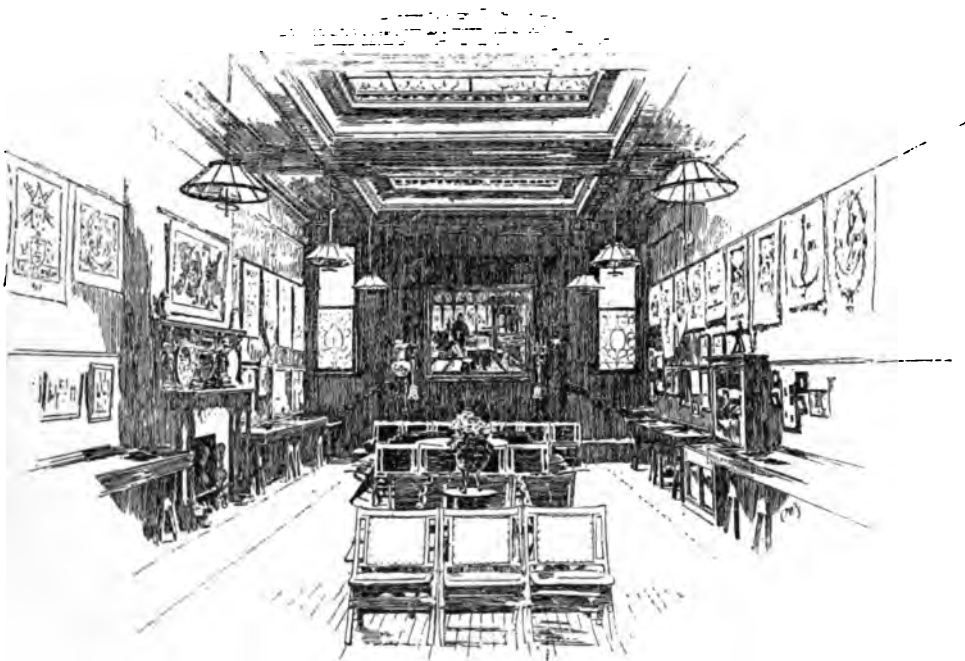
HALL OF THE CENTURY



READING ROOM OF THE CENTURY



THE LIBRARY OF THE CENTURY



THE EXHIBITION AND LECTURE HALL OF THE GROlier

note sat about listening and nodding respectable reticence. Such, at least, is the popular impression among those who never had any personal experience of the old club. Perhaps there are those who take seriously the traditional joke at the expense of the Century, to the effect that this club is called the "Century" because no one is eligible for admission until he is a hundred years old!

Early in the last century some of the scholars and wits of New York, among them G. C. Verplanck, William Cullen Bryant and Robert C. Sands, and later Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding, in combination with some of the younger members of the American Academy of Art, published an annual entitled *The Talisman*, patterned after those English annuals to which we were told that Thackeray's Arthur Pendennis sold his early literary wares. Out of the work on the *Talisman* there grew the project of a social club, which in 1829 took shape and name as the Sketch Club, which met

sometimes in the Council Room of the National Academy of Design, but oftener in the houses of members. Four years earlier a society called the Column had been established by graduates of Columbia College. Out of these two organisations grew the Century, which was founded on the evening of the 13th of January, 1847. The original Centurions were forty-two in number, of which twenty-five came from the Sketch and six from the Column. There were ten artists, ten merchants, four authors, three bankers, three physicians, two clergymen, two lawyers, one editor, one diplomat and three men of leisure, and they were all more or less representative men at a time when New York was a growing city of six hundred thousand inhabitants. Gulian C. Verplanck was the Century's first president, and back in his day began the club's peculiar Twelfth Night Festival, which has been continued ever since. The Century's Twelfth Night is distinctive in that it is not an annual event or an event of any given year. This very uncertainty has added to the zest of the revel, which usually ends with an old-fashioned Virginia Reel. At the last Twelfth Night a number of years ago the reel was led by Theodore Roosevelt and Joseph H. Choate.

The first home of the Century, which it occupied for two years, was in rooms at 495 Broadway, between Broome and Spring Streets. During this period a journal called *The Century* was started and edited by F. S. Cozens and John H. Gourley. From Broadway, the club, in 1848, moved to 435 Broome Street. In 1850, it went to 575 Broadway; in 1852, to Clinton Place, where it remained until it went into the Fifteenth Street home, which it occupied for so many years. Verplanck's presidency over the club lasted until the early sixties, when it was shattered by dissensions growing out of the War of Secession. Verplanck may be said to have invited the divisions which crept into the club and which led to his overwhelming defeat in the election of 1864. His successor in the presidency was the historian Bancroft, who ruled the club until 1868, when he gave up his office on the occasion of his entering the public service as our Minister to Berlin.

The reader may perhaps have some interest in knowing how English literary clubs and American literary clubs compare in the matter of expense in membership. Of course it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of what a man's club expenses would be, either in New York or in London, if one were to go into all expenditures for house accounts and for various subscriptions. The following list, however, will show how the matter stands in regard to entrance fees and annual dues.

LONDON

	Entrance Fee	Annual Dues
Athenæum	30 guineas	8 guineas
Garrick	20 "	10 "
Savile	10 "	6 "
Savage	5 "	5 "
Whitefriars	1 "	Members pay for dinners individually
New Vagabonds	1 "	
Yorick	2 "	
Green Room	6 "	5 "
Authors	4 "	5, 3 and 2 "
Lyceum	1 "	3 and 2 "

The dues of clubs like "Boz," Omar Khayyám, etc., are merely nominal.

NEW YORK

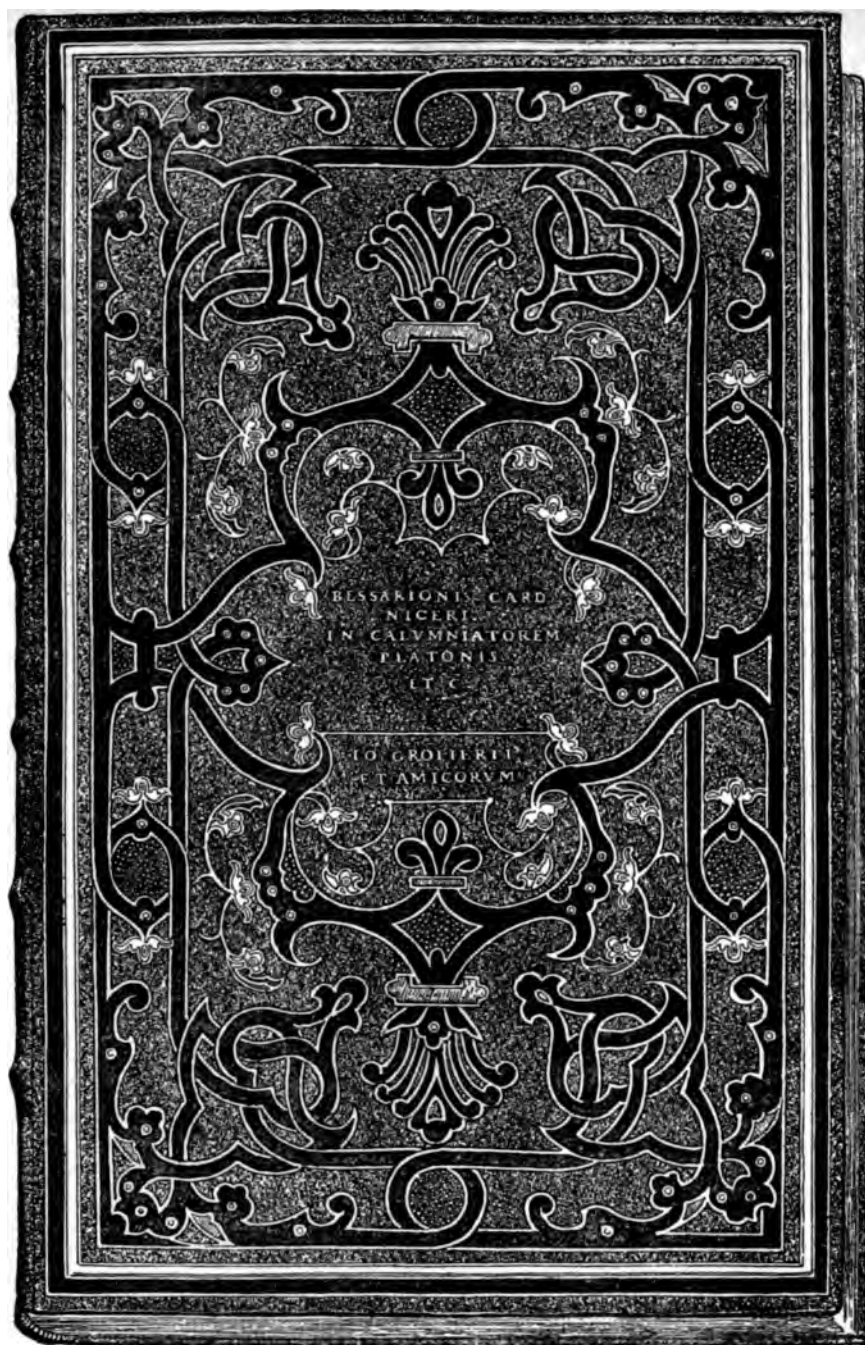
	Entrance Fee	Annual Dues
Century	\$150.00	\$60.00
Players	100.00	50.00
Authors	25.00	20.00
University	200.00	75.00
Grolier	100.00	30.00
Lotos	100.00	75.00

After Bancroft came Bryant, who held the office until his death, but who, averse to crowds, was seldom seen at the club except in official meetings. An enthusiastic Centurion, writing of the club at the time of Bryant's death, in 1878, when it had been in existence thirty-one years, speaks of it as having drawn together the choicest spirits of that generation of New Yorkers. "Without formality or design, it had become an institute of mutual enlightenment among men knowing the worth of one another's work, likened by Bellows, more than half seriously, to the French Academy. A sure result of this communion was absolute equality among those who shared it. No true Centurion ever assumed anything, each standing in his real place. The atmosphere killed pretension and stifled shams. The pedant or the conceited person silently drifted away. How could it be otherwise, while a famous painter was describing some scene, or a noted philosopher illustrating some theory, or an acute statesman drawing some historical parallel, than that the egotist should drop himself and the proser forget to prose?"

That this high opinion of the club was shared by a Centurion who knew it in much later years is evident to all who read Paul Leicester Ford's *The Story of an Untold Love* and recognise the Century under the name of the Philomathean. According to the hero of that story, the Philomathean was the one club where charlatanry and dishonesty must fail, however it succeeded with the world, and where the poorest man stood on a par with the wealthiest.

Bryant remained president of the Century until his death, in 1878. The fourth president was Daniel Huntington, who held the office until 1895, when he was succeeded by Bishop Potter, the present president. It was toward the end of the Huntington régime that the club left its Fifteenth Street home and entered the impressive building on Forty-third Street, which it occupies to-day. The club-house is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, one hundred feet square and three stories in height. The first impression of the visiting stranger is that comfort has been sacrificed to magnificence: maturer judgment shows that it has sim-

ply been concealed by it. From the ground floor, which is given to offices, strangers' rooms, and a fine picture gallery, a broad staircase leads up to the second floor, which is divided into great halls for meetings and conversation. On the third floor of the library, which is among the finest club libraries in the United States, are the dining and smoking rooms. It has been said that no man should join the Century until he had passed his thirty-fifth year, and certainly beyond that limit there are very few eminent men of letters whose names are not to be found on its rolls. Among the non-resident members are Rudyard Kipling and Sir Gilbert Parker. American literature is represented by such men as William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, James Lane Allen, Winston Churchill, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry van Dyke, Brander Matthews, Moncure D. Conway, Richard Watson Gilder, Thomas Nelson Page, John Hay, F. Hopkinson Smith, Captain Mahan, Thomas Janvier, and many others. Every club has its individual customs and its unwritten laws. One of these of the Century is that no member propose anyone for membership until he himself has been in the club for five years. A member may take to the club only one guest at a time and he is not supposed to entertain the same guest there oftener than once a year. If he desires to introduce several friends, he must "borrow the names" of an equal number of other members. The Century is one of the few clubs which has no "Ladies' Days," the only time when women guests were admitted beyond the picture gallery being on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the club's existence. But the guest under any conditions is seldom fortunate enough to catch the real spirit of the club—the spirit which is reflected in the talk at the long table in the centre of the Grill Room at the noon or evening meal. There the Centurions are at their best and the conversation at times may be, with perfect conservatism, called brilliant. This was especially so when the talk was led by the late Clarence King, whose comment on the club that it contained "the rag-tag and bob-tail of all that was best in the country" will be re-



"BESSARION ON THE CALUMNIATOR OF PLATO," VENICE, 1516. FOLIO, 13 X 8 INCHES; BROWN CALF

(FROM TECHENER COLLECTION. OWNED BY MR. ROBERT HOE)

membered and repeated so long as the Century shall exist.

IV.

THE GROLIER.

The Grolier is the club of the bibliophile. Whatever his tastes may be elsewhere, within the club-house a member is supposed to regard a book not in the light of literature, but as a work of art—a concrete thing representing the labour of the illustrator, the papermaker, the engraver, the printer, and the binder, and in which the author is of minor moment. The Grolier is named in honour of Jean Grolier de Servier, Vicomte d'Aguisy, Treasurer-General of France, Ambassador to the Court of Rome, than whom no more interesting and brilliant figure is to be found in the history of bookmaking. Born in 1476, at Lyons, Grolier was introduced at an early age to the French Court, where he soon became celebrated for his learning and for his talents as a financier. His life was a distinguished one in many ways and the greater part of his latter years was given to his passion for book collecting. He died in 1565, at the age of eighty-six, but his library remained intact for one hundred and ten years after his death. To-day to possess books bound by Grolier is considered an honour to



THE GROLIER ARMS

the richest public libraries, and the prices which these volumes command at the public sales of Paris are constantly on the increase. Grolier, to quote from an

account which explains the purpose of the club bearing his name, "gave to the book, in its most sumptuous form, a lofty and lasting position in the world of letters.



THE FIRST HOME OF THE GROLIER AT
NO. 64 MADISON AVENUE

To posterity he represents the spirit of the Renaissance, in all its proud, splendid materialism. His personality stands out in bold relief among the many significant figures of sixteenth-century France and Italy, presenting a long, busy and useful life; the life of a cultivated gentleman, the influence of which is still felt after the lapse of three centuries and has reached the New World."

The Grolier Club had its inception at an informal meeting at the house of Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr., on the evening of the 23d of January, 1884. There were present Messrs. William Loring Andrews, Theodore L. DeVinne, A. W. Drake, Albert Gallup, Robert Hoe, Jr., Brayton Ives, Samuel W. Martin, Edward S. Mead, and Arthur B. Turnure, all keen lovers of books, bookmakers by trade or bookmakers by taste. These men gathered together for the purpose of forming a club which would bring together all who were interested in the art of book-



THE GROLIER LIBRARY. FRONT ROOM



THE READING ROOM OF THE GROLIER

making and thereby stimulate a love of these arts throughout the United States. At the second meeting, held in February, a constitution was adopted, Mr. Robert Hoe was elected president, and Mr. Ives, vice-president. Two weeks later a club device, including the arms of Grolier, was provided, and early in April the club was installed in its first home in rooms at 64 Madison Avenue.

Mr. Brander Matthews, in an article about the Grolier written fifteen or six-

uniting book lovers and bookmakers and of gratifying the needs and wishes of both classes of its members by collecting and exhibiting the best works of the great artists of the past and by producing new books which may serve as types of the best that modern skill and taste may do.

The history of the Grolier Club has been to a large extent the history of its publications and its exhibitions. The social side is not neglected. One night a week, known as "Whist Night," has been a feature since the early days, when the club was in its first home. When the present house, at No. 29 East Thirty-second Street, was occupied "Whist Night" became a more permanent function, and now the House Committee provides a supper for those who are present whether or not they participate in the weekly game. The publications of the Grolier Club, as enumerated in the three volumes of Transactions, form an impressive list. At the time that the third volume of Transactions appeared, in 1899, they numbered thirty-two. The first publication was a reprint of "A Decree of Starre-Chamber," which was originally issued in 1637. The second publication was a reprint of Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam." With the third publication the Grolier happily hit upon an American book, choosing Washington Irving's *History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, and in this work produced a volume which has a place among the very greatest examples of bookmaking. Thus at the beginning the Grolier set the standard which has ever since been maintained. The work which the club has now in hand is the forty-fifth in its list. It is *A Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of Some of the Poetical and Prose Works of English Writers from Wither to Prior*. At the beginning, the membership of the Grolier Club was limited to one hundred, but early in its history it was enlarged, and its rolls now contain several times that number of names.



PRESENT HOME OF THE GROLIER CLUB AT
NO. 29 EAST THIRTY-SECOND STREET

teen years ago, held that it was unique, saying that he could find neither in France nor England an organisation exactly equivalent to the New York club. In London the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and in Paris the Société des Amis des Livres were representative of similar interests, but neither of these societies aimed at the double function of

(To be concluded.)

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I



It was not our intention to re-open the Bookman's Letter Box until the series of Authors' Letter Boxes now appearing in this magazine should have been completed. We have, however, been practically compelled to change our mind owing to the gentle compulsion put upon us by Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of *The Clansman* and other tropical novels which have been highly successful. Some time ago we reviewed *The Clansman* in another publication and made some specific criticisms upon it. To these criticisms Mr. Dixon has made a reply which covers more than four typewritten pages. On general principles we hold that we are not answerable in THE BOOKMAN for anything that we have said elsewhere; but as *The Clansman* is one of the best selling books of the day, perhaps the subject may have sufficient general interest to justify us in taking up the matter in this place—first of all because it will gratify Mr. Dixon (and we are very glad to gratify him), and in the second place, because the discussion involves sundry literary linguistic and critical points which have an interest of their own. Mr. Dixon's letter was in the form of an article entitled "Baiting the Senior Editor." We are compelled to condense it by omitting certain portions of it; but lest any one should suppose that in this we are taking an unfair advantage of Mr. Dixon, we hasten to say that the omitted portions contain sundry graceful compliments to us which we have enjoyed in private, but which are not particularly relevant to the questions at issue. By the way, Mr. Dixon describes us as "The Dean of the Corps."

(1) The Dean catalogues sixteen alleged errors in *The Clansman*, and cheerfully informs his readers that he could double and treble the list "if space permitted." He declares that I speak of "the bay of the tigers." This is an error. The clause correctly quoted

would be "the bay of tigers." He further says: "Tigers do not bay. They snarl." So the proof-reader said when he struck that clause from the galleys. The same careful proof-reader cut the sentence, "A sea-gull poised a moment above them and broke into a laugh" (page 130). He wrote on the margin that a gull could not laugh. I laughed and restored the sentence. Whereupon he sought an interview with me and delivered a convincing argument upon the impossibility of a gull performing such a feat. Why is a proof-reader with all his wealth of learning still a proof-reader?

Shakespeare says: "Brutus, bay me not."

Shakespeare ought to have had my proof-reader. He would have learned that a man does not "bay." He speaks. The word "bay," as used here, means to bait, to dare, to challenge. Whatever the usual cry of the tiger, he does bait and dare his antagonist. So I use the word:

"Both sides had things to learn, and learned them in a school whose logic is final—a four years' course in the University of Hell—the scream of eagles, the howl of wolves, the bay of tigers, the roar of lions—"

We are afraid that Mr. Dixon made up his explanation after he had read our criticism. It will be observed that he couples "the bay of tigers" with "the scream of eagles, the howl of wolves, and the roar of lions"—all these relating to the sounds made by the creatures mentioned. It is hard to believe that when Mr. Dixon mentioned "the bay of tigers" he was not also referring to their particular noise. Furthermore, what is Mr. Dixon's authority for saying that the word "bay" ever means "to bait," "to dare," "to challenge"? This is a question of etymology, and Mr. Dixon ought to be able to cite some authority or other, or else himself engage in a linguistic demonstration to support his claim. In the Shakespearian sentence, "Brutus, bay me not," of course "bay" means "bark at," and the use of the word involves a metaphor which compares Brutus to a hound, or possibly to a cur, for Cowper speaks of "the bay of curs." Just what the sea-gull has to do with the question

we fail to understand. We said nothing about sea-gulls and we are free to admit that we have not studied them. No doubt, as Mr. Dixon says, sea-gulls frequently break out into loud guffaws; but we are not mixed up in this sea-gull controversy, and must positively decline to share in it.

(2) The Dean says that I made a mistake in describing Lincoln's shoulders as huge and broad. I confess the error. Every portrait I ever saw of him confirmed this idea.

This simply leads us to advise Mr. Dixon to carry his researches into the iconography of Lincoln a little further.

(3) "Mr. Lincoln's face is overspread by 'a funny look.' This is funny English." May I ask why? A look of anger may overspread a man's face, why not a look of fun? Lincoln was noted for the peculiar quizzical look which haunted his face while funny ideas played about his mind.

If Mr. Dixon does not see this point himself, we are afraid that we cannot make him see it.

(4) He declares that I represent Austin Stoneman (Thaddeus Stevens) as embittered against the South because the Confederate army ruined him "by destroying his iron works at Chambersville. As a matter of historical fact, these iron works were bankrupted in the early forties; and when they were destroyed by the Confederates this relieved Stevens of an incubus." The Dean makes two inexcusable errors in this statement, one of geography and one of history. Chambersville is in Indiana County, Western Pennsylvania. Had Lee's army ever reached Chambersville, the drama of "Reconstruction" would have been played on Northern soil. Chambersburg, on the other hand, was the site of those mills, one of the oldest, richest and most noted towns of Pennsylvania, the rendezvous of John Brown's men; and it was for the burning of this town by Stuart's cavalry that Sherman left the South a blackened desert. Stevens's mills at Chambersburg were bankrupted twice, but the whole point of my story lies in the fact that he succeeded in raising one hundred thousand dollars, with which he paid the last cent of these debts just one week before Stuart laid them in ashes!

So far as "Chambersville" instead of Chambersburg is concerned, we beg to

inform Mr. Dixon that we have a proof-reader who is fully as imaginative as his own. Mr. Dixon somewhat misstates the point which we made against him with regard to Thaddeus Stevens. Mr. Dixon ascribes the violent anti-Southern attitude of Stevens to the burning of his iron works by the Confederates in 1863; but as a matter of fact, the attitude of Stevens toward the South and toward the negroes was taken by him as early as 1836 and relentlessly maintained throughout his whole career. Even Mr. Dixon will hardly say that Stevens became a negrophile and anti-Southerner in 1836 because he foresaw prophetically that twenty-seven years afterward he was going to have some iron-mills burned down.

(5) How could Stevens hold Congress spell-bound and yet not be an "orator"—while a ridiculous old darkey "is no mean orator"?

Easily. Oratory is a comparatively cheap trick, which a man of genuine power often despises. Barnes in his *History of the Fortieth Congress* (pp. 11 and 12) says of Stevens:

"And now the members crowd around a central desk. A gaunt, weird, tall old man has risen in his seat—the man who is often called the Leader of the House. The crowds in the balconies bend eager ears. As a speaker he is never declamatory. He is seldom eloquent, yet every one gives him breathless attention."

The negro inherits oratory from the palaver-house of the African jungle. I have known very ignorant negroes highly endowed with this tropical gift of eloquence.

The citation from Barnes, which Mr. Dixon gives in support of his definition, upsets that definition. Stevens was an orator, though not eloquent; the old negro was eloquent in his way, though not an orator.

(6) "Lincoln was the last man in the world to go about quoting from his own productions."

Certainly, but he was the man who would have used an apt sentence from one of his great inaugural addresses in a quarrel with his arch enemy alone in his own room at the White House. So I represented him.

This we pass over as being a matter of opinion.

(7) "What authority has Mr. Dixon for asserting (page 165) that President Johnson's

messages to Congress were thrown into the waste-basket unread amid jeerings?"

The very best. See the *Congressional Globe*, 1865-1868, the daily newspapers of the same years, and *The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson*, by Dewitt, page 62.

It is all very well for Mr. Dixon to say "See the *Congressional Globe*," but has he seen it himself? If so, will he kindly point out to us in it any record which indicates that the President's messages were thrown into the waste-basket unread? Also, where does Dewitt mention the waste-basket? Not on p. 62. By the way, we have noticed in some other controversies of his, Mr. Dixon's pathetic trust in Dewitt, whose book is a special plea for Johnson written to please the Johnson family and suppressing everything which is unfavourable to Johnson. Incidentally, let us advise Mr. Dixon to drop the reading of Dewitt and to take up the more authoritative pages of Dunning.

(8) "It is interesting to learn that electric bells were used in Washington so early as 1866 (page 91)."

It is, indeed. I made no such assertion. The text says "electric signal." The telegraph was in use at the time, was it not?

Yes, the telegraph was in use at that time. But let us look at the passage in Mr. Dixon's book. A friend calls at the house of Stevens and is met at the door by the mulatto housekeeper. She summons her master by "touching an electric signal." Now, it may be that Stevens had a telegraph running from his front door to his library, and that the mulatto housekeeper operated it. Perhaps, too, he had a four-track railway connecting his front parlour with his dining-room. We think that the one thing is just about as probable as the other.

(9) "A surprise to find that old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterians were scrupulous about the observance of Good Friday (page 64)."

In the South the Episcopal Church is the arbiter of good form in society. Old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterians do not celebrate Good Friday, but their daughters who move in good society are compelled to note its passing. A Southern man could never have raised such a point.

The young woman of whom Mr. Dixon was writing was not a woman who moved in "society" at all. She was bred up in a small country place under strong Scotch Presbyterian influences. We should like some disinterested Southern man to tell us whether such a young woman as this would take any particular thought about Good Friday, except, perhaps, to think its observance peculiar to "Papists."

(10) "'Twenty shining plunks' must mean twenty silver dollars; but in 1868 nobody ever saw any silver anywhere (page 243)."

Who said "twenty shining plunks" meant twenty silver dollars? I did not. I distinctly say:

"Aleck felt in his pocket the jingle of twenty gold dollars." "Plunk" is a good slang word which means a piece of hard money, usually a dollar. The first time I ever heard it used was by a Yankee peddler in North Carolina when I was a child.

We thought it most improbable that a negro labourer should have twenty silver dollars in his pocket just after the Civil War,—a period at which nothing but paper money had been in use for years. Mr. Dixon now informs us that they were twenty gold dollars and not silver dollars at all. This is simply making the thing more improbable still.

(11) "Mr. Dixon thinks that 'black dukes and marquises' drive over white men in Haiti; but there never were any dukes and marquises in Haiti except for a year or two."

I got this from Hinton Rowan Helper, author of *The Impending Crisis*, a book which precipitated the Civil War, and was once received in the North as a verbally inspired revelation from God. He may have been wrong.

He was.

(12) "What, by the way, is 'bruised blood' (page 231)?"

Blood, the corpuscles of which have been crushed and blackened by a blow.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Dixon is all right here, and that he has scored on us.

(13) "It seems to us also that lawn 'full of trees, flowers, shrubbery and evergreen box-wood' would scarcely be a lawn."

Why not? Come South and I'll show you dozens of them. The Southern usage of the word "lawn" has established its meaning as inclusive of the whole tract of land enclosed about the house. Its "dictionary" meaning is a piece of green-sward between trees.

Mr. Dixon then quotes us as having said once upon a time that "usage makes a rule rather than a rule the usage." This is perfectly true; but the usage must be general usage and not local usage. If Mr. Dixon intended his book to be read only in the Southern States, he was quite justified in using the Southern dialect. If, however, he was writing for the country as a whole, then he should have employed the English language, which is probably comprehensive enough to express all of his ideas.

(14) "What sort of English is the following: 'A murmur rippled the great hall'?"

I should say a fairly good figure of speech. A sea of faces is a common synonymn for a large audience. I use "great hall" as a synonym for great audience. There can be no sort of doubt as to my meaning. "The truly enlightened person uses language with entire carelessness, but it is a masterly carelessness that always keeps within the limits of good taste."

There seems to be a syllogism lurking somewhere in these words. Thus, all truly enlightened persons use language with a masterly carelessness. Mr. Dixon's carelessness is not masterly. Therefore,—but we leave Mr. Dixon to draw the painfully obvious conclusion.

(15) "We should scarcely suppose that a brave Southern soldier would be 'scared' by a woman," says the Dean.

Indeed! The bravest soldiers are often the men most painfully timid with the woman they love. I have known several such cases. I don't mind confessing that I was once badly scared by a woman. Does the Dean mean to boast that he has never yet quailed before a woman's eye? I can believe that Gladstone Dowie is still unknissed, but this is too much.

This is just a little disingenuous on the part of Mr. Dixon. In his book he said that a certain Southern soldier was "scared" because a woman had disregarded a dictate of fashion, and that is what we criticised him for. Of course,

any man may very well be "scared" of any woman; but why he should be "scared" because a woman has disregarded a dictate of fashion we do not see, for in such a case it is the woman who would probably be "scared."

(16) "He so gluts us with Grand Dragons, Grand Turks, Grand Cyclops, Grand Titans, Grand Monks, and Grand Wizards, that the whole thing becomes absolutely comic."

Here the Dean's critique reaches the climax of the comic. Great Scott! Do you suppose that I was fool enough to invent such titles in an historical novel? A mere glance at the copy of the ritual of the Invisible Empire in the Library of Columbia College will show that these names were official. The victim on whose head the edict of life and death fell from their lips did not think them comic. The Grand Dragon of North Carolina ordered the impeachment and removal from office of the Governor of the State. My uncle, Colonel Leroy McAfee, Grand Titan of his Congressional District, executed this decree as a member of the Judiciary Committee of the N. C. Legislature.

We are delighted to know that Mr. Dixon is the nephew of a Grand Titan. This explains why his adjectives are sometimes so titanic. But in this, again, Mr. Dixon has apparently misunderstood the point we made. Naturally, we knew that the Ku Klux Klan abounded in Grand Dragons, Grand Turks, Grand Wizards and the rest. The fact is characteristic of the Southern lack of humour. We thought, however, that Mr. Dixon might have contented himself with fewer of these Grand Beings, because he really meant to tell the story of the negro Gus's death in a way that should thrill and awe the reader. Apparently, however, Mr. Dixon, too, lacked humour, and so he dragged in all the Grand Wizards by the head and shoulders. Very likely they seemed impressive to Gus, but they make the reader grin. There is really no use in arguing about a sense of humour. You either have it or you haven't, and that is all there is to be said. By way of adding a further illustration of Mr. Dixon's blindness to the ludicrous, let us cite the most striking instance that is to be found in *The Clansman*. A dozen Southerners have got together on horse-

back to waylay a negro whom they intend to lynch. As a disguise, the lynchers clothe themselves in long white cotton garments. Thus clad, they assemble at a little country railway station. Mr. Dixon describes their appearance as follows:

"The moon was now shining brightly; and its light, shimmering on the silent horses and men with their tall spiked caps, made a picture such as the world had not seen since the Knights of the Middle Ages rode on their Holy Crusades."

We really shouldn't have supposed that a dozen men in nightgowns could have been quite so magnificent as to justify that comparison. It is a beautiful passage—so beautiful, in fact, that we have been chuckling ever since we read it.

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Dixon charitably suggests that we were tired and sleepy when we wrote our criticism of his book. We should never think of offering any such excuse as this, which would be far from complimentary to Mr. Dixon. We can honestly say that although we find much to criticise in Mr. Dixon's books, the reading of them is not at all conducive to sleep. And let us pay him another little compliment in return for those which he has bestowed on us,

but which we have not printed here. We do not know whether Mr. Dixon ever indulges in a game of poker; but if he does, we are sure that when it comes to putting up a good strong bluff he always shows himself to be a finished artist.

II.

We can find space this month for only one other little matter, which also happens to be quite personal in its nature. We have received a handsomely engraved invitation from the managers of the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be present at the opening of that important commemorative celebration. In addressing us they prefixed to our name the words "The Honourable." If we had ever held any political office, from Alderman up to President, we should probably experience no emotion on being dignified with this title. As it is, however, we cannot help feeling a certain guilty pleasure in appropriating something which doesn't at all belong to us. Now, if some kind friend of the Letter Box should happen to address us as "General," or even "Colonel," we could go away for the summer with a blandly contented mind.

PARTED

My heart has need of thee, O Love! Mine eyes
Are heavy with the burden of their tears,
And on the inner lining of mine ears
The blood beats in abundance and defies
This cloistered silence. O my Soul, arise,
And cry unto the Master of the years
To give thee back thy Love, until he hears
And moves the seasons forward in the skies!

Time is mine enemy! The laggard days
Throw mocking glances at me as they ride
In slow procession round the earth, and hide
In their long locks, O Love, the tell-tale rays
Their eyes stole from thine; for their light betrays
They passed thee on the round world's other side!

Elsa Barker.

DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321)

Dante, pacer of the shore
Where glurled hell disgorgeth filthiest
gloom.
Unbitten by its whirring sulphur-spume—
Or whence the grieved and obscure waters
slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope:
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's
eye
In gracious twilights where his chosen lie.
—*Browning's "Sordello."*



HERE is at the present moment a great revival of interest in Dante studies, yet many readers find it extremely difficult to gratify their curiosity concerning the great Florentine. The reasons are chiefly two. In the first place, the intensely mystical imagination of the poet himself, which surrounds the commonest events of his life with a halo of symbolic light through which it is far from easy to see the facts. In the second place, the growth around his life and times of the troublesome parasites known as the "higher critics"—for Dante has a higher criticism as well as Scripture. Scartazzini, one of the ablest of them, resolves much that used to be regarded as historical into romance and myth, and declares that "a complete biography of the poet, free from gaps and properly rounded off, cannot be written in the existing state of scientific research." This, however, need not greatly alarm us: when all deductions are made, the main outlines of the life are clear enough, and nothing more can be attempted in the space at our disposal.

BIRTH AND FAMILY.

Dante—or in his full form *Danzare*, Enduring—was born in Florence in the month of May, 1265. The exact day is uncertain, but the 30th has been conjectured as being the *festa* of Lucia, his patron saint. Of his ancestors almost nothing is known beyond what he himself tells us. His father, who is said to have been a notary of Florence, is never once named by him. He was twice mar-

ried, and Dante was the son of his first wife, Bella, of whose family nothing whatever seems to be certainly known. A single line in the *Commedia* is her only memorial. When Dante in the Fifth Circle of Hell ordered away one of the sinners of the Stygian Fen, Virgil, his guide, caught him in his arms and cried

"Indignant soul! Blessed be she that bore thee in her bosom."—(Inf. viii. 44-45.)

His silence may be due to his having lost both parents in childhood. His imagination seems to have gone back instinctively to the heroic deeds of his great-great-grandfather, Cacciaguida. He tells us how he met him in the Heaven of Mars, and even there in Paradise could not restrain a thrill of pride for "our poor nobility of blood." This Cacciaguida had joined the Emperor Conrad III. in the disastrous Second Crusade, been knighted for his noble deeds, and finally died for Holy Land. He tells Dante among other things that his wife came from the Valley of the Po, and that it was from her his surname was derived. She is supposed to have been one of the Alighieri or Alighieri of Ferrara; and many derivations of this name have been suggested. One is so interesting that one wishes it were true: it is, writes Fiedern, "a German name, and most probably derived from 'Alligen,' which has about the same significance as the word 'Shakespeare,' meaning 'the ruler of the spear.'" When Dante asks for further information of his ancestors, Cacciaguida declines to give it.

"Suffice it of my forebears to hear this:
Who they were, and whence they hither came.
Silence is more honorable than speech."
—Par. xvi. 43-5.)

There is no ground for supposing that Dante is silent through shame of his ancestors: the reason is that pride of blood is out of place in Heaven. Cacciaguida tells him that for this same sin of pride his own son, Alighiero, had been

circling the First Terrace of Mount Purgatory for more than a hundred years; and Beatrice, his guide through Paradise, when she saw how Dante gloried in his heroic forefather, gave him a warning smile and cough. Perhaps we need not be more curious about his ancestors than Dante was himself.

BEATRICE AND "THE VITA NUOVA."

Without doubt, the decisive event in Dante's life was his meeting with Beatrice. The story is told in his first work, *The New Life*, perhaps the most beautiful romance of pure ideal love ever written. They were both in their ninth year when he met her for the first time, clad in a dress "of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson"—the very colour of love. "At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: '*Behold a god stronger than I, who coming shall rule over me.*'" It was nine years later when he met her in the street, and for the first time received her salutation, which threw him into a dream of terror and of joy which he narrates in his first sonnet. From this time the story moves on through a series of dreams which hover in some dim twilight that lies between two worlds—sad presentiments of the passing away of Beatrice in death. It is one of these visions Rossetti has painted in his great picture, "Dante's Dream": "Then my heart that was so full of love said unto me: 'It is true that our lady lieth dead;' and it seemed to me that I went to look upon the body wherein that blessed and most noble spirit had had its abiding-place. And so strong was this idle imagining, that it made me to behold my lady in death; whose head certain ladies seemed to be covering with a white veil; and who was so humble of her aspect that it was as though she had said, 'I have attained to look on the beginning of peace.'" Soon the vision was fulfilled. A canzone which he was writing in her praise is suddenly broken off with the opening words of the Lamentations of Jeremiah:

"*How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!*" "The Lord God of justice called my most gracious lady unto Himself, that she might be glorious under the banner of that blessed Queen Mary, whose name had always a deep reverence in the words of holy Beatrice."

It is impossible to enter into the problem of the identity of Beatrice; each reader will decide according to the general conception which he forms of Dante and his works. The idea, however, that she was a mere spiritual abstraction is quite inconsistent with the poet's genius. However much he might allegorise, it lay in the nature of his mind to start from some concrete and literal fact. Tradition from a very early time has identified her with Beatrice Portinari, who married Simone de' Bardi, and died on June 8, 1290, at the age of twenty-four. Whether it was this lady or another, Dante's intensely mystical imagination invested her from the very first with mysterious symbolic meanings and correspondences, until in the end she became idealised and transfigured into that Divine Wisdom which, in the *Paradiso*, conducts him to the final Beatific Vision. One thing is certain, that without her the *Divina Commedia* would never have been written, as the closing words of the *Vita Nuova* plainly imply: "After writing this sonnet, it was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision: wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can; as she well knoweth. Wherefore if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady: to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus. Laus Deo.*" There can be little doubt that the *Commedia* is the fulfilment of this resolve.

DANTE'S EDUCATION.

The education of Dante is involved in a mystery almost as great as Beatrice. His writings are a perfect mine of mediæval learning. "He anticipated," says Hettinger, himself a Roman Catholic Professor of Theology, "the most pregnant developments of Catholic doctrine, mastered its subtlest distinctions, and treated its hardest problems with almost faultless accuracy. Were all the libraries in the world destroyed, and the Holy Scriptures with them, the whole Catholic system of doctrine of morals might be almost reconstructed out of the *Divina Commedia*." How this vast knowledge was acquired is virtually unknown. Plumptre supposes that Dante, after the custom of boys in the Middle Ages, went forth to see the world, wandering from university to university in search of knowledge. He constructs a romance of "the student's *wanderjahre*," in which the young Florentine visits the universities of Bologna, Padua, Paris, and even Oxford. The view once almost universally held that his tutor was Brunetto Latini, Secretary to the Florentine Government, is now generally abandoned; although it is obvious from Dante's warm gratitude that he owed much to Brunetto's kind and fatherly guidance and encouragement. A third view has much in its favour, namely, that Dante was, to all intents and purposes, a self-taught man. In his youth he had received a good education, as the *Vita Nuova* shows; but up to his twenty-fifth year he had attended no university. It was only after the death of Beatrice—partly to prepare himself for writing some great work in her praise, and partly to conquer his grief—that he threw himself seriously into the study of science and philosophy. This seems to be his own account in the *Convito* or *Banquet*. To console himself, he says he read Boethius's *On Consolation of Philosophy* and Cicero's *On Friendship*. "And," he goes on, "just as if a man should go about looking for silver, and apart from his purpose should find gold, so I, who sought to console myself, found not only a remedy for my tears, but sayings of authors and

of sciences, and of books; considering which, I soon decided that Philosophy, who was the sovereign lady of these authors, these sciences, and these books, was the supreme thing. And I imagined her as a noble lady; and I could not imagine her as other than merciful; wherefore so willingly did my sense of Truth behold her that it could scarcely be diverted from her. And on account of this imagination I began to go where she in truth showed herself, that is, in the schools of the religious and the disputations of the philosophers; so that, in a little while, perhaps thirty months, I began to be so deeply aware of her sweetness, that the love of her banished and destroyed every other thought." In addition to this, his contemporary and neighbour in Florence, Giovanni Villani, says that after his banishment "he went to study in Bologna, and afterward at Paris, and in many parts of the world;" but doubtless Scartazzini is not far wrong in supposing that the necessity of earning his bread made him frequent the universities no less as teacher than as student. However he gained his vast learning, he speaks of himself as a mere *dilettante*, a "picker-up of learning's crumbs"—"I who do not sit at the blessed table (*i.e.*, where wisdom, 'the bread of angels,' is dispensed), but have fled from the pasture of the herd, and at the feet of them who are seated there gather up what they let fall."

MARRIAGE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

The death of Beatrice was obviously a critical turning-point in Dante's moral life. There are passages in the *Commedia* to which it seems almost impossible to give any meaning except on the supposition that they refer to a certain moral deterioration in his own personal character. It may have been on this account that his friends, if Boccaccio is to be believed, arranged his marriage with Gemma Donati, some time between 1291 and 1296. Of this lady little is known beyond that she was a kinswoman of the haughty and ambitious Corso Donati, to whom Dante owed his banishment; that she bore Dante at least four children—two sons, Pietro and Jacopo, and two

daughters, Antonia and Beatrice; and that she did not join her husband in his exile. From this last fact Boccaccio has given currency to the rumour that the marriage was an unhappy one, and that Gemma was a veritable Xantippe, but there is no definite proof of this. Probably she did not understand and appreciate her husband's genius, but this is a defect which she shared with the rest of the world. It is true, Dante never mentions her in his writings, nor did she join him in his exile. The homeless man had enough to do to support himself, and it was mere prudence for his wife to remain in Florence and provide for herself and their children out of the revenues of her dowry—meagrely enough, as Boccaccio admits, for she had to betake herself to "unaccustomed toil." In this struggle surely she had the sympathy and approval of her husband; and if she had not, we may well spare from the transfigured and glorified Beatrice one pitying thought for the lonely wife, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Dreamer, poet, and student as he was, Dante yet took the keenest interest in the public affairs of his time and city. At the age of twenty-four he is believed to have fought in the front ranks at the battle of Campaldino in 1289, when the Florentine Guelphs, to which party his family belonged, inflicted a severe defeat on the Ghibellines of Arezzo. A passage in the *Inferno* (xxi., 94-96) tells us that he was present at the siege and surrender of the castle of Caprona, near Pisa, in the same year.

In 1295 or 1296 he enrolled himself as *poeta Fiorentino* in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries—this being the necessary preliminary to his taking any part in the government of the city. In 1300 he went as ambassador to San Gimignano, in connection with the election of a Captain of the Guelph League of Tuscany. In the same year he was chosen one of the six Priors of Florence, his term of office running from June 15th to August 15th. "All my ills and all my troubles," he writes, "had their beginning and origin from my unlucky election as Prior." It is impossible to understand how his exile came about without remembering the

wild and confused entanglement of Italian politics in his day. The names of the two great parties, Guelph and Ghibelline, had their origin in a feud between two German houses, and when they spread to Italy, Guelph meant an adherent of the Pope, and Ghibelline of the Emperor. But this struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers had fallen in Dante's day into a secondary place; and the old party names covered every variety of faction and civil discord. The state of every city in Italy was inconceivably wretched. The great families built towers to fight one another. War and outrage swept the streets. Each party as it gained the mastery banished its enemies and confiscated their property. As if to increase the horror of this suicidal struggle, a new faction was added to Florence in the very year Dante was elected Prior—the Bianchi and Neri, Whites and Blacks, which sprang from a family feud in the neighbouring city of Pistoja. The city was divided into Black Guelphs and White; and the strife grew so fierce that Dante and his fellow-Priors had to banish impartially the leaders of both sides. The Blacks appealed to Pope Boniface VIII., who sent Charles of Valois as "peacemaker" to Florence. Dante and the other White Guelphs were fiercely opposed to his entrance, and it is said that the poet was one of the ambassadors sent to Rome to protest against it; and Boccaccio tells the well-known story that, when his name was proposed, Dante exclaimed: "If I go, who remains? and if I remain, who goes?"—as if he felt himself to be the only man in Florence. The embassy was unsuccessful. On November 1, 1301, Charles entered the city and treacherously admitted the Blacks. A scene of frightful slaughter and outrage followed. The Neri immediately took their revenge by banishing their enemies, and so prominent a man as Dante was naturally one of the victims. On January 27, 1302, a decree of banishment was issued against him and four others. They are accused of "barratry," that is, corruption and malversation of public funds, opposition to the Pope and the entrance of Charles, and to the peace of Florence and the Guelph party. Their failure to appear when

bassy to Venice in connection with some dispute which had arisen between the two cities; and while returning through the marshes he caught fever, and died on September 14th, at the age of fifty-six.

So passed away Dante Alighieri, a man broken with every variety of sorrow, disappointment, and worldly failure, but never losing the lordship of his own soul. "He had suffered," says Karl Federn, "all ill chance that could fall to the lot of man. He loved and lost his beloved one; his family life was unhappy; he was a statesman, and as such was unsuccessful; he saw his party defeated and driven from the land, and when the Emperor from whom he had expected the redemption of Italy and his own reinstatement, entered Italy with a victorious army, he saw him die. He had been full of the noblest intentions, yet men not only gave him no thanks, but had hunted him out, had branded his name with foul crimes and condemned him to death. He had lost his whole fortune; one of the proudest of men, he was forced continually to humble himself and to live on foreign alms; one of the greatest poets of all times, he saw himself neither understood nor honoured. His whole life was devoted to his native city, he clung to it with all his heart, and he passed twenty-two years longing in vain to return to it. A devout Catholic, full of reverence for his Church, he saw it degraded, governed by 'New Pharisees,' and at last fallen and dishonoured. Italy, whose unity was dear to him, he saw torn by the hatred of parties and cruelly devastated by war. A sea of wrong had passed over him, he saw a sea of wrong raging over the world in which he lived; wherever he turned his eyes everything was such as to drive him to despair, but he despaired not. He believed, and in spite of all, recognised the high harmony of the world. He had found the path for his soul, the work for his mind, by which he got rid of the weight which crushed him, and at the same time took his proud revenge on the men who had so maltreated him. In 'eternal letters of fire' he wrote his terrible judgment 'as lightning writes its cipher on the rocks' to be read by all posterity, that men might one day fix the

balance between this one man on the one side and mankind on the other."

"DIVINA COMMEDIA."

The "terrible judgment" is the *Divina Commedia*, of which it is impossible to say much here. How Dante, in that distracted, homeless, wandering life of exile, was able to gather the vast stores of encyclopædic knowledge and to shape them into the ordered unity and symbolism of his great poem, must remain a mystery and a miracle. It would be vain to claim for it that it has that prophetic vision which foresees and anticipates the great developments of history. On the contrary, it is the very essence of the Middle Ages, alike in their most brutal cruelty and in their loftiest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. Yet in one sense it transcends its time and place. The great pilgrimage through the Invisible is that of the universal soul of Man, and it is this universal element which gives the poem its perennial interest. There is in it nothing arbitrary, unreal, or of "private interpretation." Well does Sydney Dobell call Dante.

"The great Florentine, who wove his web
And thrust it into hell, and drew it forth
Immortal, having burned all that could
burn,

And leaving only what shall still be found
Untouched, nor with the smell of fire upon
it,

Under the final ashes of this world."

Whether it be the fierce blows of judgment on the lost, or the calm and ordered chastisement of the penitent, or the light and music and "choral starry dance" of the redeemed, his unflinching aim is to show us, from lowest Hell to highest Heaven, the inevitable working of universal moral and spiritual laws, which hold every soul of man in their hands. To feel their infinite range, it is absolutely necessary to read the poem as a whole. It is no more possible to know Dante by reading only the *Inferno* than to know a beautiful and noble city by crawling through its sewers underground. The story goes that the women of Verona used to point out the little dark figure as the man who had been in Hell; and un-

fortunately this is his reputation still. But he is equally the man who had been in Paradise; and no reader should rest until he has followed him to that highest Heaven where, for very weakness of mortal sight, the Beatific Vision breaks

and fails, but as it breaks leaves the desire and will moved equally as is a wheel, by

"The Love that moves the sun and the other stars."

John S. Carroll.

THE LATEST ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF DANTE*



TRANSLATIONS! Of what possible use are they?" exclaimed the other day a clever man who reads several languages, and who is himself the maker of some excellent "versions." This was merely effervescent talk, and he, as well as anyone, knew the answer, namely: that were it not for the much scoffed-at translator, masterpieces of literature would remain but names, no more, to the majority of those people whose mother-tongue happens to be another than that in which such works were written. Reading a translated masterpiece, one may see it "as through a glass darkly," still one does see in some fashion that which otherwise would be to him non-existent. Here in the United States, it is particularly true of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. For some reason or other very few cultivated Americans really and thoroughly learn Italian, that is, in comparison with the number who go in for French or German; and even when a man, or, haply, a woman, has acquired a good reading knowledge of the language, he or she finds it very difficult to understand Dante. This not only by

reason of the wonderful condensation of his thought, the oftentimes complicated construction and the frequent inversions in the "terzine" of the *Commedia*, but also because of the very great number of obsolete words; and of ancient forms of the verbs in their various moods and tenses, making them when first seen unrecognisable even to the student who thinks he knows his conjugations, infernal irregulars and all. As a scholarly Italian once said to the writer of this: "Can you read Dante? Why, we have trouble with him ourselves!" Such trouble caused the making of Blanc's *Vocabolario Dantesco*, and of the great *Enciclopedia Dantesca* of Scartazzini, written in Italian, and containing and defining in its two thick volumes every word Dante used. Each winter now, for Italian lovers of Dante who really wish to know and understand him, there are, in cities like Rome, Florence, Milan and Genoa, "Letture Dantesche"—readings and expositions by some of the most brilliant scholars in the kingdom.

If a man's action is laudable when he makes in his native tongue a version of any worthy part, even though it be a small one, of the literature of another land, so doing good to those of his countrymen who have not had the time, opportunity or talent to acquire the power to read the original, he surely deserves high honour who takes upon himself the immense toil of translating a poem of the scope, importance, grandeur of Dante's Hell, Purgatory, Heaven. Such honour has been due, and paid in turn, to many; notably to "Philalethes" (King John of Saxony), whose German version so nearly ap-

*The Divine Comedy of Dante, The Inferno. A translation and commentary by Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., Professor of Sacred Literature in Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904.

Dante's *Divina Commedia*, translated into English prose by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; Fellow of the British Academy; author of an "English Commentary on Dante's *Divina Commedia*," etc. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1904.

proaches perfection that it is a great help even now to scholars who also read the Italian; and, again, to Cary, to Norton, and to Longfellow, who, as a poet interpreting another, though infinitely greater, poet, made a translation conscientious, faithful and worthy of all respect. "Why then," asks the more or less intelligent reader, "why on earth another Englishing of the *Divina Commedia* when there are already several good translations? one in verse so excellent as that of Longfellow, besides the wholly admirable prose of Professor Norton, lately revised and published in a new edition?" A most pertinent and sensible query. But listen! Very few other than scholars like to read a prose translation of a poem. The average reader, for verses, must have verses or nothing. And within the thirty-eight years since the publication of Longfellow's blank verse much new light has been cast upon the original subject-matter. It is crammed full of difficulties. The turning into another language of those 14,233 verses, packed with thought condensed to the uttermost, often involved in structure, teeming with recondite allusions, now glowing with inspired and hopelessly untransferable beauties, now an arid waste of Ptolemaic astronomy or of mediæval pedantry, is truly a most tremendous task. How appalling can only be realised when one has again and again read and re-read the original, with each new reading making new discoveries. What such a piece of work means nobody could possibly better appreciate than a scholar of Dr. Vincent's eminence, experience and achievement. He surely would not have undertaken it lightly, but must have had good reasons. Those, as he says in his preface to this volume, the "*Inferno*," the first part of his translation, were the many valuable contributions made to the Dante-literature within the last twenty-five years. The extent of *all* the contributions we see with fear and dread when we look over Koch's catalogue of the Dante Collection given to Cornell University by the late Professor Willard Fiske. The whole field is covered with them—like the stones of the terminal moraine of a glacier; and they are of all sizes, many of no account at all; others, and bigger ones, dangerous stumbling-blocks; while a few stand up

from the plain as monumental boulders. Such a monument is the great *Commento* (1874 to 1899, date of the third edition) of Dr. G. A. Scartazzini, that extraordinary man who had the working power of a hundred German university professors; such, too, is his *Enciclopedia Dantesca* (1896-1899); and in the same class, not to mention nearly all, are Dr. Edward Moore's *Contributions to the Textual Criticism of the Divina Commedia* (1889), *The Time-References in Divina Commedia* (1887), *Studies in Dante* (three series since 1896), *Tutte le Opere di Dante* (the "Oxford Dante," or "Oxford Text," 1897), A. Basser-mann's *Dante's Spuren in Italien* (1897), Franz Xaver Kraus's *Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk, sein Verhältniss zur Kunst und zur Politik* (1897), Edward Allen Fay's *Concordance to Dante* (1888), and Paget Toynbee's *Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante* (1898). Some may ask "Why such an ado about the writings of one man, as to just what he meant, or did not mean, as to whether this, that or the other line is just as he wrote it, or is not?" To them we say that Dante was not a man as other men are, for instance, he who writes a novel and sells a hundred thousand copies, but was *sui generis*, and to find, if we can, exactly what his words and his meanings were is a matter of importance. All the works above-mentioned have been published since Longfellow's day, and of them all Dr. Vincent has had the benefit. Professor Norton, in his revised edition, had the same advantage, added to his already vast knowledge of the matter; but his was not the metrical version preferred by the average reader. One of the greatest services which could possibly be done to the student of Dante was rendered by Dr. Edward Moore when he made his "Oxford" text on the scientific principles sought for, but not quite found, by Witte and Scartazzini. On this text Dr. Vincent has based his translation, and has almost always followed Dr. Moore's judgment as to which are the correct readings from among the many disputed ones; these partly due to our own distance from the Middle Ages, but mainly caused by the carelessness or the perversity of the professional scribes who multi-

plied the copies of the great poem before the invention of printing. For the clearing up of obscurities, the explanation of Dante's multifarious allusions, his theology, astronomy, philosophy and cosmogony, the Doctor has brought together a magnificent body of notes; going back through Scartazzini and other moderns to the old commentators (like Benvenuto da Imola, Jacopo della Lana and Buti), who were, after all, for some matters, the best. He has prefixed an excellent introduction, and, like Longfellow, has interspersed among his notes many illustrations from his own wide and varied reading in several literatures. In spite of all care small errors will creep into a work of this kind, as if to prove the natural crookedness of this earthly life. If any such are lighted upon in this commentary, fault will probably be found by men who know just enough of Dante to qualify them to lecture glibly upon him before women's and other "culture clubs." There was a legend that Dante himself meant to expound the *Commedia*, as he did the *Vita Nuova*, and that he had actually begun to write the comment upon the *Inferno*. If that commentary of his should some day be unearthed, and find a publisher, there are those who would criticise it, and perhaps as "showing a lack of original research."

To do the "terza rima" in English is impossible; poor Dean Plumptre made himself ridiculous in trying it; so Dr. Vincent has very wisely chosen blank verse as his medium, like his predecessors "Philalethes" and Longfellow. His is vigorous and dignified; and if, now and then, a line halts a little, that's no more than all we mortals do sometimes under stress of circumstances. That his versification, as a whole, is good, has been said by one of our first critics, who is a poet himself. In difficult passages he has displayed remarkable skill, as examples printed below will show. The original, Longfellow's, Norton's and Vincent's versions are given together.

INFERNO.

CANTO XIII., 70.

"L'animo mio per disdegnoso gusto,
Credendo col morir fuggir disdegno,
Ingiusto fece me contra me giusto."

LONGFELLOW.

"My spirit, in disdainful exultation,
Thinking by dying to escape disdain,
Made me unjust against myself, the just."

NORTON.

"My mind, in scornful temper thinking to escape scorn by death, made me unjust toward my just self."

VINCENT.

"My spirit, moved by taste of scorn to think
That I could scorn escape by dying, made
Me, although just, unjust against myself."

Here is a difference of opinion as to what Dante meant by "gusto."

CANTO XXI., 19-21.

"Io vedea lei, ma non vedeva in essa
Ma' che le bolle che il bollor levava,
E gonfiar tutta, e riseder compressa."

LONGFELLOW.

"I saw it, but I did not see within it
Aught but the bubbles which the boiling
raised,
And all swell up and resubside compressed."

NORTON.

"I saw it, but saw not in it aught but the
bubbles which the boiling raised, and all of it
swelling up and again sinking compressed."

VINCENT.

"This I perceived,
But nothing in it but the bubbles saw
Raised by the boiling, while the whole swelled up
And settled down again compressed."

Here, by taking a little more room,
Vincent has improved upon Longfellow.

CANTO XXX., 136-141.

"E quale è quei che suo dannagio sogna,
Che sognando desidera sognare,
Sì che quel ch'è, come non fosse, agogna;
Tal mi fec' io, non potendo parlare,
Che desiava scusarmi, e scusava
Me tuttavia, e nol mi credea fare."

NORTON.

"And as is he that dreams of his harm, and, dreaming, desires to dream, so that that which is he craves as if it were not, such I became, not being able to speak, for I desired to excuse myself, and I was indeed excusing myself and did not think that I was doing it."

LONGFELLOW.

"And as he is who dreams of his own harm,
Who dreaming wishes it may be a dream,
So that he craves what is, as if it were not;
Such I became, not having power to speak,
For to excuse myself I wished, and still
Excused myself, and did not think I did
it."

VINCENT.

"And as he is who dreams of his own hurt,
Who, dreaming, wishes he were in a dream,
So that he longs for that which is, as though
'Twere not,—such I became, without the power
To speak; for to excuse myself I wished,
And all the while I was excusing me,
And did not think that I was doing it."

Not having retained the form of the "terzine," Dr. Vincent allows himself a little latitude as to space; doing so in the last two passages above to the advantage of the sense without spoiling the effect. No man could be expected to perform with equal good fortune the whole of such a task as this. And he does not. Longfellow is often better. In Canto X., 52, "Allor surse alla vista scoperchiata Un ombra lungo questa infino al mento," Longfellow says, "Then there uprose upon the sight, uncovered Down to the chin, a shadow at his side;"—While Dr. Vincent has it, "Then at the mouth, Uncovered, far as to the chin, arose Beside this one a shade." Of course he means that the shade arose at the mouth of the fiery tomb, but that does not appear in the original, and the word "mouth" is unlucky, used so near "chin." Again, in XIII., 25, "Io credo ch'ei credette ch'io credesse," Longfellow translates it exactly, "I think he thought that I *perhaps might* think;" while Dr. Vincent does not preserve the meaning of the subjunctive "credesse," but simply says, "I think that he Thought that I

thought." But such faults are not serious, and could be easily cured in another edition.

The differences between the texts used by Longfellow and by Vincent are to be observed in many places. One of the more important is Canto XX., 30, where Longfellow, translating from Witte's text, "Che al giudizio divin compassion porta," has "Who feels compassion at the doom divine," while Vincent, from Dr. Moore's, or the "Oxford" text, "Che al giudizio divin passion porta," has it, "Who on God's judgment passion brings to bear." In rendering the line second above the one just quoted, he has been particularly happy. In a note to his own version Professor Norton says of this: "It is impossible to give the full significance of Dante's words in a literal translation, owing to the double meaning of "pietà" in the original—"Qui vive la pietà quando è ben morta," that is, "Here lives piety when pity is quite dead." Longfellow translates literally, "Here pity lives when it is wholly dead," and does not show the double meaning; but Vincent conveys Dante's idea, "Here piety doth live when wholly dead Is pity."

In this undertaking Dr. Vincent shows as exact a knowledge of Italian as he showed of Greek in his *Word Studies in the New Testament*. And why, Canto XIX., 71, he turns "orsatti" into "whelps," he himself knows best, for a young bear (an "orsatto") is generally called a "cub," though "whelp" has the authority of King James' Bible. But in other places, to take at random XVIII., 37, "berze" (shanks), XX., 9, "letanie" (prayer-processions), XXVI., 14, "borni" (jutting crags), 44, "ronchion" (knob of rock), he gives the precise and graphic equivalent in English. Longfellow has, respectively, "legs," "litanies," "bourns," "rock."

The famous episodes of the Inferno, like those of Francesca, Guido da Montefeltro, Ulysses, Ugolino, known to most cultivated persons at least by hearsay, the Doctor has done admirably. They are too long for citation here, but we may perhaps give a part of the story of Maestro Adamo; in the original, as Maurice Hewlett says, "onomatopœic lines of matchless power":

"Li ruscelletti, che dei verdi colli
 Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,
 Facendo i lor canali freddi e molli,
 Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno;
 Che l'immagine lor vie più m'asciuga
 Che il male ond'io nel volto mi discarno."

"The little brooks that from the verdant hills
 Of Casentino down to Arno flow,
 Making their channels cool and soft, alway
 Are in my view, and not in vain, because
 Far more than the disease which makes me strip
 My face of flesh, their image dries me up."

Dr. Vincent has made a very strong, accurate and readable translation. As a certain wise man once said, "we are none of us infallible, even the youngest of us," so the Doctor's version is not faultless, and it is quite likely that someone, some day, will do better than he. In the meantime his work will stand as good. He will soon publish the *Purgatorio*, and has done a large part of the *Paradiso*. For translating and elucidating these two *Cantiche* he has peculiar qualifications, both as a scholar and as a theologian. But if he had valid reasons for making a new metrical version of the *Divina Commedia*, no man, after Professor Norton, can have any for undertaking another English translation in prose. All that may be said of the waste of time and of the needlessness of doing anew a task already done, and well done, and finally, justly applies to the prose version recently published by the Rev. H. F. Tozer of Oxford. While admiring his diligence, one may call it misdirected. In his preface he says, "A similar task has already been undertaken by capable hands, and certainly I have no wish to challenge comparison with their work; but apology seems hardly necessary for renewing the attempt, because every one may without presumption hope to contribute something toward the more perfect translation of the future." The task "undertaken by capable hands" and completed many years ago was gone over in a careful revision, making the work as nearly perfect as any translation can be, and was republished in 1902, with notes at least equal to Mr. Tozer's, which is saying a great deal. Most of Mr. Tozer's notes are taken from his own most ex-

cellent *English Commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia*, published in 1901, and following the Italian text of Dr. Moore's Oxford edition. His *Commentary* is a setting forth of the consensus of opinion of the best Dante scholars of the present day, and serves well those who, while trying to study Dante in the original, are not well enough versed in Italian to read easily and rapidly an exposition in the language, and are very glad to save themselves so much additional trouble. His style, clear and straightforward, but dry, commonplace and often deadily dull, passes muster in a commentary where the chief desideratum is a plain statement of fact or of theory, though humour can be worked into even a *Commento*, as Scartazzini proved. But in rendering the poem itself Mr. Tozer's prose contrasts lamentably with the noble, beautiful, living English and the unerring good taste of Professor Norton. He does entirely well such parts of the work as the dreary disquisition of Statius, in *Purgatorio* XXV. When, however, poetry, in the true sense of that word, comes under his hand, he too often either squeezes or dilutes it out of the lines. For example, that lovely passage which begins the twenty-third canto of the *Paradiso*:

"Come l'augello, intra l'amate fronde,
 Posato al nido dei suoi dolci nati
 La notte, che le cose ci nasconde,
 Che, per veder gli aspetti disiatì,
 E per trovar lo cibo onde li pasca,
 In che i gravi labor gli sono aggrati,
 Previene il tempo in sull' aperta frasca,
 E con ardente affetto il sole aspetta,
 Fiso guardando, pur che l'alba nasca;"

he translates, "As waits the bird, which through the night, when all is dark to us, hath rested amid the well-loved foliage on the nest where her sweet offspring lie, but, in hopes of seeing their longed-for faces, and finding the food wherewith to nurture them—a grateful though a weary task—anticipates the time upon an open spray, and with ardent affection awaits the sun, watching intently for the breaking of the dawn." With which compare Professor Norton's version: "As the bird among the beloved leaves, reposing on the nest of her sweet brood through the night, which hides things from us, who, in order

to see their longed-for looks and to find the food wherewith she may feed them, in which heavy toils are pleasing to her, anticipates the time upon the open twig, and with ardent affection awaits the sun, fixedly looking till the dawn may break."

The simpler the language, the better the effect. Our Oxford translator seems to be of the contrary opinion, which causes him to make poor sinful Francesca talk like a prim schoolmistress: "Love, which never exempts from love the loved object" ("Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona," *Inf.* 5, 103); the heavenly Beatrice like a lady manager of a personally conducted tour: "Look downward, and see how great a part of the universe I have already caused to lie beneath thy feet" ("Rimira in giù, e vedi quanto mondo Sotto li piedi già esser ti fei," *Par.* XXII, 128, 9); and the Divine Poet himself like a prosy preacher: "And like a

pilgrim, who rejoices in gazing at the temple of his vow, and hopes ere long to describe to others its appearance" ("E quasi peregrin, che si recrea Nel tempio del suo voto, riguardando, E spera già ridir com' ello stea," *Par.* XXXI, 43, 44, 45). Let us see what the American did with the same lines. Here they are: "Love, which absolves no loved one from loving," "Look back downward and see how great a world I have already set beneath thy feet," "And as a pilgrim who is refreshed in the temple of his vow in looking round, and hopes now to report how it was."

It would be diverting to make still further comparisons, but, as Dante said, "Piene son tutte le carte ordite." It is a pity that Mr. Tozer did not let his reputation rest upon that good and useful piece of work, his *English Commentary*.
Abbott Foster.



A NEW FORM OF LITERATURE



ERTRUDE ATHERTON has recently stated with vigour, if not with elegance, some of the undoubted defects of American literature of the present day. To some of us her words may have seemed platitudinous, and her manner lacking in distinction. But she certainly spoke the truth with boldness when she said that our contemporary stories lack force and vitality. She did not tell how to remedy the situation, nor did she point out the path of hope. I, for one, am grateful to her for having said with courage what many a subtler writer might have hesitated to say, or saying, might have carried comparatively little weight with the public, which reads carelessly.

Times in history are periodic when new literary forms have made people aware of the vitality really always existing, but incapable of being expressed in the old ways. Many forms may be at the present moment about to appear. To point out one of those possible forms is the purpose of this article. It is my hope to show one way in which our contemporary literature may be made more vital, and more expressive of our nation's life.

A method is always based upon conditions widely existing in the community at the time. And the new method that I desire to describe would be a development of one aspect of the daily newspaper. The "interview," if carried to the point of literature, is that feature of the newspaper which I have in mind.

Practically the whole of the newspaper is based on the interview. Reporters get their facts by asking questions, and editorial opinions are, as a rule, the written ideas of the public. The journal is consciously regarded by the men who conduct it as an impersonal expression of public incidents and public opinions. What makes a good newspaper man is his ability to obtain facts from public men and his skill in inferring from what he has secured to what he has been unable to extort. But, in the newspaper, the in-

terview is brief, and necessarily limited to facts. To be sure, in the Paris journals character-sketches in interview form frequently appear; and sporadic attempts to do the same are made in this country. But the art of it is undeveloped; and in the newspaper such a development would be impossible. But why not carry on the method outside of the newspaper, until the interview is developed into the autobiography, but into the autobiography of an unconventional kind? Some years ago, when I was an interviewer for a newspaper, it occurred to me that, on the basis of the interview, a form of real literature might be elaborated. I saw that, for the most part, our novelists and story-writers were pinning their faith to old themes and plots and that playwrights were habitually using as the material of their dramas historical or romantic matter of which they had no personal experience.

Why should not these talented men, I said to myself, go directly to the lives of the people? Why not interview men and women, get their points of view, discover their stories and then tell them in print? Instead of artificially constructing a plot, why not look for a real tale? Instead of imagining a character, why not go forth and discover one? And when an expressive personality is discovered, why should not the writer find plenty of use for his sympathy and imagination in understanding and re-constructing this expressive personality?

The expressive individual should not only be interesting in himself, but should also represent a class. If he be thoroughly identified with some social *milieu*, his story cannot be well told without involving that *milieu*. In the process of tracing his life, the ideals and habits of his class would be shown. A section of life would thus be portrayed and a human story told at the same time.

Following out the interview idea, the form would be that of the autobiography. The accent of the selected individual must be caught, his very language used. The skill of the interviewer would consist in

obtaining the facts, and the tact and understanding of the artist would be employed in taking only what fits into the picture and in rejecting what is untypical and superfluous. So that the author must be both interviewer and literary artist.

During my experience as an interviewer, I found interesting and expressive individuals everywhere; individuals, moreover, who were typical of their class and whose lives and ideas threw light upon whole sections of society. I readily saw how, on the basis of a series of talks with them, during the course of which I should become identified for the time being with their lives, I could become possessed of rich stories, and, if enough of an artist, could reproduce them with the right accent and with a selection judicious enough to picture at once the character of the man and the character of his class environment.

Many books have been written based on knowledge of a class and with an invented hero and story. The novelty of my idea consists in taking *one* real person and discovering in him both the individual and the type; thus getting, perhaps, a piquancy, a freshness and a raciness not so easily obtained from a more comprehensive method. My idea would involve a method intensive rather than extensive—from within out, instead of from without, in.

And what a wealth of material there is to select from! The fragmentary experiments I have as yet been able to make convince me of the richness and picturesqueness of the opportunity. I began with low life, though there is no reason why every class should not be thus handled. The lower sections of society, however, are easy to begin with, as they are simpler and more strikingly in contrast with what most well-to-do people know about. There the lights and shadows are deep and easily recognised.

Though the general method is not being tried at present, it would be stretching a point to say that no experiments in this direction have ever been made. Defoe tried it, but not consciously, I think, when he wrote *Moll Flanders*. I am convinced that Moll actually lived and told her story to the journalist Defoe, who put together for her that great book. To my think-

ing, every detail of the book shows this to be the case. There is no plot, and the story is the story of life, the incidents of which could not be imagined. The figure of the woman stands out clear and living, and illumines her class with its ideas, passions and mistakes. If Defoe had invented the story and the character, he would have omitted a great deal of the apparently insignificant, but really necessary, detail—the detail, the accumulation of which finally results in a big and vital impression of the woman and her social surroundings. I am even inclined to think that Defoe obtained the story of *Robinson Crusoe* from one of the old sailors he met as his journalistic activities led him to wander about the London docks and public houses.

Whether an attempt to tell an individual's story in a way that involves the type is absolutely new or not, there is no doubt in my mind that the present time gives rich opportunity for experiments in that direction. It is a democratic age, when everything, even literature, leads to the people. The newspaper has laid the foundations for a general interest in every section of humanity. Every class of people now feels that there is a chance to express itself. All that is wanting, is for our authors to pick up the material that abounds, forget their romantic and historical conventions, and impersonally reflect, with understanding, the drama of real life. By so doing, they would help to vitalise and invigorate our present anæmic literature. From limited and merely "respectable" writers, they might become reflectors of the vigorous, fresh and picturesque life of the people.

No doubt many writers have been deterred from making experiments similar to the one I have tried to point out by what is supposed to be the general feeling against frankness in our books and magazines. Anything that comes very near life, even when the difficult subject of sex is not involved, is reproachfully called "Eighteenth Century" or immoral. Immorality, indeed, if it be sugar-coated and "swell," is not objected to, but it is certainly a fact that there is abroad a faint-hearted unwillingness to look the entire truth in the face.

This subject of the morality of frank

books is amusingly discussed by George Borrow, in *Lavengro*. When that remarkable man and writer was struggling for a living in London, he used to converse occasionally with an old apple-woman on London Bridge. She had a copy of the first edition of *Moll Flanders*, and as she had been a receiver of stolen goods and her son had been transported as an habitual pickpocket, the old woman derived great comfort from the book, which tells so much in detail about the larcenies of Moll.

"So you think," said Borrow to her one day, "there is no harm in stealing?"

"No harm in the world, dear! Do you think my own child would have been transported for it if there had been any harm in it? And what's more, would the blessed woman in this book here have written her life as she has done, and given it to the world, if there had been any harm in faking (stealing)? She, too, was what they call a thief and a cut-purse, ay, and was transported for it, like my dear son; and do you think she would have told the world so if there had been any harm in the thing?"

"What was her name?"

"Her name, blessed Mary Flanders."

I took the book from her hand,—a short, thick volume, at least a century old, bound with greasy black leather. I turned the yellow and dog's-eared pages, reading here and there a sentence. Yes, and no mistake! His pen, his style, his spirit might be observed in every line of the uncouth-looking old volume,—the air, the style, the spirit of the writer of the book which first taught me to read. . . .

"This is a singular book," says I, at last. "But it does not appear to have been written to prove that thieving is no harm, but rather to show the terrible consequences of crime; it contains a deep moral. . . ."

Some time afterwards, Borrow found the old apple-woman in a state of repentance. She had been ill, and the words "Thou shalt not steal" came into her mind as a dim memory from her childhood.

For a long time she had supposed there was no harm in doing so (stealing), as her book was full of entertaining tales of stealing; but now she thought the book was a bad book, and that learning to read was a bad thing;

her mother had never been able to read, but had died in peace, though poor.

So here was a woman who attributed the vices and follies of her life to being able to read; her mother, she said, who could not read, lived respectably, and died in peace, and what was the essential difference between the mother and daughter, save that the latter could read? . . . Education had failed to produce any good in this woman; on the contrary, there could be little doubt that she had been injured by it. Then was education a bad thing? . . . But education has certainly been of benefit in some instances. . . . Could some avoid abusing it, any more than others could avoid turning it to a profitable account? I did not see how they could; this poor, simple woman found a book in her mother's closet; a book which was a capital book for those who could turn it to the account for which it was intended; a book from the perusal of which I felt myself wiser and better, but which was by no means suited to the intellect of this poor simple woman, who thought that it was written in praise of thieving. . . .

"It is a good book, it contains a deep moral. Have you read it all?"

"All the funny parts, dear; all about taking things, and the manner it was done; as for the rest, I could not exactly make it out."

"Then the book is not to blame; I repeat that the book is a good book, and contains deep morality."

To-day there is a strong tendency to suppress good, vital, real books, for the harm they undoubtedly do, without regard to the greater good they undoubtedly will do if they really give a rounded picture of life. Publishers to-day fear to publish books which may injure an old apple-woman or turn a boy into a pick-pocket, no matter how deep the morality of the book may be and how predominantly it makes for good. A real book always contains a great deal about life, and consequently may mean almost anything to the untrained or perverted imagination. Shall we, therefore, have nothing but anæmic and censored literature? Shall we write all our books for old apple-women and wild boys? or for school-girls and old maidenly aunts?

No, let us go to life as we find it lived about us; then give a full rich picture of

it, not forgetting the background, which will correct and render harmonious the figures in the foreground, no matter how ugly they may be. And to portray this life, one possible method in a time where writers for the most part are in themselves colourless, would be for them to seek the people direct, get their stories through some expressive individual, understand him and present him with his *milieu* to the public. And here, again, in this, the central idea of this article, Borrow has suggestive words. At one time he compiled *Newgate Lives and Trials*, and of them had this to say:

The trials were entertaining enough; but the lives—how full were they of wild and racy adventures, and in what racy, genuine language were they told! What struck me most with respect to these lives was the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story. It is no easy thing to tell a story plainly and distinctly by mouth; but to tell one on paper is difficult indeed, so many snares lie in the way. People are afraid to put

down what is common on paper, they seek to embellish their narrative, as they think by philosophic speculations and reflections; they are anxious to shine, and people who are anxious to shine can never tell a plain story. "So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand," says, or is made to say, Henry Simms, executed at Tyburn some seventy years before the time of which I am speaking. I have always looked upon this sentence as a masterpiece of the narrative style, it is so concise and yet so clear.

It is not necessary to go to thieves to hear simple and vigorous language. I have heard such from "thieves" and "bums" on the Bowery; but I have heard just as good, or better, from many different kinds of plain people. And I find it very seldom in sophisticated writers. Is not this a lesson in democracy which may be applied with notable usefulness to our literature?

Hutchins Hapgood.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



FEW months ago the friends of the Irish National Theatre were presented by an Englishwoman—for the Celtic Renaissance is supported more liberally by Anglo-Saxons than by Celts—with sufficient money to buy a theatre of their own. Their application for a license, in Dublin, was opposed by all the existing theatres, since in Dublin with its handful of theatre-goers even a house that will hold only five hundred, and is to have neither orchestra nor bar, is a dangerous rival. One of the arguments urged against the new theatre was that some of the plays produced by Mr. Yeats and his friends had a political tendency. Whereupon Mr. Yeats rose and retorted with disdain that he was an artist, and, as such, incapable of advocating any opinions on the stage. "Our plays," he wrote in *Ideas of Good and Evil*, "will be for the most part remote, spiritual, and ideal." That is precisely what we should expect from a Celt, from the son of a race that has "worn itself out in mistaking dreams for realities." That race, however, is not so easily labelled and set aside. For in the same generation as Mr. Yeats, writing plays for the same audiences, there confronts us a literary Irishman of a very different type, a very different manner of speaking—Mr. Bernard Shaw. "For art's sake I would not face the toil of writing a single sentence," wrote the author of *Candida*. The obvious difference between these two Irish playwrights is that the one is a poet, the other, though one does not look to a Celt for criticism, is a born critic. Both men realise that the moment has arrived for a new drama for the British Isles; but for Mr. Yeats the only hope for a drama of the future lies in the cult of beauty, in fixing the eyes of his audience on the romantic and mystic side of life; in short, he is the sort of artist whom Mr. Shaw would very respectfully expel from his Utopia, as Plato

decorated and expelled from his republic the too fascinating poet who had nothing to teach. For Mr. Shaw envisages life as a philosopher, and his philosophy is not that of the indifferent solitary who holds aloof, but the aggressive type which desires nothing less than the destruction of the ideals and of the culture of his race. That is to say, what Socrates and Plato tried to do for Athens, what Ibsen has tried to do for the Scandinavians, what Nietzsche dreamed of for the Germans, Mr. Shaw would like to do for the Anglo-Saxon race.

When he tells us that he was born with a hatred of respectability, he means that a respectable society is a contented society which holds on to its ideals, is made happy by them, and refuses to revise its conventions once every generation and to discard all that show signs of wear. Nothing annoyed Socrates so much as to see people comfortable, and precisely in the same spirit Mr. Shaw conceives it to be his mission to convince his self-satisfied generation that most of their ideas were obsolete before they were born, that, as Ibsen said, when a truth grows old it becomes a lie, and that a society founded on outworn truths is rotten. The candid realist will, of course, be misunderstood by his generation, and indeed to be understood, except here and there by a brother philosopher, would mean that one's message was obsolete, that it was accepted, and so outworn, or growing threadbare. But he must renounce the conventional delights of martyrdom which have sustained so many reformers; his martyrdom will be to find that his new truths are hailed as amusing and scandalous paradoxes, and himself as a "brilliant and thoughtful writer." After all a message whose delivery meant hemlock or the stake for the messenger, was at any rate safe from being mistaken for a clever bit of satire. As one observes the profound pessimism of Nietzsche and Ibsen and Mr. Shaw, those three kindred spirits, one feels that what they are to be pitied

for, is the deadening lack of opposition that they have had to face,—opposition which is the salt of the reformer's existence. Mr. Shaw is, however, a pessimist of unusual vitality. He was an unorthodox dramatic critic for a good many years before he began to write the didactic drama, and in the past twelve years he has produced fourteen plays.

There is no class of society so sentimental, so tenacious of its ideals and illusions as the middle class, no class so impervious to ideas, so hostile to the modern spirit. Moreover, it is the middle class that rules the Anglo-Saxon world. It is from middle class current notions and ideals that Mr. Shaw has disentangled himself, and nearly all his characters are drawn from the educated or half-educated middle class. He would be the last to deny that Ibsen gave him the lead. In the late eighties and early nineties, when it was still considered eccentric and worse to admire Ibsen, Mr. Shaw ranged himself on the side of realistic ethics and æsthetics in his *Quintessence of Ibsenism*, and the student of the Shavian drama could not find a better key to the Shavian philosophy than this short treatise. An explanation of Ibsen will go far toward explaining Mr. Shaw, especially when the explanation is by Mr. Shaw himself. In the *Quintessence of Ibsenism* he imagines society as a community of a thousand persons. Seven hundred of these will find an ordinary British convention, such as, for instance, the British arrangement of marriage, entirely satisfactory. The rest of the thousand, with one exception, will think it a failure, but as a minority they will be helpless. They will not dare to face the fact that they are failures, so they will idealise the family as an institution, shutting their eyes to their own domestic miseries. "For the fox not only declares that the grapes he cannot get are sour: he also insists that the sloes he *can* get are sweet." The ideal of the family is therefore a fancy picture, a mask for the reality, invented by the sensitive minority. Here then we have an "ideal," and "idealism" is the policy of compelling everyone to accept it as a reality. The idealists will call the seven hundred who take marriage as a matter of course and who regard the

idealists as romantic fools, Philistines. But we have still to account for the one man in a thousand who falls in neither category. He is the realist reformer who says, "Let us abolish this institution that has proved a failure because it is based on lies." Then the idealists will range themselves with the Philistines "specially idealised for the occasion as Society"; if the realist be Shelley, they will expel him from Oxford; if he be Mr. Shaw, a thicker skinned generation will brand him as a manufacturer of brilliant paradoxes.

To this philosophic realist all ideals are masks; immortality is the mask on the face of death; love, and the ideal of the family mask the bald fact that "marriage is a contrivance of the Life Force to secure the greatest number of children and the closest possible care of them." The mission of the philosopher is to tear off the masks. "Culture," said Nietzsche, defining the attitude of the philosopher to the culture of his race—"Culture is merely throwing a veil over a number of things," and he points out that the philosopher will destroy the culture of his race in the interests of truth, will shake the dogmatism of the sciences, and make a clean sweep of ethical and religious dogmas and conventions. He must not leave to the idealist even his idealisation of the present, his illusion of progress. "Any elderly gentleman of progressive temperament will testify that the improvement since he was a boy is enormous," says Mr. Shaw in one of his prefaces, and goes on to count the generations of elderly gentlemen of this type since Plato, and to add together the "enormous improvements" to which each one has testified. He concludes that progress turns out to mean only increased command over Nature, which is far from carrying with it the improvement of human beings, unless we are prepared to say that a negro using a telephone is an improvement as a human being on George Washington. At which point we may digress to observe that Mr. Yeats arrives at quite as unflattering an estimate of progress, though he travels by a very different road. "This slow dying of men's hearts which we call progress" is his characteristic summing up of the physical discoveries of the age.

The destructive philosopher might well despair of the race and of his own purpose if he should reflect that for every ideal he sweeps away another is promptly set up to be the cherished and corrupting illusion of who knows how many generations. That was precisely the dilemma that Plato had to face, and he met it with the philosopher's favourite solution—the Ideal Man. The Ideal Man must be bred, not as the exceptional individual, but as the rule. Plato and Mr. Shaw are entirely at one on the method of breeding him; it is the method prescribed in all realistic Utopias. We all remember how Plato when, like Ibsen and Mr. Shaw, he had insisted on equal rights for women and men, without any fuss or further discussion,—knowing well that women will go without anything if once their right to have it is conceded—defined their vocation as child-bearing, and aiding the state to rear the offspring of the marriages that have been carefully arranged by the authorities. For Plato saw that the ideal of home must be destroyed if his citizens were to be bred from the best, as one breeds horses and dogs. So, too, Mr. Shaw realises that real progress cannot begin until an experiment of the same sort has been tried; “artificial selection” is the only hope of the human race. In one of his latest plays, *Man and Superman*, Mr. Shaw draws his Superman in outline, and we see that he is merely the revolutionary realistic philosopher sketched as the hero of a play. Not that Mr. Shaw, in spite of his title, would admit that John Tanner is exactly the sort of man he would breed for his socialistic state: “The proof of the Superman,” he says, “will be in the living; and we shall find out how to produce him by the old method of trial and error, and not by waiting for a completely convincing prescription of his ingredients. If we must choose between a race of athletes and a race of ‘good men,’ let us have the athletes: better Samson and Milo than Calvin and Robespierre. But neither alternative is worth changing for: Samson is no more a Superman than Calvin.” Meanwhile we have John Tanner. Tanner is a revolutionary, as the Superman must be so long as he is a freak wandering among men and women, especially

women, whose ideas are obsolete. His “Revolutionist's Handbook” is conveniently printed at the end of the book, and one of Mr. Shaw's tremendously explanatory prefaces is designed to assure the coming generations that in our own such sentiments were greeted with pious horror. John Tanner is a twentieth century edition of Dick Dudgeon, the hero of *The Devil's Disciple*, highly modernised, with a motor-car, and, in view of the irritating tolerance of the twentieth century, taking his place in society not like Dick, as the scamp of the family, but as a highly interesting and eccentric personage. Tanner, like the devil's disciple, preached the principle that the most isolated man is the strongest, but Dick Dudgeon managed to keep up his isolation; the story of John Tanner is the story of the fall of the Superman. For the main thesis of Mr. Shaw's play is the inevitable victory of woman in the modern duel of sex. He had promised his friend Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic, to write a play that, like all contemporary English plays, should deal with cases of sexual attraction, but, unlike them, should boldly and realistically lay bare the nature and incidents of that attraction. John Tanner naturally disapproves of marriage: “Marriage is to me apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of my soul, violation of my manhood, sale of my birthright, shameful surrender, ignominious capitulation, acceptance of defeat.” This and more to the same effect he declaims to Ann Whitefield, the heroine, who realises in a flash that the duel is nearly over, and proceeds with deadly feminine intuition to play her trump card. She knows how to deal with a philosopher who regards love as an amoristic superstition, and marriage by natural selection as “delaying the advent of the Superman.” In Mr. Shaw's words, she “dares to throw away her customary exploitations of the conventional affectionate and dutiful poses, and claim him by a natural right for a purpose that far transcends their mortal personal purposes.” She is inspired to do this,—and we cannot believe that a woman of Ann's intuitions would have spent three acts of futile aggressive tactics, except indeed for the pleasure of the game—by the Life Force. For Ann is not the Superwoman,

to whom Mr. Shaw owes a play on the same lines, unless he is as inconsistent as other reformers with their phrase of equal rights. Ann, he tells us, is Everywoman, that is to say, the typical and, we may add, the most attractive woman that has been turned out by the system of natural selection. She is the sort of woman from whom you might take away half her physical attractions—like Kipling's Mrs. Bathurst, she would still "make men dream." Built on the same model as Gloria in *You Never Can Tell*, she is more clever and more self-controlled; a liar, a bully, and a coquette, she is naturally regarded by the idealistic sub-hero as "the unveiling of his eyes, the freeing of his soul, the revelation of all the mysteries" and a good deal more that one can't remember. She is also witty; "at the supreme moment the Life Force endows her with every quality." To all this Tanner succumbs like any idealist, without the consolations of blindness. We leave Everywoman triumphant, and John

Tanner declaiming against any one who may suppose that he intends to wear a frock-coat at his wedding. "Never mind, dear," says Ann with fond pride; "go on talking." To be unconventional is not necessarily to be original, and neither Mr. Shaw in his prefaces nor his Superman in the play makes a single remark that would have surprised Plato, who entirely agreed with their ideals of community of property, state-regulated unions, the futility of sacrificing the community to the illusory happiness of the individual, and all the rest. Where Mr. Shaw breaks away from Plato seems to be in his assumption that the self-assertion of the individual and his unfettered expansion, to which as a disciple of Ibsen he is committed, can be reconciled with those conditions of common property, community of women and children and so on which every Socialist makes the basis of his Utopia. This is a reconciliation that will tax the intellects of a race of Supermen.
Wilmer Cave France.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY.

American Book Company:

Tales of France. By Arnold Guyot Cameron.
La Clef d'Or. Les Flèches Magiques. By Jeanne Mairet. With Notes and Vocabulary by Edith Healy.

La Mare au Diable. Par George Sand. With Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by Adèle Randall-Lawton.

Educational. Each book contains an introduction, notes and vocabulary. Adapted for students in French.

El Comendador Mendoza. Por Juan Valera. Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary, by Rudolph Schwill.

Quién es ella? Por Manuel Bretón de los Herreros. With Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by Samuel Garner.

Educational. Intended for use of students in Spanish.

Scott's Lady of the Lake. Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden.

Scott's Ivanhoe. Edited by Francis Hovey Stoddard.

Tennyson's The Princess. Edited by Katharine Lee Bates.

Three additions to the Gateway series, of which Dr. Henry van Dyke is the general editor. This series "aims to give the English texts required for entrance to college in a form which shall make them clear, interesting, and helpful to those who are beginning the study of literature; and to supply the knowledge which the student needs to pass the entrance examination."

Nature Study. By Frank Overton, assisted by Mary E. Hill.

Stories of Great Musicians. By Katharine Lois Scobey and Olive Brown Horne.

Educational. The first volume is designed to supply a year's work in nature study for pupils from eight to eleven years of age. The second book belongs to the Eclectic Readings series. Stories are told of such musicians as Bach, Händel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc.

King Richard the Second. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

The Comedy of Errors. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

King Henry the Fourth. Parts I. and II. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

King John. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

Much Ado About Nothing. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

King Henry the Eighth. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

The Taming of the Shrew. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

Antony and Cleopatra. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

The Winter's Tale. Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

A revision of Mr. Rolfe's former work. New notes have been substituted for those referring to other plays, making each book complete in itself. The volumes are illustrated, are supplied with explanatory notes, and are uniformly bound.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Port of Storms. By Anna McClure Scholl.

The principal characters in this story are Olivia Winwood, a beautiful but cruel young woman, to whom riches are a new thing; Brooke Peyton, a young country girl; and Robert Erskine, the young man who severs his engagement with Brooke in order that he may marry Olivia. Upon Olivia's determination to wed the leader of the exclusives, Paul Mallory, Robert has brain fever. He is nursed through this illness by Firefly, a dancer whom he had formerly cured of pneumonia and who had never ceased to love him in secret.

F. M. Buckles and Company:

The Lunatic at Large. By J. Storer Clouston.

A young physician who is not burdened by an overwhelming practice is given an opportunity to travel with a lunatic. Although the fee is very alluring, he hesitates to accept the offer because of the man's homicidal and suicidal tendencies. The problem is solved by a friend who, himself, goes as the patient, while the real lunatic is placed in a private asylum. Matters, which are complicated by a romance, are finally straightened out.

The Century Company:

Sandy. By Alice Hegan Rice.

A little Irish stowaway on a large ocean liner coming to America is the hero of this book. His guiding star through life was the little aristocratic girl who threw him an orange on ship-

board, and although his winning smile and sterling qualities made for him many friends, she always held first place in his heart. There are several other characters in the book whose acquaintance is worth making.

Woodmyth and Fable. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

Mr. Seton's last book contains the sympathy and intimacy with his forest friends which characterises his former works. In this volume the author is said to have included bits from Indian legends. The illustrations and decorations, by Grace Gallatin Seton, enhance the interest of the book.

Robert Grier Cooke:

Casual Essays of the Sun.

A selection from the editorial articles which have appeared during the past twenty years in the New York *Sun*. This collection covers many subjects. Among them are Santa Claus, The Good Old Times, Famous Men and Institutions, English, The Ladies, The Cup that Cheers. Those editorials of ephemeral interest or of controversial nature have been excluded.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Minister as Prophet. By Charles Edward Jefferson.

Although this work is primarily intended for clergymen, it is said to contain suggestions for every class of readers. It deals with the position which the minister of to-day holds in general affairs, and the attitude of the world toward him. The subjects of the different essays are The Dimensions of the Work, The Three Men Involved, The Growing of Sermons, Form and Manner, and The Place of Dogma in Preaching.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

A Royal Knight. By Isabella Macfarlane.

A tale of Nuremburg in the fifteenth century. Emperor Maximilian is disguised as the "Royal Knight." It is said to be a pathetic story of love and self-sacrifice, in which the knighthood of the period is successfully portrayed.

Me and Lawson. By Richard Webb.

"'Humpty' Hotfoot's little run in with frenzied copper, amalgamated gas and scrambled oil." A Western Union messenger boy is supposed to tell the story in his own words. Characteristic illustrations, by Mr. W. W. Denslow, add to the humour of the work.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow. By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Many of the poems in this collection of nearly eighty are in negro dialect. The volume is bound in green, and lettered and decorated in gold.

Free Opinions. By Marie Corelli.

A collection of over twenty-five papers criticising modern life, manners and society. Such subjects as The Social Blight, The Vulgarly of Wealth, Unchristian Clerics, The Madness of Clothes, The Power of the Pen, etc., are dealt with. Most of the essays have previously appeared in a London weekly magazine.

The Trial of Jesus. By Giovanni Rosadi.

A book written in reply to the many criticisms of a lecture upon the legal aspects of the trial of Jesus Christ which the author delivered in 1896. It contains information concerning the legal and social customs of the time and portrays the personality of Jesus. "It is one of those great preliminary studies that may in the end enable us to see in its entirety the immense force of Goodness and Greatness embodied in Him whose name is constantly on our lips, and of whom we yet know so little."

My Automobile.

A small volume for recording the dates, runs, time, distance, weather, roads, cost of repairs, fuel, guests, and other incidents connected with over fifty "runs" in an automobile.

The Purple Parasol. By George Barr McCutcheon.

The purple parasol is the cause of great mystification and disappointment, which are fully atoned for in the final joy. Five full-page illustrations in colour by Harrison Fisher, and numerous decorations by Charles B. Falls, give the book a very attractive appearance.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Progress and Poverty. By Henry George.

An inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of increase of want with increase of wealth. This is the twenty-fifth anniversary edition, to which a medallion portrait of Mr. George has been added by his son, Richard F. George.

A Publisher's Confession.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

James Watt. By Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. Carnegie has gathered a great deal of information for his biography of the man, whose invention enabled him to accumulate his wealth, from Scotland,

England, and elsewhere. It is said that the author has given interesting views on business and success in his comment on the famous Scotchman.

The Mortgage on the Brain. By Vincent Harper.

A tale of double personality under the control of hypnotic suggestion. The brain of Lady Torbeth, the beautiful wife of an English peer, is found by two scientists and a physician, into whose hands the case has been placed, to contain three distinct personalities. These men undertake to rid the woman of this disagreeable situation. For experimental purposes the young doctor sacrifices himself to science—all recollections of his own personality are taken from his brain and those of another man substituted, with the result that he assumes the personality of the other man. The success of this operation leads to a like success in the person of Lady Torbeth, who is relieved of the two disagreeable personalities. The young physician undergoes still another operation which restores him to his old personality.

How to Keep Bees. By Anna Botsford Comstock.

A handbook for the use of beginners, "for those who would keep bees for happiness and honey, and incidentally for money." The information which the book gives is the knowledge derived from the practical experience of the author. There are over thirty illustrations.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Crimson Blind. By Fred M. White.

A detective story in which murder, mystery and love surround the story of a ruby ring. Victor Prout has made the illustrations for the book.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Old Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox.

Essays in art criticism. It is, also, a "series of appreciations of individual masters, though something like a general view of the course of painting since the sixteenth century may, perhaps, be made out from it." The earlier masters included are Michelangelo, Dürer, Rubens, Rembrandt, Perugino, Veronese, Frans Hals, and William Blake. Among those of more recent times are Burne-Jones, Millais, Whistler, Sargent, Baudry, Saint-Gaudens, Meissonier, etc.

The Case of Russia. A Composite View. By Alfred Rambaud, Vladimir G. Simkovich, J. Novicow, Peter Roberts, and Isaac A. Hourwich.

The titles of these five articles by the authors in the order named above are: **The Expansion of Russia, Russian Au-**

tochry, The Russian People, The Slaves, and Religious Sects in Russia. The nature of the articles are explained in their titles.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Marquise's Millions. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

A story of intrigue in which an American girl and her French fiancé endeavour to obtain possession of a fortune belonging to her rich aunts and to which the girl is sole heir. These two old ladies are determined to leave their money to the "Nineteenth Louis," consequently, the hero masquerades as this long-expected sovereign and encounters many adventures.

Harper and Brothers:

The Courtship of a Careful Man. By E. S. Martin.

To be reviewed in a subsequent issue of **THE BOOKMAN**.

The Club of Queer Trades. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

A collection of a half-dozen stories. Only those persons who have contrived some unusual means of earning a livelihood are eligible for membership in the Club of Queer Trades. One member of this club undertakes to fit every one with a suitable romance; another tries to organise repartee, and to promote table talk and drawing-room conversation, etc. The volume is well illustrated.

The Second Wooing of Salina Sue. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

This collection of six negro stories, the scenes of which are naturally laid in the South, takes its name from the first story. The other titles are: **Minervy's Valentines, Tobe Taylor's April Foolishness, Egypt, Milady, and The Romance of Chinkapin Castle.**

Fond Adventures. By Maurice Hewlett.

A collection of four tales of the Middle Ages. The titles are **The Heart's Key, Brazenhead the Great, Buondelmonte's Saga, and The Love Chase.** The third story is said to be founded on facts.

The Worst Man. By John Kendrick Bangs.

A comedietta in which eight girls, boarding at a summer hotel, decide to end the manless state which exists at this hostelry by constructing a life-size worsted man from an afghan, stuffing it with cotton. By means of a famous spring-water the man comes to life and develops into an excessive flirt.

Sanna. By M. E. Waller.

A tale of Nantucket. The hero is a young schoolmaster who comes to the island in search of his parents, of whom he has no recollection. Here he not only finds his mother and his relatives, but the heroine, Sanna, a lovable but wild madcap girl. Various pictures of life on this island are portrayed in connection with the romance.

Mr. Pennycook's Boy and Other Stories. By J. J. Bell.

Various incidents of child-life on Glasgow's streets are dealt with in this dozen of stories. The collection takes its name from its first tale. The titles of some of the others are Wee Rid Heid, Biddy, Tam, Green Paint, Poor Pussy, The Sunday-School Soirée, etc.

Judith Triumphant. By Thompson Buchanan.

The basis of this story is the tale which is familiar to many, of the Hebrew girl who risks life and honour to save Bethulia from the Holofernes and the Assyrians.

Hinds, Noble and Eldredge:

International French-English and English-French Dictionary. Edited by Robert Morris Pierce. Editorial Critic of French Pronunciations, Paul Passy; Editorial Critic of English Pronunciations, George Hempl.

A volume of over thirteen hundred pages, which is almost equally divided between French-English and English-French words. This is the first in a series of uniform bilingual dictionaries in which the pronunciations of the words are indicated, and in which like phenomena of all languages will be expressed by like symbols, classified by like terms and treated in like manner. This work is especially made for the use of English-speaking people.

The Hobart Company:

The Medal of Honor. By General Charles King.

The opening scenes in this tale of love and war are laid in West Point, but several of the principal characters are very soon called to the mountains of Arizona to furnish protection against the Indians. The story contains the description of a noble rescue, which is eventually rewarded with the "medal of honour." Treachery plays a large part in the plot and threatens disaster to more than one. The romance is interwoven through the entire tale.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Natural History. By John Denison Champlin.

A volume which, at a moderate price,

attempts to include in a single volume "an outline of the entire animal kingdom, from the largest mammal down to the tiniest insect. . . . The aim has been to be universal and catholic, both in scientific delineation and in geographical range." There are about eight hundred illustrations.

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by R. M'William.

One of the Temple School Shakespeare series. It contains notes, introductions and glossary by the editor, and six illustrations by Dora Curtis.

Dramatists of To-day. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

An informal discussion of the significant work of Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, and Maeterlinck. The author has included chapters in which he deals with the standards of criticism, and with our idea of tragedy.

The House of the Black Ring. By F. L. Pattee.

A group of Pennsylvania Dutch are the people with whom this story deals. The plot, which is set in a valley among the Seven Mountains, has its origin in a family feud. As usual, the heiress of the rich family marries the heir to the poorer family. An impromptu horse race between two rival lovers, a flight from a forest fire, a witch, a haunted house, a secret underground passage, a cave, and other exciting conditions and adventures enhance the interest of the story.

The Knickerbocker Press:

The Haunted Temple and Other Poems. By Edward Doyle.

A collection of sonnets and poems on various themes. The author's blindness furnishes the *motif* for many of the lines.

John Lane:

Widdicombe. By M. P. Willcocks.

A romance of the Devonshire Moors. The hero, in his ambition to reform the material inequalities of society, finds himself temporarily estranged from the woman he loves.

The Twentieth Century Child. By E. H. Cooper.

In Mr. Cooper's latest book about children, he expresses the belief that mothers see too much of their children to properly judge their characters and requirements for upbringing. Advice is given upon such subjects as prayers, lessons, punishment, play, sickness, etc. The book contains numerous stories.

The Enchanted Woods and Other Essays on the Genius of Places. By Vernon Lee.

As indicated in the title, this volume is comprised of essays which have for their basis rambles in various places. Among the many points of interest discussed are Paris, Trent, Switzerland, Pisa, Gascony, Venice, and Arcadia. There are, also, essays on such subjects as The Motor-Car and the Genius of Places, In the Euganean Hills, The Cardinal's Villa, Nymphs and a River God, etc.

The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. By William J. Locke.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of **THE BOOKMAN**.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Kt. A Personal Note by John Lane.

An appreciative article following the appointment of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke to the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is reprinted from *The International Studio*.

The Women of Shakespeare's Family. By Mary Rose.

A small book by the curator of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon. It deals with Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother; Joan Shakespeare, his sister; Anne Hathaway, his wife; Susannah and Judith, his daughter; and Elizabeth Hall, his granddaughter. There are eight illustrations from photographs of buildings and scenes in Stratford.

The Life of Cervantes. By Albert F. Calvert.

A volume issued in commemoration of the tercentenary of the publication of "Don Quixote." Several portraits and reproductions from early editions illustrate the book. In addition to the life of Cervantes, it includes proverbs from "Don Quixote," chronological repertoire of documents relating to the life of Cervantes, a bibliography of Don Quixote—Spanish editions and English translations, a list of bibliographies of Cervantes arranged chronologically, and a synopsis of the editions of Don Quixote.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Adventures among Books. By Andrew Lang.

In the first chapter of this volume, which is made up from old articles and papers, Mr. Lang tells the books he liked and disliked when young, and gives his reasons. There are papers on Stevenson, Holmes, William Morris, Mrs. Radcliffe, Stoddart, Smollett, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and several other writers.

McClure, Phillips and Company.

Russian Literature. By P. Kropotkin.

The origin of this work is a series of eight lectures delivered in March, 1901, at the Lowell Institute, Boston. It is said to be a complete history of Russian letters from its beginning in folklore and mythology down to the present day. Special stress is laid upon such great characters as Pushkin, Gogol, Turguéneff, Tolstoy, Gontcharoff, Dostoyevskiy, Nekrasoff, etc. Prince Kropotkin says that in no other country does literature occupy so influential a position as in Russia.

The Girl from Home. By Isobel Strong.

A story of Honolulu, the scenes of which are laid in the time when Kalakaua was king. It portrays the court life, as well as life among the common people in these islands, about twenty years ago.

The Wing of Love. By Katharine M. C. Meredith.

Satin, the heroine, is a little girl who, on "wings of love," brings success and happiness to a group of artists, musicians, and writers dwelling with empty pockets in an attic.

Pardners. By Rex E. Beach.

Alaskan life is portrayed in these ten stories, which first made their appearance in McClure's Magazine. In addition to the initial story, *Pardners*, some of the titles are *The Test*, *North of Fifty-three*, *The Scourge*, *The Shyness of Shorty*, *The Thaw at Slisco's*, etc.

The Golden Flood. By Edwin Lefèvre.

This book was reviewed in the April **BOOKMAN**.

Marriage and Divorce. By Felix Adler.

These two lectures were given by Dr. Adler before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York City, last January. The subjects are considered from a moral and spiritual standpoint.

Lady Noggs. Peeress. By Edgar Jepson.

Lady Felicia Grandison, or Lady Noggs, as she insisted upon being called, was a wilful young girl whose ridiculous pranks caused her guardian and uncle, the Prime Minister to England, no little anxiety and trouble. While her escapades were most extraordinary, they always had a humorous or kindly turn. She flagged the North Star Express and made it carry her and a tenant's dying baby to a large hospital in London; exposed a fake jewel robbery by the Russian Princess; heartily assisted Billy, her uncle's secretary, in his love affair with her own governess, and was the promoter of many other interesting adventures.

The Yellow War. By "O."

A volume of dramatic sketches dealing with the personal and human side of the Russo-Japanese War. Because of his political and personal importance, it is said that the author was able to see much more of actual fighting than the general run of correspondents. These sketches originally appeared in an English magazine.

The Troll Garden. By Willa Sibert Cather.

Seven short stories, the titles of which are: Flavia and Her Artists, The Sculptor's Funeral, The Garden Lodge, "A Death in the Desert," The Marriage of Phædra, A Wagner Matinee, and Paul's Case.

Alaska and the Klondike. By J. S. McLain.

The author's account of this country, its history, its resources, and its promises for the future is said to be accurate and trustworthy. The information was obtained while visiting the American and British gold-fields, the island districts, Nome, the fisheries, the Yukon country, etc., in the company of the Senatorial Committee of 1903, who were sent to our Arctic possessions for legislative purposes. The book contains over ninety illustrations.

Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast. By G. Lowes Dickinson.

The aim of the author has been "to raise, definitely and unequivocally, the question of the relation of religion to knowledge." The chapters, the titles of which are Ecclesiasticism, Revelation, Religion and Faith, were originally published as articles in a magazine.

The Orchard and Fruit Garden. By E. P. Powell.

The object of this book is "to furnish a thoroughly reliable book for those who are establishing their homes on the improved basis of intensive culture; and especially to assist those who are escaping from the confinement of city life to the freedom and luxuries of suburban homes." The author gives advice as to what kinds of fruit are best to plant, what species are best for different localities, what methods of cultivation are best, and what are the best ways to avoid and fight against the diseases and pests likely to attack each fruit. The volume is well illustrated.

Little Stories of Courtship. By Mary Stewart Cutting.

To be reviewed in a subsequent issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The Macmillan Company:**The Bahama Islands. Edited by George Burbank Shattuck.**

A report of the Bahama Expedition,

composed of twenty-five scientists, sent out by the Geographical Society of Baltimore on June 1, 1903. The object of this expedition was "to investigate the origin and natural history of the islands and also to conduct studies along lines intimately associated with the well-being of the inhabitants." Investigation was made in the geology, paleontology, tides, terrestrial magnetism, climate, soils and agricultural conditions, vegetation, mosquitoes, fishes, batrachians and reptiles, mammals, birds, sanitary conditions, commercial geography, and in the history of the people who inhabit these islands. The book contains a hundred illustrations, maps and diagrams.

Problems of the Panama Canal. By Brigadier-General Henry L. Abbot.

From an experience of seven years of technical study of this subject, Mr. Abbot has prepared an "unbiased and truthful statement of how the work appears to a retired officer of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, who has spent his life in the prosecution of public works confided to that corps." The book aims to cover every essential element having a bearing upon the construction of the best possible canal.

National Administration of the United States. By John A. Fairlie.

An account of the administrative system of the nation. It deals with the general and special administrative powers of the President; with the Senate and Congress; the Cabinet and Its Members; Administrative Organization; Departments of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Justice, Post-Office, Interior, Agriculture, and Commerce and Labour, and Detached Bureaus.

War of the Classes. By Jack London.

A review of this book will appear in a subsequent issue of THE BOOKMAN.

History of the United States. Vol. I., 1000-1660. By Edward Channing.

The first volume in a work which aims to trace "as an unbroken development the founding of the thirteen colonies by immigrants, mainly from England, the achievement of independence from English control; the union under the Constitution, the growth of the United States territorially, constitutionally and socially, and the final welding of the American people into a great nation."

A Short History of Venice. By William Roscoe Thayer.

The purpose of this book is to "set forth the greatness of the Venetians." Those episodes through which the national spirit best reveals itself and those crises which mark structural changes in

the political life are described in detail. There are, also, portraits in outline of many of the great men who wrought the destiny of Venice. There are five maps in the book.

A History of Modern England. Vol. III. By Herbert Paul.

This book will be reviewed in a subsequent issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

The Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason.

A recent popular novel, now published in a cheap paper series at twenty-five cents a copy.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Port Arthur. A Monster Heroism. By Richard Barry.

A story of the war in the Far East, which not only gives a general description of this siege, but also presents a detailed account from the first attack on Port Arthur, on February 9, 1904, to its downfall and surrender, on January 2, 1905. The book includes eighteen illustrations made from photographs by the author. Further mention of this work is made in the *Chronicle and Comment* of this issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet. By Henry Wellington Wack.

A selection from the correspondence of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet during their romance of fifty years forms the basis of this work. François Coppée has written an introduction to the book. The volume is copiously illustrated.

Free Thinking and Plain Speaking. By Leslie Stephen.

A collection of some of the earlier essays of Sir Leslie Stephen, originally published in Great Britain and the United States in 1873, but for a number of years out of print. Among the nine essays are *The Broad Church*, *Religion as a Fine Art*, *Darwinism and Divinity*, *Warburton*, *Are We Christians?* etc. In addition to these the Rt. Hon. James Bryce and Mr. Herbert Paul have written articles on Leslie Stephen and His Works, which serve as an introduction to the book.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Twelve Stories and a Dream. By H. G. Wells.

Comedy, tragedy and prophecy are to be found in these stories. Among the titles are *Filmer*, *The Magic Shop*, *The Valley of Spiders*, *The Stolen Body*, *Mr. Brisher's Treasure*, *The Truth about Pycraft*, *Jimmy Goggles the God*, etc.

Stingaree. By E. W. Hornung.

A series of ten stories narrating as

many adventures of Stingaree, the mysterious bushranger, in Australia. While each story is complete in itself, there is a connection between several of them. Among the titles are: *A Voice in the Wilderness*, *The Black Hole of Glen-ranald*, *The Taking of Stingaree*, *A Bushranger at Bay*, *The Honor of the Road*, etc. Mr. C. W. Lambert, of New South Wales, has made the illustrations.

By the Ionian Sea. By George Gissing.

Notes of a ramble in Southern Italy. With Naples as the starting point, the author describes a journey which includes such towns as Paola, Taranto, Cotrona, Catanzaro, Squillace, and Reggio. These descriptions are not limited to the topography of this country, but extend to the many places of interest here located and to the inhabitants.

Italian Backgrounds. By Edith Wharton.

This volume of nine chapters deals with unfamiliar Italy—phases of art and architecture which a majority of sight-seers usually overlook. Two of these chapters describe a midsummer descent from Splügen to the Bergamasque country and the lake of Iseo; two deal with the "Sacred Mountains" of North Italy and Umbria; two with Parma and Milan; one with March weather in Italy; one treats of a Tuscan shrine, and the last chapter gives the book its title.

Following the Sun-Flag. By John Fox, Jr.

After waiting in Japan for seven months for the Japanese to make good their many promises that he should be allowed to see some fighting, Mr. Fox returned to America. This volume is a story of his failure as a war-correspondent; it also describes Japanese life as seen by the author in Tokio.

Songs of the Valiant Voivode. By Hélène Vacaresco.

A selection of songs, tales, legends and folk-lore for the first time collected from Roumanian peasants and set forth in English. These tales are "both Latin, Dacian and Asiatic, while the mysticism of the Slavonic race may sometimes be traced in them." The typography of the book deserves special mention.

The Useful Life. A Crown to the Simple Life. As Taught by Emanuel Swedenborg.

Mr. John Bigelow has written an introduction of some length to the book. The work consists of short articles on a large number of topics, all bearing on the general subject of the book.

John of Gaunt. By Sydney Armitage-Smith.

A biography of the King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Aquitains, and Lancaster, Earl of Derby, Lincoln and Leicester, and Seneschal of England, which

attempts "to present a connected account of the acts of a great historical figure, to analyse his admitted ambition and to gauge his character." The volume is well illustrated.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Charles, the Chauffeur. By S. E. Kiser.

A story of recklessness and daring which abounds in good-natured humour. Charles tells of his "chawfing" for a rich young widow, "a game little lady," whom he has every confidence of winning for his wife. His egotism receives a severe shock, however. The book contains over forty characteristic illustrations.

Rose of the World. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Poems. By Edward Farquhar.

An extended collection of verse having the three general themes of History, Man and Nature, and Devotion. There is an additional page of explanatory notes.

A Dauntless Viking. By William Hale.

"This story of the Gloucester fisheries is a conscientious study of the local life and colour as it actually exists. . . . While one or two of the incidents here described are founded upon fact, the action and characters are wholly ideal."

Macbeth, a Warning against Superstition. By Esther Gideon Noble.

The sub-title of this essay explains its purpose.

Oliver Ditson Company:

Selections from the Music Dramas of Richard Wagner. Arranged for the Piano. By Otto Singer.

One of the Musicians Library series. These twenty-five selections are taken from Parsifal, The Dusk of the Gods, Siegfried, The Valkyr, The Rheingold, The Mastersingers of Nuremberg, Tristan and Isolde, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, The Flying Dutchman, and Rienzi. Richard Aldrich has written the preface. The book is bound within heavy paper covers, also in cloth.

Twenty-four Negro Melodies. Transcribed by S. Coleridge-Taylor.

These melodies have been amplified, harmonised and altered in some other respects. The real melody is inserted at the head of each piece as a motto. The music which follows is a series of variations built on this motto. Booker T. Washington has written the preface.

The volume is bound in cloth; it is also issued in paper covers. An addition to the Musicians' Library.

Ginn and Company:

Short Stories from American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball.

Designed as a supplementary historical reader for the fourth and fifth grades of our public schools.

The Story of Columbus and Magellan. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler.

A history of the two greatest discoverers known to the world. The book, which is well illustrated, is adapted for use as a supplementary reader in the last three grades of the grammar school.

Selections from Standard French Authors. By O. G. Guerlac.

Educational. A reader for first and second year students. It contains vocabulary, notes and brief biographical sketches. The editor aims to give the student an acquaintance with those writings which really constitute French literature.

The Organization of Ocean Commerce. By J. Russell Smith.

One of the University of Pennsylvania publications, and belongs to the series in Political Economy and Public Law. The work is the result of minute study of the commercial effects which the Isthmian Canal would have upon the management of the maritime trade of the United States, and upon much of the commerce of Europe with Pacific countries. It is bound in paper.

The Suffrage Franchise in the Thirteen English Colonies in America. By Albert Edward McKinley.

The book aims "to present the dynamic or developmental aspect of the subject rather than the analytic." The author has endeavoured to trace the growth of colonial ideas and practices respecting the elective franchise. It is one of the publications of the University of Pennsylvania, and is bound within paper covers.

A Practical Commercial Speller. By Elizabeth F. Atwood.

Educational. Especially intended for use in schools where commercial branches are taught.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Outlet. By Andy Adams.

A story of cowboy life in the eighties. It narrates the adventures experienced while driving a great herd of cattle from Texas to Dakota, for delivery on a Government contract. E. Boyd Smith has made six illustrations for the book.

The Matrimonial Bureau. By Carolyn Wells and Harry Parsons Taber.

The idea of a matrimonial bureau occurred to Miss Esther Adams when her German maid won a husband by sending one dollar to one of these agencies. Only three young girl friends of Miss Adams and such men as she chose to invite to her house were to be considered in this special bureau, however. While her guests insist upon falling in love with the wrong persons, they come out even and she is happy.

The Eternal Life. By Hugo Münsterberg.

An essay dealing with the relation of the views of modern science to a belief in immortality. It takes the form of a conversation between two old friends after the burial of a common friend.

The Far Eastern Tropics. By Alleyne Ireland.

Studies in the administration of the tropical dependencies. The subject is dealt with from the standpoint of the limitations which are created by the local conditions prevailing in each dependency. Hong Kong, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Burma, the Federated Malay States, the Strait Settlements, French Indo-China, Java, and the Philippine Islands are among the dependencies described.

Later Poems. By John White Chadwick.

This collection of verse includes all of the late Rev. John White Chadwick's poems, whether published in magazines or unprinted, which he wished preserved. It does not include the verses published several years ago under the title of "Book of Poems."

Wasps, Social and Solitary. By George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham.

This book, to which Mr. John Burroughs has written an introduction, narrates the ways of wasps—the way they build their nests, catch and kill or numb their prey, and fight when occasion arises. Descriptions are given of the Burrowers, the Wood-Borers, the Spider-Hunters, Workers in Clay, Ammophila and Her Caterpillars, and The Great Golden Digger; of the communal life of wasps, of an island settlement, sense of direction, instinct and intelligence, etc.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Vision of Elijah Berl. By Frank Lewis Nason.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this magazine.

Justin Wingate, Ranchman By John H. Whitson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of **THE BOOKMAN.**

The Outlook Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting.

The volume is said to be the outcome of hundreds of letters from strangers referring to convictions expressed in several of Miss Whiting's former books. Some of the subjects discussed are: The Delusion of Death, Realising the Ideal, The Ethereal World, An Inward Stillness, etc.

By the Good Sainte Anne. By Anna Chapin Ray.

This story, which is really a "sentimental guide" to modern Quebec, is here issued in a new illustrated edition.

Psyche. By Walter S. Cramp.

A romance of the reign of Tiberius, dealing with that period when Tiberius went to live in the island of Capri, and with the attempt of Sejanus to make himself Emperor of Rome. The arena plays an important part in the plot, inasmuch as Psyche, who is a Greek dancer, is betrothed to a charioteer in the Roman circus.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Miss Billy. By Edith Keeley Stokely and Marian Kent Hurd.

For financial reasons Miss Billy's family found it necessary to move into a poor section of the city. Here she turns philanthropist and, although she lives in Boston, succeeds in taking a prize offered in New York for the greatest improvement made in any neighbourhood. The story, which is said to be full of humour and character study, contains six characteristic illustrations.

The Human Touch. By Edith M. Nicholl.

Although the scenes of this novel are at first laid in New York, they are soon changed to ranch life in New Mexico. The story illustrates the affinity of the "human touch" by which man and woman are drawn together, regardless of any hindrance. The main plot in the tale is the unexpected opening of what was thought to be a sealed chapter in the hero's life.

At the Fall of Port Arthur; or, A Young American in the Japanese Navy. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A story primarily for boys, complete in itself, but the third volume in the Soldiers of Fortune series. The adventures of Larry Russell and his companion, who have some thrilling experiences, are narrated. Eight illustrations by A. B. Shute add to the interest of the story.

Military Historical Society of Massachusetts:

The Wilderness Campaign. May-June, 1864.

The fourth volume of papers of the Military Historical Society of Massa-

chusetts. These papers, sixteen in number, are for the greater part written by various army and navy officials. The campaign of May and June, 1864, is the general subject of the papers.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Fair Land Tyrol. By W. D. McCrackan.

This volume, which is copiously illustrated, aims "to repay in a measure the friendly reception which was everywhere accorded the writer, to wish good speed and long life to all the dwellers in that greatly blessed and beautiful country, as well as to help the foreign wayfarer to a true understanding and full enjoyment of that happy land Tyrol."

Small, Maynard and Company:

Paris and the Social Revolution. By Alvan F. Sanborn. With Drawings by Vaughan Trowbridge.

A study of the revolutionary elements in the various classes of Parisian Society. The author has endeavoured to present to the world the revolutionist, as he knows him, as he comprehends him, and as he finds him. Some of the subjects discussed are: What the Anarchist Wants, Oral and Written Propaganda of Anarchy, Socialists and Other Revolutionists, Those Who Starve, Those Who Kill Themselves, etc. The volume contains over seventy illustrations by Vaughan Trowbridge.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Historic Dress in America. By Elisabeth McClellan.

A history of all forms of costume and its appurtenances worn in America from the time of the earliest settlers to the year 1800. There is an introductory chapter on dress in the Spanish and French settlements in Florida and Louisiana. Part I. is devoted to the English colonists of the seventeenth century, while wearing apparel for the men, women and children of the eighteenth century is described in Part II. The book contains nearly four hundred illustrations; some of these are in colour, pen and ink, and half-tone by Sophie B. Steel, and others are reproduced from photographs of rare portraits. The volume is bound in red and lettered in white.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

Jews in Many Lands. By Elkan Nathan Adler.

This book of travel describes the author's visit to Egypt, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Hebron, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Sa-

lonica, Smyrna, Aleppo, Russia, Persia, and other places of interest in this part of the world. Numerous characteristic illustrations enhance the interest of the work.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

American Thumb-Prints. By Kate Stephens.

A collection of eight essays on the general theme of the Mettle of Our Men and Women. Some of the titles are Puritans of the West, The University of Hesperus, Two Neighbors of St. Louis, The New England Woman, Up-to-date Misogyny, etc.

Cambridge Sketches. By Frank Preston Stearns.

A volume of essays. Among the persons described are Francis J. Child, Longfellow, Lowell, C. P. Cranch, T. G. Appleton, Doctor Holmes, Charles Sumner, etc.; such subjects as The Close of the War, The Colored Regiments, Emerson's Tribute to George L. Stearns, Leaves from a Roman Diary, Centennial Contributions, are also dealt with.

Samuel and the Schools of the Prophets. By James Sime.

One of the Temple Series of Bible Handbooks. The book deals with the Court of Eli, Power of Jehovah, Re-appearance of Samuel, Changes in Worship and Government, Siege of Jabesh-Gilead, Rejection of Saul, Teaching of Samuel, and Samuel's Death and After.

The Accolade. By C. E. D. Phelps.

A tale of Chaucer's time. While this story is one of love and adventure, the author is said to portray the habit of life and the thought of the great Pilgrim's days, and to give historical accuracy to the plot.

The John C. Winston Company:

The Quakeress. By Max Adeler.

The scenes of this story are laid among the Community of Friends in Pennsylvania in the days of the Civil War. The heroine, Abbey Woolford, is on the brink of an engagement with Friend George Fotherly, when the appearance of a young Southerner and his sister quite reverses things—the Southern girl succeeds in completely turning the head of the staid Quaker, while Abbey's heart surrenders entirely to the young cavalier. Then comes the war, and with it disappointments and hardships.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Paul de Ruyter:

Speculative Ventures. By Paul de Ruyter.

The purpose of this little brochure is to show the injustice to honest men of

the general alarm which is being spread over the country that business ventures which offer more than a low rate of profit are frauds.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Letters from an Oregon Ranch. By "Katharine."

Another book dealing with pioneer life in Oregon. These letters tell of the creation of a home in the wilderness. Thirteen pictures, in tint, illustrate the book and give the reader an idea of the scenery of this country.

The Flower of Destiny. By William Dana Orcutt.

The theme of this romance is the love story of Napoleon III. and Empress Eugénie. Special mention is due the typography, the decoration, and the illustrations of this book.

From the West to the West. By Abigail Scott Duniway.

A journey across the plains to Oregon is here given in story form. The author narrates the romantic incidents, as well as the perils and hardships, of travel a half century ago. Mrs. Duniway claims that her story is true to life and border history.

An Old Man's Idyl. By Wolcott Johnson.

"A 'middle-aged love story,' describing the simple happiness of a romance which was none the less ideal, if belated." The first part of the book deals with the life of the children. The balance is devoted to his honeymoon, to which he goes back, and to the episodes of his later married life.

The Athlete's Garland. Compiled by Wallace Rice.

Said to be the first attempt in any language to gather together verses relating exclusively to athletic sports. The index includes such authors as Andrew Lang, R. L. Stevenson, Byron, Wordsworth, Kipling, Dryden, Emerson, etc., as well as many less familiar.

Theodore Thomas. A Musical Autobiography. Two volumes. Edited by George P. Upton.

In his preface Mr. Thomas says that he had no intention of writing an autobiography, or anything else. This work is the result of a desire to retain, in some permanent form, his programmes, which represented over fifty years of a very important part of the history of music in America. The second volume is devoted to this collection of pro-

grammes. The work is well illustrated with portraits and views.

W. M. Welch Company:

Duties in the Home and Family. By Walter L. Sheldon.

The one object of the author in preparing this work has been "to develop and establish the simple, recognised duties and obligations pertaining to life in the Home and the Family."

Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen. By Walter L. Sheldon.

A book "designed for the purpose of teaching the young mind how to apply the fundamental principles of right and wrong to the problems of Citizenship and the State." It is not meant to be read continuously but to be studied as lessons.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Amethyst Box. By Anna Katharine Green.

The disappearance of an amethyst box containing a tiny flask in which was a single drop of deadly poison, together with the sudden death of the person who drank the drop, furnishes ample mystery for this story. Two romances are interwoven into the plot. The volume appears in the Pocket Books series.

My Own Story. By Caleb Powers.

An account of the conditions in Kentucky leading to the assassination of William Goebel, who was declared governor of the State, and the author's indictment and conviction on the charge of complicity in his murder. This autobiography includes not only the story of the author's boyhood, college days, West Point career, experience in an Indiana law school, short married life, and political history, but it also contains an appeal that he may be given a fair opportunity to present his case before the general public, which he is confident would result not only in his release from the prison from which the book is written, but in clearing his name from the blemish now upon it.

Enchantment. By Harold MacGrath.

The titles of the five stories which make up this collection are: A Night's Enchantment, the adventure of the lady in the closed carriage; The Blind Madonna, the adventure of the Golden Louis; No Cinderella, the adventure of the satin slipper; The Candidates, an adventure in love and politics; The Enchanted Hat, the adventure of my Lady's letter. Issued in the Pocket Books series.

Motormaniacs. By Lloyd Osbourne.

In each of these four stories the automobile has materially assisted in bringing the romance to a crisis. The first story gives the book its name, the others are: The Great Bubble Syndicate, Coal Oil Johnny, and Jones. The volume is issued in the Pocket Books series.

House in the Mist. By Anna Katharine Green.

This volume in the Pocket Books series contains two stories. The first, from which the book takes its title, is the longer, and may be called a mystery tale. The second, The Ruby and the Caldron, is a detective story, the plot of which is to recover a valuable ruby which has been lost.

The Princess Elopes. By Harold MacGrath.

The scenes of this story, which is issued in the Pocket Books series, take place in Germany. The only way for the Princess to escape marriage with a Prince many years her senior was to run away from the home of her uncle, the Grand Duke, who was forcing the marriage upon her—this she did. The arrival of "Prince Charming," the unfavourableness of his suit, but his victory in the end, is the plot of the story.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Gas Engine Publishing Company:

The Automobile Pocketbook. By E. W. Roberts.

The purpose of this little book is "to place before the designer and the operator, in a brief manner, a few general notes on the design and the operation of the gasoline automobile." The author, in his endeavour to make the work an authority on the subject, has consulted a number of manufacturers of various parts, as well as instruction books issued by automobile companies.

CLEVELAND, O.

The Arthur H. Clark Company:

Index. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

As the title indicates, this, the sixteenth volume in the Historic Highways of America series, is an index to the fifteen former volumes.

CLINTON, N. Y.

George William Browning:

Odes and Elegies. By Clinton Scollard.

A collection of seven poems, the titles of which are: The Dreamers, Lawton,

On a Copy of Keats's Endymion, Elegy in Autumn, The March of the Ideal, The Stars of Morning, and The Oriskany. The typography of the book deserves special mention.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

Investigation Committee:

Juggernaut. By W. H. Watson.

The sub-title of this little volume, which is Christian Science Exposed, is explanatory of its nature. It contains nearly two hundred and fifty illustrations, most of which are in the nature of cartoons.

MONETT, MO.

Clarence K. Dow:

The Rich Man in Hell: An Awful Mistake of Preachers. By Theodore L. Harvey.

A work written in defence of the teaching of the Scriptures. The following selection from the list of chapter titles gives a general idea of the nature of the book: Jesus, the Christ, Was in the Hades-Hell; The Parable of the Natural and Spiritual Man; The Parable of the Seventh Day; Why Was the Rich Man Tormented in Hades-Hell; The Rich Man's Tongue, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Adair Welcker:

For People Who Laugh. By Adair Welcker.

The explanatory sub-title of this book, which is composed of a number of short stories on different subjects, is: To be a text-book on democracy hereafter, not only for the Democratic Party of the United States, but now is such in many other countries, where its solvent laughter is, to a greater extent, day after day, causing things not democratic to melt and to vanish.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The Gordon Flagg Company:

Taper Lights. By Ellen Burns Sherman.

The first edition of this book appeared under the title "When Love Grows Cold." The following are some of the topics upon which Miss Sherman has written and included in this collection of eleven essays: The Salt Lake of Literature, Ethical Balances, Several Words to the Wise, Between the Lines, Nature's Economics, etc.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Constance Trescott. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. At Close Range. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.25.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Mysterious Mr. Sabin. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press) 50c.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Billy Duane. Matthews. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Constance Trescott. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Hecla Sandwith Valentine. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Constance Trescott. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Penelope. Roberts. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Black Barque. Hains. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Opal. Anonymous. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.25.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Another Hardy Garden Book. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.

4. Mysterious Mr. Sabin. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
6. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Indifference of Juliet. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Hecla Sandwith. Valentine. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Open Road. Lucas. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Hurricane Island. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.

4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Prince & the Peasantry. Winter. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. The Lake of the Labrettes. Urquhart. Revel. \$1.50.
2. The Greenfield. Patrick. Urquhart. Revel. \$1.50.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. Doubleday Page & Co. \$1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. As Goes Range. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Labyrinth. Kennedy. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
4. The Harvest of the Sea. Greenfall. (Revel.) \$1.00.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Autobiography of Andrew D. White. White. (Century.) \$7.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Color Line. Smith. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Lion's Skin. Wise. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Law of the Land. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Millionaire Baby. Grant. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. Harper. \$1.50.
4. The Plum Tree. Phillips. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
5. The Green. Adams. Houghton Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
6. The Man in the Box. Macdonald. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Quakeress. Carle. Winston. \$1.50.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Starr. Lane. Appleton. \$1.50.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. The House of the Black Ring. Patten. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Marathon Mystery. Stevenson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Gardenhire. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Short History of Oregon. Johnson. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Twelve Stories and a Dream. Wells. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
4. A Diary from Dixie. Chestnut. (Appleton.) \$2.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Long Ago and Later On. Bromley. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
5. The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Captain Amyas. Wyllarde. (Lane.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Copp-Clarke Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Briggs.) 75c. and \$1.25.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.
6. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and \$1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Madigans. Michelson. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Prospector. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Loves of Miss Anne. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
5. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.

5. Stingaree. Hornung. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Lion's Skin. Wise. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

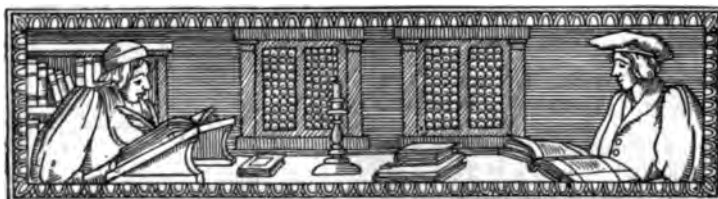
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

			POINTS
1. The Marriage of William Ashe.	Ward.	(Harper.) \$1.50.....	284
2. The Princess Passes.	Williamson.	(Holt.) \$1.50.....	161
3. The Plum Tree.	Phillips.	(Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.....	94
4. Sandy.	Rice.	(Century.) \$1.00.....	82
5. The Clansman.	Dixon.	(Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.....	68
6. The Garden of Allah.	Hichens.	(Holt.) \$1.50.....	67



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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JULY, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In the May issue, we expressed our regret that there are so few good medical novels and that so few physicians draw upon their professional experiences as material for fiction. Some one who read

A Medical Novel.

these remarks of ours has sent us a medical novel entitled *The Perverts*, which appeared four years ago, but which we had never happened to see before. It is the work of Dr. William Lee Howard of Baltimore, and we have read it with much care. We can't conscientiously say that it fills the bill, but it certainly has some points. It relates to the life of the Newcomber family, who are a very turbulent and tempestuous lot. We shouldn't like to live next door to them. The youngest sister becomes a nun, but is beset by an unfortunate desire to tear off her clothes and yell, which makes her a disturbing element. The brother, Leigh Newcomber, is a dipsomaniac, although a man of great intellect. He has married a girl named Oberea from Tahiti, though she might just as well have come from any other place. At times Leigh Newcomber, with no preliminary warning, rushes into a barroom and calls for whiskey. He pours himself out a full glass, swallows it eagerly, throws a half-dollar on the bar and says to the bartender, "Keep the change." But the bartender says, looking at the glass: "Another half-dollar, please." It must have been a large glass. But the flower of the family is the other sister, Mizpra. A good deal should be

pardoned to a woman afflicted with such a name, but Mizpra really goes beyond the limit. She has a voice like a man, black, bristling hair, an "anatomical grin," and huge, coarse hands. This makes it the more surprising that when she walks in upon an amiable young man and says to him, "Marry me to-night at eight o'clock," he actually does it. Mizpra spent a good deal of her time in studying bacteriology and practising vivisection. She was unnecessarily cruel to guinea pigs, and once she left a dog strapped on his back in a trough for several days without anything to eat. She was secretly engaged in cultivating "deadly poisonous germs." She hated her brother Leigh and his Tahitan wife, and decided to poison their little child by sending him a silver whistle full of germs. She bought the whistle and filed its edges to make them rough. Then she covered it with diphtheretic bacilli. Somehow or other, diphtheria didn't seem to her to be quite bad enough, so she also spread on some germs of lockjaw. Then, doing the whistle up in cotton wool, she posted it to the child, after which "her heart beat with joyous expectancy." Perhaps this is sufficient to give some indication of what the book is like, though we ought to mention that the child did not get the whistle. Quite as remarkable as the story is the vocabulary in which the author has written it. We have selected a few specimens by way of doing justice to the book. Thus, Leigh's father was "of middle-aged nubility." Several ladies

in one of the later chapters indulge in "gin laughter." In a church, "septic prayers are offered." In a New York slum, persons enter "a zone of offensive nidors." A clergyman's necktie is "a bold, big affair." The Newcomber children are styled "offsprings." On the whole, it is a great book; and if it represents Dr. Howard's personal observations, he must in his time have seen some very moving things.



M. PAUL ADAM

We have received the following letter:

EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR: It was with a certain mournful triumph that I read in the **M. Paul Adam** June **BOOKMAN** the three-page pæan of praise which and "**Amanda** of the Mill." M. Paul Adam sang over *Amanda of the Mill*, for the fall of the virtuous is always a pleasing spectacle. However, my last illusions concerning magazines of literature and life are dead. I had supposed that **THE BOOKMAN** treated the books published by Dodd, Mead and Company as impartially as it did the books of other publishers. Had *Amanda* come out serially in some other magazine and been printed by other publishers, would M. Adam have taken so much of **THE BOOKMAN**'s space, unless, indeed, **THE BOOKMAN** printed an article that it might in its inimitable way explain M. Adam's diction?

Yours very truly,

M. H. VORSE.

While we have repeatedly said that we

could not answer for the opinions of our reviewers, we did intend in this instance to print a few words of comment on M. Adam's article in the number in which it appeared. The matter was overlooked, and we are glad now to have an opportunity of saying that we included M. Adam's paper not on account of its note of praise, which, indeed, seemed to us excessive, but because an eminent French critic's view of one of our younger novelists, however wrong it might be, seemed likely to be of interest. We ourselves surveyed the "three-page pæan" with surprise and pleasure. It occurred to us at the time that there was no knowing which one of us might be taken for a genius if the judgment rested with amiable foreigners. Some of the queerest selections of American writers have been made by them. Tolstoy's choice of the best American books included one or two that few Americans had ever heard of and some that were very sad stuff. Reading in translation or in an unfamiliar language is, so far as the nicer qualities of style are concerned, like smoking in the dark. One's little private mental translations often resemble the prose of the "books of the opera." The main thoughts, purpose, plot, are what strike the foreign reader, and when thus stripped to their bare bones books lose their distinctions of rank. Not to imply that we have a poor opinion of *Amanda*. It is a good story as stories go, and we stoutly maintain that in the present literary puddle *Amanda* is no small toad, but in any long view of literature the *Amandas*, along with most other novels of the day, are, we fear, invisible, and the fact that it displays to M. Adam "an art which ranks with the best in the literature of this new century" tells us more about M. Adam than it does about the book. We own that we were excited somewhat by his discovery of genius so near us, but had he picked out a novel issued by another publisher we believe we should have allowed him as strong adjectives and an equal space. A foreign opinion of us is interesting sometimes because it is right and sometimes because it seems so singular that any human being can entertain it.

"Subtle humour, erudition, imagery, and the spirit of good cheer, all clothed with the philosophy of finding the bright side of things in every phase of humanity" are the qualities which, according to the modest "Foreword," will be found in a volume of editorial articles entitled *The Casual Essays of the Sun*. For many years the smart writing on the editorial page of the New York *Sun* has been the wonder of a certain class of Americans. It is hard to define that class, but we conceive its members as saying, "For humour give us Mr. Dana's bright young men, and for originality give us Mr. Elbert Hubbard." They are hardy, unsuspecting, inclined to take the will for the deed, and admiring constancy in a writer more than any other virtue. They found as the years passed that the editorial page of the *Sun* could be trusted to say about the same sort of things on the same class of subjects (other than political). They could count on it for the humour of grotesque names—Pod Dismuke, Dink Botts and Abe Slupsky; for the humour of obviously ironic description—the Sacred Codfish and the Ancient and Honourable Company of Artillery; for the obviously funny thing—the mother-in-law, the woman's pocket, the hair-pin; for the jocosity of the coined polysyllabic word; for the burlesque praise of illiterate poetry or rhapsodical prose—J. Gordon Coogler, Dithyramb Dick; for the facetious nickname, Larry Godkin, Sambo Bowles; in short, they could count on the *Sun* for the main ingredients of the popular American humorous style. It could be hyperbolic with a straight face for a column at a stretch. It could poke fun with a ten-foot pole. Its command of mock gravity was absolute, and it understood the mechanics of incongruity. Indeed, so perfect was it, according to rule, and so thoroughly national, that on ceasing to read it, some years ago, we felt we were growing old and *blasé*, or what was worse, un-American.

✻

The present volume represents admirably the editorial page of the *Sun* in its

lighter mood during the last twenty years. The "Honourables" are all here. There is frequent reference to whiskers. There is the Boston joke, the Chicago joke, the Philadelphia joke. There is the expansive article on Woman and on "our girls."

No war on feminine beauty can ever be popular. We take off our hats to the ladies. The *Sun* shines for them.

* * * * *

"What is woman for?" She is for soul, for thought, for love, for bewitchment, for romance, for beauty, and for man. She is for this world and for other worlds. She is for all time and for after time. She is for memory and for hope. She is for dreams beauteous. . . .

There is the Hon. James Elmore, "who will go down the ages," and there is the Hon. Abel Zinzenkooper, "the Silver Singer of the Ozarks." There is the serio-comic juxtaposition of the grandiose and the homely, the dignified and the slangy. There is the short arrestive sentence: "Time is an ass" begins one essay; "Mathematics is an ass" ends another. There are the strongest idiomatic intentions and all the signs of phraseological endeavour. There is above all humorous irony, spacious, continuous, impossible to miss:

Cooglers and Moores, Saylers and Elmores, all skalds and songwriters, have to take a back seat in the choir. Compared with Dick, they are as a squash-pipe to Bach, as a mouse's squeak to the music of the spheres. Yet the Poet of the Bogs is meritorious enough in his way. His most famous stanza murmurs like the dove, and a gentle languor drips from its too feminine rhymes, while manly decision sparkles in their masculine followers.

* * * * *

The Hon. N. K. Fairbanks goes by with simple but beautiful side whiskers, such as Cupid or a young angel would be glad to have for wings. Peris of paradise and naiads of the lakeside pass by in bright ranks and to stately measures. Supper is had, and now comes the inevitable end, thinking whereof the Hon. Sylvanus F. Bill is splashed as to his tender nose with drops of vague regret.

Brightness at any cost has always been the precept of the *Sun*. It has taught its writers the paramount duty of seeming to shine, and so devoted are they that they will sacrifice everything to it—even their own sense of humour to what they conceive to be other people's. There are few signs in these essays that any one was writing as he actually felt. The basis of each is not, I am amused, but I must be amusing, and before this awful solar imperative down goes each loyal personality. There is, of course, a "point of view," but it is institutional.

■

The compiler of this book takes credit for having omitted all articles which have to do with political or public events. As a matter of fact, a judicious collection of political articles from the *Sun* would have been infinitely more amusing and instructive than the volume now before us. Such a collection would illustrate, first of all, the surprising voltes and demivoltes and somersaults which the *Sun* has editorially executed during the past thirty years, and also, in a general way, it would serve as an object lesson on the mutability of newspaper opinion. We can see in our mind's eye a volume of *Sun* editorials arranged in such a manner as would make the casual reader sit up and rub his eyes. Thus one or two editorials written in the seventies might be printed to show the *Sun's* opinion of the late C. P. Huntington as a land pirate, a railroad shark and plunderer of the government, followed by the editorial which appeared in the *Sun* on the day of Mr. Huntington's funeral three years ago, instinct with awe and reverential admiration for so great and good and honourable a gentleman. The *Sun's* early eulogies of Tweed and Croker would be followed closely by the *Sun's* later condemnation of these predatory persons. The *Sun's* nomination of the Hon. David Bennett Hill for the Presidency in 1892, and its description of him as an illustrious and broad-minded statesman, would face an editorial from the *Sun* of 1904 describing the same person as a peanut politician. The *Sun's* fleers at Mr. Seth Low in 1897 would neatly balance its commendation of him in 1901.

Its insulting allusions to Mr. Cleveland as "the Stuffed Prophet" in 1891 might lead up naturally to its praise of him in 1904 as an able and conservative leader. Side by side with its sneers at Mr. McKinley from 1892 until 1896 would be placed its canonisation of him after 1897. Perhaps most interesting of all as a study in violent contrasts, would be some of its editorials in January and February of 1904, ridiculing Mr. Roosevelt as an egoist, a socialist, a brash and unsafe youth, followed closely by some extracts written in July of the same year to urge his election to the Presidency. But why extend the catalogue? Such a book will probably never be compiled: only, if it were compiled, we should like to see a long and thoughtful review of it in the *New York Sun*.

■

Exactly two years ago, Dr. Weir Mitchell made public the fact that he was engaged in the study of what he then called

Ælurophobia. "Cat-Fear"—that curious feeling of repulsion which many persons experience at the sight or even at the unseen presence of a cat. We felt a good deal of interest in this matter, not because we are personally troubled by Cat-Fear, but because the thing itself is very interesting and because we had some theories of our own upon the subject. Likewise, we thought it a pity that this odd neurotic obsession should lack a scientific name. Therefore, in *THE BOOKMAN* for June, 1903, we coined the word "Ælurophobia," and suggested it as an adequate term for Cat-Fear. Dr. Mitchell has now published in a medical journal the results of his researches on this topic, and we observe that he has adopted the name *Ælurophobia*. He has not, however, given us any credit for it, as we think he should have done. We are rather pleased with that particular word. We never coined but two words. This is one of them, and the other is the adjective "hyocephalous," which is a euphemism that comes in very conveniently when talking about Englishmen. We just note this little circumstance as a matter of record, and desire it to be considered a mild protest.



FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Only last month in these columns we were saying how golf was disappearing from current fiction and how difficult it would be for a writer to make the game interesting through a novel of the conventional length. Now Mr. Frederick Upham Adams's *John Henry Smith* appears, and all we can do is to take back, as gracefully as possible, nearly everything that we said. Mr. Upham's book is a novel of the conventional length. With the exception of a few minor diversions, it is golf from beginning to end, and it is exceedingly interesting. In fact, the first part of the story is extraordinarily clever, but this is not maintained, and there are times, after the first hundred pages, when the element of horseplay palls.

■

"Grizzly Adams," as Mr. Adams is widely known among literary people, was once a member of the famous Whitechapel Club of Chicago, which included on its roll George Ade, Finley P. Dunne, Brand Whitlock, Arthur Henry, Opie Read, W. W. Denslow and Ben King.

The Whitechapel Club was for years a literary resort, and constituted itself the reception committee for every literary celebrity that came along. Certain passages in *John Henry Smith* will remind his friends of the time when the Whitechapel Club nominated him as its candidate for Mayor of Chicago. The nomination was made as a joke, but it turned out seriously for one of the candidates. Prior to the nomination of Mr. Adams there were four candidates in the field—Carter Harrison, Sr., Dewitt C. Creigier, Hempstead Washburn and Elmer Washburn. It was a red-hot fight. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor nominated Mr. Adams as an independent candidate; tickets were printed, and the members of the club had great fun with their burlesque of the campaign. When the votes were counted, it developed that Mr. Adams had received eight hundred, most of them drawn from Creigier, who was defeated by Hempstead Washburn by a plurality of less than four hundred votes. The platform on which the Whitechapel nominee conducted this famous campaign was "no water, no gas and no police."



FREDERICK THORPE HILL, WHOSE NOVEL, "THE ACCOMPLISH," IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"



EDWARD A. LIVINGSTON VALENTINE, WHOSE NOVEL, "HELLA SANDWICH," IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

A little time ago we were looking casually over a French almanac. It was published and circulated for the purpose of advertising a certain patent medicine, and in its general appearance and contents it did not greatly differ from those almanacs which year after year are to be found in so many American country homes.

Concerning Waterloo.

There were the usual trite proverbs, the usual jokes and the usual event in history to be associated with each day of the year. This last feature caused us to turn to June 18th, which day in the year of 1815 witnessed the final collapse of the Napoleonic Eagles. That event was recorded in the following manner:

On this day, in 1815, the Emperor Napoleon defeated the Allies at the Battle of Waterloo, but owing to the fact that his retreat was cut off by the Prussian general, Blücher, the Emperor was robbed of the fruits of his victory.

or

This line in the French almanac re-

calls a story of the great battle which we once came across in a little book designed for the use of Belgian school children. To appreciate this anecdote to the full, it must be remembered that the handful of Belgian troops which participated in the campaign covered themselves with anything but glory, being completely broken by Ney's first attack at Ligny, and scurrying back pell-mell to Brussels in a veritable *sauce qui peut*. The anecdote, however, gives a very different impression. It tells of Napoleon on the morning of the battle calling an aide-de-camp and asking information about the forces of the allies.

"There are seventy thousand British troops under Wellington," began the aide.

The Emperor smiled.

"That little Englishman! Bah! I shall grind them to powder."

"And Blücher, with his thirty thousand Prussians."

"I shall sweep them back to the Rhine."

"And there are several thousand Dutch," the aide went on.

"I hold them in the hollow of my hand," said Napoleon with serenity.

"And, Sire," added the aide, "there is also a regiment of Belgians."

The countenance of the Emperor became anxious and overcast. He looked gloomily and thoughtfully over the field and shook his head.

"Aha," he said gravely. "It seems that I must be very careful."

■

But the art of euphemism in recording events of history is by no means confined to the Continental side of the channel. Thackeray spoke of the picture he found to be so popular in Scotch taverns, a painting entitled "The Battle of Waterloo." A lone, kilted Highlander, waving a sword about his head—that was all; the Caledonian conception of the great battle going no farther. If you will take up the average one-volume history of England, designed for the instruction and edification of English youth, the chances are that you will find that the historian has seen fit to ignore entirely that little unpleasantness which began in 1775 along a road in Massachusetts and ended eight years later on a peninsula in Virginia. In a vague sentence you may be told that about this time England lost her American colonies, but why should the stoutly loyal British historian concern himself with such trifles as Princeton, Trenton, Saratoga, or Yorktown, or the naval exploits of Captain Paul Jones? Nor in dealing with England's Continental wars is he any less discreet. What business had the French under the Maréchal de Saxe to beat the English on the field of Fontenoy? Of what use would it be to dwell at any length on that campaign in the Netherlands when Luxembourg so soundly defeated William of Orange? And as for the Peninsula, there is certainly enough good British reading in the story of how Wellington drove Napoleon's marshals back to the Garonne without going into detail about the time when the Emperor's flying trip across the Pyrenees caused the English armies to scamper to shelter among the Portuguese mountains.

British Reticence.

At the conclusion of our war with Mexico, after Taylor and Scott had smashed every Mexican army that they could overtake, the United States took an immense territory and gave a sum

American Euphemisms.

of money in generous compensation, just as we paid into the Spanish treasury twenty millions of dollars when taking over the Philippine Islands in 1898. This money payment has enabled subsequent Mexican historians to allude to the brief struggle not only contentedly, but with actual pride, and the Mexican version of the war runs as follows: "After a series of desperate engagements, Mexico gave consent to a peace in consideration of a large indemnity paid by the United States." But in jotting down these little notes illustrative of national *naïveté*, we are forced, as a matter of common honesty, to acknowledge that now and then American historians themselves have shown real gifts in an euphemistic way. The accounts of both of our wars with Great Britain have been in the conventional school history "touched up," and no American with a sense of humour can fail to find chastening entertainment in studying the War of Secession from the pages of a Northern history and a Southern history placed side by side. One real



S. K. GHOSH, AUTHOR OF "THE VERDICT OF THE GODS"

gem of American euphemism has to do with the War of 1812. The British, on their way to capture Washington, were opposed by a force numerically much larger, but composed mainly of militia. Candour obliges us to record that the militia regiments behaved in a manner that cannot be characterised as heroic. In fact, they ran away. Did that disturb the commanding American general in making his report? Not in the least. He proudly sent word that the Americans "avoided an engagement owing to the fact that they had a higher conception than the enemy of the sanctity of human life."

✻

Rex E. Beach's stories, both as they have appeared in magazines and as they have been collected into the book *Pardners*, have brought him into a certain comparison with Jack London and O. Henry, whose literary qualities meet in his work in effective combination. Born in Michigan, Rex Beach went to college

**Rex E.
Beach.**

in Florida, then to Alaska for gold, then back to business in Chicago, and has now published his first book in New York. He was nineteen when he went to Alaska, about twenty-five when he came back. In those six years he saw practically everything there was to be seen in the mining countries, and not only with his size and strength held his own, but with his humorous good temper won extensive popularity; so that wherever he is he is certain to be stopped on the street again and again by men who have not seen him since the mining days. They quiz him a little on his writing, first with a grin, and then with a sort of puzzled concession that it is "pretty good." Mr. Beach's energy is as versatile as it is effectual. Though still in his twenties, he is vice-president of a big Chicago construction and manufacturing company, secretary of the Chicago Athletic Association, winner of the one-mile handicap swimming race at last year's games in St. Louis, a holder of other athletic records, and author not only of *Pardners* and of two stories that were accepted in the Collier Prize Competition, but of a new series for *McClure's Magazine*, dealing with athletics in the open West.

✻

Miss Willa S. Cather, whose book *The Troll Garden* has caused a good deal of discussion, began her literary career, like many authors, at an early age.

**Miss
Cather.**

When eight or nine years old, according to a man who knew her as a child in Virginia, she not only wrote a play, but arranged and supervised its performance with remarkable effect. Shortly after that period her family took her to Nebraska, where she lived for a while a healthful, quite unliterary life, spending most of her time in the open on horseback. Graduating at the University of Nebraska, she became correspondent for several newspapers, wrote, and in 1903 published, a volume of verse called *April Twilights*, and then took to writing the stories which have now been gathered in book form. In Pittsburg, where Miss Cather is living, there was a foundation of fact for the incident around which she built her story of "Paul's



REX E. BEACH

Case." Two boys employed by a firm that managed a large estate ran away with two thousand dollars. They were found at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago about ten days later, their money gone, and they were brought home. The papers were full of the affair for a time, but as one of the boys was a minister's son, and as the money was refunded, the firm did not prosecute. This story, of all the stories in the book, comes nearest to being based on actual occurrences; so that Miss Cather's psychology is all the more a remarkable attainment. There may be deduced a certain endorsement of her accuracy from the fact that concerning these accounts of hers of abnormal artistic personalities she receives in her mail a regular succession of such outpourings as have caused her to exclaim, "I never knew before there were so many madmen at large." Miss Cather herself is a hard-headed, clear-visioned, straightforward young woman.

■

It is expected of Presidents, ex-Presidents and the like that they will rise in public at short intervals and plead for the home.

"The Home." It is probable that the successors of President Roosevelt will find that a fixed part of their duties as chief magistrates is the almost incessant championship of motherhood. Official praises of the home accompanied by bugle calls to domesticity are felt to be the country's daily need. That is why our President (himself a superb family man and every inch a husband) pauses so seldom in his advocacy of the home. That is why ex-President Cleveland, by no means an emotional person, recently came forward to defend the home, braving the slings of cankered club-women. Soon or late every leading citizen addresses himself in public (à propos of nothing in particular) to the absorbing questions, How is Woman and How is the Home? Domestic as we are already—doing our level best, as one might fairly say—we are stampeded every other day by vague but excited exhortations to rally round the home. Hearing for the thousandth time that they ought to stay at home and rear



WILLA S. CATHER

citizens, the club-women retorted upon Mr. Cleveland somewhat tartly. There is, we have noticed, a certain acerbity in the writings of club-women, implying that the Cause, though in the main benevolent, has its forbidding side. Mrs. Frake said that Mr. Cleveland "should be excused on the ground of his ignorance of the subject." Mrs. Decker remarked, "I have heard of families that starved because the fathers went fishing all the time." The *Federation Bulletin* said, "It is the plea of a man who speaks from a purely selfish standpoint, as though he were afraid his wife might become a club-woman. . . . Our critic thinks that woman's duties lie in the rearing of children and in influencing men toward the ends of citizenship. Indeed!" Even sharper things were said of Mr. Cleveland. As to President Roosevelt, *Club Life* has said, "The ridiculous spectacle

of the President of the United States galloping over the country urging women to bear more children is counteracted to some extent by the spirit of rebellion it has engendered in the minds of many women."

■

While we do not sympathise with the spirit of these rejoinders, we believe that the anxieties of editors and statesmen on this subject are excessive: that the most domestic people under the sun are entitled to their moments of self-confidence; that for days at a time Woman is safe and the home unshaken; that even in the absence of explicit advice, children would be born and raised, and that meals are cooked even in the pauses of oratory. And in not flying in print to the defence of the home, let us not for a moment be suspected of laxity. By Heaven! we should as soon think of hauling down Old Glory as of removing from above our fireplace that cardboard motto, "God Bless Our Home," stitched in worsted. We are opposed to cannibalism, polygamy, human sacrifice, the areois, polyandry, the suttee, the exposure of infants on Mt. Taygetus, anarchy and feudalism. Civilisation has our endorsement, and the family tie in its hour of need may count on us for a word of encouragement. Silence on these themes now is no sign of heresy, but proof, rather, of a deep conviction that certain things may be taken for granted even among the people at large. The adult American has had a chance to make the acquaintance of the obvious, nor does he lack for truisms in his daily life. The very plainest of the plain people are not without a certain sense of proportion. They know that the kitchen will subsist though undefended by a leading citizen, and that the nursery is in a fair way to hold its own. They know that if the home has its renegades it has also its victims, and they can reckon up more mere wives and utter husbands than they can count vagrants from the marriage bond. They have seen the family so absolutely a unit that each member was socially an abject fraction, and the homelike city of Philadelphia might until recently have furnished a case in point; and if men have fallen

from fatherhood, they can point to many a putative citizen who is too much of a daddy for his country's good, and to pairs linked together in monosyllabic intimacy who are, if anything, too much encouraged by this constant Presidential and editorial singing of Home, Sweet Home. And so considering the number and the kind of influences that home ties do resist, they openly defy the most leonine of club-women to do her worst.

■

The death of Judge Tourgée has revived the memory of one of the great politico-literary successes of the past fifty years. When *A Fool's Errand* appeared in 1879, it met with a reception which recalled the instantaneous triumph of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Of course, Judge Tourgée's book was not to be compared with Mrs. Stowe's. Its subject made a more limited appeal; its author had no such emotional power as hers; and many chapters, especially toward the end, read like political tracts. Yet none the less, here is the most powerful and moving story of the Reconstruction period that has yet been written. In it, the Ku Klux Klan really stirs the reader's mind with a thrill of mysterious terror; and some scenes, like those of the murder of Walters, and the strange obsession of the aged negro, who reveals the murder in a trance, are set forth with extraordinary power. Comparing *A Fool's Errand* with the *Red Rock* of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, or with Mr. Dixon's two novels, *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman*, it will be found intrinsically superior as literature, though from an historical standpoint it is less fair, in that it fails to show the horrors of the negro régime which made the Ku Klux Klan inevitable. Yet it takes full account of the finest traits of Southern character, and lays the blame of the evils of the time, where it properly belongs, upon the pig-headed and fanatical Northern Radicals. A new edition of this memorable book was brought out two or three years ago by Messrs. Fords, Howard and Hulbert; and we advise the younger generation of readers to make themselves familiar with

Albion W.
Tourgée.



ALBION W. TOURGÉE

a work which has high literary merit as well as undoubted historical value.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the author of *A Maid of Japan*, which Henry Holt and Company are bringing out next month, is a cosmopolitan in the widest sense of the word. Of

Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

American parentage, Roman birth, the wife of an Englishman who entered the diplomatic service at seventeen and followed it for forty years, she had rare opportunities of seeing and judging the best that the world contains. And not until she had seen the best did she venture into the realm of letters, although from earliest childhood she had steadily looked forward to and trained herself for a literary career. Some descriptions of Italian ramblings, written when she was a young girl, found their way into print without her knowledge, and have since been published in many guide books; but apart from this, she never published anything till a few years

ago, when she wrote her experiences of life in Japan.

The great scene in Daniel Lesueur's *La Force du Passé*, which is one of the popular successes in

An Automobile Duel.

France just now, is an automobile duel between two of the leading characters. Here is the situation. A great race is about to take place. Two men, Valtin and Gérard de Sebourg, have good reasons for hating each other. Valtin, an important manufacturer of automobiles, decides, at the last moment, to enter one of his machines and to try the issue with Sebourg. The duel of speed and danger takes place under the eyes of the pretty Madame Valtin, who is the cause of the enmity between the men. The crowd is thrilled by the terrible struggle and the consequent disaster without having the slightest suspicion of the underlying drama.

One of the London weekly magazines,



MRS. HUGH FRASER



FREDERIC HARRISON

The Academy, which recently underwent some sort of metamorphosis, indicated to the eye by the removal of its light blue cover and to the mind by an unwontedly pedantic discourse on the future of journalism, appears to have lost all recollection of what occurred in its preëxistent state. We find it writing haughtily as follows:

**Literary
Bumbledom.**

In an American magazine, *The Critic and Literary World*, to wit, there has been going on for the last two months what the editor describes, in the choice language of our transatlantic cousins, as "a symposium on the slump in poetry." The collocation of these words "symposium," "slump," "poetry," would in itself be sufficient to demonstrate that the discussion was not uncalled for, since, both by precept and example, it shows the falling away in taste which has given rise to this lament. One's first inquiry, however, is why this cry should have been raised in America. To use the language affected by our contemporary, we were not aware that poetry ever was much on the boom there.



ELIZABETH ROBINS, WHOSE NOVEL, "A DARK LANTERN," IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

Now it so happens that the shocking "collocation" was a quotation from the British magazines, the title "Slump in Poetry" being used by them to head certain discussions of the question raised by Mr. Alfred Austin's paper on "The Growing Distaste for the Higher Forms of Poetry." And the cry was not first "raised in America," but in England, where it was echoed and re-echoed for some months before the *Critic* took it up and repeated the English title in quotation marks. The editor's mistake is of no importance, but the spirit of his remarks is typical of a certain class of British journalism. It comforts us to think of it. We are painfully aware of our journalistic vices. Hardly a day passes without someone's reviling American journalism, its flashiness and vulgarity, its gush, its lack of reserve, and the flippancy of its intellectual inexperience. This is wholesome and well deserved, but monotonous, and there may be some solace in examining for a moment this

thoroughly representative bit of British pomposity.



Having rebuked this country for using an expression employed in his own and for raising a question first raised by his own countrymen, he goes on to say that America has never produced an "absolutely supreme" poet. As this is precisely what we say of ourselves, we are surprised when he adds that "doubtless" his opinion "will be resented in America." He then establishes the unworthiness of present American poets by the simple process of mentioning a number of names and remarking after each one that he never heard of it. Mr. Riley—who can he be? Mr. Markham—never saw the name. Mr. Moody—who can Moody be? And he winds up with an air of having settled things—the conclusiveness of Dickens's worthy gentleman, who disapproved of Asia—and Asia was no more. The odd thing about it is this assumption that his ignorance of names has any significance, whether the names are Dutch, Irish, Hindoo or American. "In dead earnest," says this compatriot of Mr. Hall Caine, "our reason for mentioning these names is to show the exceedingly low standard which is set up by those who presume to be guides and critics"—proof of that low standard being the awful and damning fact that he never heard the names. There you have it. It is, we contend, a peculiarly British attitude.



Not to imply that he ought to know about these or any other contemporary poets, English or American. It is astonishing how much contemporary poetry you can skip without missing it. At the same time one's personal ignorance of poets' names is not of itself interesting. It is only in British journalism that a man would base his discourse on the things omitted from his intellect. Elsewhere if one does not know one makes no especial merit of it. There alone is the absence of knowledge safeguarded for all time as a sort of consecrated vacuum. With us, "I don't know him" is a statement of fact; in England, it is an embargo. To this particular writer an unknown name is of

itself an absurdity and a sign of low tastes in any part of the world that knows it, and the thing, in his opinion, happens altogether too often and ought to be stopped, for what is the world coming to if people he never heard of are suddenly to appear in it? And with known poets of good English make like Mr. Alfred Austin easily accessible, what business has America with any of her own?



Concern with literary matters gives to many British writers an odd sense of caste, and, along with solid qualities which we respect, there is often to be found in the better class of their reviews a weight of manner strangely disproportionate to the substance of their remarks. It is an air of taking an obvious truth under official protection, and the wordiness on these occasions is astonishing. It is the journalism of hems and haws, and it is a lucky reader who has not been lured under its solemn leadership into vacancy. The lighter article is, we are sure, written by a bishop at the very least. When we arrive, all is forgiven, but how if we do not arrive, how if we have merely followed a beadle around our own barn? Recent English novelists have tried to burlesque these aspects of their journalism, even mentioning the papers by name in their books. The *Spectator* figures in *Broke of Corendon*; the *Athenæum* figures in another novel; the *Standard* has passed into fiction; and in *The Divine Fire* Miss Sinclair, though she disguises the names, makes it easy to identify her types of London literary journalism. But the protests of an outsider are of little avail in literary Bumbledom, where a demand for a somewhat more humane way of dealing with bookish themes is always set down to the lusts of impressionism. Froth is what you want, they say, when you are merely asking that your bread be baked. Intrenched in a little reading, these qualities are impregnable, and the rebellious novelists will only break their spears, for no way has ever been devised of making Bumbledom known unto itself. As for us, were it ever known to that proud writer for the *Academy* that his paragraphs had sug-

gested these frivolous remarks, he would simply say it had turned out exactly as he had predicted—his views on the subject of American verse were deeply “resented in America.”

It will not be easy to forget Thackeray’s picture of Lawrence Sterne or the luxury of what we conceived to be righteous indignation when for the first time we saw the private character of our amiable sentimentalist exposed in that merciless essay. Cant, snivel, ill-breeding, and downright dishonesty are the ingredients of Thackeray’s Sterne, and to this day we can recall odious phrases in dog-Latin from the famous letter which Thackeray quoted by way of finishing touch to the meanness of his subject. But if anything can remove this early impression, it will be the clear, straightforward and accurate presentation of the facts which Professor Wilbur L. Cross has prefaced to the new and complete edition of Sterne’s works now appearing in twelve volumes. Professor Cross makes no hero of him, but with excellent judgment he separates his real from his imaginary vices, and proves incidentally that Thackeray was misled by the methods of fiction. He has not only included in the edition much new material, but has shown in his introductions unusual penetration, often revealing Sterne in an entirely different aspect as the result of his research, for as Mr. Paul Elmer More has said in reviewing the first volume, “the setting back of a letter two years may make all the difference between a lying knave and an unstable sentimentalist.” This is not the time for an extended notice of the work, but it is safe to say from the part that has already appeared that it will be the most satisfactory edition, and that the editor will have enabled us to judge Thackeray’s “foul Satyr” and “wretched, worn-out old scamp” far more justly than has hitherto been possible.

The Gibbs manuscripts, characterised by Professor Cross as “by far the most important Sterne discovery of the nine-

teenth century,” are reprinted here for the first time in full. They contain this curious letter from Sterne to Daniel Draper, showing the nature of Yorick’s feeling toward Eliza:

I own it, Sir, that the writing a letter to a gentleman I have not the honour to be known to—a letter likewise upon no kind of business (in the eye of the world) is a little out of the common course of things—but I’m so myself, and the impulse which makes me take up my pen is out of the common way, too, for it arises from the honest pain I should feel in having so great esteem and friendship as I bear for Mrs. Draper—if I did not wish to hope and extend it to Mr. Draper also. I am really, dear sir, in love with your wife, but ’tis a love you would honour me for, for ’tis so like that I bear my own daughter, who is a good creature, that I scarce distinguish a difference betwixt it—that moment I had would have been the last. . . .

The scattered papers on the subject of the late Thomas Davidson seem so alive with his spirit that they would, if collected, do more for us than many of Thomas Davidson. a volume of formal biography. No one who knew Davidson is able to write of him quite perfunctorily or to conceal an odd sort of spiritual exhilaration that was caught in his company. It is to be hoped that some disciple worthy of his office is on the watch, and that when Davidson’s life is written we shall not miss in it the strong feeling of his personality that runs through these fugitive writings in the newspapers and magazines. The large and salient facts about him will not do much for us outsiders, or even his “central thoughts,” and it will be a pity if with his hatred of “academicism” he falls into the hands of an essentially academic person in the depraved sense of the term.

“I well remember,” says Professor William James, in a recent number of *McClure’s Magazine*, “one dark night in the Adirondacks, after a good dinner at a neighbour’s, the eloquence with which, as we trudged down-hill to his own quarters, with a lantern, he denounced me for the musty and mouldy and

generally ignoble academicism of my character. Never before or since, I fancy, has the air of the Adirondack wilderness vibrated more repugnantly to a vocable than it did that night to the vocable academicism."

He himself was a teacher, to be sure, but he lived and taught the doctrine, hardly credible in this day of collective thinking, that human beings are entitled to their harmless peculiarities.

"The memory of Davidson," says Professor James in conclusion, "will always strengthen my faith in personal freedom and its spontaneities, and make me less unqualifiedly respectful than ever of "Civilisation," with its herding and branding, licensing and degree-giving, authorising and appointing, and in general regulating and administering by system the lives of human beings. Surely the individual, the person in the singular number, is the more fundamental phenomenon, and the social institution, of whatever grade, is but

secondary and ministerial. Many as are the interests which social systems satisfy, always unsatisfied interests remain over, and among them are interests to which system, as such, does violence whenever it lays its hand upon us. The best Commonwealth will always be the one that most cherishes the men who represent the residual interests, the one that leaves the largest scope to their peculiarities."

"T. D." was, as Professor James says, one of "the undisciplinables," never completely whipped into line, not doing or thinking those things on which society sets its premiums, more bent on living than on "getting on," a man who could live naturally without founding a school of naturalism, an individual, not an individualist, neither of the crowd nor of the cult. Nothing in him of the statesman, the vestryman or the editor, his interests beginning in that negligible region where theirs leave off.

THE SINGER

If any rumours of my humble days
 Be blown along the dusty ways of time,
 May they not be of one who built the rhyme
 But as a higher business, nor in praise
 Of all triumphant wrong dishonoured bays
 Won by true singers in a worthier clime,
 Nor on the mighty masters' paradigm
 Broidered the ornaments of empty phrase.

But may they be of one for whom the lyre
 Was as the voice of the imprisoned soul,
 Whose mystic incantations could inspire
 Dim visions of the wonders of the goal—
 Pain's purpose and the meaning of desire,
 The legends written on Time's secret scroll.

Elsa Barker.

AN ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE HENRY JAMES



CAN understand Henry James.

No, I am not a Jamesite. Indeed, many Jamesites cannot understand him. They merely read him and talk about him, but I understand him, and refrain from reading him excepting when I feel the need of mental discipline.

The other day I heard of a newspaper critic who could "read James in the original," and it struck me that perhaps there were those who, never having learned the James language in their youth, might like to read him in the vernacular. And I determined to translate him.

That is why I paid a good half dollar for a single *North American Review* and began to read "New England: An Autumn Impression," by Henry James, said impression being a (to him) *very* distinct one vaguely expressed.

Now here is a man who has most distinct impressions, yet when he comes to paint them he employs the Indian summer haze that overlays some of George Fuller's portraits. The average hurried American would prefer to read the setting forth of a—perhaps—indistinct impression in lucid English. And yet George Fuller's paintings had a strange charm, and perhaps for an autumn impression an Indian summer haziness of expression better befits the landscape to be painted than terse, sharply defined and easily definable phrases.

For James is not easily definable. One brings to you a sentence of his and asks, "What does this mean?" and much as if you were trying to translate a French caption under a picture by Daumier, you say, "Why, he means—er—let's read the sentence."

He has been speaking of the hotels and gaming-room at Long Branch, and he says, "Monuments already these, in truth, of a more artless age, and yet with too little history about them for dignity of ruin. Dignity, if not of ruin, at least

of reverence, was what, at other points, doubtless, we failed considerably less to read into the cottage where Grant lived and the cottage where Garfield died; though they had, for all the world, those modest structures, exactly the effect of objects diminished by recession into space—as if to symbolise the rapidity of their recession into time."

"Why, he means what he says. There is nothing especially involved about that, and yet I can't translate it. Run along and don't bother me."

Now, James always does mean what he says, because he is sincere in his pursuit of trifles (which to him are truffles), but he does not always say what he means, because there is a public to be fooled as well as a public to be catered to.

Henry James knows that there are some complex souls who love mazes of expression; involutions that lead you tantalisingly past the coveted object again and again, but do not admit you until you have covered the last round-about phrase, when (it may be) you are face to face with the very thing you might have reached long ago if you had leaped the fence at the beginning and so disobeyed the rules of the James game. It is for the complex souls that he weaves the involutions, purposely misplaces words, and in a way to gratify their sense of immeasurable leisure takes his tortuous way along to an ending that is no end of a delight to him and to them, but is no end at all to the commonplace reader.

But James also knows that there is the bogus Jamesite, the man or woman who dotes on him, but who only pretends to understand him, and for these frauds he throws in large handfuls of mazy, mystical, misty, leering angleworms of sentences that glide their slow and apparently aimless way, and when the fraud has dizzily finished the book, he reels out into the sunshine and the distinctness of the world at large and says, "I perfectly adore James. He is *so* subtle."

But my young friend is at me again with another sentence for me to translate, and this time I must really do it or lose my reputation for understanding James. Some one has said that what one really understands one can explain.

We will set the sentence down in one column, the translation in another.

James has been describing his impressions upon his first visit to New Jersey in twenty years.

"... a very wonderful afternoon that I spent in being ever so wisely driven, driven further and further, into the large lucidity of—well, of what else shall I call it but the New Jersey condition. . . . I had come forth for a view of such parts of the condition as might peep out at the hour and on the spot, and it was clearly not going to be the restless analyst's own fault if conditions in general, everywhere, should strike him as peculiarly, as almost affectingly, at the mercy of observation. They came out to meet us, in their actuality, in the soft afternoon: they stood, artless, unconscious, unashamed, at the very gates of Appearance; they might, verily, have been there, in their plenitude, at the call of some procession of drums and banners, the principal facts of the case being collected along our passage, to my fancy, quite as if they had been principal citizens. And there was the further fact of the

I find that there is no other way of saying "the large lucidity of—well, of what else shall I call it but the New Jersey condition?" than the way in which James expressed it, because no one but James ever had that particular thought before—or will again. We all know, however, that no one will ever accuse James of large lucidity.

But the rest is easy.

To paraphrase it loosely: "I had come forth for copy, and there were the things to observe all ready to hand, if I cared to observe them—which I did care.

"All that soft afternoon I used my eyes as hard as I could.

"I could not help thinking that if I had

case, one's own ridiculous property and sign—the romantic, if not the pathetic, circumstance of one's having had to wait till now to read even such meagre men meanings as this into a page at which one's geography might so easily have opened. It might have threatened, for twenty minutes, to be almost complicating, but the truth was recorded; it was an adventure, unmistakably, to have a revelation made so convenient—to be learning at last, in the maturity of one's powers, what New Jersey might 'connote.'"

come to New Jersey ten or fifteen years sooner I might the sooner have known how much it had changed. When I went to England, New Jersey was the jumping-off place—the butt of the New Yorker. Now in the maturity of my powers I was learning that New Jersey was no longer a rural and provincial section, but a sort of glorified Suburba. It was a horribly exciting adventure for a man constituted like myself to actually be in 'Jersey' and to be liking to be there."

Why, James is dead easy, but the thought occurs to me that it is much better to learn his language and read him in the original, for, like French jokes, he does not bear translating into the vernacular, and when you have straightened out the convolutions, you are likely to find that the charm of the secret he wished to impart lay with it in the serpentine folds in which he had hidden it.

Now and then James's English is the English of the men who have been content to be merely lucid and whose names are to be found in every anthology of English literature. I don't know how it happens, but perhaps James is absent-minded, and when he sees something as simple and as beautiful as a New England apple-orchard he forgets to twist and turn and he says ("New England: An Autumn Impression"):

"The apples are everywhere, and every interval, every old clearing, an orchard; they have 'run down' from neglect and shrunken from cheapness; you pick them up from under your feet but to bite into them, for fellowship, and throw them away; but as you catch their young brightness in the blue air, where they suggest strings of strange coloured pearls tangled in the

lowliest brights, as you note their manner of swarming for a brief and wasted gaiety, they seem to ask to be praised only by a cheerful shepherd and the tacit page."

There is real charm here, but your confirmed Jamesite will spurn it as uncharacteristic.

It is rumoured that Henry James is about to take *Daisy Miller* and others of his earlier works and recast them in his later labyrinthine manner, but I have been unable to verify the rumour.

And I cannot help thinking that however we little insects may try to sting James, the truth intrudes every now and then that in spite of his obsession in favour of fogginess of expression, the self-expatriated American who has come back to fall in love with the landscape of his birth and to make fun of the figures in that landscape is a man who by virtue of his best work must ever loom large in English literature.

Charles Battell Loomis.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE GRUESOME



I doubt the animal story has many uses. In the way of "awakening an interest in nature," and in teaching "pity and sympathy for animals" it has done all its friends and disciples claim it has. In a word, if one considers the animal story as a tract, it is a very good thing indeed. Mr. Burroughs has shown that it has very little relation with natural history, and it is fair to say that many of these stories have as little relation with good story telling. We have suppressed an undue amount of sentimentality in our fiction of late years. The reading public has not shown a partiality for death-bed scenes. The old-fashioned sentimentality and attitudinising over children has been done away with. It is the poor animals who are catching it now. In the nature books of the moment one may find the humble cow written about in such terms as would cause that honest animal to blush. And if we are not harrowed by the untimely death of little Joe any more, we can follow the death throes of the mink, raccoon, skunk, woodchuck, jack-rabbit or coyote, from the first strangling gasp to the last agonised kick. We can weep over the dying tortures of most birds; in fact, the taste for the gruesome survives in spite of all that is said about the "wholesome tendencies of modern fiction."

Come, let us have a good cry. Here is *Along Four-Footed Trails*, by Miss Ruth A. Cook. Let us shudder over the death agonies of some innocent animals. Mr. William T. Lang, Mr. C. G. D. Roberts or Mr. Seton will show us how they suffer, and as the picture of mere physical anguish is not enough, they will heighten the effect by showing the creature to have emotions as poignant as those of human beings.

If these painful stories are written to serve as auxiliary S. P. C. A. work, well and good; otherwise there is no excuse for piling on so much agony.

Was it Mr. Seton who said that the story of every animal was a tragedy? Well, so is the story of every human being, if old age and pain, and finally death, are tragedies. But the writer of fiction does not deem it necessary to describe Archibald's ultimate death of liver trouble, not omitting to describe each bilious groan. No, we leave Archibald happy with Arabella, nor do we watch them until their teeth fall out, as we generally have to when we read a story about Woo-Woo the Bear. Why not for once let the story of Cock-a-Dooodle Doo, the Rooster, end at the triumphant moment when he is enjoying a good meal, or, for a change, let Bow-Wow the Dog be found by his master instead of the dog snatcher.

M. H. Vorse.

LITERATURE AND CIGAR MAKING

The paid reader in Havana cigar factories who receives \$50 or \$60 a week to read three hours daily.—Books preferred and how; with the reader himself, they are chosen by ballot.—A practice that has left its impress upon the history of Cuba.



INTO the sunlit patio of a Havana cigar factory there pours all day long an echoing tide of talk and laughter—soft Spanish talk and the tenor laughter that goes with gesture. It begins at dawn and ends only with dusk, for true Havana *invencibles* and *especiales finos* cannot be fashioned by artificial light. The *tabaquero* utilises every moment of the tropical day. Only his sensitive fingers and his exact eye are busy, however, so while he works he talks, and the chorus from five hundred of him flows from the *galera*, and down the wide marble stairways of what has once been a palace, perhaps, and out through iron-studded doors that would admit four horses abreast, into the bright *plaza*, to mark that place afar off as one of the centres of Cuba's chief manufacturing industry.

Only in the afternoon does this babel cease. Then a hush, and there rises in the *galera* a single voice, pitched above the ordinary tone, animated and frequently dramatic in its lighter Latin *timbre*, punctuated now and then by a burst of general merriment. This is the voice of the *tabaqueros'* paid reader, translating war news from a New York paper or declaiming the latest Spanish socialistic novel.

He is a singular figure, this paid reader, found in virtually every one of the large Havana cigar factories and many of the smaller *galeras*. When an American corporation acquired one of the famous Havana brands some time ago and housed it in a great new building at 10 Zulueta, it was decided that no reader would be permitted to practise his calling in the *galeras*. Within a few months all the cigarmakers in this readerless factory became mutinous and went upon a strike, and as soon as the difficulty was settled the readers were admitted. The factory at 10 Zulueta now has three of them.

"It keeps the *tabaqueros* quiet," explains the Spanish foreman. The American superintendent adds that cigarmakers in Cuba cannot talk unless they use their hands, so reading increases the output of the plants. But the *tabaquero* works wholly by the piece, so that time wasted is his own loss. Reading is "quieting" in that it gives active minds something wholesome to think about.

The reader sits aloft in a small railed box resembling a pulpit, placed at the centre of the workroom, so that his voice may carry to all parts of the *galera*. He reads three hours daily, commonly in the afternoon. By long custom half of this time is given up to newspapers, chiefly those of Havana, though some readers of more than average education read from American papers, translating as they go. The remaining hour and a half is given up to novels, and the character of those selected speaks much for the taste of the *tabaqueros*.

Choice of reading is not left to the reader, but is governed by an elaborate ballot system. The *tabaqueros* elect among themselves a president, secretary and treasurer. Each cigarmaker pays into the funds kept by the latter fifteen cents a week, creating a revenue of \$50 to \$75 weekly where 300 to 500 cigarmakers are employed. When one of the *tabaqueros* fails to pay this small assessment the reading is stopped until he is in good standing, or if he delays it more than a day the factory superintendent is asked to discharge him. This fund goes to pay the reader's salary, which ranges from \$30 to \$60 a week, as well as to purchase books and newspapers. Each day the president and secretary go over daily papers with the reader, marking what is to be read aloud. The choice gives a considerable range of current news, both Cuban and general, with editorials and sometimes "Sunday stories" from papers like the New York *Herald*.

Selection of novels is a more deliberate

process. The reading of a book like *Quo Vadis* takes about three weeks, while shorter works may be finished in two weeks or ten days. The reader judges the period required for a given book with great nicety, and a few days before he is to finish one the secretary holds an election to determine what novel shall be taken up next. Not all of the *tabaqueros* can read themselves. But each learns of certain books through friends, or sees them in one of the bookshops, so that upon the day of election each has a preference. As many as fifty different novels may be proposed at one of these elections, but the choice usually centres on three or four of wide note. *Quo Vadis* was elected by 180 votes in one of the Cabañas factory's *galeras* recently, defeating *Père Goriot* by 30 ballots. The choice falls oftenest on modern novels, and those of Spain are preferred because a wider range is possible. Perez Galdós is a favourite author, and each new Spanish celebrity in fiction quickly gets his hearing in the Havana factories. Among English novels read are *Vanity Fair*, *Oliver Twist*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and others of greater melodramatic interest, as the books of Wilkie Collins and Hugh Conway. Señor Muñoz, chief reader in the Cabañas factory, had never heard of Hall Caine or Marie Corelli, and said that only such English works as are to be had in Spanish come up for choice. Some of the English poets are favourites, Byron in particular being read repeatedly. Poetry is a staple in the reading, long poems frequently being chosen instead of novels. Shakespeare is not unknown. Only one American book has ever had the honour of repeated reading in Havana cigar factories, the readers say, and that fell into disuse about ten years ago. It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Some books are elected and re-elected, just as favourite plays are revived. Victor Hugo is an unfailing favourite, while no year passes in any Havana cigar factory, it is said, without a reading of *Don Quixote*.

Not only the novel, but the reader himself, is chosen by ballot. When it becomes known that a certain *galera* is without a reader, all the men of that calling seeking a place come and occupy the reader's box for a short test period, usu-

ally an hour. The trial period lasts a week, and as each candidate presents himself the president gives him a novel marked at the place where the last aspirant left off. At the stroke of a bell he ceases and steps down, to be replaced by another candidate. Many of the Havana readers are men of note in their singular profession, and have been identified with one *galera* for years, gaining reputation for their superior rendition. Others rise out of the ranks of the *tabaqueros*, first as candidates, then as readers, often sinking back again ignominiously. At the end of the week's test a reader is chosen by general ballot from all the candidates. When the *tabaqueros* are dissatisfied with their reader, a petition signed by at least ten men may be handed to the president, who then causes the box to be vacated and a new reader chosen. The outgoing reader is never told that his rendition has been unsatisfactory, however. With Spanish delicacy the president informs him that it has been decided to have no more reading for a time, and thus his feelings are spared. All books and newspapers purchased are subsequently sold at half price to *tabaqueros* who may want them. No library is maintained.

The institution of reading was established about 1878 by Señor Saturnino Martínez, then a *tabaquero* and now a distinguished Cuban poet. It arose from two conditions—the high prices of books then and the inability of many of the cigarmakers to read. Some of the readers found in Havana factories to-day are men of meagre education, but others are of marked intelligence and ability. Secretary Morua, of the Cuban Senate, was formerly a reader, and Señor Ambrosio Borges, one of the orators of the Cuban House, was sent to the legislature from the reader's box. Señor Víctor Muñoz is not only a reader in the Cabañas factory, but one of the editors of *El Mundo*, a Havana daily paper, and head of the information bureau of the Cuban Senate. He has read in Havana sixteen years. The reader's position has natural advantages for an ambitious man capable of making opinion, even though choice of reading is so largely in the hands of the cigarmakers. Señor Muñoz controls more than 100 votes among the *tabaque-*



A DESPALILLADORA, OR STRIPPER GIRL



SEN. R. G. W. GENTIN, IN THE JAPANESE FACTORY



DES-PALLADORS - LIKE THE AMERICAN FACTORY GIRLS, MANY WORK FOR THE FINE CLOTHES IN WHICH THEY MAY BE SEEN PROMOVING THE TRADE



PATIO OF HAVANA CIGAR FACTORY—GALERA OR CIGARMAKERS' ROOM ABOVE, DESPALILLADO OR STRIPPING-ROOM BELOW

ros, not for political purposes, but in the choice of the best books. When the issue is close between a good book and one not so good, these men are willing to vote as he advises. Bad books are not bad literature, necessarily, but ill-considered, inflammatory socialistic works. It is the endeavour of intelligent readers in Havana to have the choice fall upon books that, while broad in their political or economic teachings, are also sound. In the literary sense, the selections are of conspicuously high character, and lead an American to wonder what sort of a comparative showing would be made if such a custom were adopted into the average American factory, including a percentage of illiterates. The practice is followed in no other Cuban industry, and has never appeared in the *despalillado*, or room, where hundreds of girls and women strip the tobacco.

It is said that the Havana *tabaqueros*

were the backbone of the last Cuban revolution. As the best-paid workmen in the island, they were able to contribute funds that kept it alive at critical stages. Many *tabaqueros* earn \$6 and \$7 a day for making only twenty-five cigars of the large sizes, and ten cents apiece is the rate for making others. The *tabaquero*, more than any other Cuban, is a traveller. For years he has journeyed up to the Florida factories and spent his *wanderjahr* in the Cuban colony of New York, attracted by better wages. Here he absorbed advanced ideas of liberty and government, taking them back to Havana, with the result that the cigar factories there became hotbeds of revolution. General Weyler at first exercised a censorship over the factory readers, but too late. When this failed to allay sedition all reading in the factories was prohibited, not to be resumed until peace came after the American intervention. *Jas. H. Collins.*

TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART VII.—THE ELECTION OF 1892



AFTER witnessing President Harrison's inauguration, Mr. Cleveland had quietly left Washington and had become a resident of New York City, where he engaged once more in the practice of the law, as an associate of the firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy and McVeagh. In the eyes of the professional politicians of both parties, his public career seemed to have ended, and to have ended in utter failure. He was regarded as one who had by an accident of politics attained a transitory greatness to which he had proved to be personally unequal. His dogged determination in forcing an apparently unpopular issue, almost on the eve of a Presidential election and merely as a matter of conviction, had been quite incomprehensible at the time, and the result appeared to have justified the contempt which partisans such as Senator Gorman and Governor Hill confidentially expressed to their intimates. They felt that Mr. Cleveland had now been eliminated as a factor in national politics. He had settled down as an every-day lawyer in a great cosmopolitan city, where the complexity of life and the clash of material interests reduce even the most eminent of its citizens to comparative obscurity. Mr. Henry Watterson rather complacently remarked at this time: "Cleveland in New York reminds one of a stone thrown into a river. There is a 'plunk,' a splash, and then silence."

The ex-President accepted this verdict with philosophical good humour. He had nothing to regret. He had acted in accordance with his sense of right, and had done what he believed to be the best both for his country and for his party. As he said a little later, at a banquet given in his

honour:* "We know that we have not deceived the people with false promises and pretences. And we know that we have not corrupted and betrayed the poor with the money of the rich."

By his savings and by judicious investments in real estate, Mr. Cleveland had already secured a modest competence; as a lawyer, his professional labours yielded him a generous income. He practised little in the courts; but important cases were often referred to him by the sitting justices, while his unquestioned integrity and conscientiousness led many prospective litigants to submit their interests to his arbitration. There was one kind of legal practice which he persistently refused to undertake. No persuasion could induce him to accept retainers from the great corporations. Mr. Cleveland was convinced that the moneyed interests had already become a menace to the welfare of the nation, and with them he was unwilling to associate himself in any fashion whatsoever. In the message which he had sent to Congress soon after his defeat for re-election, he pointed out the perils which he saw in vast and irresponsible aggregations of wealth, whose possessors felt themselves to be above the law.

"The fortunes realised by our manufacturers are no longer solely the reward of sturdy industry and enlightened foresight, but that they result from the discriminating favour of the Government and are largely built upon undue exactions from the masses of our people. The gulf between employers and the employed is constantly widening, and classes are rapidly forming, one comprising the very rich and powerful, while in another are found the toiling poor.

*By the Democratic Club of New York, April 27, 1889 (Parker, p. 248).

"As we view the achievements of aggregated capital, we discover the existence of trusts, combinations, and monopolies, while the citizen is struggling far in the rear or is trampled to death beneath an iron heel. Corporations, which should be the carefully restrained creatures of the law and the servants of the people, are fast becoming the people's masters.

"The existing situation is injurious to the health of our entire body-politic. It stifles in those for whose benefit it is permitted, all patriotic love of country, and substitutes in its place selfish greed and grasping avarice. Devotion to American citizenship for its own sake and for what it should accomplish as a motive to our nation's advancement and the happiness of all our people is displaced by the assumption that the Government, instead of being the embodiment of equality, is but an instrumentality through which especial and individual advantages are to be gained.

"Communism is a hateful thing and a menace to peace and organised government; but the communism of combined wealth and capital, the outgrowth of overweening cupidity and selfishness, which insidiously undermine the justice and integrity of free institutions, is not less dangerous than the communism of oppressed poverty and toil, which, exasperated by injustice and discontent, attacks with wild disorder the citadel of rule."*

But although Mr. Cleveland was no longer an object of interest to the politicians, there were many quiet indications that the great mass of his countrymen had not forgotten him. Invitations came to him continually from professional, commercial, religious, educational, and civic organisations, which sought the honour of his presence at commemorative banquets and other public gatherings.† When his engagements permitted, he acceded to these requests; for, as he said on one occasion, he had no sympathy with those good souls who "are greatly disturbed every time an ex-President ventures to express an opinion on any sub-

ject." Not infrequently he spoke at length to interested listeners; and what he said was always sensible and wise, and sometimes pregnant with suggestion. As a public speaker, Mr. Cleveland was far from attaining brilliancy. Even his warmest friends could scarcely claim that he was an orator. His manner and his style alike were heavy. He had a strong liking for polysyllabic words, and for sentences so involved as to be Johnsonian in their ponderosity. Almost every noun was coupled with an adjective, and these adjectives were frequently applied in pairs. Moreover, like many other statesmen, he often took refuge in the baldest truisms, which were seldom freshened up by originality of phrasing. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt once said of him in a tartly cryptic epigram, which may be interpreted as conveying either praise or censure: "Cleveland is the greatest master of platitude since Washington."

It is likely, however, that Mr. Cleveland's oratorical deficiencies were, on the whole, a distinct advantage to him. The American people at that period still held to the conservative tradition which viewed exceptional accomplishments in public men, if not with suspicion, at least with a certain amount of caution. Brilliancy might rouse admiration, but it could not inspire confidence. In the long run it was the safe man rather than the showy man who secured the highest honours from the electorate. Clay and Webster and Blaine had won the frantic applause of millions, yet these men had all failed to achieve the one great prize on which their hearts were set. No President had ever been an orator of the first rank, save only Lincoln; and Lincoln's great political addresses represented the oratory of reason rather than the oratory of emotion. And so, in Mr. Cleveland's case, even when his utterances were very tame and his sentences quite commonplace, they appealed to the multitude as embodying sound morality, conservative opinion, and what General Grant was fond of calling "good horse sense."

Mr. Cleveland's lines, therefore, at this time were cast in pleasant places. Successful in his profession, and respected by those whose personal esteem was worth the having, he enjoyed a period of tran-

*Message of December 3, 1888.

†For instance, at the laying of the cornerstone of the New York Academy of Medicine; at the banquet of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia; at the Cornell Alumni Society meeting; at the Thurman birthday banquet, Columbus, Ohio; at the banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and before the Young Men's Democratic Association, Philadelphia.

quillity that must have been most grateful after his stormy years of public office. He spent his summers at a charming country-seat upon the Massachusetts coast, to which he gave the name "Grey Gables." There he entertained his intimate friends with a genial, friendly hospitality; and there, as an angler, he won a reputation which he was said to value quite as much as any public honours that he had ever gained. It was an ideal life for a retired statesman, a life that he would gladly have continued to enjoy, unvexed by the strife and din of party politics. But the fates had decreed it otherwise.

The discussion of the McKinley Bill in 1890, and the overwhelming Republican defeat in the Congressional elections which followed close upon the passage of that measure, brought Mr. Cleveland once again into a prominence such as he was far from seeking. It was he who in his bold message of 1887 had first raised the tariff issue. It was he who had forced the Republicans to that policy which had ended in their utter rout. Though he had, at the time, failed of re-election, he had, nevertheless, inspired his party with aggressiveness and confidence. Many now began to ask whether any one was so well fitted as he to lead that party back again to power. The campaign of education, begun in 1888, was commencing to bear fruit. Looking forward to the coming struggle for the Presidency, popular feeling instinctively went out to Mr. Cleveland as the logical candidate for 1892.

Yet, although this sentiment was beginning to pervade the rank and file of the Democracy, it was most distasteful to the party managers. In a phrase of their own choosing, they "had no use" for Mr. Cleveland. To them he had always shown himself intractable, and they had been pleased at what appeared to be his permanent elimination from politics. It was not agreeable to think of him as likely to become again a candidate. Therefore, they took no notice of the popular movement in his favour, but endeavoured to ignore him and to speak of him in public with a studied indifference, as of one whose day was over and who had become politically "a back number." Most of the

party organs refrained from mentioning him in connection with the next election. Some of them endeavoured to discredit him by a systematic press campaign of defamation. Conspicuous in this was the *New York Sun*, at that time under the editorship of Mr. Charles A. Dana.

Charles Anderson Dana was undoubtedly the most remarkable figure that had yet arisen in the history of American journalism. Born in 1819, and educated at Harvard, he was a careful student and omnivorous reader, with a memory so tenacious as to place at his command a vast array of facts, which his quick wit and literary skill enabled him to use with singular effectiveness. As a very young man he had joined the Fourierites for a time, in the erratic though memorable experiment at Brook Farm. A little later, he was engaged in miscellaneous writing for the Boston newspapers. In 1847, he joined the staff of the *New York Tribune*, in whose office he developed a pungent style, which was afterward to make him feared and famous. Here, too, he came into contact with all the most important public men of the ante-bellum period. A violent dispute with Horace Greeley over the latter's unfortunate "On to Richmond" editorial led to Dana's retirement from the *Tribune* in 1862; and in the following year he was made Assistant Secretary of War. In this capacity he rendered highly important service to his chief, Stanton, who sent him upon confidential missions to the headquarters of the army with instructions to report upon the character and conduct of the leading generals. Dana's knowledge of human nature, his grasp upon essentials, and his power of going to the very heart of things, made his reports invaluable both to the Secretary and to Mr. Lincoln. It was due to Dana's favourable judgment that General Grant was not relieved of his command in 1863, but was upheld by the administration in the teeth of the fiercest criticisms. In 1864, however, Dana left the War Department and returned to journalism, editing for a while the *Chicago Republican*. In this he failed completely. Discouraged and uncertain of his future, he came to New York, where he established himself, in 1868, as editor of the *New York Sun*.

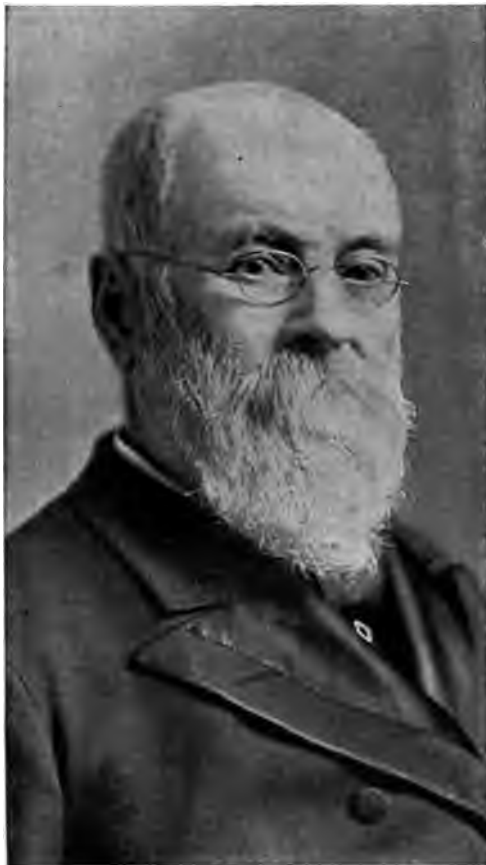
It was the year of Grant's first election to the Presidency. Dana, remembering the service which he had done the General, and having besides a real liking for the man, wrote a life of Grant, which he intended to be a sort of campaign biography, for it was highly eulogistic and was written with an intimate knowledge of its subject. Political usage and personal gratitude might have suggested to the new President the bestowal of some reward on one whose ability was so exceptional as Mr. Dana's. But for some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, Grant absolutely ignored the claim. It was Dana's desire to be made Collector of the Port of New York, but the office was given to another, and by this act Grant made an enemy whose unrelenting hatred pursued him to the grave. With an almost frantic eagerness, Dana set about destroying every copy of the *Life* upon which he could lay his hands; so that to-day the book is practically unattainable outside of a few libraries. Then in the columns of the *Sun*, he waged on Grant a war of slander which for sheer malignity has never been surpassed. Dana knew quite well that Grant was honest, clean-living, patriotic and sincere,* yet now, with a perversion of facts that was infernal in its ingenuity, he painted him as a corrupt and brutal scoundrel, one who used his office for his personal enrichment, a tyrant, a vulgar ruffian, and a common drunkard. Every one connected with the President, even his wife and family, came in for a share of Dana's wrath or ridicule. At one time the editor was indicted for criminal libel by a Federal Grand Jury, and an attempt was made to have him removed to Washington for trial. Over such a prospect, Dana was almost beside himself with fear. His hysterical editorials made it plain that had his case been actually tried in Washington he must have gone to prison; but Judge Blatchford, sitting in New York,

refused the change of venue. In consequence, the case was dropped, and Dana continued to lash the President with even greater fury than before. After Grant's retirement to private life the attitude of the *Sun* remained the same. Even when the hero of the great war was buried, and when all other criticism was stilled in the presence of death, Dana launched a poisoned shaft at those who loved Grant best. The *Sun* published an account of an undertaker's bill which the General's family had very properly refused to pay, but which Dana himself had settled with an ostentatious show of hypocritical benevolence that was absolutely diabolical.

The change in Dana's attitude toward Grant in 1868 was, however, only a single aspect of a change which had altered his entire nature. Until then he had been genial and fair-minded, with a touch of something like idealism in his view of things. He had associated with honourable men, and his life had been a useful one. But apparently, as he looked back upon it, that life to him had been a failure. Uprightness, optimism, and a regard for others had not "paid." Both in journalism and in public life he had somehow missed success, and he was now in his fiftieth year. And so he seems to have said to himself that henceforth in his career he would take no heed of right or wrong, but would gain a certain sort of fame and a sure material reward by throwing overboard all principle. From that time he was thoroughly a cynic and a pessimist. He set himself to jeer at whatever was best and noblest, to degrade and burlesque whatever decent men respected, to defend or palliate the base, and to treat corruption as an admirable joke. Thus, he supported Tammany in the days of its worst offences. He was the apologist of Tweed. He warmly commended the proposal to erect a public monument to that notorious malefactor. On the other hand, every attempt to improve political conditions—such as the reform of the civil service and the movement for an honest ballot—was greeted by Dana with an outburst of derision. He used his newspaper also as a weapon to avenge his personal dislikes; and whoever incurred his enmity or roused his prejudice was pilloried in the columns of the *Sun*.

*Dana wrote in his life of Grant: "The unimpeachable and enduring record of his acts bears testimony to the zeal, urbanity, patience and ability with which he has executed his responsible trusts. . . . He possesses abilities and attainments that entitle him to a place among the wise and prudent statesmen of the country."—Dana, *Life of Ulysses S. Grant*, pp. 422-424 (Springfield, 1868).

Had Mr. Dana been a journalist of the usual type, his hatreds and his expression of them would soon have ceased to be of any interest, and would most probably have proved the ruin of the *Sun*. But the man was a genius in his way. His rhetoric was superb, and even those who most disliked him were reluctantly compelled to own the power of his invective. He had an unerring instinct for touching his victim on the raw, and his ingenuity



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in giving pain was marvellous. Furthermore, there was something tricky, something impish, even, in his malevolence; so that, outrageous though he was, his outrageousness had an indefinable quality which raised it far above the level of vulgarity. To him might well have been applied the description which Disraeli once gave of Lord Salisbury—"a master of gibes and flouts and jeers." A care-

ful student of his editorial work once wrote of him: "He had a gift for making men seem hateful or contemptible or ridiculous, and he used this talent most unsparingly. His nicknames and epithets stuck like burrs to those at whom he hurled them. Who cannot recall a score of these appellations,* every one of which conveyed to the mind the suggestion of something ludicrous?" And, quite apart from its editorial page, the *Sun* was managed with great ability. It was at that time, perhaps, the most readable newspaper in the United States. Its news was collected with the utmost accuracy. Its reporting was often done with a skill and cleverness that gave it a distinctly literary quality. Its editor was regarded with intense admiration by all journalists throughout the country, and he became the founder of a journalistic cult.

Dana was ostensibly a Democratic partisan. His friends asserted that at election time he always voted the Republican ticket; and if so, this was a characteristic example of his cynicism. But in his editorial columns everything Republican was anathema. Most probably he preferred to be in opposition, because such a rôle gave fuller scope to his peculiar gifts. Indeed, in 1880, when the September elections seemed to indicate that General Hancock was likely to be chosen President in November, Dana deliberately wrote a double-leaded editorial, in which he sneered at Hancock as "a good man, weighing 250 pounds"—a gibe which greatly delighted the Republicans. The only note of sincerity in Dana's writings was found in his support of Mr. Tilden, who was his personal friend. When Mr. Cleveland was elected Governor of New York, Dana at first was favourable to him, but presently he became inimical for reasons that are variously given. Some say that as Mr. Tilden's liking for Governor Cleveland cooled, Dana took his cue from Tilden. Others declare that Mr. Cleveland rejected certain overtures that were made to him by Dana, and declined to invite the editor to Albany in answer to a hint. However this may be, the *Sun* soon ranged itself among the

*E. g., "Seven Mule Barnum," "Coffee-Pot Wallace," "Fire-Alarm Foraker," "Sambo Bowles," "Aliunde Joe," "His Fraudulency."

anti-Cleveland journals; and in 1884, it supported the Greenback nominee, General B. F. Butler. It was exceedingly like Dana to advocate the election of this political charlatan, who holds in history the bad eminence of having been the only conspicuous Northern commander in the Civil War against whom charges of personal corruption were practically proven.* Throughout Mr. Cleveland's Presidency, Dana maintained a sort of malevolent neutrality, giving, however, many a satirical thrust at the man whose reforming spirit was obnoxious to the presiding genius of the *Sun*. On the day after Cleveland's defeat in the election of 1888, Dana printed without comment an entire column of quotations from medical and physiological works on the subject of obesity. Thereafter, the *Sun* had ignored the ex-President until once more he loomed up as a possible candidate. Now, dipping his pen in vitriol, Dana outdid himself in running the entire gamut of abuse, from ridicule to excoriation. To him Mr. Cleveland became "the Perpetual Candidate," and later "the Stuffed Prophet." Some of these editorials were masterpieces of malignity, and as such they are almost worthy of permanent preservation. They served no end, however, save to draw increased attention to his enemy's political availability. It was Mr. Cleveland himself who, as many persons thought, deliberately ruined his own prospects by an utterance which he made at this time upon a question which had been violently injected into national politics. Before narrating the occurrence, it is necessary to give a brief account of the growth of the silver movement in the Western States.

In the early years of its existence, the Republican party had been dominated by one controlling purpose—the destruction of slavery. The issue which gave it birth was distinctly a moral issue, and the enthusiasm which inspired it was a moral enthusiasm. Its first declaration, made at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6, 1854, declared that the Republican party was "battling for the first principles of Republican government and against the

schemes of an aristocracy." All Republicans were pledged in this declaration to "act cordially and faithfully in unison, postponing and suspending all differences with regard to political economy or administrative policy."* It was, therefore, distinctly not a party of caste or of class, but professedly a party of the people, devoted to the cause of human freedom. In those days the power of wealth and the pride of birth were equally arrayed against it. The rich merchants and bankers of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia viewed this new party as a menace to political tranquillity and vested interests. They joined hands gladly with the aristocratic planters of the South in seeking to stamp out so strange and disquieting a fanaticism. It was the most respectable citizens of Massachusetts who ostracised Charles Sumner, who broke up anti-slavery meetings, who mobbed Garrison and threatened to lynch Whittier. The Republican leaders boasted that their party was not one of wealth and privilege, but of intelligence and moral worth. Clergymen, teachers, writers, and small professional men joined its ranks, which were further recruited from the agricultural portions of the country. The great strength of the Republican party lay, not in the Eastern States, but in the young commonwealths of the West—in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The first Republican President was the very incarnation of democracy, so plain in manner, so simple in life, and so ruggedly sincere as to seem to the fastidious denizens of the East a mere barbarian.

It was, therefore, as a party of the people that Republicanism first won its way to political power. When the Civil War ended, the great purpose of the primitive Republicans had been achieved. Slavery was abolished forever. The feudalism based upon it was annihilated. Every inch of American territory had become free soil. As we now look back upon that period, with a sense of true political perspective, it is plain that the old Republican party really died in the year 1866. The party which afterwards continued to bear its name was altogether different

*Official Report on the Conduct of the War, series iii., vol. ii., p. 173; Rhodes, *History of the United States*, vol. v., pp. 303-308, 312, 313.

*Curtis, *The Republican Party*, i., p. 1 (New York, 1904).

from that which had rallied about Frémont in 1856, and which had twice elected Lincoln. It was different in its aims and aspirations, different in the character of its leaders, and different in the influences which shaped its policy. Six years of almost irresponsible power had utterly transformed it. Controlling the national finances, with an overwhelming majority in Congress, and having in its gift not merely office and opportunity, but every sort of legislative favour, it drew to itself the support of all those interests which ten years before had been arrayed against it. It was now the party of the bankers, the manufacturers, the lords of commerce, and all those active, restless, scheming spirits who had learned that great fortunes were to be made in other ways than by legitimate industry. The true citadels of the Republican party were now the crowded centres of the East, while the agricultural States received but slight consideration. The continuance of the war tariff, which enriched a comparatively few interests at the expense of the entire population, was the most striking factor in the development of this new Republicanism. The farmer was compelled to pay tribute to the manufacturer; and so the Republican party in this second phase of its existence became a party of class, as truly as the Democratic party had ever been in the days before the war.

The West was slow in recognising the significance of this change; but as time went on, financial conditions operated to cause serious distress. In the first place, the gradual appreciation in value of the paper dollar pinched the debtor class severely. The farmer, for example, who in 1863 had mortgaged his farm for five thousand paper dollars, worth, perhaps, not more than half that sum in gold, found that he must repay the loan in dollars worth nearly twice as much, and therefore representing twice as much economy and diligence and labour. The resumption of specie payments in 1870, though a triumph of financial management, did, nevertheless, inflict a serious hardship upon all men who had borrowed money at a time when the paper currency of the United States was worth much less than its face value. This hardship was of course inevitable, but it was none

the less a hardship, and it is not surprising that those who suffered from it should have tried to seek a remedy. Hence arose the so-called Greenback party, which as early as 1876 nominated candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency on a platform which demanded the repeal of the act for resuming specie payments and which advocated the issue of United States notes as the sole currency of the nation. On this platform, Peter Cooper of New York received in that year a popular vote of 81,000; while in 1880, another "Greenback" candidate, James B. Weaver of Iowa, polled a vote of over 300,000. This movement, however, represented only one form of popular discontent. There were other grievances more irritating and apparently more easily remediable. One was the manner in which the railways of the country had monopolised the public lands,* barring great tracts to settlers, while refusing to comply with the conditions upon which the grants of land had been bestowed. Another grievance was the discrimination in railroad rates, by which the small shipper was forced out of business by powerful corporations. Still another was the working of the tariff laws, which had steadily discriminated against the most widespread of all American industries, agriculture, while forcing it to bear the greater burden of taxation. It came to be widely asserted that the Government of the United States was becoming a creature of the corporations, that Congress was filled with corporation agents—railway Senators and Trust representatives—and that even the judges on the bench were often men whose antecedents as corporation lawyers discredited their judicial decisions.

All these and still other reasons for political discontent first found expression in isolated political movements throughout the West. Besides the "Greenback" or National party, there arose the so-called Anti-Monopoly party, which held its first convention at Chicago in 1884. In 1888, two Labour parties appeared, each with a different set of grievances. The so-called Granger movement was another evidence of the popular discontent. The Grangers, or, as they were

*See THE BOOKMAN for April, pp. 202, 203.

officially styled, "the Patrons of Husbandry," formed an organisation of which the founder was one O. H. Kelly, a clerk in the Department of Agriculture. Its general aim was to unite for self-protection all who were actually engaged in agriculture. By 1875, the Grangers, who then numbered more than 1,500,000 members, had definitely formulated certain measures which they hoped to have embodied in both State and national legislation. Like the Knights of Labour, they advocated woman's suffrage and the regulation of railway rates. This organisation afterwards grew into the Farmers' Alliance, just as the Knights of Labour grew into the American Federation of Labour; and as both of them had many aims in common, they formed a coalition in 1889, when they agreed upon a common platform of principles, demanding the abolition of national banks, an increased issue of Government paper, and Government ownership of all means of transportation and intercourse.

By this time, all the Western States were in a condition of political ferment. As yet there was no general cohesion or agreement between the different factions and parties. They lacked a leader. They had not as yet developed any political machinery. In the East, little notice was taken of them. The newspapers treated them with easy ridicule and described the intensely earnest men and women who composed them as "cranks" and "calamity howlers." Many of them were, indeed, unintelligent fanatics. Many of their wrongs were fanciful. Many of their remedies were quite impossible. Yet there did remain a very solid substratum of reason for these various movements, and the discontent was not without substantial justification. The epithets so sneeringly applied to the rank and file of these different parties recalled the no less sneering epithets that had been hurled at the Republicans in the days of their anti-slavery crusade. They, too, had been described as wild men and fanatics and enemies of public order.

It may be asked why the discontented did not flock to the Democratic party and use it as a means of turning out the Republicans, who were accused of being responsible for existing conditions. The

reason was that both of the old parties were now almost equally distrusted. Both were regarded as being under the control of the "money power." During Mr. Cleveland's administration it had been made apparent that the Trusts were quite as influential in Democratic as in Republican politics. Mr. H. B. Payne, for whom the Standard Oil Company had bought the Ohio legislature, was ostensibly a Democrat. It was charged also that Secretary Whitney, Mr. Cleveland's closest adviser, was dominated by the same sinister influence. Senator Hoar had asked, "Is it [the Standard Oil Company] represented in the Cabinet at this moment?"*—and the question had rasped the nerves of the entire nation. Therefore, these new factions that were springing up in the West and in the South felt that a clean sweep must be made, and that both of the old parties must be driven out. Seceding Republicans in the West declared themselves to be reverting to the earlier Republicanism of Lincoln, while in the South those who had once been Democrats professed to be reviving the Democracy of Jefferson. All of them "wished to get back to simplicity, honesty, and economy in government; to secure a fair field for all; to resist commercialism, to oppose the money power and the general corruption and cowardice of the old parties."

"Party conventions and organisations were now mere machines for winning elections and keeping control of the offices. They were unscrupulous oligarchies, controlled by the rich. A few astute and wealthy managers and magnates, called 'business men,' controlling the party managers as their henchmen, set things up in private conferences, while the masses were being fooled and manipulated like voting herds. Then the business magnates, who dictated the nomination of the candidates and furnished the sinews of war for the campaign, were, of course, to conduct the government; and, equally, of course, the laws were to be made and administered in such a way as to take good care of these managers' business interests. It was felt that if any President or Senator or Congressman be-

**Congressional Globe* (September, 1886), pp. 8520-8604. Mr. Whitney in an open letter afterwards denied the implied accusation.

exact proportion to the infrequency with which they have a chance to see it. Instantly, from having been merely a logical candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Cleveland became the inevitable candidate. The stampede of Democrats to the ranks of the Populists was checked at once. All through the West, the party lines were closed up solidly once more, while in the East, conservative men, Republicans and Democrats alike, rejoiced over the growing influence of this dominant personality. It was only among a small coterie of professional politicians that the new aspect of affairs produced a feeling of anger and consternation.

Before the appearance of the Reform Club letter, there had been several aspirants whose chances for the next Democratic nomination were seriously considered. One was Mr. Horace Boies of Iowa, an earnest, able leader with convictions, and a reputation for intelligence and integrity. He had fought a hard fight on the tariff issue ever since Mr. Cleveland's message of 1887 had brought that question to the forefront; and in the campaign which followed the passage of the McKinley Bill, he had wiped out the vast Republican majority in Iowa and had been elected Governor. He was a man of the people in the best sense of the phrase, representing new issues and new blood; and he had always been consistently a Cleveland Democrat. Mr. Isaac Pusey Gray of Indiana was an old-school party leader, not conspicuous for his mental attainments, but popular in his own State, of which he had been Governor. It was thought that he could carry Indiana, and he had the negative qualification of having made no important enemies in the party. Still another receptive candidate was Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, who had been Assistant Postmaster-General in Mr. Cleveland's administration. His partisanship while holding that office* had highly commended him to the petty spoilsmen of the Democracy, and they felt some enthusiasm in picturing the liberal fashion in which, if elected President, he would deal out offices to faithful henchmen. In the background, alertly watching every opportunity, was Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland. Sen-

*See THE BOOKMAN for March, p. 50.

ator Gorman was one of the most astute and subtle of all the Democratic leaders. Of Irish descent and humble origin, he had as a boy been a page in the Senate Chamber. In after years, with a truly Celtic genius for political intrigue, he made himself master of the party organization in his own State, and an important personage in the national councils. Smooth, bland and insinuating, he resembled both in appearance and in manner a typical Italian ecclesiastic; and his adroitness and inscrutability fully carried out the same resemblance. Mr. Gorman had kept on good terms with Mr. Cleveland during the latter's Presidency. For his sake the administration had incurred the odium of retaining Mr. Eugene Higgins in office* against the protest of the Maryland civil service reformers and had given aid and comfort to Mr. Gorman in his local party fights. Senator Gorman, however, was always at heart absorbed in his own ambitions. He had many private interests and personal associations not known to the world at large; he spun webs of great fineness that were invisible even to his nearest friends; and, while he was all things to all men, oily of speech and propitiatory in manner, he nourished ambitions for which he would sacrifice unsparingly whatever person interfered with them.

The effect of Mr. Cleveland's outspoken letter on the silver question had been to eliminate these four would-be rivals from immediate consideration. There still remained, however, one who was rightly regarded by the Cleveland Democrats as a very formidable obstacle in the way of their candidate's success. This was Mr. David B. Hill, who had been chosen Democratic Governor of New York in 1888, receiving for that office some 18,000 votes more than were given to Mr. Cleveland at the same election.† Governor Hill now stood forth conspicuously as the only person who could possibly wrest the next Democratic nomination from Mr. Cleveland; and therefore around him there rallied all who represented machine politics, hatred of reform, and the worship of the great god Expediency, together with such as entertained a

*See THE BOOKMAN for February, p. 532.

†See THE BOOKMAN for March, pp. 55-58.

personal dislike for the only Democrat who had been inaugurated President since 1857.

Mr. Hill was a lawyer who had attained to his present position by the closest and most meticulous attention to the minutiae of New York politics. His private life was as blameless as his public record was vulnerable. He had no personal vices even of the minor sort. He neither smoked nor drank. To the society of women he was utterly indifferent. He cared nothing for money, and earned a moderate income by hard professional labour. His one joy in life was found in political strategy and intrigue, to which his heart and mind and soul were unstintedly and absolutely given. Over great questions of public policy he wasted no reflection. He seems to have had no serious convictions on such national issues as the tariff, finance, or foreign relations. It was the machinery of politics that absorbed his whole attention—the manipulation of primaries, the arrangement of "slates," the elaboration of "deals," the word-juggling of party platforms, the carrying of elections. He knew the pettiest details of New York State politics by heart. Nothing was minute enough to escape his microscopic eye. He mistook, in fact, political myopia for statesmanship, and the march of greater events bewildered him. But in his own sphere he was unsurpassed as a wily, patient, and hitherto successful plotter—a consummate artist in intrigue.

During his two terms as Governor, Mr. Hill had devoted all his powers to building up an organisation in New York State which should have the efficiency of an absolutely flawless machine, and he had succeeded to a marvellous degree. Every local leader was the partisan of Mr. Hill, taking orders from him alone, and executing them implicitly. An alliance with Tammany Hall gave him the support of that well-drilled and disciplined organisation. In short, Mr. Hill was now absolute master of the New York political engine, and this fact gave him an undoubted claim upon the attention of the Democratic party throughout the nation. Mr. Hill's friends said with an air of finality: "Hill carried New York State in 1888. Cleveland lost it. You can't win without

New York. Hill is the man who can surely give you New York's thirty-six electoral votes."

This boast, however, was heard by many Democrats with the deepest anger and resentment. They said, "Yes, Cleveland lost New York and Hill carried it. But why? Because Hill sold out Cleveland, and made us lose the Presidency so that he might gain the Governorship. Do you think that we have forgotten this, and that we are going to give the highest honours of the party to the man who openly betrayed it?"

But Mr. Hill cared little for mere talk. He set about giving the party and the country an object lesson of his grip upon New York. In January, 1892, the Democratic National Committee issued a call for the convention of the party, to be held in Chicago on June 21st. Within a few days (on January 25th) after this call had been published, the New York State Committee, at Mr. Hill's dictation, summoned a State Convention to meet at Albany on February 22d, for the purpose of choosing New York's delegates to Chicago. The Democrats of New York were startled. Never had a State convention been called so early—four full months before the National Convention. It was clear that Mr. Hill intended to steal a march upon the Cleveland men, to pack the State Convention, and to secure for himself the delegates from New York. A burst of indignation and of angry protest came from every quarter against the attempt to force a snap judgment from a "snap" convention. But the Hill machine worked smoothly, and began at once to grind out delegates to Albany. Democrats friendly to Mr. Cleveland refused to take any part in the district caucuses; and so a solid body of "Snappers," as they were called, poured into Albany on the 22d, to do the bidding of their master. The Convention met, organised, and finished its entire business in two hours and a half. Only three speeches were made, all carefully revised beforehand. Mr. Cleveland's name was not so much as mentioned. A full delegation to Chicago was selected, all pledged to Mr. Hill, who was then summoned from the Delavan House, where, in Tweed's old headquarters, he had been

waiting for his followers to do their work. He spoke briefly and in a perfunctory sort of way, and the gathering then adjourned. The only spontaneous applause which was heard there on that day was given to Mr. Richard Croker, the new head of Tammany Hall.

Once more, then, Mr. Cleveland was thought to be out of the running. His own State had apparently declared against him; and no one had ever received a nomination for the Presidency without the cordial support of his home delegation. Whether Mr. Hill should win or not, he seemed to have it in his power to defeat his quiescent rival and probably to give the nomination to any one with whom he could make the best political bargain. The Cleveland men in New York called a convention of their own, alleging that the gathering at Albany had not been truly representative. These "Anti-Snappers" chose a Cleveland delegation for Chicago, though there was practically no chance of its securing recognition there. For the moment, the star of Mr. Hill was undoubtedly in the ascendant.

In the meantime, the Republicans, though outwardly harmonious, were on the verge of serious dissension. President Harrison's administration had, on the whole, been satisfactory to the masses of his party, but the President himself had not been able to inspire them with any marked devotion to his own person. Every one admitted his integrity, his good judgment, his ability. He had gained the respect even of his opponents. Nowhere, however, was there the slightest enthusiasm for him or for his administration. The feeling of the Republican managers toward the President was not so tame a one as that of the rank and file. It had, in fact, become one of positive and intense dislike. Quite typical was the changed attitude of two very conspicuous leaders, Mr. Thomas C. Platt of New York and Senator Matthew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Platt had, at the beginning of President Harrison's term, expected to receive either a Cabinet office or some other high appointment. It was he who, as head of the Republican State organisation, had presumably arranged the bargain with

the Hill Democrats, by which Hill had been chosen Governor, while the electoral votes of New York were cast for Harrison. Mr. Platt, however, had been disappointed in his hope. He had received no appointment to office; though a certain amount of Federal patronage had been placed at his disposal. Mr. Platt was a secretive, silent sort of person, and he accepted what was given him. He was not, however, satisfied, and he felt that he had been treated with ingratitude. Furthermore, the President showed no great liking for his company, nor did he receive Mr. Platt's advice with any perceptible cordiality. Therefore, Mr. Platt, in his subterranean fashion, set himself to undermine Mr. Harrison with the party as a whole.

The case of Mr. Quay was somewhat different. This man was one of the most depressing illustrations in all American political history of triumphant baseness. He continued in Pennsylvania the corrupt traditions of Simon Cameron, who had been forced to leave President Lincoln's first Cabinet because he had used the War Department's funds for private speculations. Quay was a man without honour, without principle, and without shame. He began his political life by the betrayal of his friends for a money bribe, and this first act of his career was typical of all the rest. His audacity, however, and his skill in appealing to the lowest motives of the men about him, had given him almost absolute control of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, his only rival being another able "boss," one "Chris" Magee. Quay had at first secured a share of President Harrison's favour, and was rather ostentatiously his supporter; but in 1890, something happened which affected the President very deeply. In that year, Mr. H. C. Lea, a very eminent and public-spirited citizen of Philadelphia, published certain charges against Senator Quay, which, if true, made it clear that Quay's proper place was not in the Senate of the United States, but in the penitentiary. Mr. Lea declared—and his assertion was corroborated by a vast amount of testimony—that Quay, while Secretary of State, had misappropriated the sum of \$260,000, which he lost in speculation; and that while State Treas-

urer he had used \$400,000 of the public funds in stock gambling, which amount he subsequently replaced. These charges were repeated in the House of Representatives by Mr. R. P. Kennedy of Ohio; but by a party vote the Republican majority refused to let Mr. Kennedy's speech appear upon the record. Quay, with his wonted shamelessness, allowed the charges to go unanswered, and though they were published all over the country, he remained silent. The immediate effect was an overwhelming Democratic victory in Pennsylvania in that year and the election of Mr. Robert E. Pattison as Governor. That Quay was guilty of common theft was accepted as a fact, not merely by the people at large, but by the President, whose sturdy honesty made him shrink from any association with a felon, even though that felon had escaped unwhipped of justice. Quay's anger was extreme. In private he accused Mr. Harrison of profiting by his services and then repudiating him "under fire." There were many other malcontents whom Mr. Harrison had either knowingly or unknowingly offended—some by his cold, unsympathetic manner, others by his refusal to appoint them to office. All these men flocked to Platt and Quay as natural leaders, and plotted with them to prevent the President's renomination.

It was plain enough that under ordinary circumstances the party was bound to make Mr. Harrison its candidate a second time. Not to do so would be to declare that his administration had been a failure and thus to stultify Republican professions. But if for him there could be substituted a still more eminent leader, one of unquestioned supremacy and of unchallenged claims, then this action would not put the party upon the defensive. That Mr. Blaine was such a leader could not be disputed; and so the Republican opponents of President Harrison begged the great Secretary for permission to use his name. Mr. Blaine's position was a very delicate one. He had become almost as unfriendly to the President as had Messrs. Quay and Platt, though for very different reasons. His personal and official intercourse with Mr. Harrison had grown more and more distasteful to him. The two men were temperamentally

antipathetic—Blaine ardent, impulsive, abounding in original ideas, a man of imagination; Harrison cold, sluggish, matter-of-fact, inhospitable to suggestion. During the Chilean crisis, the divergent views of the two had strained their relations nearly to the breaking point. At one of the Cabinet meetings, Mr. Blaine's opposition to the President's opinions became so great as to induce an attack of vertigo and an illness of several days. Not from love of his chief, therefore, did the Secretary of State reject the advances of Quay and the anti-Harrison leaders, but because of the very fact that Mr. Harrison was, indeed, his chief. Political etiquette, and even common decency, forbade a member of the Cabinet to intrigue against the President who had appointed him and of whom he was the official adviser. But, urged the plotters, why not resign the Cabinet office and announce frankly that you are a candidate? Then another and an even stronger reason became known. Mr. Blaine, in very truth, was sick of party strife. For thirty years he had toiled and fought. He had received high honours, even though he had failed of his supreme ambition. But now he was weary of it all—the noise, the turmoil, the intrigues and the lying, the seething mass of mean ambitions, the bold-eyed greed, the steam of sweating mobs, the insolence of vulgar curiosity—and all for what? Mr. Blaine reviewed it with that sense of true perspective which comes to men with years, and in his very soul he loathed the thought of dragging once again his weary limbs down into that reeking, roaring hell of all the evil passions. His strength was spent. Though still apparently in perfect health, there was lurking somewhere in his system an obscure disorder that was draining his vitality. His chosen biographer tells us that he had become a hypochondriac, given to morbid brooding over his condition, and to the use of many drugs. Nothing, not even the Presidency, seemed any longer worth his while. And so he wrote an open letter declaring that he would not, under any circumstances, consent to be a candidate. Quay and the other plotters, therefore, turned away from Mr. Blaine and shaped their plans

to give the nomination to Mr. Speaker Reed.

The weeks sped on. The Republican Convention at Minneapolis had been called for the 7th of June. On June 4th—three days before the Convention met—the country was astounded to learn that Mr. Blaine had written a curt note to the President, resigning the Secretaryship of State, and asking that the resignation take effect at once.* Intense excitement ran through the ranks of the Republicans. What was the meaning of this sudden act? Had Mr. Blaine's health really broken down? Had he quarrelled with the President? It was felt that no matter what the ultimate cause might be, the time chosen for the resignation made it an act of obvious unfriendliness to Mr. Harrison. Senator Quay sought to rouse the old-time Blaine enthusiasm among the delegates. But the effort was in vain. Some believed that their former hero was now shattered in health. Others resented the confusion and bewilderment caused by the letter of resignation. "Mr. Blaine is playing fast-and-loose with us," said Mr. Depew, until then his devoted admirer. "The Plumed Knight now carries a broken lance," said Mr. New of Indiana. The anti-Harrison leaders came to the Convention with divided counsels; the Harrison forces were compact and confident. The former fought for delay in order to try new combinations; and for three days the sessions were devoted to the platform and to trivial details. The Reed movement did not appeal to very many, and the delegates from Mr. Reed's own section failed to stand by him, greatly to the disgust of several of his ardent friends. "Joe, God Almighty hates a quitter!" roared Mr. Fessenden of Connecticut to Mr. J. H. Manley of Maine when the latter gave up the fight for Reed. Mr. (then Governor) McKinley of Ohio had been made permanent president of the

*"TO THE PRESIDENT: I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignation of the office of Secretary of State of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on March 5, 1889.

"The condition of public business in the Department of State justifies me in requesting that my resignation may be accepted immediately.

"I have the honour to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

Convention, and the enthusiasm which his appearance called forth led the opponents of Mr. Harrison to "boom" the high-tariff advocate, though soon they returned once more to Mr. Blaine. Finally, on June 9th, in the midst of the flurry, a vote upon the admission of a contesting delegation tested fairly the relative strength of the two factions. The Blaine men controlled 423 delegates; the Harrison men, 463. Instantly there was a break in the ranks of the opposition. It was plain that Harrison must win. All the time-servers at once flocked to him. On the following day, after the usual speech-making, Mr. Harrison, who had been put in nomination by Mr. Depew, was chosen on the first ballot with 535 votes, or 82 more than necessary. Mr. Blaine received 182 votes and Governor McKinley precisely the same number. Only four votes were cast for Mr. Reed. On the following day, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York *Tribune*, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

When Mr. Blaine learned of what had happened, he telegraphed his congratulations to the President with the loyalty of a veteran. But Mrs. Blaine remarked, in the presence of a large gathering, "I am sick and tired of the whole thing!" It was, in truth, upon Mrs. Blaine that the responsibility for this rather pitiable *dénouement* rested. No authorised explanation of Mr. Blaine's sudden retirement from the Cabinet has ever been put forth, yet it was perfectly well known to many at the time that this step, so ill-advised and so contrary to Mr. Blaine's own judgment, was taken because of his wife's insistence. Mrs. Blaine was a very masterful, high-spirited woman, unblest with tact and far too prone to interfere with her husband's political concerns. More than once in his career this interference had caused him great embarrassment, though matters had always been smoothed over in such a way as to avoid anything like an *esclandre*. But when Mr. Blaine entered President Harrison's Cabinet, his political difficulties were heightened by domestic complications. Almost at the outset, a coolness arose between the wife of the Secretary of State and the wife of the Presi-

dent; and this coolness increased until it became at last a positive antipathy. Mrs. Blaine was far too conscious of the fact that her husband might have been President in place of Mr. Harrison, had he chosen to accept the nomination; and she let this consciousness be felt in the many of the irritating little ways which feminine ingenuity so easily devises. Mrs. Harrison not unnaturally resented this, with a result that can be imagined. When, therefore, Mr. Blaine was urged to let his name be used in opposition to the President, Mrs. Blaine became an active ally of the anti-Harrison politicians. For a long time she was unsuccessful. But age and illness had sapped her husband's power of will and had perhaps obscured his judgment; so that finally he yielded to incessant domestic pressure and took the step which resulted so disastrously. From that moment his political career was ended. He retired to his home in Maine, and after a lingering illness, died early in the next year.*

There is something infinitely pathetic in a survey of Mr. Blaine's remarkable career. With so many brilliant qualities, with such high ambitions and such splendid opportunities, he never reached the goal upon which his eyes had been continually set and toward which he had struggled with such dauntless hope and energy. It is not too much to say of him that for resourcefulness and for that sort of imagination which goes with constructive statesmanship, he had had no equal since the days of Jefferson. He possessed every gift that goes with supreme leadership save only one. He lacked that higher moral sense without which, in the last great test, a statesman's strength is turned to weakness. As was said of him at the time, he reflected accurately the influences that were in the ascendant throughout the Civil War, amid whose storm and stress his political character had been moulded. The ardent patriotism, the fiery courage, the intense devotion to a cause which made that period memorable, were his. But all through those years he had seen about him the play of meaner motives, the inevitable jobbery and corruption which

are the accompaniment of war; and these had gradually blunted a naturally fine sense of honour and had set expediency sometimes in the place of right. The worst charges that were brought against him were undoubtedly untrue; yet he so acted as to justify them in the minds of millions of his countrymen, and he was forced to pay the penalty of his indiscretions. Yet whatever were his faults, he was a very great American, and when he bade farewell to politics even his political opponents thought of him with something more than kindness. At a Democratic meeting in the campaign which followed, a speaker chanced to mention Mr. Blaine. At once the great audience sprang to its feet and thundered forth its uncontrollable applause. When it subsided, the speaker said: "Blaine seems to have more friends here than he had at Minneapolis!" and a voice replied amid a second tempest of applause, "We are all his friends!"

The Democratic National Convention met at Chicago on June 21st, with Mr. William L. Wilson of West Virginia as its permanent president. Events had taken an unexpected turn. Senator Hill's "snap convention" of the preceding February had proved to be a political boomerang. Its action, so far from coercing the Democrats of other States, had inspired them with indignation toward Mr. Hill and with enthusiasm for Mr. Cleveland. They regarded the manœuvre as a most unworthy trick. The prominence of Tammany in the whole proceeding had repelled them; for the Democracy of Tammany has always been mistrusted by the Democracy at large, particularly in the West. Therefore, a very strong drift had at once set in toward Mr. Cleveland's candidacy. In the words of General Bragg, uttered in 1884, men "loved him most of all for the enemies that he had made." State after State had instructed its delegates to vote for him, and it was already clear that he would have a sure majority in the Convention at Chicago. Democratic usage, however, requires a two-thirds vote to effect a nomination, and therefore Senator Hill did not yet despair. He might not win himself, but he felt that he could at least defeat his rival and give the nomination to another candi-

*January 27, 1893.

date. Even Mr. Cleveland's friends were still afraid to hope. Mr. Tracey of New York met Colonel Morrison of Illinois in Washington a day or two before the Convention had assembled.

"Morrison," said he, "we are going to nominate Cleveland or die!"

"Maybe," returned Morrison; "but are you certain that you are not going to do both?"

When the Convention met, however, the tide for Cleveland was running like a mill-race. His portraits were displayed all over the city; his badges were on the breasts of more than half the delegates; his name alone seemed to be in the mouth of every one. A feeling of buoyant confidence inspired the great crowds which poured into Chicago. A sense of coming victory was in the air. The Democracy was at last in fighting trim, and had fixed upon a leader of whose invincibility no doubt was felt. Ex-Secretary Whitney was in charge of Mr. Cleveland's canvass. He had come to Chicago expecting to make an up-hill fight, but he found himself at once the master of the situation. "I can't keep the votes back," said he to an intimate friend. "They tumble in at the windows as well as at the doors." On June 20th, the day before the Convention was opened, even the New York *Sun* grudgingly admitted that Cleveland's nomination was quite probable.

The great "wigwam" at Chicago, with its amphitheatre roped off like a vast prize-ring, was packed to suffocation. Mr. Wilson, whose voice was weak and whose presence was unimpressive, could not control the delegates, who sang and cheered and had things wholly their own way. The committee which drafted the platform had a sharp struggle over its tariff plank. The conservatives in the committee inserted a shifty and ambiguous declaration such as had been common in other years; and being in the majority, they adopted it. No sooner had it been read to the Convention, however, than it was greeted with tempestuous derision. The delegates were in an aggressive mood. They would have no compromise, no dodging of a dominant issue; and so by a great vote the plank as reported was stricken out and a substitute adopted,

bolder than any declaration on the subject of the tariff that a Democratic convention had ever ventured to put forth. It began:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purposes of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered."

In vigorous phrase it went on to speak of the McKinley tariff law as "the culminating atrocity of class legislation;" it pledged the party to give the people free raw materials and cheaper manufactured goods. It declared that since the McKinley tariff had gone into operation, wages had been lowered in many trades, with resulting strikes and general distress. It called attention to the fact that after thirty years of high protection "the homes and farms of the country have become burdened with a real estate mortgage debt of over \$2,500,000,000," and it denounced "a policy which fosters no industry so much as it does that of the sheriff."

The Convention had now taken the bit between its teeth and was beyond control. The Hill leaders fought vainly to secure delay. The discussion of the platform had lasted until nearly midnight, and an attempt was made to adjourn the Convention until the following day. The motion was shouted down amid indescribable uproar. The delegates refused to adjourn before the candidates were nominated. The customary nominating speeches were then made. Mr. Cleveland's name was presented by Governor Abbett of New Jersey, and the name of Senator Hill by Mr. William C. De Witt of New York. Other candidates were put in nomination, among them Governor Boies of Iowa, Senator Gorman of Maryland, and Mr. Stevenson of Illinois. It was now two o'clock in the morning, but the Convention showed no signs of weariness. The vote was certain to be taken



DAVID B. HILL



THOMAS C. PLATT

before daybreak. The friends of Mr. Hill therefore played their trump card—the threat that Mr. Cleveland could not possibly be elected without the vote of his own State. To drive home the assertion with all possible point and power, they had reserved their ablest speaker until this moment. At 2.15 A. M. the huge, bulky form of Mr. Bourke Cockran was seen emerging from the mass of delegates and moving toward the platform. Mr. Cockran was an Irishman by birth, who had come to New York as a young man, and had been admitted to the bar, achieving great success as a jury lawyer. Fluent of speech, witty and adroit, he was a natural rhetorician, and could be either denunciatory or persuasive with great effect. In after years he received the nickname of “the Mulligan Guard Demosthenes,” because his eloquence was almost always at the disposal of Tammany Hall. Nevertheless, Mr. Cockran was a superb stump speaker, and even the Cleveland men became hushed and silent to catch his opening words. Mr. Cockran was a very clever actor. As he faced his audience he seemed languid, heavy-

eyed and utterly worn out. A feeling of sympathy won him the good-will of the Convention before he spoke a word. Then with a voice that was rich and resonant, he made an earnest plea for harmony, while he made it seem that harmony could be achieved only by dropping Mr. Cleveland as a candidate. Here he spoke with perfect tact, anxious to offend no prejudice. For the personality of Mr. Cleveland he entertained, so he declared, the most profound respect. “I feel for him a personal friendship. I oppose him in this Convention solely because he stands between the Democratic party and the light of victory.” He spoke of the great tidal wave of 1890 which had overflowed the Force Bill and repudiated McKinleyism. He spoke of the great services which Mr. Hill had rendered in that fight, and of the importance of New York as a factor in the election which was imminent.

“Pennsylvania boasts,” he then went on, “that she has never made a threat in a Convention. I ask you what could Pennsylvania threaten? Pennsylvania in November, with her thirty-two electoral votes, will thrust the Democracy of New



MATTHEW S. QUAY

York into the ditch dug for it here. I believe," continued Mr. Cockran, "that Mr. Cleveland is a popular man (applause)—a most popular man (increased applause). Let me now add that he is a man of most extraordinary popularity—on every day of the year except election day! He is popular in Republican States because his Democracy is not offensive to Republicans. I oppose him in this Convention because his candidacy imperils the success which now comes to us with bright, alluring prospects. I appeal to you to pause now before this contemplated action is taken, before this invasion is made complete. Build, gentlemen, build your hope of success, not upon the shifting sands of political professions. Build it upon the solid rock of Democratic harmony, of Democratic unity and of Democratic enthusiasm. Then the people in whom you have trusted will repay your confidence with majorities so decisive that Republican prospects throughout the Union will receive a completer check even than they have received in the State whose triumphant Democracy now asks

you only for permission to insure to you a Democratic victory in November!"*

But Mr. Cockran's eloquence was unable to stem the tide. In the early hours of the morning, the roll of the Convention was called, and long before the last delegation had responded, it was plain to every one that Mr. Cleveland had secured not only a bare majority, but more than the two-thirds necessary to make him his party's candidate. The record showed that 617 votes were cast for him—ten more than were necessary—while Senator Hill received only 114, Governor Boies 103 and Senator Gorman 36. Amid a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm, with bands blaring and banners waving, the galleries joined with the excited partisans upon the floor in chanting a song† which had struck the fancy of the public:

"Grover! Grover!
Four more years of Grover!
In he comes,
Out they go,
Then we'll be in clover!"

On the following day, to please the old-



BOURKE COCKRAN

*Chicago *Tribune*, New York *Sun* for June 23, 1892.

†Parodied from "Babies," in the comic opera *Wang*.

fashioned party men, Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois was nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

It was characteristic of Mr. Cleveland that on the night when his political fate was hanging in the balance he should have been chatting quietly in a friend's library far distant from the telegraph wires and quite out of reach even of his own excited partisans. When the news was brought to him the next morning he received it with the same tranquillity that had marked his bearing ever since his retirement from office. The news was heard in a very different spirit by Mr. Dana of the *Sun*. He had pinned his faith on Hill up to the last moment, hoping against hope. In his paper for June 22d, he had styled Hill "that heroic and powerful statesman," "a faithful, fearless and successful champion." Now that Mr. Cleveland had been nominated, Dana was in a dreadful quandary. He hated Cleveland and everything for which Cleveland stood, yet not to support the nominee of the Democratic party would probably mean for himself financial ruin. Furthermore, there was no other party open to him. And so he reversed himself in a fashion so awkward and so insincere as to excite the mirth of every one. Pretending that Republican success would mean the enactment of a Force Bill, he came out for Cleveland on June 24th, saying that the one supreme issue was

"the question whether those Southern States which have inherited a negro population surpassing the number of their white citizens, shall, by Federal law and Federal military force, be subjected to the political domination of the negroes, to negro Legislatures, negro Governors, and negro Judges in their courts, or whether they shall continue to be governed by white men as now. . . .

"Better vote for the liberty and the white government of the Southern States, even if the candidate were the Devil himself, rather than consent to the election of respectable Benjamin Harrison with a Force Bill in his pocket!"

The Populists held their first national convention at Omaha on July 2d, and nominated for the Presidency, General

James B. Weaver of Iowa* and for Vice-President, Mr. James G. Field of Virginia. Their platform accused both of the older parties of subserviency to the capitalists, declaring that "from the same prolific womb of governmental injustice we breed the two great classes of tramps and millionaires." It demanded, among other things, the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one, a graduated income tax, the establishment of postal savings-banks, and the ownership by the Government of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones.

Few political campaigns in American history have been conducted upon so high a plane as that which followed in the summer and autumn of 1892. President Harrison said, in a spirit that did him honour, "I desire this campaign to be one of Republicanism and not one of personalities." Such, indeed, it was. Even the speakers upon the stump alluded to their opponents in terms of personal respect. No scandals were unearthed, and no sensational episodes occurred like that of the Murchison Letter. The main fight between the two great parties was fought out upon the issue of the tariff. For the first time in its history the Republican party was on the defensive. In 1884, it had been obliged to defend the record of Mr. Blaine, but its own past was held to be unassailable. Now the inequalities of the McKinley tariff were vigorously attacked by every Democratic speaker, and the explanation and defence of them taxed the ingenuity of the Republicans. Higher prices and lower wages were, indeed, a strong Democratic campaign argument. President Harrison's own contribution to political discussion consisted of the sapient remark, "A cheap coat means a cheap man under the coat"—an epigram which was about as convincing as Dr. Johnson's burlesque line:

"Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat."

By tacit consent, both Republicans and Democrats said very little about the silver question. The Populists, on the other hand, preached the doctrine of free silver

*James Baird Weaver was a veteran of the Civil War who had helped to organise the Greenback Party in 1876, and who had served three terms in Congress.

with great vigour. In some States of the West and South, coalitions were made with the Populist party. Thus, in Louisiana, the Republicans divided their electoral ticket evenly with the Populists. In Oregon, one Populist elector was placed upon the Democratic ticket, and in Minnesota both Democrats and Populists united on four electors. In five States—Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, North Dakota and Wyoming—the Democrats nominated no electoral ticket at all, but voted for the Populistic candidates. The object of this was not merely to defeat the Republicans at the polls. It was thought possible that enough Populist electors might be elected to prevent any party from having a clear majority in the Electoral College. In that event, the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives,* voting by States, in which case the Democrats would have a clear majority.

As the summer drew near its end, both parties were hopeful, yet both believed that the result would be very close. One feature of the election would be novel. For the first time it was recognised that money could no more be used in bribing voters. Of the forty-four States of the Union, thirty-five had adopted some form of the Australian ballot, thus enabling the voter to cast his vote in secrecy. As was written at the time:

"No 'blocks of five' can be marched to the polls on election day with their ballots held in sight of the man who has bought them till they are dropped into the ballot boxes. What the same isolation will accomplish in great manufacturing centres is equally obvious. . . . No working man need fear loss of employment if he votes in accordance with his own beliefs and against the 'interests of his employer,' for his employer cannot see how he votes. In the list of the thirty-five States which have the new system are to be found all the so-called 'doubtful States,' and all those States in the Northwest in which the tariff reform sentiment has made such havoc with old-time Republican majorities. . . . In the great cities of the land there is another game from the new system which is as important as that of the secret ballot. Trad-

*As provided by the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution.

ing and deals will be practically impossible, because of the difficulties which are thrown in the way. . . . Other agencies for securing votes must be sought, and other managers than professional corruptionists and traders must be put at the head of the party organisations to conduct the campaign."*

Something which occurred in Pennsylvania during this year did much to endanger the prospects of Republican success. In June, the Carnegie Steel Company at Homestead, Pennsylvania, reduced the wages of its employees. A trade organisation known as the Amalgamated Steel and Iron Workers sought to intercede; but the Carnegie Company refused to recognise it, and soon afterwards ordered a shutdown, and closed its works, throwing thousands of men out of employment. The intention of the company was to reopen the mills with non-union men. Anticipating trouble, the Carnegie managers, instead of appealing to the authorities for legal protection, employed a force of armed men to act as a garrison for the mills. This small army was placed in armoured barges and brought to Homestead by the river. As these neared their destination the strikers fired upon them and were met with a counter-fire. A regular battle took place, lasting for nearly two days and involving the use of cannon and of burning oil, with which the river was flooded. Seven of the Carnegie army were killed and a much larger number wounded. The loss of their assailants was even greater. In the end the men in the barges surrendered and were badly treated; and finally State troops were sent to Homestead and restored order by the establishment of martial law.

In various ways this incident was unfortunate for the Republicans. In the first place, here was a highly protected industry cutting down the wages of its workmen at the very time when Republican orators were proclaiming the blessings of the McKinley Bill. In the second place, the country saw a very striking instance of the lawlessness of corporations. These great steel magnates, so said the Democrats, were acting precisely after the fashion of feudal barons, maintaining private armies, disdaining the protection

**The Nation*, June 16, 1892 (pp. 442, 443).

of the law, and shooting down citizens without any legal warrant. The corporate employment of armed men had already attracted the attention of Congress, and the bloody affair at Homestead made the private militia system exceedingly unpopular. Another cause of concern to the party in power was the condition of the national treasury. The "Billion Dollar Congress" had not only wiped out the surplus, but had authorised expenses which it was practically impossible to meet. For the six months ending December 31, 1891, the Treasury had paid out \$86,000,000 less than was called for by the existing laws. This sum had not been paid, for the excellent reason that the funds were lacking. The customs revenue had fallen off; expenses had increased; and now the government of the richest nation in the world was in the position of a hard-up debtor, postponing from day to day the payment of its bills, and living, as it were, from hand to mouth.

On the whole, then, the Democratic chances seemed very good. Only in one State, and that a most important one, could danger be detected. This was in New York. Mr. Hill and his followers had returned from the National Convention in a sullen mood. They had been soundly beaten by the Cleveland element. Would they take their revenge upon election day? This was a question which perplexed the Democratic managers, and most of all Mr. W. C. Whitney, who felt himself responsible for the result in his own State. The most dangerous element of opposition, as in 1884, was to be found in Tammany Hall. John Kelly had died, and had been succeeded by Mr. Richard Croker, who now wielded a power far greater even than that of Kelly. Croker was an Irishman by birth, who had been brought to the United States when two years old. He had been a machinist and then a fireman, and had gradually worked his way into local politics, advancing from one position to another, until in 1886 he became the head of one of the most formidable political organisations in the world. He was a man of immense force of character, illiterate, but shrewd. In many of his personal traits, as in his physical appearance, he reminded one of General

Grant—having the same taciturnity, the same grim doggedness of purpose, the same iron strength of will. The vote of New York City was in his gift, and he had been consistently opposed to Mr. Cleveland. Nevertheless, it was known that Tammany Hall was anxious not to be regarded as disloyal to the party. Years before, Croker had been accused of murder, and among his counsel had been Mr. Whitney. For him ever since that time, Croker had entertained a kindly feeling. Upon this feeling Mr. Whitney diplomatically worked, until Croker agreed to meet his party's candidate and come, if possible, to an understanding. He not unnaturally supposed that Mr. Cleveland would give promises in exchange for Croker's own promise to make his men "vote straight." Mr. Cleveland, however, showed no inclination for an interview with Croker. It was only as a personal favour to Mr. Whitney that he at last consented; and the three men, with a second Tammany chief, dined together in a private room at Mr. Whitney's. When the political conversation began, Mr. Cleveland took a line that was most unexpected. Instead of suggesting con-



WHITELAW REID, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

ciliation and speaking smoothly, he squared his shoulders and gave Croker such a talk as he had never heard before. He told him what he thought of Tammany Hall, of Tammany politics, and of Tammany men. As he towered above Croker, punctuating his remarks with heavy blows of his fist upon the table, he completely dominated the great "boss," who in reply could merely iterate his hope that matters might be arranged between them. In the end, Mr. Cleveland said that what had happened in the past would not influence him in his future actions, and with this very meagre concession Croker had to go away content.

Mr. Cleveland, in fact, meant to win the Presidency, if he won it at all, without giving pledges to any human being. Among the many interesting anecdotes then current regarding him, one of the most characteristic was told by a distinguished man of letters who had long been his intimate personal friend. There was a certain rich contractor, a "Blaine Irishman," a liberal employer of labour, who, because of his own ancestry, was thought to have great influence with the Irish voters in New York. Just at that time the "Irish vote" in New York was a very uncertain element in Democratic calculations. Therefore, it occurred to the literary gentleman, who happened to know the contractor very well, that he might perhaps do his favourite candidate a good turn by bringing the two men into personal relations. So it came to pass that one evening they met in the poet's library, without the least suspicion on their part that the interview had been pre-arranged. After a few moments, their host made some excuse for slipping out of the room. Returning at the end of half an hour, he found Mr. Cleveland and the contractor chatting very amicably together. A little later the ex-President, having finished his call, departed.

"Well," said the host, "what do you think of him?"

The contractor's face fairly glowed.

"Ah, sure," said he, slipping into his native brogue, "he's the greatest man I ever saw. He's a fine man—a grand man. *He wouldn't promise to do wan d—d thing I asked him!*"

And from that time until election day



RICHARD CROKER

no one worked harder for Mr. Cleveland than the man who had failed to extort a single promise from him.

The November election astonished Democrats, Republicans, and Populists alike. Mr. Cleveland swept the country. Of course, the Southern States were solidly for him; but in addition he carried all the doubtful States—Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, and New York—while to the amazement of all political prophets, California, Illinois, and Wisconsin gave him their electoral votes. Michigan cast five of its nine votes for him, and even Ohio, the home of Mr. McKinley, returned one Democratic elector. In the Electoral College, Cleveland and Stevenson had 277 votes against 145 for Harrison and Reid.* Even had Mr. Cleveland lost New York, the Presidency would still have been his.

A very startling result of the election was the enormous strength displayed by the Populists in the West. Not only did their candidate, General Weaver, poll more than a million votes, but he actually carried four States—Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, and Nevada—receiving also one

*Cleveland's majority over Harrison in the popular vote was 380,000.

electoral vote in Oregon and one in North Dakota. For the first time since the birth of the Republican party, a third political organisation was represented among the Presidential electors.* It was true that the vote given to the Populists was an exaggeration of their actual numbers, because in the States which they carried

liked by all the politicians, nominated against the protest of his own State, and opposed generally by the great corporate interests throughout the country, he had, nevertheless, been carried into the Presidency by a great spontaneous movement of the people themselves, who gave him their implicit confidence because they felt



THE REPUBLICAN DÉBÂCLE

Cartoon by Gillam in *Judge*.

the Democrats had made no nominations; but none the less, the figures were indicative of an immense popular upheaval that was ominous for the future of the older parties.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cleveland had won an extraordinary personal triumph. Dis-

that in him they had found a leader courageous enough to defy coercion, and of moral fibre strong enough to resist those other influences which are only the more dangerous because insidious. He received the Presidency for the second time, bound by no pledge save that contained in the declaration of his party, to govern honestly, to reduce the tariff, and to curb the Trusts.

*Weaver's strength in the Electoral College was 22.



THE AUTHORS CLUB

LITERARY CLUBLAND

III. NEW YORK'S LITERARY CLUBS

(IN TWO PARTS) PART II.

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

V.



HERE is a story of a man who had been elected to membership in one of those English clubs where a candidate's name is put up by his sponsors about the time he is being chivied about the cricket fields of Eton or Harrow or Rugby, and where, if he is thoroughly respectable, desirable and fortunate, he attains membership when he is just about entering into middle life. This Englishman had passed four or five years of his waiting ranching in a Western State, and had absorbed some American ideas. Day after day, after qualifying as a member, he went to his club, breakfasting and dining, reading the newspapers and writing his letters and maintaining the solitary aloofness that he observed in every one about him. After two or three weeks this began to pall, and finally, moved by a spirit of unconventionality that he had brought back from the Western Hemisphere, he went over to a little middle-aged gentleman at a nearby table, introduced himself as a new member, and said he was anxious to have pointed out to him some of the features for which the club was noted. The look of dismay which at first overspread the little man's countenance changed to one of infinite relief. He sprang to his feet and grasped the other warmly by the hand. "Thank you, my dear sir, thank you," he said. "I have been a member here for sixteen years, and you are the first man with whom I have ever exchanged a word." And the two straightway became lifelong friends.

Now, English club men will characterise this as an exaggeration, which of course it is, but as with the hackneyed theory of an Englishman's inability to see

a joke, there is a very substantial point at which the exaggeration began. There are American clubs where an air of reserve is to be found, where to speak to a fellow member to whom one has not formally been introduced is considered bad form and lack of decorum, but they hardly come within the domain of Literary Clubland. It is not that an Englishman is



WHERE THE AUTHORS CLUB WAS ORGANISED

lacking in respect for his club, or places a lower estimate on the qualifications it demands. It is a natural difference which prevents, not the feeling, but the expression of that feeling, which leads the Centurian or the Player or the Author to make himself immediately at home with a fellow Author, Player or Centurian, on the general grounds that being

The Authors Club

Watch Night, 1904-1905

The Club will meet on the evening of December 31, to watch the old year out and the new year in. The exercises will begin at nine o'clock with a debate on this question:

Resolved, That publishers have no rights that authors are bound to respect.

Affirmative.

HENRY HOLT.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WILLIAM H. McELROY.

Negative.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Such members as may appear to the chairman to be in good form will be called upon to tell a story, read a poem, or sing a song.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL.

Supper at 11 P.M.

Each member is entitled, as usual, to one guest.

in the club is in itself a sufficient guarantee of reputability and good fellowship. This is said without any desire of painting the subject *coulour de rose*. Every newcomer cannot be welcome to all, and in no club would it be very difficult to overhear such comment as "Dash it! There's Blank. How in thunder did he get in here? Only wish I had been on the membership committee," etc., etc.

For reasons that must be quite obvious, the most interesting paragraph of this article cannot be written, or at least it must be a paragraph which does not go beyond evasive suggestion. The great names that are accepted cause little comment; it is the great names that are rejected that lead men to sit about and whisper and nod their heads. Whether Thackeray was or was not pilled at the Athenæum, the very story will link his name with the club so long as the club and the fame of *Esmond* shall endure. Forty or fifty years hence, with perfect good taste, and entirely as a matter of history, the biographer or the chronicler of small anecdotes may record how on two separate occasions a certain great man, "the very greatest name in English literature at the beginning of the twentieth century," may be the words of the scribe of the future, came up for mem-

bership at one of the clubs with which this paper has to deal, and was as often "withdrawn." How at another organisation of New York Literary Clubland the candidacy of a man whose name is as widely known as that of the President of the United States met with like ill-fortune, and that the records of these clubs and others contain some stories of unexpected reverses that would make queer and interesting reading. Nor is this Chronique Scandaleuse of literary clubland confined to the record of rejections. Every club may be said to have more or less its Skeleton Closet, its *jardin secret*, its little budget of stories of unfortunate happenings, of mortifications, of "bad breaks," which are passed about from member to member, but which, according to the first and greatest law of Clubland, must never be taken beyond the club's threshold.

GOOD FRENDE FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE FORBEARE
TO UTTER WHAT IS GOSSIP HEARE
IN SOCIAL CHATT LEST, UNAWARES,
THY TONGE OFFENDE THY FELLOW PLAIIERS.

Authors Club

Watch Night, 1900-1901

December 31, after 10 p.m.

Ring out the old, ring in the new.

Since the Nineteenth Century will have come to an end (beyond all controversy) by midnight on the thirty-first of December, it is proposed that the observance of Watch Night take the form, on this occasion, of brief addresses, anecdotes, poems or songs, appropriate (more or less) to the demise of the Old Era and the birth of the New.

Let the past seculum be called to mind with an obituary notice, a tribute of regret, a eulogy, a screed or a lampoon; and the coming one be welcomed with a greeting, a hope, a prophecy or a cynic snarl.

It is hoped that all members will come prepared to take an active part in the celebration in some one of the ways indicated above. Come,

— and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity.

J. H. MORSE,
F. R. STOCKTON,
CALVIN THOMAS,
Committee.

Each member is entitled to one guest, as usual.

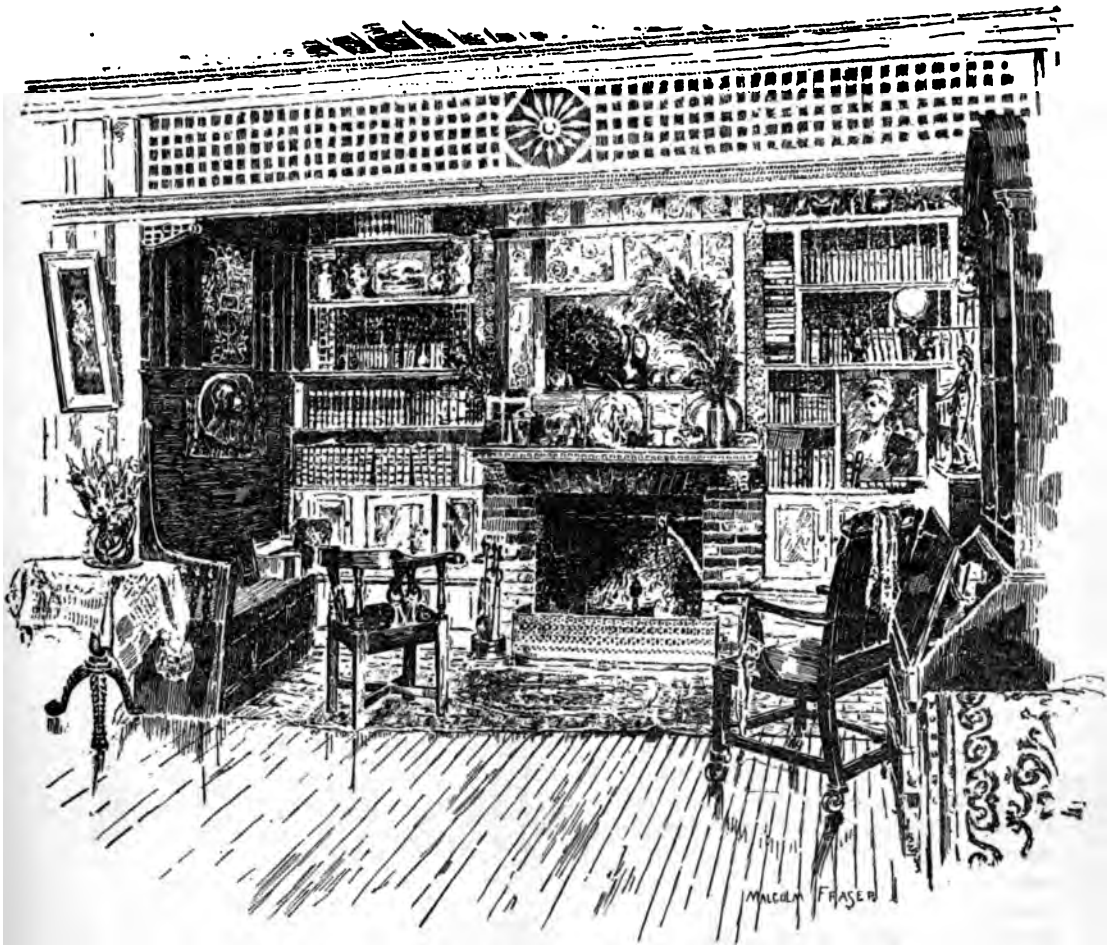
VI.

THE AUTHORS.

Any story told at the expense of a club, no matter in what spirit of lightness or flippancy it may have originated, refuses to down. They tell of a stranger who was taken to the Authors one Thursday evening when twenty or thirty members were gathered together in the usual informal Fortnightly way. For a time he sat silent, deep in meditation; then turned to his host. "So this is the Authors Club," he remarked. "This is the Authors Club," nodded the other. The stranger relapsed again into silence, then a moment later leaned over and whis-

pered, "Say, where are the authors?" Late one night a member of the club picked up his churchwarden, lighted a fresh Charge and with a sigh of satisfaction said, "This is the time the Authors Club begins to be amusing; all the authors have gone home." For the narrator these tales are good enough as they stand. He does not see fit to point out that the joke of the first was on the literary deficiencies of the stranger, or to explain that the facetious member had not the slightest intention of casting a slur on any of his fellows, but was simply pondering thirstily over certain delectable Hot Scotches which are wont to appear in the small hours of the morning when only five or six of the faithful remain.

Despite such yarns, the Authors, with



THE LIBRARY IN WHICH THE AUTHORS CLUB WAS PLANNED

its limited membership of less than two hundred, is pre-eminently the literary club of New York. In the Century and the Players there are strong literary elements, but their members are first of all Players or Centurians, and afterwards men of letters or painters or architects or lawyers or bishops. The constitution of the Authors demands that a candidate for admission must have had published at least one book pertaining to literature, and although in a great many instances men have qualified for membership on books that have failed to create any marked stir in the world, the intention is there, and the bars are never let down. At a reception given two or three years ago to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the guest of the evening alluded to his ordeal when he was a candidate for membership by saying that he "had got in the club by proving that, although he was a very rich man, he was a very poor author." As a matter of fact, when Mr. Carnegie's name came up in 1886, his credentials were very carefully examined. In view of the conspicuousness of his great wealth, it was little wonder that the committee on membership overlooked for the moment his authorship of such books as *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain*, *Round the World*, and *Triumphant Democracy*. In many practical ways Mr. Carnegie has shown his appreciation of being one of the literary guild. From him came what is known as the Authors Club Fund, a sum of money at first amounting to ten thousand dollars, but now twenty thousand dollars, the interest of which is devoted to assisting men of letters, whether they be members of the club or not, who have come upon evil days.

Although from early autumn until the beginning of the summer the club rooms on the ninth floor of the Carnegie Building at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street are always open to members and their guests, one seldom finds them used to any extent save at the informal Fortnightlies and the formal receptions. Every other Thursday evening the club serves a dinner, to which each member may bring one or two guests. As one who had known Grub Street in his time once remarked to a fellow Scribe, "Join the

Authors. No man of letters can afford to hesitate about it. Think of the prestige. Think of the associations. And above all, my friend, remember that in addition to all this it means to the poor, struggling writer one sure square meal every two weeks. Join, my friend, join." Far more than the receptions, of which two or three are given each year, these informal Fortnightlies bewray the spirit of the club. These meetings are seldom crowded. The average member attends perhaps three or four during the entire season. The result is that at no one meeting are there gathered more than thirty or forty, and those present are able to squeeze in round the long table which runs the length of the dining-room. Here, quite informally, a member will bring some distinguished foreign guest—a prominent French journalist or lecturer, an English critic, a German scientist or an Italian diplomat. It was at one of these evenings that there took place the dialogue between Rudyard Kipling and Frank R. Stockton á propos of "The Lady and the Tiger," the story of which has been told before in *THE BOOKMAN*.*

*Speaking of Mr. Frank Stockton reminds us of a little tilt that we once overheard between him and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The two gentlemen met at the Authors Club, and after some preliminary conversation Mr. Stockton said:

"By the way, Kipling, I'm thinking of going over to India some day myself."

"Do so, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. "Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we will do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back and have one of the very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forefoot directly over your head. Then I'll say in my most insinuating tones, 'Come now, Stockton, which was it—the Lady or the Tiger?' What would you do then?"

"Oh, well, that's easy enough. I should tell you a lie."

"Thanks, awfully! That's just as good as the truth, now that you've told me that it's to be a lie. If you say 'the Tiger' I'll know it was the Lady; and if you say 'the Lady' I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!"

Then both of them drifted away from the interested group, and were presently observed to be standing in the immediate vicinity of a large china bowl with something pink in it.



THE AUTHORS CLUB—SOUTH END

The few hours passed at one of these Fortnightlies furnished Max O'Rell with one of the most entertaining chapters of *Brother Jonathan and His Continent*.

by an occasional peal of laughter and find the air thick with the smoke of cigars or of the long churchwardens. There is no fixed code as to dress. If convenient,



THE SARGENT PORTRAIT OF BOOTH IN THE PLAYERS CLUB

It is well toward nine o'clock on one of these evenings before the first two or three drift in, but half an hour later one entering will hear the buzz of talk broken

a man will don the conventional dinner coat; if not, he will come in the attire in which the day's work has been done. The talk is about books, for shop talk will



THE PLAYERS CLUB AT NO. 16 GRAMERCY PARK

This picture, taken a few days after Mr. Jefferson's death, shows the mourning crêpe over the entrance.

always be the best of talk, but little more here than elsewhere, and if you stumble upon a little group of three or four gathered together you will as likely as not find that they are chuckling over a fat story like the authors of whom Washington Irving wrote, or discussing the different makes of automobiles, the chances of next Saturday's big football game at New Haven or the latest popular comic opera. This does not imply that serious talk as well is not to be heard. There is plenty of that. Only a man may readily find the topic of conversation that is best suited to his mood.

The formal receptions of the Authors Club are given only to men who are themselves members, and among those who have been honoured in this way during the last few years have been Andrew Carnegie, Edward Eggleston, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Frank R. Stockton, Parke Godwin, Richard Henry Stoddard, former Mayor Seth Low and M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador. In place of the thirty or forty lounging about in little groups, one of these receptions generally means a gathering of from one hundred to two hundred members and guests. The proceedings of the evening are for the greater

part formal and prearranged. Speeches by various prominent members and by the guest of honour, after which there is a supper, and then, as some of the visitors begin to take their departure, the crowd thins out, and the atmosphere takes on something of the less ceremonious spirit of the regular Fortnightly.

But the cherished night to the Authors is Watch Night, when the members gather to see out the old year. A programme, generally of a semi-humorous nature, including a debate on some such subject as "Has a Publisher any Rights which the Author is bound to Respect?" or "The Blunders of Fame" is planned. At the stroke of midnight the lights are turned down and all join in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which the lights go up again, and the tune is changed to "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Organised in the autumn of 1882, by Noah Brooks, Edward Eggleston, Rich-

ard Watson Gilder, Laurence Hutton, Charles de Kay, Brander Matthews and Edmund Clarence Stedman, first was in the habit of meeting at a restaurant in Lafayette Place. In addition to the organisers, the founders of the club included Henry M. Alden, H. H. Boyesen,



THE ENTRANCE OF THE PLAYERS

George William Curtis, George Cary Eggleston, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, Parke Godwin, Bronson Howard, Charlton T. Lewis, J. M. Libbey, Hamilton W. Mabie, William S. Mayo, Allen Thorndyke Rice, Richard Grant White and Edward L. Youmans. The first regular home of the Authors was in rooms over the Fencers' Club, and it was not until after more than a decade of existence that it found its present home in the pleasant rooms of the Carnegie Building. To north and west and south these rooms command a wonderful view—sweeping the city, the river and the Jersey hills. Within the effect is singularly soft and harmonious—the great open fireplaces, the long lounges, the comfortable arm-chairs. The walls are hung with rare prints, with the original manuscripts of famous poems, with autograph letters of the mighty dead, with etchings and paintings. Here is a quaint coloured engraving, signed George Cruik-

shank, showing Christian passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and beset by all its horrors. A few feet farther along one can dimly make out the distorted figures of horses and riders to be the procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Across the room you are carried back to the grievous memories of London's old Grub Street by

a print in which the poor, scared, emaciated, ragged Scribe is cringing before his sleek, fat, and arrogant patron and master, the publisher. One evening, a few years ago, a certain member of the House of Harper was noticed standing before this print, studying it intently. Finally he was heard to mutter, "Outrageous! Perfectly outrageous!" "What is outrageous?"

some one asked. "Why," replied Mr. Harper, pretending to misunderstand the purport of the print and not at all ill pleased at the opportunity of getting in his thrust at what he regarded as the reversed conditions of the present day, "just see how shamefully that bloated author is bullying the poor publisher."

Within the scope of such an article as this it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of the treasured possessions of the club on the walls and in the bookcases. An important addition to the collection was acquired two years ago, at the death of Richard

Henry Stoddard, who bequeathed a vast amount of valuable material to the Authors. This bequest constitutes the fourth of the four libraries. The first library is made up of books written by members of the club; the second is a reference library, and the third a library of literary biography.

Despite the very vigorous part played



THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE PLAYERS, 1893-1905



THE LAMBS CLUB AT NO. 70 WEST 36TH STREET

The Lambs, while aiming to be, first of all, the club of the theatrical profession, has, nevertheless, a strong literary element. Its membership includes almost all of the leading American playwrights, and such writers as Booth Tarkington, Edward W. Townsend, Lloyd Osbourne, and others.

by women in American literary endeavour of recent years, it was only through

the Honorary Roll that a woman could ever claim the privileges of the Authors' Club. According to the constitution, but one American Honorary Member may be elected each year, and in 1887 the name selected was that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Since the organisation of the club in 1882 there have been chosen but seventeen Honorary Members. Among these, three eminent foreigners who have since died were Robert Louis Stevenson, Matthew Arnold and Alphonse Daudet. At present there are but seven names upon the Honorary Roll—those of James Bryce, D. G. Mitchell, John Morley, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Goldwin Smith, Jean Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and Maarten Maartens. When, in the spring of 1895, the name J. M. M. van der Poortch Schwartz—this being the real name of the distinguished Dutch novelist—was brought up for election, there were some gasps of amazement. The late "Bill" Nye brought in a suggestion that the membership committee act on the first half of the name at once, but hold over the last half until the autumn, when the weather would be cool.

VI.

THE PLAYERS.

In the Century, the literary atmosphere and membership has been an inevitable development in a club begun as an artists' club. That of the Players has been a like natural growth in an organisation founded originally in the interest and honour of the dramatic profession. As Mr. Story's lines go:

"All arts are one—all branches on one tree—
All fingers, as it were, upon one hand."

In fact, there are times in the day of the Players where the profession of the founder is almost entirely obscured by other professions and interests. There is a story to the effect that a number of New York clubmen, sitting about a table one afternoon, began to discuss at what club they should dine. They finally decided on the Players, because, as one of them expressed it, they would not be likely to meet any of those "dashed actors there." But this tale, like the similar one at the expense of the Authors, it must be said,



THE PLAYERS' GRILL-ROOM



THE PLAYERS' READING-ROOM. SHOWING SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH OVER THE MANTEL



THE PLAYERS' LIBRARY

was conceived and repeated in a spirit of gross exaggeration.

The constitution of the club limits its membership to those who are connected with the dramatic profession or with the professions of literature, painting, architecture, sculpture, or music, or to patrons of the arts. The last clause is an elastic one. By virtue of it the governors may pass favourably on the nomination of any one, whatever his calling may be, whom they deem to have the making of a desirable Player. The result of this has been that twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the club membership at the present time is made up outside of the allied professions—lawyers, physicians, business men and several clergymen, for since the time when the Rev. Dr. Houghton of the "Little Church Around the Corner" became chaplain in ordinary to the profession, the cloth has been exceedingly popular in the little brown club-house of Gramercy Park. Against but one profession is there any settled discrimination. An unwritten law holds as ineligible the dramatic critic, for there is a feeling that his presence would necessarily be incompatible with perfect harmony. This law was tested in a peculiar way a few years ago. Before that occasion it had been simply a question of keeping the dramatic critic out of the club, a very simple matter, for the unwritten law was generally understood, and nobody could well be guilty of the *faux pas* of nominating or seconding a man of that profession for membership. But the case in question had to do with a well-known magazine writer, who had been a member for some years before he turned his hand to dramatic criticism. He was a good Player and a good all-around man, generally liked and esteemed. Yet there could be no exception made. He knew that the thing to do was to offer his resignation. He did so, and it was very promptly accepted.

Occasionally the Century is spoken of as bearing in a general way a resemblance to the London Athenæum. Much more felicitously the Players may be likened to the Garrick—that Garrick which Thackeray loved so well. Many an Englishman visiting New York and spending an evening in the hospitable depths of the club-

house facing Gramercy Park has commented on the similarity of atmosphere and environment. Many an American Player visiting the older London club for the first time has received the same impression. But the history of the Players has happily been free from a scandal which grew out of the squabble between Thackeray and Edmund Yates; and without churlishness, it may be added that the hospitality of the Players has never been limited to certain hours of the day and to certain parts of the club-house.

Unlike the other New York clubs with which these papers have to do, the Players, since its foundation, has had but one home—the house bequeathed to it by Edwin Booth. Although for years Mr. Booth had had the club in mind, it was not definitely planned until the summer of 1887, when Mr. Booth, in company with Lawrence Barrett, Laurence Hutton, William Bispham, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a guest of Mr. E. C. Benedict on the latter's steam yacht *Oneida*. The name "The Players" was the suggestion of Mr. Aldrich. The club took definite form the following year. In January, 1888, at a breakfast given by Augustin Daly, Messrs. Lawrence Barrett, William Bispham, Edwin Booth, S. L. Clemens, Augustin Daly, Joseph F. Daly, John Drew, Henry Edwards, Laurence Hutton, Joseph Jefferson, John A. Lane, James Lewis, Brander Matthews, S. H. Olin, A. M. Palmer and William Tecumseh Sherman resolved to incorporate themselves into a club, the name of which should be the Players. Before another year had gone around the Players, of which the membership had reached one hundred, was in full possession of its own home, Mr. Booth making over the club-house by deed of gift at the moment the ringing of bells and the tooting of horns began sounding the arrival of the year 1889. Mr. Booth's generosity has been one of the greatest factors in the subsequent success of the club. With its handsome club-house, thoroughly equipped and filled with artistic treasures, it began at a point at which few clubs arrive until after years of endeavour and struggle, a point at which most clubs never arrive at all. It entered the struggle full armed and free from the irritations and exac-

tions which beset an organisation straining every nerve to provide for itself to fight debts and deficiencies and to sustain an adequate home.

One of the most valuable of the Players' many valuable possessions is its collection of pictures. "There is a book in that collection—the pictures of the Players," said Mr. Brander Matthews to the writer a little while ago, and this is so true that any attempt to do more than mention three or four here would lead to hopeless entanglement. Sentiment naturally gives first place to the full-length portrait of Mr. Booth, by Sargent, framed over the fireplace in the reading room. This picture, which represents the founder standing before the vule log of the hall, was the gift of Mr. E. C. Benedict, and of it Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote:

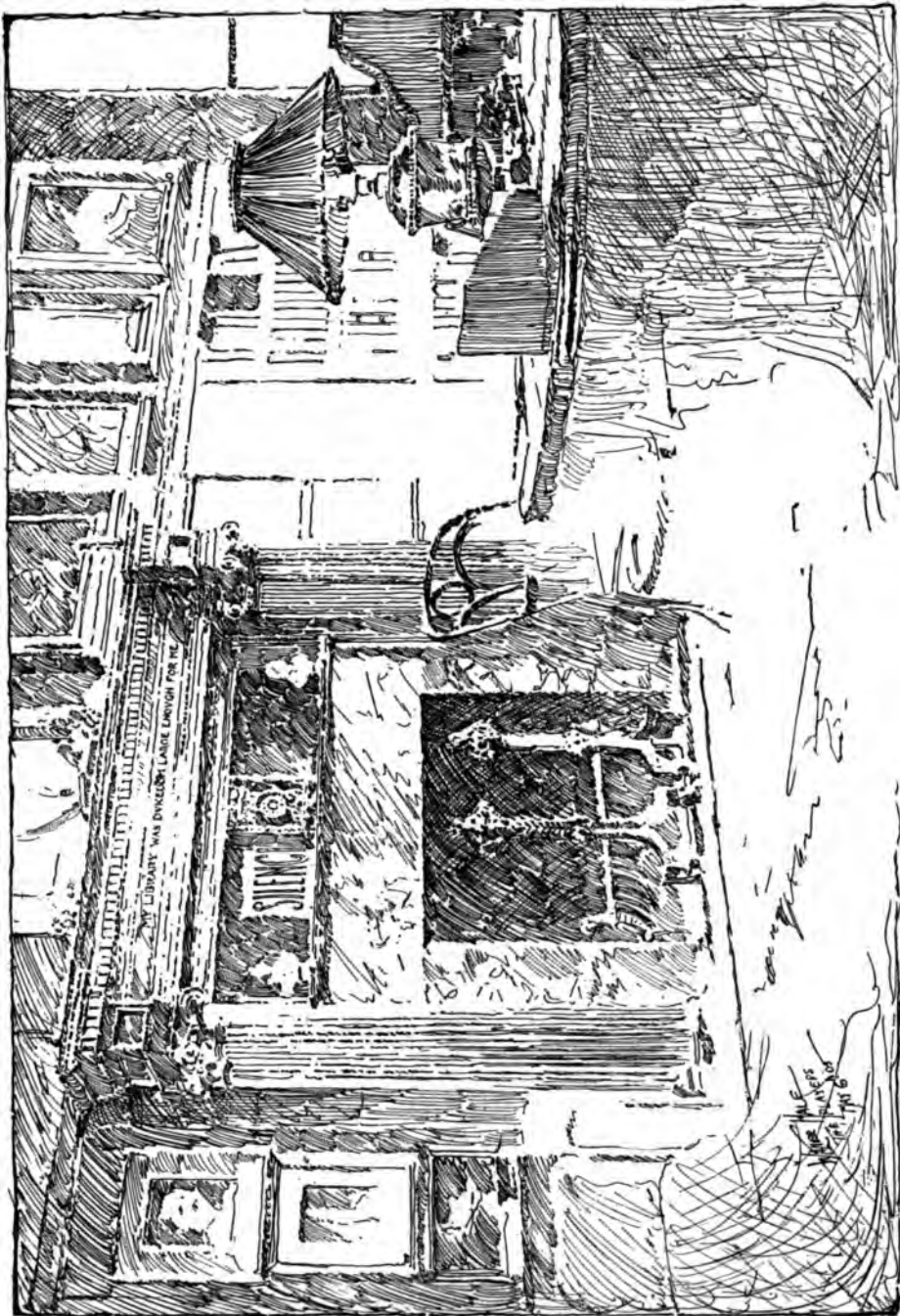
That face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light,
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—
Nay, 'tis the man, could it but speak!"
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!

Four paintings of great interest in the hall are John Collier's Edwin Booth in the character of Richelieu, Sir Thomas Lawrence's John Philip Kemble as Hamlet, and two by Sargent, one of Lawrence Barrett and one of Joseph Jefferson in the character of Dr. Pangloss. Here, also, are portraits of W. J. Florence, of Mrs. Gilbert, and of Fanny Davenport. But the portraits of the Players are not confined to the main floor. From top to bottom they adorn the walls of the rooms and one side of the broad winding stair-

The writer wishes to correct an error which appeared on page 396 in the June issue. The dinner at which Captain Coghlan recited the famous "Me unt Gott" poem was given not, as stated, by the Lotos Club but by the Union League Club.

case. The front of the main floor, facing on Gramercy Park, is given over to the long reading-room and the writing-room. Back of the reading-room is the main hall, and beyond is the grill-room, the windows of which command a view through the garden to Nineteenth Street. Between the hall and the grill-room there are on each side of the passageway safes filled with curious relics. Here is a spring dagger, formerly the property of Edwin Forrest, the crooked staff which Charlotte Cushman used when playing Meg Merrilies, a ring that once belonged to David Garrick, and the blonde wig which Fechter wore as Hamlet.

A club has been defined as an institution supported by a thousand men for the benefit of a hundred. If this definition applies to the Players, it must be said that the benefiting hundred is very representative. If you will go into the grill-room—perhaps the most beautiful and original room in the house, with its oaken beams overhead and its blue tiled fireplaces at either end—at the hour of luncheon, you will see men who are eminent in every profession. To begin with the church, Dr. Rainsford makes his way here not infrequently, and Bishop Potter comes from time to time. Almost every day the arbiters of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and Mr. Buell, will be found seated round one of the corner tables. Among other magazine men who frequent the Players at this time of day are Mr. Caspar Whitney of *Outing*, Mr. Cosgrave of *Everybody's*, when he is not in Boston urging on Mr. Lawson to fresh instalments of "Frenzied Finance;" Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine of *St. Nicholas*, Mr. Boyden and Mr. Burnett of *McClure's*, Mr. Dwyer of the *Delineator*, and David Monroe of the *North American Review*. About the round table in the bay window will usually be found a gathering of painters and sculptors, men like St. Gaudens and Reid and Smedley. Among those who work on canvas will bitterly resent the word "artist," holding that the term has become ignoble through its abuse, and styling themselves simply "paintermen." More likely than not you will catch a glimpse of Oliver Herford buttonholing a friend in order



A CORNER IN THE PLAYERS' LIBRARY

Drawn by Walter Hale

to perpetrate an anecdote or a *bon mot*, which in his case is pardonable, even commendable, for either the *bon mot* or the anecdote is certain to be good. Enconced in a great chair in the reading-room is Mr. Hamlin Garland. Sitting at a nearby round table are Mr. Booth Tarkington and two or three of his intimates. The time that he devotes to Clubland Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman divides between the Players and the Century, and the same may be said of Mr. Brander Matthews.

At the dinner hour the assemblage is somewhat different. Those connected with the dramatic profession, whose active work is just beginning, dine early, while later come the men whose labour for the day is done. But the great gathering of the actors takes place at the Saturday midnight supper, after the theatres are out and the Thespian may sit down to a few hours of good cheer with the pleasant consciousness that there are before him almost two days of rest before he is called again to his nightly task. Then, if the season is right, you will find in the grill-room the greater part of the actors with whose names theatre-goers are most familiar—men like Mansfield, John Drew, Otis Skinner, Francis Wilson, James K. Hackett; playwrights like Augustus Thomas, and managers like Belasco and Daniel Frohman.

Of the two annual feasts of the Players, Founder's Night is the most conspicuous. At midnight on New Year's eve the members assemble to commemorate the opening of the club and to drink to the memory of Edwin Booth. From four o'clock in the afternoon until the next morning all guests are excluded from the privileges of the club, for Founder's Night is felt to be an event in which the Players alone should participate. Toward eleven o'clock the club-house begins to fill. A few minutes before midnight there begins an address by some prominent member, which comes to a close when the clock begins striking the advent of a new year, and the Loving Cup is passed from hand to hand. With this ceremony the formal part of the evening is at an end, and the Players pass around wishing one another "A Happy New Year," after which they repair to the heavily laden

tables that are set in the grill-room and in the private dining-room on the floor above, finishing the night's celebration with impromptu speeches and song.

Any mention of the Players would be incomplete without a description of its library, which contains what is probably the finest collection of dramatic works in America. The library is a long room occupying most of the second floor. Here is an atmosphere of repose, with the comfortable arm-chairs, the shaded movable reading lamps, and from the walls the portraits of the great actors and actresses of the past looking down. On a table in the centre are the three huge volumes which were designed to contain the photographs of all the members of the club. But even of the members of the early years there are many portraits missing; of later years members have been neglectful in furnishing portraits, and the collection is incomplete. Just off the main library there is a little square room in which are kept the books of Edwin Booth, the working library of a Shakespearean tragedian. On the same floor, looking down on the garden with its playing fountain, is the room which serves as the private dining-room or the card-room. On the walls of this room there are half a dozen landscapes, two of them being scenes in Louisiana painted by Mr. Jefferson. The third and fourth floors are divided into living rooms for the members and to the rooms which served as the last home of the founder. Adjoining the Booth apartment is the large room occupied by Lawrence Barrett from the time the club was opened until his death. On the door between there was a great door-harp that sounded whenever the door was pushed. After Barrett died the door was not used, and Booth ever after said, "I like to look at that door, for through it Barrett always came to me heralded by music."

Comment has been made that the Player showing the club to a guest who is visiting it for the first time will in nine cases out of ten proceed along a conventional line. Casually and offhand he will point out first of all the pool room and the offices in the basement. Then he will take the guest up one flight, call attention to the reading-room and

the Sargent's Booth, the great fireplace in the hall, the grill-room, and the tables set on the veranda for dining when the weather is pleasant. Another flight upward and the visitor is introduced to the various attractions and interesting books of the library, the great portfolios of Gilray's drawings and the rare volumes which deal with the history of the stage. When the rooms of Mr. Booth, which have been kept to this day exactly as they were at the time of his death, are reached, there will come over the Player a certain instinctive quiet. In a low

voice he will call attention to the wreath on the pillow, to the various portraits, to the volume of William Winter's poems which the Founder was reading his last night on earth, and which has been left on the table with the bookmark in the same place ever since. There is an impressiveness about these rooms which reflects the spirit of affection and reverence with which they have ever been held by the club. Down all the years they have remained the same—retaining something of the sad, gentle personality of Edwin Booth.

THE QUESTION OF STANDARDS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



HERE are some people so constituted that they still cling to the idea of absolute standards in literature. They want you to gauge in millimetres the relative sublimity of epic, dramatic and lyric verse. If you praise the poems of Rudyard Kipling, they would have you give the exact ratio of his genius to that of Milton, let us say, or Wordsworth, or James Whitcomb Riley. They are not content to be told that *Henry Esmond* and *The Tale of Two Cities* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* are all three masterly examples of the historic novel. No; to satisfy them, you must draw a chart in cold black and white, showing with mathematical nicety the relative positions occupied by Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer, in the eternal hierarchy of letters. And when it comes to the host of humbler writers, those who have not quite made good their claim to wear a perpetual aureole, why the way to deal with them, you are told, is to erect a barrier, a sort of Chinese wall of exclusion, dividing the books which, on the one hand, are literature, from those on the other, which are merely merchandise.

Considering the question dispassionately, it is easy to understand the frame

of mind which begets this autocratic form of judgment, this summary separation of the sheep from the goats. When we see, month after month, lists come in from librarians and book-sellers of the most popular and "best selling" books, which are so rarely the best books by any higher standard than that of the department stores, we can appreciate the impulse that would sweepingly distinguish between the novel which is a work of art and the novel which is only a commodity. Yet it should be remembered that popular success is never a wholly negligible element in criticism. It is at least a superficial evidence that the book has some merit, which the conscientious critic may discount afterwards, if he choose, but to which he has no right to close his eyes.

As a matter of fact, this summary division of books into literature and merchandise is about as unfair as any other absolute standard of values. Practically every book that is published has at some time or other been weighed in the balance as a prospective piece of merchandise, at least by the publisher; and on the other hand, few books are issued to-day so absolutely devoid of any literary pretensions as to deserve contemptuous dismissal with a bald statement of the colour of its binding and its pounds avoirdupois. What

should be recognised as a sort of axiom in passing judgment upon books, and especially in the case of novels, is that there is no fixed ratio, inverse or otherwise, between the popularity of a book and its artistic value.

Of all the rules that may be laid down for literary criticism, probably the simplest and most obvious is that a book, in all fairness, should be judged in the light of what the author has been trying to do. There is an injustice, a futility, an exasperating lack of logic, about the not infrequent review which sweepingly condemns a story because, for instance, it fails to teach a lesson, when the author not only did not try to teach a lesson, but was unaware that his book suggested any lesson to be taught. Whether an author was capable of handling bigger or finer themes than he did handle, whether his temperament and his intellectual equipment were adapted to a different order of creative work, are questions which may fairly be taken up when the time comes to estimate his life work in its entirety. But they seem beside the question in passing judgment on a single book. A careful and sympathetic exposition of what the novelist was trying to do at once places the book in its proper class. Its rank in that class depends upon his measure of success in doing what he tried.

The best way, it would seem, in which to show how little real connection there is between high-class workmanship in fiction and popular success is to study for the moment the writers who succeed pre-eminently in doing what they have tried to do. A novelist is, in a measure, like a musician. He has within him the conception of certain discords and harmonies of life, and he tries to translate them into a sort of verbal music that will set the chords within us vibrating in unison with his own emotions. He may be a big, virile, jovial dreamer of Gargantuan battles and Rabelaisian feasts, and we have the glorified dime novels of Dumas. He may have the clear-eyed comprehension of a Dickens, tingling with the comedy and pathos and cruelty of life—and we have the realistic caricature of *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. He may be an indefatigable student of human souls, a marvellous dissector of the

elusive things of life—and we get the inimitable subtleties of Henry James. Each of these three in his individual way has triumphantly achieved his end. Each of them has found the language, the style, the literary method that formed a perfect vehicle to produce the special effect he sought to produce on his readers. Yet to-day Dumas continues to be read and loved by readers of all ages in many countries; Dickens, the popular idol of his generation, in spite of many votaries, is no longer the popular idol of ours; Henry James has always been, and probably always will be, the object of an exclusive culte, the idol of a narrow circle of the élite. It matters not how wonderful an author's skill may be, how faultless his technique, how subtle his insight into human nature, if the phases of life that he describes are repellent or even tiresome to the great majority, he cannot win popular acclaim. Yet his failure to do so detracts not in the least from his genius. To many an author, the public, by its indifference, is virtually saying, "We concede your power to make us feel a certain class of emotions, but they are emotions that we do not wish to feel. Joseph Conrad's *Falk* stands out as one of the few wonderful short stories of the past decade. It pictures a strong man haunted by the atrocious memory of cannibalism. It sends slow, creeping shudders over you as you read. But the general public does not read for the sake of shuddering, and *Falk*, though Edgar Allan Poe himself might have been proud to write it, will never be widely popular.

It is this failure to strike the popular note which accounts for the neglect of two-thirds of the volumes which the trained man of letters cordially endorses. A new author comes to the front who can picture the monotony of life on an isolated New England farm till the whole book seems like a long-drawn sob of loneliness. The technique of the book may be flawless. But what does the public care for technique? A touch of rag-time would be more to the purpose. There are cases where the popular neglect of a book is indirectly a tribute to its merits. Wonder has often been expressed that the inimitable art of Miss Austen should have received so little

recognition from her own generation. Yet the faithful record of such tranquil, uneventful lives as it was her province to depict must itself partake in some measure of the same even tranquillity. From a less talented pen, such a record would have been frankly boresome. As it was, the indifference of a public nurtured on *The Mysteries of Udolpho* was an indirect endorsement of Miss Austen's fidelity to life. Stendhal must needs wait for a whole generation after his death for a tardy recognition, and even those who admire him most sincerely must be glad that it was so. Had he been met with acclaim by a public steeped in French romanticism, one would hesitate now to accord him a place among the pioneer realists.

On the other hand, public favour, when it is given generously, does stand for a good deal. The fact that a certain colonial novel or detective story or piratical romance has reached its fiftieth thousand does not decide the relative merits of these different classes of fiction; but it is strong evidence that the book in question is an exceptionally good example of a colonial or detective or nautical story. The author who sets out to-day to scuttle ships or war upon Indians with the early settlers, or follow in the footsteps of a new Sherlock Holmes, must do it pre-eminently well, for the public knows by this time what it wants, and will not be deluded into endorsing mediocre work.

There are some authors to whom technique is always of more importance than the story they have to tell. They would rather not tell it at all than to sacrifice their mannerisms, their tricks of phrase, their special flashes of limelight and crimson fire. The general public is always somewhat intolerant of verbal mannerisms; and Maurice Hewlett is one of the authors whom you cannot even think of apart from the idea of a certain literary pose. He can make his pages glow with passion when he will; yet through the stress and storm of them one always feels the personal note of the author, calm, judicial, dilettante, extracting a cynical amusement out of human foibles and frailties. There is also in his stories, especially the Italian stories, an unconscious touch of special culture, intimate knowledge, which to the few readers who

really like it forms one of the sources of unfailing delight in Mr. Hewlett's work, but which the majority would find frankly irritating. If you are reading for the sake of the story only, and not for the inimitable charm of the style, you grow impatient at a paragraph that lingers over some antiquarian detail of dress or armour, some bit of genealogical history that illumines, with a cynical malice, some family trait of greed or avarice or treachery, cropping up in some old Florentine, whose heart has lain a handful of dust for centuries in his tomb. "I hope," says Mr. Hewlett, parenthetically, with a grim humour, "that the old bones are none the worse for my galvanism. They wore great flesh once."

The trick that Mr. Hewlett has of restoring the flesh to old bones, and endowing
ing musty chronicles
"Fond Adventures." with a new life, is a thing to marvel over. His facts he rakes out of the dust-heaps of buried centuries. He stirs and fans them with the breath of an ardent imagination—and forthwith they kindle and glow with a sort of verbal opalescence. Four mediæval tales make up the contents of his latest volume, *Fond Adventures*. There are no half measures in one's liking of Maurice Hewlett, if one likes him at all. It matters little which of the four stories one begins with; but almost inevitably one ends by re-reading that inimitable tale of early Florence, "Buondelmonte's Saga." To-day the man who, with his marriage day as good as set, should with scant ceremony break off the alliance, for no better reason than that he had seen another woman's face that was better to his liking, might hear some hard things said of him; but the end need not be tragedy. In mediæval Florence, it meant bloodshed, riots, a city rent asunder with civil strife. How much of this saga is true, how much the coinage of Mr. Hewlett's brain, he himself would probably be puzzled to tell. He makes one feel curiously the remoteness of those vanished centuries, yet at the same time his pages tingle with vitality, as though reciting the happenings of yesterday. You see, as if in the flesh, Buondelmonte seeking to patch up an old family feud by forming

an alliance with the Uberti; you see smouldering anger and black looks giving place to a strained and ceremonious courtesy. You see Buondelmonte, now that he is pledged, suddenly falling tumultuously in love with Foreste Donati's younger daughter, Piccarda, and rashly concocting the first clumsy excuse that comes into his mind for breaking off the alliance with the Uberti. You see the latter gathered in secret council, weighing the evidence, anxious to be sure of the justice of their quarrel, sure that the affront has been deliberately put upon them. Then one more unforgettable scene: a lover in bridegroom's attire, hastening to a rendezvous, waylaid at the bridge; a brief confusion of men and horses, huddled together; the flash of a knife or two; a dead man, lying muffled in his cloak, and the whole city in an uproar. One feels that in these few crowded, tumultuous pages there is more of the real essence of Florentine life than in the whole length and breadth of George Eliot's *Romola*.

There are not many novels which may be so easily and unhesitatingly classified

as Elizabeth Robins's noteworthy volume, *A Dark Lantern*. It is a new and original treatment of a very old problem—the problem of separate standards of morality for man and woman. It is a book which fairly tingles with the consciousness of sex; yet curiously enough it is as frank, as fearless, as free from self-consciousness as though written by a man. Besides the vigour with which the main theme is handled, the striking quality of the book is a certain kind of bigness, easier to feel than to put into words—an impression of amazing depth, both physical and mental, a feeling that you can gaze down lengthening vistas of the separate lives that enter into the story, and that your knowledge of them goes far beyond the limits of the printed page. As for the central theme, here it is in epitome. Katharine Dereham is an English girl, moving on the very top wave of London society. She might marry almost anybody, excepting the young German princeling to whom she gives her foolish, girlish heart. The

early chapters are a rather remarkable analysis of the heart-throbs of a young, romantic, unformed girl, as yet only half aware of the significance of her own emotions. It happens that Prince Anton is quite as seriously impressed with Katharine as she is with him; and after months and years of hope deferred, he offers her the only alliance that lies within his power, a morganatic marriage. Into this questionable union the girl's ambitious relatives almost succeed in pushing her, but her own finer feelings save her.

In the early days of her infatuation, another man comes into Katharine's life, a poor, struggling, eccentric student, with manners brusque to the verge of boorishness. So utterly outside her life he seems to her that, in rejecting his proposal she scarcely feels the necessity of softening the blow by womanly tact or sympathy. This refusal is not emphasised in the story—at least not dwelt upon: yet if one understands the author rightly, it is supposed to be the turning-point in the hero's life quite as much as Katharine's rejection of Prince Anton's advances is a turning-point in hers. In after years, when Katharine's nerves are shattered, when doctor after doctor has done his best to help her and has failed, Garth Vincent, the uncouth medical student of earlier days, is the man to whom she turns in despair. He has meanwhile become a physician about whom all London is talking—a quack, in the opinion of the envious, a miracle-worker, according to those whom he has cured. The history of the six weeks during which Katharine follows out Garth Vincent's rest cure is one of the most vivid pieces of sick-room fiction ever put upon paper. The tedium of dragging hours, the nerve-rasping mannerisms of the trained nurse, the anguish of pain that refuses to yield to treatment, in the end set the reader's nerves and muscles to aching in sympathy. Katharine nearly dies, but her sickness accomplishes one beneficent thing. It drives out the image of Prince Anton from her heart and places in his stead the brusque, boorish, big-hearted doctor—the man whose very presence seems to conjure away her pain, and whom she has learned to call her "black-magic man."

Katharine and Garth Vincent are married. One draws a long breath and wonders what more there can possibly be to the story. But Elizabeth Robins's purpose is only half accomplished. It is not good for man, or woman either, to live alone; yet both Katharine and Garth missed the chance of early marriage. The woman hovered on the border of temptation, yet she kept her record clean, a page that she may open frankly for the world's inspection. But in repressing her emotions she has paid the penalty of a wrecked constitution. Meanwhile, what has the man done with his life during those intervening years? That is the question which haunts Katharine after her marriage with him, a question that is destined never to be answered. And the events which force Katharine to a tardy recognition that it is best she never should know—that her continued ignorance of those unknown years is a part of that code that provides one standard for the man and another for the woman—round out with splendid strength a book so strong in its earlier chapters that for a while one almost apprehends an anticlimax.

It is much easier to point out the merits and defects of a story than to prophesy successfully its chances of widespread popularity. Books dealing with the so-called problems of sex are not popular in America, and for that reason one hesitates to emphasise the sex element in such a book as *Hecla Sandwith*, by Edward Uffington Valentine, a book which has many other qualities that recommend it to favourable notice. The chief fault of the book is a lack of concentration. Like a great deal of our American fiction, it stretches out over too long a period of time. It leaves one slightly in doubt just what the author was trying to do. Apparently his first purpose was to study the effect of a certain environment upon a group of characters, especially one or two young women. The locality is the Pennsylvania coal region, half a century ago. The people are Quakers, austere, bigoted, superstitious; and the quaintness of their customs and the queeriness of their beliefs are all accentuated by the presence

of a stranger among them, a young Englishman who has come to study the coal industry, and who ends by settling down and marrying the daughter of old Joshua Sandwith, iron-master of the Hecla Furnace. The life of the foundrymen, the scenes at the furnace itself, the whole atmosphere of the locality itself, are pictured with a graphic realism that wins a hearty approval. But with the technique of the plot one feels inclined to quarrel. The marriage of Hecla Sandwith to Hallett, the Englishman, takes place somewhat beyond the middle point of the book; and there follows a prolonged period of strained relations, due to the girl's lack of real affection for her husband, and her ignorance of the real significance of the new life she is entering upon. Now, if this unhappy union is the vital portion of Mr. Valentine's story, it gives the impression of having been unduly compressed. If, however, it is merely an episode in the general chronicle of a Pennsylvania Quaker family, then it has been needlessly dwelt upon.

It may be frankly conceded that Justus Miles Forman possesses the ability to write an excellent book of its kind, whatever kind of book he undertakes to write. So far he has tactfully adhered to themes likely to win popular approval, and his new story, *Tommy Carteret*, is no exception to the general rule. One feels safe in saying that the majority of readers who take up a novel primarily for the story will find, first of all, a group of characters whom they cannot help liking if they would; and secondly, a series of happenings so far removed from the ordinary routine of life that only an unusually persuasive style of narration keeps them within the bounds of credibility. It is not necessary to explain in detail the events which oblige the young Tommy—it happens that there are two of them, the old Tommy and the young—to leave his home, his friends and the girl he loves and bury himself for life in that jumping-off place of civilisation, Half-breed Hill. It is sufficient to record that, living in this ignorant, illiterate, vulgar community, Tommy, who is the soul of chivalry, finds himself in honour

"Tommy
Carteret."

"Hecla
Sandwith."

bound to offer marriage to frowsy, black-haired Mariana, of the Dutch Hill Road. It is a lawless community, as well as illiterate, where Tommy lives in exile, and on the eve of the wedding some shots are fired, one of them lodging in Mariana's heart and another in Tommy's brain. Tommy Carteret does not die: instead, he struggles back to a life that is worse than death. Mariana, frowsy, loud-voiced, hopelessly vulgar, was a horror to him when she was alive. Now, after death, she comes back to haunt him, a waking nightmare that is slowly driving him to the brink of suicide. It does no good for the doctors to tell him it is a delusion, the effect of shock and that bullet in his brain. He only smiles at them a pitiful smile of disbelief. Does he not see her with his own eyes come into his room every night, deliberately opening the door, no matter how securely he locks and bolts it? Does he not hear her voice, singing to him, talking to him, arguing with him, claiming her place beside him as his wife? What comfort is it to be told that she is only a delusion, an obsession of the injured brain? To his sight and hearing she is as real as any living human being. And Tommy lives in daily dread of an added horror, worse than any other—the dread that any day she may become real to his sense of touch as well as to his other senses. The story is one of unusual cleverness, and full of surprises to the end.

The Accomplice, by Frederick Trevor Hill, appears at first sight to be a new variety of detective story.

"The
Accomplice."

More accurately, it is not a detective story at all, but a sort of offshoot from that type of novel, resulting in a new and unclassified species. Mr. Hill has hit upon the original idea of depicting a murder trial in detail, from the impanelling of the jury down to the verdict and dramatic ending; he has shown it all to us through the eyes of the alert, resourceful foreman of the jury—almost too alert and resourceful to be altogether credible—and he has so ingeniously worked in the evidence and dovetailed the facts that a mystery seemingly as hopeless as a Chinese puzzle finally elucidates itself,

although the prosecuting attorney, the witnesses, the judge himself, are all unwittingly doing their utmost to defeat the course of justice. Sensational the book certainly is: yet there is undeniably some good realism in it. For the time being you live and breathe in the atmosphere of a criminal court.

In the matter of standards, James B. Connolly established his claim to a pretty high place as a writer of sea stories, with the appearance of his first volume, *Out of Gloucester*.

"On Tybee
Knoll."

In that, and in *The Sciners*, which followed it, you could fairly smell the brine, and feel the tingle of wind-driven spray on your cheek. The impression, however, made by the tales in *Out of Gloucester* was that Mr. Connolly's talent lay primarily in depicting things that he could see. His strength, one inferred, did not lie in the construction of plot. And this impression has not been materially altered either by *The Sciners* or by the newly published volume, *On Tybee Knoll*. The latter is a simple, straightforward little tale of the adventures of an energetic young fellow, sailor, dredger and lumberman by turns, in connection with river and harbour improvement at the mouth of the Savannah River. The hero's first upward step is the award of a contract to furnish the government with a certain quantity of lumber to be used in dredging operations, and to be delivered within a month. He thereby incurs the enmity of the former contractors, whom he has underbid, and they plot persistently to prevent him from fulfilling his contract on time. Some of the adventures which result tax the reader's credulity, especially the recovery in a violent storm of the raft of lumber, which has floated off to sea, and the incidental rescue of a disabled sloop and an abandoned steam yacht. But one forgives the extravagance of the story for the sake of the exhilarating sea breeze that seems to blow through all the pages.

The Black Barque, by T. Jenkins Hains, is, by way of contrast, to the last an out-and-out story of piracy, and the breezes that blow through its pages are laden, so we are constantly reminded, with the pestilent breath of the slave ship.

It is claimed for this book that the descriptions of life on board ship are noteworthy for their realistic strength; and there seems to be no reason for questioning their accuracy. But taken altogether, the brutality of the officers toward their crew, the inhumanity meted out to the living cargo of slaves, the carnage of the encounter with rival pirates, and finally the wholesale massacre when the slaves break loose and run amuck, leave an impression of a needless surfeit of horrors, a sort of piratical Dance of Death.

Such a book as *Curly*, by Roger Pocock, seems in contrast like a breath of clean, wholesome air. You do not realise while reading the book that the pleas-

ure you get from it is not due to the plot, a lifelong feud between an Irish tenant and his English landlord—a feud which has been transported to this country and is pursued to the death out in the Arizona desert. Nor is it wholly due to the fact that Curly, the young cow-puncher, whom you take for a time to be the hero, suddenly turns out to be the heroine. The real enjoyment of the book is in addition to and independent of all this. It is due to the breezy dialect in which the book is written, the picturesque vernacular of the ranch. Without being an imitation, it suggests over and over again in its unique turns of phrase *The Virginian* of Owen Wister.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

RECENT VIEWS ON IMMORTALITY

I.



WHEN a sceptical age begins to doubt its own scepticisms, the minds of men instinctively grope back toward the old faiths of the race. But yesterday we were strong in our masterful science and understanding. Heaven and earth were yielding up their secrets; no strong box of Nature was proof against the mind's cunning; and the human soul felt cramped mid the greatness of creation. To-day the very copiousness of scientific revelation casts doubt upon scientific surety. Atoms resolve into mass-points, subtilise into ether corpuscles, or convert into dizzying swirls of explosive ions, thrice infinitesimal, leaving but the ghostly husk of the reliable physical reality of which we were so sure. The bricks and bars of our stable material house are become gossamer; the world is a riddle beyond solution; and partly in uneasy puzzle, partly in sheer wistful weariness, we turn from the tur-

moil and dash of a temerarious progress back to the tried and trodden ways of the authoritative Past.

In a recent study of Plato's conception of immortality,* Mr. R. K. Gaye tells us that the primary-interest which led to the writing of the most famous dialogue on that topic, the *Phædo*, was the philosopher's desire to show the possibility of perfect knowledge. The Ideas (in character and function strangely like the abstractions of modern physics), which for Plato formed the essence of truth, seemed to him only dimly perceptible in this mortal life. In the flesh we see as through a glass darkly, and so the philosopher thought to demonstrate a future, timeless existence in which the soul, freed from mortal imperfection, should be face to face with Truth.

But later, Mr. Gaye tells us, even this desire seemed arrogant, and humbled before the majesty of his own conceptions, Plato rejected the possibility of any

*The Platonic Conception of Immortality. By R. K. Gaye, M.A. Cambridge University Press, 1904.

human soul ever attaining untrammelled contemplation of the Ideas. All that may be hoped for is gradual approximation to knowledge through a series of reincarnate lives. For Plato believed the human soul to be, like all true realities, an imperishable Idea or mode of the Nous, the Divine Mind, which eternally fashions anew its bodily habitats in the eternal process of realisation, which is the life of the world. The immortality of the soul is thus the immortality of an Idea whose very nature is its unwon struggle toward perfection.

There is a kind of pathos in this glimpse of the ageing philosopher setting aside the over-confident hopes of his earlier days, a pathos the more telling because of its modernity. For ours, too, is the disillusionment of high hopes and overbold assurance. A little while ago, in the hands of science seemed gathered all the clues to a knowledge that should make man the master of his being and enable him, though a million years hence, at last to attain the perfect life. But whether because we reckon with larger ranges of events or with finer human destinies, there is nowadays a spreading dissatisfaction with mere mortal prospects and an anxious consciousness of the ineffectualness of human science in the presence of the final human need.

II.

In three recent books,* the modern mood and the modern need find a various yet, in the impression conveyed, curiously similar expression. Of two, the appeal is directly to the reason, though the emotional element is frankly recognised. Of the third, the appeal is poetic, but with a poetry imbued with modern rationalism. All are written with a full sense of scientific values, and their expression of mood is perhaps the more to be considered in that it shows so clearly what is the import of the science of the day for the man of intelligence who makes science his concern.

*A Song of the Latter Day. By Frederick Peterson. Privately printed, 1904.

Science and Immortality. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1905.

The Eternal Life. By Hugo Münsterberg. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1905.

It is a unique value of Dr. Peterson's sincere and dignified poem that while it presents a world-view which is one of the most natural of corollaries from scientific thinking, it presents this world-view instinctively imbued with the temper of its personal significance. The conception itself is one which seems never wholly absent from the scientific consciousness, yet its "feeling-tone" (to use a psychologism) is ordinarily masked by the impersonalism of the scientific attitude. What science means for the intellect we are accustomed to get very clearly; what it means for human interest we are seldom informed.

Tolstoy, I believe, has pointed out that what makes self-consciousness bearable is belief in the value of one's life and work in the general economy of society, or, philosophically, in the order of Nature. It is to fortify such belief that men frame philosophies, feeling that these give stability to their lives. The world-view which for Dr. Peterson gives the adequate value to life and satisfies the ethical conscience takes evolution as Nature's most patent fact. It is, indeed, an evolutionary pantheism, and the universe

A planet-pæan, one mysterious song

From out the valleys, hills and lonely seas,
That tells of God-in-All and vast decrees
Of order, justice, law that knows no wrong,
Of infinite patience toiling toward the Best. . . .

And in this world evolution it is the fortune of the human individual to be a participant. True, his lot is to be but a passing incident of the process,

ground in the mighty quern
Of the old earth to feed the Godhead there,

but his consolation is faith in the integrity of Nature's purposes and the consciousness that "the stream of life through him sweetens or bitter grows in its onward sweep toward goals beyond the flight of visions or of dreams."

From the mere man's standpoint this world-development assumes a social aspect, and the value of human life becomes purely a value for those social ideals which men cherish more and more as their individual hopes grow less. It is for posterity, the ideal state and the ideal citizens to come, that we live. Our

glory is in the pinnacled cities of the future; our labour is for generations of beings of a finer mould than ours; our pride is in race-patriotism.

O poets, dreamers, man shall yet fulfill
Your august promise in some after time;
Travel to heights more splendid, more sublime,
Be of the angels that ye picture still!

For the individual human ego, for the concrete personality, this scheme offers no permanent place. Men are born briefly to follow

The rapturous pathways winding to and fro
Between Forgetting and Remembering.

and after to pass the way of merely mortal dust. Not that Dr. Peterson wants feeling of the keenness of the desire for self-life. Indeed, he expresses with Khayyamesque poignancy that two-edged sense of the beauty of sensation and its fleetingness which made the Persian desperate. For human desire there is but one counsel: seize joy of the present hour—"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"—but withal, act with propriety, following the normal instincts of your nature. Dr. Peterson is too true to his intelligence, too unwilling to compromise with blind passion, to lapse into Omar's debauched Cyrenaicism. If the individual's history be brief, still it is his to guard sacredly the impulses which in him Nature has made incarnate, to be factors in a world's evolution. There is no individual immortality; but there are reincarnations of the idea of life, there are metamorphoses of conscious force, and according as we live, according as these forces fare in us, so will be determined the future events of the world. Like this was Plato's belief.

III.

The *Weltansicht* of this poem is a distinct vantage for an appreciation of the scientific man's attitude toward the specific question of immortality. Dr. Osler's Ingersoll lecture is fully as interesting (one may be pardoned for saying it) as a typical instance of this attitude as for any particular light which it throws upon the subject. Indeed, he professes himself loth

to speak upon it, while as for the bearing of science upon immortality, it has none save to furnish negative evidence. But he does give us an analysis of men's points of view which incidentally sets his own in clearer light.

He assorts men according to a triple classification. The multitude are "Laodiceans" (the reference is to Galatians 5 : 19-21), who accept the traditional belief, but "live practically uninfluenced by it, except in so far as it ministers to a wholesale dissonance between the inner and the outer life, and diffuses an atmosphere of general insincerity." The Galilions (Acts 18 : 12-15), who "put the supernatural altogether out of man's life, and regard the hereafter as only one of the many inventions he has sought out for himself," form the growing group of to-day—in which the scientist will recognise most of his fellows; for science has created other interests great enough to balk this. Finally, there are the Teresians, who, like the mystic saint Teresa, "lay hold with the anchor of faith upon eternal life as the controlling influence in this one."

And these Teresians, "whose ways are foolishness to the children of this world, mystics, idealists, with no strong reason for the faith that is in them," have yet "ever formed the moral heaven of humanity." It is a bit odd that Dr. Osler failed to note the latent significance in this remark. For if the universe be a moral universe (and what else can human evolution teach?), surely there is ground for believing that it justifies moral forces and satisfies moral faiths. Perhaps, after all, the Teresians are not utterly without reason.

And here, perhaps, is the key to the solution of the quandary of the man of science, who "cannot but feel that the emotional side to which faith leans makes for all that is bright and joyous in life." If he have a courage of moral faith (or a faith in moral reason) capable of conquering his scepticisms, he may come at last to "the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be right with those who deny altogether the life after death; and this," Dr. Osler adds, "is my own *confessio fidei*."

The same moral faith which we feel to

be the foundation of Dr. Osler's not hopeful hope, appears in Professor Münsterberg's transcendentalism. "A scientific basis was first given to the belief in immortality by Plato" (Mr. Gaye quotes Zeller), and it might almost be supposed that the Greek had set the bound to proof, so like to his conception is this latest. It will suffice to give the author's own descriptive passage:

In a painting every colour is related to the neighbouring colours and it belongs at the same time to the totality of the picture; in the symphony every tone is related to the nearest tones, and yet belongs to the whole symphony. But when the symphony or the painting is perfect, then most of all we do not wish the one beautiful colour to sweep over the whole picture, or the one splendid tone to last through the whole music. We do not desire the tone of this individual life to last beyond its internal, eternal rôle, throughout the symphony of the Absolute; its immortality is its perfect belonging to that whole timeless reality, belonging there through its human relations to its neighbours, and through its ideal relations to the ultimate values.

These ultimate values, of truth and beauty, morality and religion, like Plato's Ideas, belong to the eternal nature of the Eternal. It is for us to order our lives in accordance with these values and so participate in the being of the Absolute, made real to us in "our own will-acts, in which we know our will as obeying a more than individual will." As Dr. Peterson expresses it in what for the writer are his finest verses:

There is a power whose thoughts of beauty
seethe
In thee, and all thy striving brain pervade,
A God-in-All, impetuous to express
His beauty manifold, his plan profound,
Through light and colour, motion, form and
sound,
Through towering thoughts, and passions limitless.

In all these varied writings—poetic, scientific, metaphysical—appears the elegiac tone common to the higher thinking as well as to the better poetry of our day. The mood is one of resignation with life rather than of joy in it; of respect for the even ways of Nature rather than of an-

ticipation of special human felicity; of satisfaction in the grandeur of cosmic architecture rather than of confidence in the world's promise for us. One feels that there is a brave effort to make the best of a world which for endurance's sake very much needs being taken at its best. Pater's vague sense of eternal continuity, to which Dr. Osler refers, is about all the modern thought allows, and to the poverty of this consolation is doubtless due the undertone of *Weltschmerz*, which not even the surgical repression of feeling we expect of the scientist can quite hold pent.

It is hardly to be imagined that such a view can satisfy the untutored hopes of the average mortal. Gratification in the spectacle of the cosmic march is not for him; still less can he appreciate the timeless verities of the transcendentalist. His interests do not pass beyond the dear trivialities of the day, and the best he hopes for is only the best he can imagine. But poor he is indeed if this hope be taken from him. Science—as proudly she aspires—may yet cure man of all the plagues loosed from Pandora's box. But if in so doing she destroys the one lingering boon, she takes more than she gives and leaves him impoverished beyond her wisdom to repair. For to man that knowledge is futile which does not fortify his faiths.

IV.

It is worth while, then, to ask seriously whether indeed, as Dr. Osler asserts, "everything possible has been said" on the subject of immortality. It were truly a grievous case if the growth of knowledge is to shed no light upon a belief which, on Dr. Osler's own showing, lies at the source of our moral integrity. Most of all is the matter urgent if his further assertion of a great and growing indifference and disbelief be true—if we are in very fact living upon the mere momentum of moral faiths now passed away or rapidly succumbing to the attacks of an aggressive materialism.

There is at least a question whether the Laodiceans, the indifferentists, are as numerous as Dr. Osler assumes. Certainly it is not unfair to cite current literature as proof that the thoughtful mind

has not relinquished its interest in human destiny. And for the many—well, it is a matter of interpretation. It is true that people have ceased to expect overmuch either from science or dogma, and with the subsidence of belief in lurid future torments the morbid anxieties which it engendered have largely vanished. But is there to-day a sense less vivid of human shortcoming or a desire less keen for the ideal life which mortal circumstance may indeed baffle, but only dead faiths can finally deny?

There are savages, it is said, who have never conceived of immortality. It might be added that there are savages who cannot outcount three whose minds grow misty with the effort to foresee the nearest morrows. But the significant fact in their spiritual history is that they have learned to anticipate and live for just these morrows. It is not otherwise with us; the future life most of us conceive is but a brief remove from the present; it is the *next* in the order of our capability. And this is just what most distinguishes humanity from bruteness: that human life is gauged for the future, not the present. It matters little that this future is the crude construction of a narrow fancy. It matters much that it is never attained, or in attainment builds itself anew as the goal of a better wish; for it is hard to believe that an instinct so natural and at the same time so momentous in human evolution can fail of its justification in the order of Nature.

Only last January there occurred at Tokio a ceremony in its unaffected faith almost uncanny to the sceptical Western mind. The admiral of the victorious fleets of Japan, just returned from Port

Arthur, read an address to the spirits of comrades lost in battle. It is the matter-of-fact directness of it—a simple report to attentive ranks of the dead—which startles modern doubt:

As I stand before your spirits I can hardly express my feelings. Your personalities are fresh in my memory. Your corporal existence has ceased, but your passing from this world has been in the gallant discharge of your duty, by virtue of which an enemy's fleet in this world has been completely disabled and our combined fleet holds undisputed command of the seas. I trust this will bring peace and rest to your spirits. It is my agreeable duty to avail myself of my presence in this city, whither I have been called by our Emperor, to render a report of our successes to the spirits of those who sacrificed their earthly existence in the attainment of so important a result as that above rendered.

Most humbly me in person,

HEIHACHIRO TOGO,

Admiral of the Combined Fleets.

"Our Emperor!" And one recalls that the Mikado is the spiritual as well as the temporal head of the Japanese nation; that that nation itself comprises not only its living citizens of to-day, but also the generations of its watchful dead.

For the beliefs that make human history, it is not to the enervated pundits of the Ganges that we should turn. Nor until the value of these beliefs as factors in mental evolution has been appraised and their rationale in the economy of Nature sought out should we haste to affirm that the last possible word on the subject of their truth has been pronounced.

H. B. Alexander.



SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

DEMOCRACY AND DIVINE RIGHT

I. ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS.

II. THE COMING OF PARLIAMENT.

III. CHATHAM.

IV. WELLINGTON, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.



IMPARTIALITY in an historian is one of the virtues there are none to love and very few to praise. A Macaulay will always be more interesting than a Gardiner, however little the world may be in debt to him for facts. Nor can a writer easily make vivid to his readers the men or the events that inspire no enthusiasm in him. But the Tory dogs have had the worst of it so often since the great Whig deified Whiggism and measured the seventeenth century by the utilitarian principles of the eighteenth that it is pardonable to ask the modern scholar to hold the scales somewhat more evenly. The fifth volume of *A History of England*, the first of six to be published, gives an account of "England under the Stuarts,"* in which the old (and usually misunderstood) maxim of the English Constitution, "The King can do no wrong," is made to run, "The Parliament can do no wrong." In other words, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, with a bias not astonishing in the grand-nephew of the panegyrist of William III, imputes to democracy a divine right quite as unreasonable as the disputatious James ever asserted. Now the belief that the victory of the Puritan leaders over the first two Stewart kings was deserved ought not to make it impossible to do justice to the sincerity of those who defended Prerogative against Privilege. And it is a great pity that in a work so well planned under the capable editorship of Mr. Oman as this promises to be, the temper of a political pamphlet should characterise the

treatment of a period where discrimination is especially desirable. Mr. Oman states in his general preface that the new history is intended to present in convenient and not too cumbersome form, by men equipped to deal with particular epochs, the best results of modern scholarship. Does he think that this ambition is achieved in "England under the Stuarts"? He further says that controversy is to be avoided. Does he fancy that giving one side of a case is a sufficient method of avoiding it?

From the point of view of the philosophic historian, even the democratic idea may be treated as a thesis still open to discussion. A form of government that did not derive its power directly from the people might conceivably be more efficient and more just than any with which we are now acquainted. To the mediæval mind the doctrine on which the Holy Roman Empire was based seemed self-evident: there must be one vicar of God upon earth in state as well as in church or the very foundations of social order would be destroyed. Considered impartially, the mediæval idea was quite as noble as the modern, though it fell short of the needs of humanity. A few centuries hence parliamentary institutions may be described as a splendid failure. It is easy enough to see, at any rate, why to many of the best men of the seventeenth century the tendencies of the time seemed full of danger. Charles I of England, himself the most eminent victim of these tendencies, was no doubt perfectly sincere when he declared that he desired the liberty and freedom of the people "as much as anybody whosoever;" and his conception of their liberty and freedom as consisting "in having of government those laws by which their life and their goods may be most their own" was reasonable to many of his contemporaries. To have a share in government, he thought, was "nothing to them." We need not expect Mr. Trevelyan or any one else to endorse this pronouncement; but what we should expect, at a time so far removed from the conflict that judgment ought no more to be vitiated

*England under the Stuarts. By George M. Trevelyan. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

by passion, is a clear and accurate statement of the motives that impelled both sides. For both were obviously conscientious, and one laid great stress upon legal and constitutional right. If, then, we resent the assumption that this right was divine on the royal side, we are bound equally to protest against the assumption—implied if not expressed—that Parliament acted by plenary inspiration. Mr. Trevelyan is now and then forced to the admission that the Parliamentary party were the revolutionists; but he applies to their extra-legal tactics a very different standard than he applies to the constitutional manœuvres of the King.

Very possibly more politic monarchs than James and Charles would have broken the force of the assault upon Prerogative if they could not have averted it. But many of their difficulties were inherited from their Tudor predecessors. The growth of the power of Parliament was due, in the last analysis, to the rise in England of the middle class, following the decay of the feudal baronage, and to the consequent dependence of the crown upon this middle class for financial support. Furthermore, the accession of the House of Lancaster by the deposition of Richard II in Parliament did much, as Mr. Jane points out in the volume on "The Coming of Parliament,"* which he contributes to the *Story of the Nations* series, to increase this dependence. But if the Yorkist kings were stronger, and if "the constitutional rule of the Lancastrians," in Mr. Jane's words, "ended in failure and the premature growth of Parliament was followed by a reaction," the good government of Edward IV and Richard III did not secure the House of York against defeat by Henry Tudor; nor did the practical extinction of the older nobility in the Wars of the Roses give the Commons that weight in the government which they might have been expected to have after such an event. The Tudors ruled, on the whole, more absolutely than the Stewarts ever expected to rule. Yet the servility of their Parliaments may easily be exaggerated,

as it is, in our opinion, by Mr. Jane. The difference between the position of the Tudors and the position of the Stewarts was in no small measure due to two facts: all chance of a disputed succession had been removed and there was no pressure of danger from without. Thus forces which had been in abeyance suddenly became active. But this is not the whole story. The Puritan attack upon the church did most of all to embitter the contest.

The Stewart period is full of materials for that controversy which Mr. Oman wishes to avoid and which Mr. Trevelyan has settled to his own satisfaction by stating merely one side of the case. Mr. Jane imputes to democracy some colour of divine right, to be sure, and his religious predilections may be judged from the passage in which he represents Protestantism as the only true cause of national growth; but he is less thorough in his suppression of every argument on the other side. For example, he does not approve the persecution of Roman Catholics by the government of Elizabeth after they had conclusively demonstrated their loyalty by their conduct at the time of the Armada. Mr. Trevelyan, on the other hand, calls Cromwell's ecclesiastical system, based upon the suppression and spoliation of the Anglican Church, "comprehensive within and tolerant without." Elsewhere he refers to "the tyranny of Anglicanism over men's souls and bodies." The ownership of the gored ox is obviously a matter of moment! Similarly, when he is forced to admit that Pym and his friends came as near to "technical" treason as ever Strafford did, he adds that they "were revolutionaries only in their means." There is a fine casuistry in this to which only a defender of divine right would be equal.

As a matter of fact, the historian is bound not only to judge men by the standards of their time, but also to apply the same standards to both sides. What was wrong in Strafford cannot be right in Pym. It is because Mr. Trevelyan's volume is a piece of special pleading throughout that it fails to realise the aim set forth in the preface by the editor. That he means to be fair we do not doubt. He does not flagellate the friends of

*The Coming of Parliament. (*The Story of the Nations*.) By L. Cecil Jane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Charles in the Macaulay fashion; he admits that Strafford was inspired by worthy motives, as indeed every one must admit since Dr. Gardiner has presented the irrefutable evidence to this effect. Nor does he defend the manner of that great man's condemnation and death. He says that Pym's argument was "true and noble in spirit," but adds that it was "false and dangerous in letter"—how false and dangerous the howling mob that drove the King to surrender his friend to Parliamentary vengeance showed. He condemns some of the more arbitrary proceedings of Cromwell, but he seems to be struck with their impolicy rather than with their injustice. Such is the bias of his mind. Constitutional precedent was almost a fetich with the Stewarts and their supporters, and in few instances did they undertake any extra-legal measures; while Pym and Cromwell, Independents and Presbyterians, alike broke law and custom and bade their will avouch it. But the assumption that the divine right was with the Puritan side supplies blame for the one and excuse for the other. That there was "tyranny" before the reign of "the Saints" set in there is nothing to prove. The country was prosperous; the administration was efficient; taxation was in the main equitable; a scientific system of finance superseded the empiric measures of Elizabeth's reign. How futile the cry of oppression was may be judged by a single circumstance. When both sides took arms the nation was quiescent as a whole; what enthusiasm there was throughout the country was for the King; and had the attempt to take London been successful, the rebellion would have crumbled at a touch.

It is in his dealings with the church that Mr. Trevelyan is most unfair. The history of England at any period cannot be understood unless the relationship of church and state is clearly apprehended. Long before the breach with Rome the Ecclesia Anglicana was essentially a national body and a potent force in the unification of the English people. Some comprehension of its position in the Tudor and Stewart period is especially important. Mr. Jane is quite right in pointing out that while it was Protestant

in a political sense, it was Catholic in doctrine and discipline. But both he and Mr. Trevelyan fall into the error of saying Protestant and Catholic when they mean Anglican and Roman. This loose use of terms conveys a false impression. The theological Protestants in England were Puritans, and between them and the orthodox churchmen there was a gulf which no compromise could bridge. Mr. Trevelyan speaks of the parish clergy as men who "had passed from Catholic to Protestant and Protestant to Catholic with every change of government." If this were true, it would imply incredible baseness. But it is not true. The English reformers, unlike those of the Continent, separated from Rome without departing from the Catholic tradition. They carefully maintained the ancient doctrine and preserved the Apostolic succession. That was why Anglicanism was offensive to the Puritans and why these first endeavoured to work a transformation from within and then to effect its destruction from without. Mr. Trevelyan approves the ejection of two thousand Anglican priests from their benefices in 1646, while he regards the ejection of three hundred Puritans in 1604 as an outrage. As these last had positively refused to obey the rubrics, it is difficult to see how else they could have been disciplined.

Neither Mr. Trevelyan nor Mr. Jane is just to Archbishop Laud. Mr. Trevelyan, indeed, can say nothing in behalf of the Anglican Church, although he makes a grudging admission that it "encouraged a certain breadth of mind." He praises his Puritan heroes, but he does not mention Andrewes or Herbert or Ken or Collier or Law. He regards the efforts of its faithful sons to preserve the church from destruction as "an intrigue of greedy priests to get some petty advantage over other creeds." The Nonconformists who were turned out in 1662 had refused episcopal ordination; he says that they suffered because of their refusal to assent to everything in the prayer book. This cannot be called candid. As for Laud, nothing could be more unfair than to picture him as a small-minded man concerned only with trivial matters of ritual. His efforts to restore reverence



to the services of the church were of importance for what they connoted as well as for what they denoted. He saved the church from a definite breach with historic Christianity. Mr. Jane admits his conscientiousness, and even Mr. Trevelyan characterises his execution as "a bad act" proceeding from a "mean spirit of revenge." This is at least an advance from the abuse of Macaulay.

The eventual triumph of Privilege over Prerogative may have marked a forward step in the history of mankind. Even so, it cannot be said that the eighteenth century is an epoch to stir lively admiration. The successors of the Stewarts were not men to kindle loyalty in their subjects. The Latitudinarian Hoadlys of the time had small spiritual power. How sordid public life had become is seen in the career of the statesmen of whom Mr. Frederic Harrison has given us an interesting account.* Lord Chatham had something of the moral elevation of an earlier day. But he could also be incredibly servile. No character presents more contradictions. Mr. Harrison is no indiscriminate eulogist, although he shows clearly how much of her imperial greatness England owes to the man who made her supreme upon the sea and won her colonial dominion. The great Frederick was right when he wrote, "*C'était la meilleure tête de l'Angleterre.*" If material success is the first earthly good, then Chatham was the greatest benefactor of his country. But the point is open to argument. In his day, at least, the political corruption which democracy has not destroyed was rampant. Nor was the epoch which beheld the victories of Wellington one on which we can look back with unmingled pride. Wellington himself is not too greatly praised in the late Judge O'Connor Morris's admirable contribution to the *Heroes of Nation* series.† Inferior in military genius to Napoleon, he nevertheless had the qualities which the situation required. "Sagacity was his chief intellectual gift," says his latest biographer; "he was admirable whether in esti-

imating the prospects of a campaign or in laying down a plan of operations in war, or, usually, in perceiving what ought to be done in politics; his judgment in any given situation was also of the highest value." While a great tactician of the stamp of Frederick or Marlborough could have defeated him, he was more than a match for Soult. Perhaps his qualities as minister have been underestimated. He was not a genius like Peel, but his ideals were high and he lived up to them. Enthusiasm was foreign to his nature. It was after his day that the blight of eighteenth century utilitarianism was lifted from English life. The Oxford Movement and the Romantic Revival have worked a tremendous transformation in politics as elsewhere. That is one reason why it ought to be possible to do justice at last to the purposes and acts of the men who supported King against Parliament in the seventeenth century.

Edward Fuller.

CRIME AND ITS PREVENTION.

V. THE DISEASES OF SOCIETY.

VI. LIFE IN SING SING.

Criminology is a most complicated and perplexing subject, and he who undertakes to prescribe treatment for the criminal which will deter others from the commission of crime as well as render the criminal subsequently useful has assumed the study of a tremendous problem, which will not be solved in our day.

The simplest penology was that of our forefathers, who exacted the death penalty for all sorts of minor offences, as well as grave crimes. This was a cheap and easy method of reformation, perhaps, but yet it was not deterrent. As human life came to be properly valued under the progress of recent civilisation, capital punishment was less often inflicted, and transportation to penal colonies was tried as a substitute. Later, the prison came into vogue, and still remains the most satisfactory institution for safeguarding society.

The methodical study of crime dates

*Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co.

†Wellington, Soldier and Statesman. (The Heroes of the Nations.) By William O'Connor Morris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

from the publication in 1876 of Professor Cesare Lombroso's *L'Uomo Delinquente*. The Turin savant gave the term criminal anthropology to the extended inquiry he had made into the physical, mental and pathological characteristics of the criminal population. He saw an intimate relation between bodily and mental conditions and processes, and he found that, of the criminal population as a whole, habitual criminals furnish a much higher percentage of physical anomalies than do ordinary men. These abnormalities consist of malformations of brain, skull and face; of abnormal development of the ear, of the eye and its surroundings, of the nose, of the mouth (such as hare-lip, high palate and anomalous teeth and tongue); excessive or defective development of the arms or legs; sexual peculiarities, as feminism in men, masculinity in women, or infantilism in both. *Pari passu* he finds mental anomalies, as absence of moral sensibility, instability of character, excessive vanity, etc. Lombroso places the habitual criminal midway between the lunatic and the savage, and considers that he represents a special type of the human race.

The effect of the statements of Lombroso and his disciples was to arouse a feeling that if many delinquents were criminals because of the abnormal mental characteristics with which they were born, it was possible that all crime was due to defect or disease, and that, after all, vice was a misnomer. This erroneous idea, which was very popular with the sentimentalist, was antidoted by the saner conclusions of the sociologist, who demonstrated fairly conclusively that the characteristics of the criminal are rather the consequences of his career than the cause of it, and who do not regard Lombroso's "criminal type" with any enthusiasm. The truth lies between the two theories.

The contemplation of crime is unavoidable by the mass of people who dwell in cities. Newspapers are filled with graphic stories of the evils of low hotels; with accounts of suicides following "death-pacts;" with close delineations of methods by which for a time one may steal and yet escape detection; with circumstantial reports of illicit love affairs,

and with infamous medical advertisements. Pictures are published showing the commission of crime. Diagrams indicate clearly *A* the blood spot, *B* the hatchet-blade with adhering human hair, *C* the dead body. The class of illustrations one formerly saw only in the pink *Police Gazette*, lying on the table in the barber-shop, now embellishes the pages of at least one-half of the morning metropolitan newspapers. The young person is thoroughly informed on all these matters, and becomes used to meditation on delinquency and obliquity. Familiarity breeds not only contempt, but toleration.

Crime is certainly increasing out of all proportion to the increase of population. In the United States, during forty years, population has increased 170 per cent., while crime has increased 445 per cent. Recidivists in New York State constitute 60 per cent. of those imprisoned, according to Brockway, or 70 per cent. according to Morrison.

Dr. G. Frank Lydston of Chicago publishes under the title *The Diseases of Society* an elaborate study of crime and its treatment.* He adopts the Lombroso view that the born criminal is always, and the occasional criminal usually, a defective. His presentation of facts and figures and his broad generalisations are aided by a wealth of illustrations, taken from police records, public and private photograph galleries and registers of insane asylums. The willing reader is led to accept Lydston's conclusions and is convinced by his arguments, for his examination of the question of crime seems exhaustive, his inferences inevitable. His book is a comprehensive study of social pathology, and his examination of sexual vice and crime is as frank and fearless as of any other delinquency. While little that is new is contained in his chapters on "Characteristics of the Criminal" and "Types of Criminals," his judicial and forceful statements and his concentrated declarations of results of analysis make his work specially valuable.

Dr. Lydston's remedies to be employed in the prevention and cure of crime are radical. He advocates medical regula-

*The Diseases of Society. By G. Frank Lydston, M.D. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1904.

tion of marriage. He writes: "The (marriage) license window is a place where the honest citizen and the criminal, the sane and the insane, the diseased and the healthy, the pauper and the millionaire, the learned and the ignorant, the intellectual and the weak-minded, may meet upon common ground, always providing the important consideration of the license fee is forthcoming. The criminal, the insane, the epileptic, the syphilitic and the drunkard are here authorised by law to begin the procreation of their kind, the number of their progeny being limited entirely by the volition and physical capacity of the individuals immediately concerned." While he admits that the sanitary marriage is possibly an idealist's dream, he believes that society will soon refuse license to marry to recognisable degenerates, to persons suffering with venereal disease and to inebriates. "Society," he says, "should govern matrimony upon strictly business principles, patterned after those of the life insurance companies, in the management of which sentiment is an unknown quantity."

Lydston advocates asexualisation of criminals. "Sterilisation of criminals for the protection of the public against a degenerate posterity in no way compares in severity with capital punishment or imprisonment for life, remedies which the law does not hesitate to impose in certain cases, for it does not interfere with either liberty or life. The right to procreate should not exist in the case of habitual criminals, nor in a large proportion of occasionals, or indeed in typical degenerates of any kind whatsoever, and unless perpetual imprisonment be rigidly enforced against them, they should be put beyond all possibility of procreation." He advocates model tenements, baths, gymnasia, and the propagation of the gospel of work, health and cleanliness, books and workingmen's clubs. He believes in "legal assessments of the multi-millionaires—compulsory subscriptions—for the elevation of the Under World." Special stress is laid on the importance of juvenile management and reform, on physical training, and on manual and industrial training. Dr. Lydston considers that punishment as a specific for crime is a failure. He would balance punitive

measures by a system of rewards, for society's first duty is not revenge, but self-defence, its next duty being to make the criminal, where possible, a healthy and useful member of the body social. He condemns capital punishment, and applauds the indeterminate sentence as the pivot of a logical system of criminal management and reform.

It is obvious that the application of punishment has not accomplished its end, and that if further light is to be turned on this subject it must radiate from a new source of information, or from some new theory of causation. The condemned man's view of the case has probably been little noted. His analysis may be presumed to be faulty, because of his anger, chagrin and revengeful feeling. Yet undoubtedly there are criminals of high intellectual attainments whose judgment is sound, and whose perspective is true, and whose conclusions are of value to the penologist.

The author of *Life in Sing Sing*,* who conceals his identity under the pseudonym "No. 1500," is a man of apparently excellent education, considerable ability and calm judgment. He does not state the crime for which he was incarcerated, but one is led by two statements to guess that he appropriated funds for the purpose of spending money on a chorus girl. Infatuation for a charming person of the opposite sex is so fully in line with the great plan of Nature that some cannot view a theft for the purpose named with as much abhorrence as other crimes compel. For we must admit that what modern society arbitrarily terms immorality is not incompatible with nobility of character in all other respects. On this subject Lydston says, "Preach as we may, philosophise as we may, legislate as we may, there is in every human breast a subtle sympathy for sexual offenders against moral and statutory law," with certain exceptions.

Number 1500 has much philosophy. His story is replete with interesting incident, and he writes calmly and thoughtfully of the injustice and damage to the criminals wrought by the prison system. In his retrospection, penned a few hours

**Life in Sing Sing*. By No. 1500. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1904.

before the gates opened and set him free, he says:

The State has cut my life in two and taken six years out of the prime of my manhood. It has done more. It has thrown me into associations from whose taint I shall never escape. It has linked me into an existence which will continue while I live—perhaps afterwards—who knows? It will be said that I myself chose that it should be so; that the fault is my own, as the penalties are mine, and that my complaint is groundless. It may be so. I can only at this moment say that my feeling is that a great and deliberate wrong has been done me. I did commit a crime, a serious one in the eyes of the law, to whose ministers it was exaggerated by the vindictiveness of an influential prosecution. But for it, howsoever deeply and earnestly I might have repented, there was no quality of mercy. In an instant I was herded with criminals and classed as one of their number forever—branded with an indelible infamy and made an irredeemable outcast from society. . . . I shall go out in the custody of the sternest and most watchful jailer I have met—my Past. Wherever I go it will be there, not a shadow or a fancy, but a grim and persistent reality. No illusions that I may encourage will exorcise it, no activity that I can develop will fill my life so full as to displace it; and it is that companionship, more dreadful than stripes and bars, unjust, cruel and wrong, against which I cry out.

In considering the reformation of the prisoner, No. 1500 states his belief that there is more good than evil in every convict. He considers prison life advantageous because it separates the convict from the peculiar vices and temptations which beset him when free. But reform, he continues, "real substantial reform, must begin long before the prison is reached, and must flow from such a number of sources that its maintenance will be the incident of a general social improvement, and not the product of organised plans." While he makes few direct propositions as to actual improvement in prison management, his narrative is suggestive to the mind of the penologist, as he emphasises the defects of certain wardens and chaplains and the futility of some rules, while presenting in a most attractive style the interesting

details of prison life. The author established the prisoners' printing office in Sing Sing, and founded *The Star of Hope*, a newspaper written by convicts. Entertaining stories are told of prisoners of prominence, but with all his powers of analysis of character, the author does not open the question of congenital criminal propensity.

Albert Warren Ferris.

VII.

HUGUES LE ROUX'S "PRISONNIERS MAROCAINS.*"

Hugues Le Roux combines two qualities rarely found together, a spirit of enterprise and great literary gift. This fact, instead of arousing admiration, has rendered many sceptical. Those who are accustomed to deal with problems of real life do not see how a prolific writer like Le Roux could prove very practical, while those who devote all their energies to mental achievements do not see how a man could think and write who spends his life in constant travelling, exploring, colonising. I do not deny that it would take a most extraordinary genius to do both things equally well, yet the combination alone is seldom enough to give a man originality, and the more one reads Le Roux the more one feels inclined to admire in him the beautiful character of a man in the complete sense of the word.

Le Roux is an ardent patriot. He rejects most decidedly the opinion that France will cease to be one of the great powers in the world because modern ideals differ somewhat from those of past centuries. France needs not yield, like Greece conquered by Rome; she can be, and must be, "imperialist" as well as other modern countries, i.e., do her part in the civilisation of the world. Moreover, while prominent Frenchmen holding the same view think that France cannot compete with other nations without adopting their methods, Le Roux, on the contrary, maintains that the Latin ideal of civilisation ought under no circumstances to be given up for the Anglo-

**Prisonniers Marocains. Roman par Hugues Le Roux. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1905.*

Saxon. These views account for his strong attachment to everything that savours of tradition in his country, and explains how this most progressive mind is affected painfully by the present movement in France directed against the church. If representatives of Catholicism have misunderstood their mission, let us not forget that one can trace back to the influence of the church almost everything that made France great. As to the argument that such old institutions cannot adapt themselves to our new conditions, we need only point to the Catholic Church in America. Has it not adapted itself wonderfully to modern requirements? Are its members not increasing in number more than those of any other creed?

After these preliminary and necessary remarks, let us now place *Prisonniers Marocains* in Le Roux's writings.

He has been trying for years to persuade young Frenchmen to go to the colonies of Africa and found there a new France; instead of crowding government offices in the mother country, they would find there a beautiful field to develop freely their energy and their spirit of initiative. Under the general title of *L'Épopée d'Afrique*, he has devoted a series of volumes to this problem. In one of them, *Gens de Poudre*, he told the glorious feats of the soldiers who conquered Algeria to France. In *Prisonniers Marocains* he portrays the soldier of Christ, who conquers Africa not only to civilisation, but to Christian civilisation. One of the chief characters of the novel is a monk, one of those *Pères Blancs* who, led by the famous Cardinal Lavigerie, accomplished in Africa the same beautiful mission which the French monks of the seventeenth century accomplished in North America and Canada. (See the Père Aubry, in Chateaubriand's *Atala*.)

An historical fact, told with some interesting details in an introduction, inspired Le Roux's novel. In order to give to the work a touch of actuality, he transposed the action that really took place at Khartoum during the occupation of the Mahdi, to Morocco. Mohammedanism remains the same everywhere, and in making the change the author could take occasion to give some information as to

the country, which he knows extremely well, and which has attracted a good deal of attention lately owing to important diplomatic events.

The story in the novel runs thus: A Spanish cargo-boat is carrying from Tangier to Oran a few French people, who wish to leave Morocco during the time of the political troubles. Overtaken at night by a heavy fog near Gibraltar, the vessel strikes the bottom near the coast and is lost. The passengers and sailors take to the life-boats, but in the morning they are made prisoners by the mountaineers of the Riff in front of the fortress of Melilah. There exists just then a very violent feeling against Europeans, and open hostilities have begun on the ground that a Mohammedan cemetery has not been respected by the Spaniards of Melilah. The prisoners are taken before Mahimon, the Marabout of Mazuza. The captain of the cargo-boat is at once stoned for revenge. As to the others, they are allowed to choose either to give up their faith and embrace Mohammedanism or to die like their chief. At the suggestion of a traitor, Diego, who for some reasons of his own hates the Père Blanc, the Marabout declares that he will not allow each Christian individually to decide for himself, but that abjuration or death at the hand of the natives must be collective. The Père Blanc, after a long and sorrowful struggle with his conscience, decides to renounce openly and formally his faith to spare the lives of his twenty fellows in misfortune, two of whom are women and three children. But the oath of allegiance to Mohammedanism being taken, the Marabout requires his prisoners to give at once a proof of their sincerity; they must submit to the law of Islam, according to which women must be married. The mother of the little children will be allowed to wait until the time of mourning for her husband is over, but the other must be given at once to a man. Christina—this is her name—has decided in her heart to devote her maidenhood to God, and has rebuked her lover, an officer and one of the prisoners. An arrangement is made that the monk and the girl be legally married, while they will yet keep true, of course, to their vows of chastity. But the Marabout

SQUAW TALK



IN the vocabulary of the American Indian there is a term which aptly indicates the supreme contempt with which that taciturn philosopher regards his womankind. "Squaw-talk" is the Indian's expression for any kind of foolish, irrelevant, or untrue talk—the kind of talk that is "good enough for women;" and in that phrase is compressed the savage's contempt for the poor drudge to whom he has relegated all the hard work of life, and who has accepted her lot with a humility born of ignorance and helplessness, and with a patience under oppression that rouses the indignation of civilised women the world over.

In *The Land of Contrasts*, that singularly appreciative Englishman, Muirhead, declares that no book on America is complete without a chapter on her womankind, adding that ours is the only country of which this can be said. The average American writer goes even farther in his praise of his countrywomen, and is insistent, not to say tiresome, in his laudation of our beauty, cleverness and wit. Indeed, the superiority of our women and girls is such an article of faith in our national creed, that when Henry James showed us in *Daisy Miller* how a girl, whose only criterion of manners had been the standards of a small country town, impressed a more cosmopolitan society, he was roundly denounced by his countrywomen. A later generation not only acknowledges the truth of the portrait that he drew, but looks upon *Daisy Miller* in her straightforwardness and innocence as a credit to her country, in spite of her ignorance of convention.

And yet, in spite of all this glorification of our sex, the literature addressed to us is such an insult to our intelligence and our taste that I am moved to lift up my voice in solemn protest.

The most striking example of the contempt felt by editors for our mental powers is shown in the Woman's Page of the average newspaper, where recipes for face lotions, advice as to the proper

way of conducting the feminine side of a courtship, and answers to foolish questions on etiquette combine with the silliest of stories to make up a page that for sheer inanity and stupidity is hard to beat.

Among the many blessings enjoyed by man by reason of his sex, not the least is his immunity from advice. Solomon, indeed, had a good deal to say to him, and the mother of King Lemuel gave her son some counsel on the choice of a wife that has never been surpassed. But from the days of the Preacher until Mr. Bok broke the silence of the ages with his *Advice to Young Men*, the rougher sex has been permitted to go its own way, undisturbed by the floods of advice that have always been the portion of women.

Probably nine-tenths of this advice takes the form of solemn warnings lest women "lose their womanliness." This evanescent quality has been threatened from time to time by such pursuits as skating, voting, doing anything in public, engaging in any business or professional work, or "going out into the world." Another fear which haunts the alarmists is that the financial independence which women are now securing will result on their part in a distaste for marriage. This is the one form of foolishness of which the compilers of the Woman's Page are never guilty, their theory being that marriage is the one end and aim of a woman's life.

The imbecility of the Woman's Page is obvious, but in a less degree the same faults which pervade it are to be found in a more ambitious class of literature. Not long ago Miss Elizabeth McCracken wrote very interestingly in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the place held by the drama in the lives of the humbler citizens. These articles were widely copied and quoted, and Miss McCracken was commissioned to travel through the United States to gather material for a book on the women of America and the widely varying positions in life which they fill. It was naturally expected that she would have much to say that was interesting and suggestive, but the book was intended for women, and the author succumbed at once

to the fancied necessity of writing "squaw-talk," with the result that her work is marred by the two great blemishes which so often disfigure literature addressed to women.

The first of these is a sentimentalism which pervades much of the book, and is no less marked for being somewhat difficult to particularise. It is most conspicuous in the chapter on the women of the South, in which Miss McCracken becomes almost hysterical over their virtues and their vicissitudes. Why the Southern woman in particular? We admire her cheerfulness and energy under misfortune, but is her lot so much harder than that of the woman on the Western ranch or the bleak New England hillside farm? Even in the chapter on "Woman and the Stage," the very topic that Miss McCracken had treated so well in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it is the personal, not the critical, note which is sounded, and instead of a judicious analysis of their relation to one another we have an indiscriminating enthusiasm for Miss Julia Marlowe, evidently a warm personal friend of the author's.

A more serious fault mars her chapter on Woman's Suffrage in Colorado. The result of the important experiment is of great interest to all intelligent women, and had Miss McCracken been writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* it is upon the political phase of the question that she would have enlarged, but she was writing for women, and a different tone was necessary. Consciously or unconsciously, she has written down to us, with the result that the whole chapter is devoted to the everlasting question of whether or no suffrage is destroying the "womanly" qualities of the newly enfranchised.

But if the written word to women be so much in the nature of "squaw-talk," what shall be said of the oral? The old-fashioned lecture, once an educational power in the hands of men like Emerson, Holmes and Beecher, has degenerated into the sort of "talk" that Mrs. Wharton has satirised with so much skill in her brilliant story *The Pelican*. It will be remembered that in this story a young widow finds that the easiest way to earn her living is to give lectures. She begins with one upon Greek art. goes through a

series of "Homes and Haunts of the Poets," and then, as years go on and her audiences become more sophisticated, has a course on Modern Theosophy, Schopenhauer, and The Cosmogony. These lectures are of course attended only by women, and Mrs. Wharton characterises both the lecturer and her audience in a few terse words: "It was her art of transposing second-hand ideas into first-hand emotions that so endeared her to her feminine listeners."

Another glaring example of "squaw-talk" is to be found when an assemblage of women is to be addressed on such occasions as anniversaries and reunions. With unfailing acumen the committee select for a speaker some woman whose sole qualification is her sex's fatal fluency; and often have I sat, indignant but helpless, while the Reverend Mrs. Maunder, or Miss Mixett, Professor of Psychology at Amelia College, meandered through an interminable address, in which a gushing sentimentality usurped the place of ideas and a wealth of flattering adjectives took the place of logic.

The assumption that women have no sense of humour is a piece of rank impertinence, for even those sages who deny to us any great creative power admit our superior quickness of perception—in every direction save that of humour. So firmly is this idea entrenched in the editorial head, that ancient jests about the bargain counter or the bride's poor cooking represent the limit to which our appreciation is supposed to reach. Occasionally this brand of wit is presented in its highest development in a series of "Betsy Beanpole Papers," a chronicle of domestic mishaps, recorded in bad grammar and worse spelling.

An appreciation of satire, an entirely different and much higher thing, is by no means unknown in women, as is proved by the number of those who prefer Thackeray to Dickens; while it is among women that the strongest admirers of Mallock's *Tristram Lacy* and *The New Republic* are to be found. "Lucas Malet," whose Fallowfield family in *Sir Richard Calmady* is one of the finest bits of comedy in modern fiction, and whose satire is as subtle as it is keen, has an enormous following among women, while

the broader humour of *Mr. Dooley* and George Ade have as many admirers among us as among the stronger sex.

Women occupy much the same position toward the drama as toward fiction; they are the great theatre-goers of this country, and no play displeasing to them has any chance of a lasting success. The much-abused theatrical manager has discovered this, but is never guilty of the folly of producing a play designed especially for women and advertised as such.

Those who deny to us any appreciation of dramatic satire or humour need only count the women in the audience at one of Bernard Shaw's plays, plays in which sentiment is entirely subordinated to the wit and satire of the dialogue. That genuine humourist Rosina Vokes was a great favourite with women. Miss Beatrice Herford's clever monologues, levelled though they be at our foibles and failings; Miss May Irwin's fine humour; the broader burlesques of Messrs. Joseph Weber and Lew Field—all these appeal as strongly to women as to men.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman is one of the few women who, writing avowedly for her own sex, addresses us as intelligent and reasoning beings. Her subjects represent two distinct phases of feminine interest. In *The Home* and *Children* she touches the domestic instinct in women, an instinct so strong as to be almost universal and almost ineradicable. In her *Women and Economics* and *Human Work* she treats of subjects not distinctively feminine, but which interest all intelligent women. She never "writes down" to her readers. She gives them the best she has, and to this is due the stimulating quality of her work. To read one of her books is to wish to discuss it, for it is the work of a woman with a mind appealing to other women similarly endowed. There is no "squaw-talk" here.

What is the explanation of this "squaw-talk"? Why is it that the American

woman, lauded to the skies when written *of*, is addressed when written *to* as about on a par mentally with a child of twelve? In *The Intellectual Life*, Mr. Hamerton recognises and deplores the fact that men often condescend intellectually to women, and offers this excuse: "We may not teach, because it is pedantic, and we may not contradict because it is rude." He adds: "I think that the greatest misfortune in the intellectual life of women is that they do not hear the truth from men," and closes with the words, "Where women have most culture men are most open and sincere."

While putting much of the blame for this on men, Mr. Hamerton lays his finger upon a weak spot in the mental equipment of most women. "It has long been felt by men that if women could be more freely initiated into great subjects the interest in general conversation would be much increased. The difficulty appears to lie in their instinctive habit of making all questions personal questions," and this is why men experience a difficulty in talking to women with the same intellectual frankness that they do to men. I have never known an intelligent woman to deny or resent the justice of these criticisms, the reason being found in the attitude of the critic. Mr. Hamerton is indulging in no "squaw-talk." He is applying the same methods to his estimate of both sexes, and women are grateful for the unusual concession.

The Intellectual Life was written thirty years ago, and during that time nothing in our civilisation has changed more than the position of women. They are better educated, have a wider grasp of affairs, and have entered business life with marked success, but the attitude of men toward them is ever the same, and "squaw-talk," at least in literature, will probably be our portion for some time to come.

Mary K. Ford.

LITERATURE AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY



IN his last volume of stories, Mr. Kipling has a whimsical fancy called "wireless," quite as striking as "They," about which so much has been said. The scene is a drug-shop in a nameless town on the south coast of England. The time is a bitter cold night of midwinter. Within the plate-glass windows are three superb glass jars in red, blue and green, before each of which is placed low an electric light. The coloured lights, thrown inward, flush the white-tiled floor in gorgeous patches, run along nickel counter rails, and breaking upon mahogany panels, turn them to slabs of porphyry and malachite. The glare from the red jar falls full upon the portrait of a deep-bosomed girl in a gilt frame, who has just drawn about her neck a string of pearls before brushing her teeth.

Old Mr. Cashell has gone upstairs to bed with influenza, leaving in charge for the night his principal clerk, one Mr. Shaynor. This Mr. Shaynor came from the North country, where his mother once taught school. His father, dead many years ago, was a small job-master of Kirby Moors—a livery-stable keeper we should call him in this country. Mr. Shaynor is in an advanced stage of consumption, and from time to time coughs heavily as he moves about the shop. Mr. Cashell's nephew, an electrician, has just installed the Marconi apparatus for amateur experiments in wireless electricity. A pole has been fixed to the roof of the building, and the young man now sits among the batteries in a room behind the dispensary waiting to be called up by Poole, some miles distant. Mr. Kipling has come in to see the experiments, and being an old friend, is permitted to roam about freely behind the counters and in the rear room. He is, of course, greatly interested in the mechanism of the "coherer," as the electrician calls it, that reveals the wonderful Hertzian waves.

But as time passes without a call from Poole, Mr. Kipling settles down by the one stove in the front shop to pass the night with Mr. Shaynor. As they sit there by the fire sucking cayenne pepper jujubes and menthol lozenges, the conversation turns to the strange and romantic compounds that may be made from drugs.

Late in the afternoon, a girl of seductive shape—whose name is afterward given as Fanny Brand—enters and insists in whispers over the counter that John—her familiar way of addressing Mr. Shaynor—shall step out for a short walk with her round by the church of St. Agnes. After some hesitancy and blushing, the clerk goes out with her, leaving Mr. Kipling to look after stray customers. In half an hour Mr. Shaynor returns, coughing violently. Bright red spots are clearly visible on the handkerchief that he is pressing to his lips as he stands there on the mat by the door. He makes his way to the stove and falls into a chair exhausted. To relieve the asthmatic symptoms, Mr. Kipling sets alight a benzoin tablet or two directly before the flamboyant portrait of the girl. The clerk watches every detail of the process, and then his eyes become fixed on the thin blue spirals as they rise from the incense, enveloping and softening the coarse features, which, it is now observed, startlingly resemble those of the mysterious girl who entered and disappeared with the clerk a half hour ago.

One by one the shutters go up in the neighbouring warehouses; all traffic in the street ceases, and with its cessation is now first heard the sound of the sea as it breaks upon the beach. The odour from burning benzoin tablets as one after another is lighted mingles with miscellaneous scents from soaps, powders and a variety of drugs. As the night advances, the interior seems to take on new and added brilliancy. Lights from the coloured jars break against knobs and flagons and sparklet bottles into all the

hues of the rainbow. Mr. Shaynor there by the stove, as he draws over his shoulders a red, black and yellow Austrian blanket, resembles in the warring lights the incarnation of a drugged moth—a "tiger moth" he seemed to the observer. Presently Mr. Shaynor takes out a bundle of letters, looks them over, and writes another, with a glance now and then at the portrait, stamps the envelope, drops it into a secret drawer and resumes his seat.

In the meantime, Mr. Kipling rummages about in hidden places of the glittering shop and compounds for him a wildish drink of chloric ether and dilute alcohol, spiced with ginger and cardamoms. Mr. Shaynor drains the glass and immediately falls into a sort of trance, with eyes awake and set intently once more on the deep-bosomed girl simpering over her pearls. In a moment he rises, his lips begin to move, and then after difficulties come the words, "And threw—and threw—and threw," completed in another effort to "And threw warm gules on Madeline's young breast." Finally follow long passages in verse and prose, forming, we are to suppose, the first draft of Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*.

For some moments the Morse instrument in the rear room has been ticking furiously. Two men-o'-war off the Isle of Wight are trying to work Marconi signals, but as the receivers are defective all their messages are being taken in by young Mr. Cashell, whose apparatus is in perfect order. At last Poole is heard clear as a bell, and the keys again rattle merrily.

This is the story and some of the phrasing. Mr. Kipling, it is quite evident, has been dipping into some of the many recent literary studies that claim to account scientifically for this or that poet or novelist. Every man of letters, we all know, is explained nowadays by the writers who have come and gone before him. He collaborates, as it were, with his defunct predecessors. The question of indebtedness, says some one, is only a question of chronology. Cervantes, it used to be thought, was the creator of Don Quixote. It is now claimed that the idea of a knight made mad by romances of chivalry must be set to the

credit of an obscure Italian writer, whom the Spaniard surely read when he was in Italy. Coleridge styled Shakespeare "the myriad-minded." Shakespeare was myriad-minded, it is still admitted, but only because he was an "instinctive imitator." Marlowe, Kyd, Jonson, Fletcher, and a half-dozen others set fashions that the great imitator followed and then dropped, one after another. Hence his versatility. Not many of his finest passages, Mr. Churton Collins points out, are really his own. "Night's candles are burnt out" may be, it is said, "an adaptation" of Sophocles's "When evening lamps were no longer burning," and "Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front" looks, according to that same authority, like "a mistranslation" of another line of Sophocles. Now Mr. Kipling comes along and asks whether two writers may not, under certain circumstances, be led to precisely the same theme and to the same treatment of it, even to the very phrase in some places. Take the hypothetical instance in question. Mr. Collins and critics of that kind, were they to consider the matter seriously, would say that Shaynor must have read Keats at some time. The chloric ether doubtless accounts for the curious feat of memory. But there are serious obstacles to this easy solution of the problem. Throughout the scene Shaynor did not appear like one recalling an old poem; he behaved like a man speaking and writing what was for him an original poem, labouring hard from imperfect up to perfect utterance, just as the manuscript of *Hyperion*, published the other day, shows that Keats himself must have done. In addition to this, it was brought out in the conversation that followed the strange performance that Shaynor had never read Keats, never heard of him, in fact, so far as he could remember.

If, then, we are to take the drug-clerk at his word, we are thrown back, says Mr. Kipling playfully, upon the law that "like causes *must* beget like results." Take a young man of the Keats temperament, add the bacillus of tuberculosis, place him in a brilliantly lighted drug-shop before the portrait of Fanny Brawne, not forgetting the January night

or the sound of the sea, and another *Eve of St. Agnes* may be evoked from "the stream of subconscious thought common to all mankind." It is all like the current of electricity induced by the Hertizian waves.

Has anything resembling Mr. Kipling's fancy ever actually occurred in literature? I will drop Shakespeare and Cervantes as too far distant and consider writers nearer at hand. One of the phrases that once fell most frequently from the pen of Mr. Kipling himself was "That's another story." It has come into our every-day speech, where it is heard as often as Mr. Shaw's "You never can tell." Few novel readers, even among the most erudite, are aware, I dare say, that the phrase is also Sterne's. It is a remark that the elder Shandy made when interrupted in his discourse by the inquiring Dr. Slop. Did Mr. Kipling steal—"convey" the wire calls it—the happy phrase from Sterne? Or is it a narrative device that came to each independently? Mr. Kipling is the only man who can answer that question. No scene in Thackeray has been the occasion of more tears than the death of Colonel Newcome. But men who read Cooper in their youth may remember that the scene has a close parallel in the death of Leatherstocking. Substitute Christ's Hospital for Cooper's background of forest and prairie, and for "Here" the more learned "Adsum," and you have something like Thackeray. Did the author of the *Newcomes* consciously or unconsciously lift a great incident from the American romancer? Or are the resemblances purely accidental? Thackeray, as we all know, read, admired and burlesqued Cooper. On the other hand, the death of Colonel Newcome is in so perfect harmony with his entire character that it is difficult to think of it as derived from some extraneous source. A few years ago Mr. Gouverneur Morris wrote a clever story in which a portrait reveals, or threatens to reveal, a disagreeable relationship between the lovers just as they are about to be married. They were, if I remember rightly, born of the same father, but of different mothers; and the portrait was that of the common father and a young woman whom he once abandoned with her male

child. A similar portrait also figured largely in an old sentimental novel by Mrs. Rowson, called *Charlotte's Daughter*, a sequel to the once famous *Charlotte Temple*, over which our great-grandmothers broke their hearts. *Charlotte's Daughter*, however, was a posthumous novel which came too late for a large circulation. Has a stray copy of this story found its way to the library of Mr. Morris? Or was the portrait his own invention? Let us sink a few pegs lower. In one of the stories of Mr. Stewart Edward White, a small boy on the way to Canada with his father and mother dreams as he lies in his sleeper at night of the long trail. At that moment the engine slows up on account of the slippery rails on a steep grade, and the boy walks off the train in his sleep, thinking that he is really on the long trail. The year thereafter some one else wrote a short story—a true narrative it professed to be—in which a young college girl is travelling West under like circumstances and dreaming of a collision. At that moment the train slows up to let off a band of concealed train robbers, and the girl likewise steps off in her sleep. This last tale bears the name of a woman.

And that fact serves to recall two great novels running on exactly the same *motif*. In some or in all of the examples I have so far cited of similar incident or phrase, the likelihood of direct appropriation may be admitted if you like. But in the case of the two great novels we must almost rule out the possibility of any influence of the one writer upon the other. George Eliot would no doubt have been startled had some Mr. Collins of her day charged her with adapting *Silas Marner* from a certain Continental novelist. For she herself thought—if we may assume the truthfulness of this woman otherwise known for the strictest rectitude—she herself thought that *Silas Marner* grew out of her own observations as a Warwickshire girl. "It came to me," she wrote to John Blackwood, "first of all quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollection of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen-weaver with a bag on his back." The idea of it took full possession of her imagination, she goes on to say in the more

intimate journal she was then keeping, and compelled her to drop all other work till the tale unfolded to the end. Despite this account of her inspiration, George Eliot had been anticipated in the main outline of her story by a Polish tale known in English translation as *Jermola the Potter*. Its author was Joseph Ignatius Kraszewski, who played a conspicuous part in Polish letters midway in the nineteenth century.

Kraszewski's remarkable story has its background in the peasant life of Volhynia, a land remote and almost lost to the rest of the world. *Jermola* is a little weazened old man somewhat past sixty, who has been living a solitary life for twenty years in a ruined hut near a clump of oaks and pines, apart from a small village. One evening while at prayers he hears a strange cry, which he follows to the roots of one of the great oaks, where he discovers a male child wrapped in swaddling-clothes; and lying by it is a bag of gold. The poor peasant takes in the child, and insists upon bringing him up, despite the ridicule and protests of the villagers who come flocking to see the foundling. The presence of the little boy—Radionek they called him—makes another man of the old recluse. Instead of dreaming of the past and awaiting death with impatience, he now becomes absorbed in the present; he feels himself blest and very happy; for his life is now moulded to a definite purpose. He goes to a distant village to learn the potter's trade, and afterwards builds a kiln by his hut, where for years he turns out beautiful wares. Twelve years it is, I think, before a gentleman and lady of rank come and claim the child, whom they had exposed in order to conceal a secret marriage. The boy and his foster-father are for a short time separated, but they eventually meet again and flee together to the woods and marshes, where occurs a dreadful tragedy. Radionek dies of fever. *Jermola*, straining the dead form to his bosom, utters a great sorrowful cry, and then flees like a madman into the depths of the forest.

This Polish tale was published in 1857. *Silas Marner* followed in 1861. George Eliot of course knew no Polish; and the translations of *Jermola* into French, Ger-

man, and at length into English, all came, according to the biographical dictionaries, some years after 1861. It is, of course, possible that George Eliot read a French or German version unrecorded by dictionary-makers, who leave unrecorded many things. Just a suspicion of this is no doubt unavoidable, for the tales have so much in common. Not only are the main themes alike, but resemblances extend to details. Most of the characters, too, that help the tale move along correspond precisely. In place of Mrs. Winthrop, for example, who acts as adviser to Silas Marner, there is a widow Harasym who helps *Jermola* in the management of Radionek. Both novelists also describe delightfully the background of village life. The Rainbow Inn, a reader will at once notice, has its double in the inn of the Polish village where gather the wiseacres of the neighbourhood. If we accept the hypothesis that George Eliot never read the Polish author, we have here the most extraordinary coincidence in recent literary history.

And we are bound, it now seems to me, to accept this hypothesis. Chance put in the way of both novelists the same theme. Kraszewski, it is said in the concluding paragraphs of his story, had often seen a bent and decrepit peasant standing on a Sunday by the door of a little Volhynian church and holding an old doll in his arms, which he continually rocked and caressed as if it were really his darling child that lay buried beneath the leaves by the pink and white thorn a few steps away. The attention of George Eliot was likewise many times drawn toward a pallid weaver, as he shuffled along the highway by Griff House in the evening twilight. Out of these striking incidents that continued to haunt their memories in after times, the novelists built up their respective legends. It is perhaps unnecessary to ask at this point why both writers should have taken as leading *motif* the winning back of a lost soul; for the *motif* is implicit in the very character of the solitary. A man loses his soul when he severs himself from all human relations. He may regain his soul only by a reawakening of the primitive affections. Kraszewski and George Eliot would indeed have been dull, had they not known

and felt this in common with all intelligent mankind. Besides the same *motif*, we should expect from the two novelists many similarities of detail, for they both belonged to the realistic school of fiction, the primary aim of which has always been to correlate art with nature. Both novelists, it might be guessed in advance, would elaborate to minuteness a setting in humble life. Both would surely see that a steady matron is necessary to give advice to a recluse who undertakes to rear a child. And there is really but one probable explanation for the appearance of a waif by a peasant's cottage.

Much alike as the two novels are, they differ in just those respects that would be natural on the supposition that the one was written without a knowledge of the other. The Warwickshire recluse should be a weaver and the Volhynian should be a potter. And so it is. The man should make the child a boy; the woman should make it a girl. And so it is. Kraszewski, a rather careless writer, rushes straight on with his narrative with no attention to nice adjustment of the plot-elements. The story of the gentleman

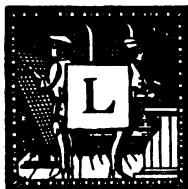
and lady who abandoned their child, for example, little interests him, for his mind is on the main theme. On the other hand, George Eliot develops her sub-plot to the point where it becomes at times quite as interesting as the weaver and his gold, and then unites her two threads in a carefully prepared climax. Again, Kraszewski's recluse, as he saw and knew him, was a madman; and so the novelist moulded his story with madness in view as the tragic issue. The recluse that George Eliot saw but did not know, was to her merely an overworked old man, and she had to divine the issue to the situation she imagined. She worked as a philosopher and perhaps did not quite hit upon the truth. She indeed saw that the end would likely be madness, and then saved her solitary by psychological subtleties rather more clever than convincing.

In literature as elsewhere, similar causes—to modify Kipling's phrase—work similar results. If the receivers are in perfect order the Hertzian waves should have the same message for us all.

Wilbur L. Cross.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



LAST month when we expressed a vague hope that we might receive some sort of brevet military rank, we were merely indulging in a dreamy mood; yet already, four faithful friends of the Letter Box have made our dreams come true. As fast as the mails could bear them to us, came missives addressing us now as Colonel, and now as General. We think a good deal of these letters. We carry them around with us, and from time to time during the day take furtive looks at them to make sure that they are there. We showed two of them to the Junior Editor; but for some reason or other he only sniffed unsympathetically; and a little while after, we heard him telling somebody in the next room that it was "all foolishness." The trouble with the Junior Editor is that he is suffering from debility of the imagination. When we come back from our vacation we trust that he will see the propriety of receiving us each morning with the regulation military salute.

A certain embarrassment arose in our mind at first with regard to this matter of military rank. The question is, are we a Colonel or a General? Two of the letters gave us the former title and two of them the latter; so it seemed, on the face of it, to be an even thing. But we have settled the matter now. The two letters which commissioned us as General were written from the South, a part of our common country of which the people have a proscriptive right to bestow both military and legal titles. Therefore, we desire to announce right here that our proper style hereafter is "General."

Maybe our other readers would like to see these letters. The first is from a gentleman in New Orleans, connected with the *Times-Democrat*. He writes:

"GENERAL: I have derived so much pleasure from the perusal of THE BOOKMAN that I feel

I ought to bestow a little on you in return, particularly when it may be so easily given. I hope you won't ascribe this to 'the Southern lack of humour.'

"Yours, with deep respect,
"J. W. B."

We consider that a very proper letter. The next is written from Charlotte, North Carolina. It runs:

"DEAR GENERAL: Having read the Letter Box assiduously for seven years, I agree that you ought to have the title of General for your general cussedness.

"EPHRAIM."

Probably Ephraim is all right; but after meditating on his letter, we cannot feel altogether certain that he is really and truly a good man.

From Cañon City, Colorado, comes a pretty little note, unsigned, but written in the most exquisite feminine chirography. It says:

"MY DEAR COLONEL: Who could resist such an appeal? Bon voyage and a safe return."

Now we think that is rather nice. Finally, a post-card from St. Joseph, Missouri, bears the following words:

"DEAR COLONEL: Now please *where* will you pass that beatific summer?

"TOM O."

In Arcady, of course; and as we take our leave, we waft to all our readers a wish that each may also have an Arcady, especially the Faithful Four. Were they not so scattered and so hopelessly remote, we should invite them to a little farewell dinner, at which we should discourse to them upon the art of war, and other softer and more seasonable themes. While we are absent we shall think of them each day; but we shall still be troubled by the thought that in all probability Ephraim is not really a good man.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

DIE MALEREIEN DER KATAKOMBEN ROMS.
By Joseph Wilpert. Herdersche Verlagshandlung.
Freiburg im Breisgau.

The last half of the nineteenth century is renowned for great achievements in departments of study closely related to the history of Rome. This is true in particular of Epigraphy and Christian Archæology. While Mommsen was laying the foundation for the great Corpus of Latin inscriptions, which he fortunately lived to see an accomplished fact, de Rossi was studying with scientific spirit the Christian antiquities of Rome and preparing the *Roma Sotteranea*, his great work on the monuments of the early church. These scholars lived not to themselves alone, but passed on the torch to most worthy successors. De Rossi was followed by his brother Michel and by Armellini and Stevenson, and finally by the author of *Éléments d'Archéologie Chrétienne*. These scholars planned to continue De Rossi's work, and also arranged for an exhaustive study in connection therewith of the frescoes of the Roman catacombs. In 1897 the Papal Commission on Excavations selected Monsignor Joseph Wilpert, who also traces his inspiration to de Rossi, as the scholar adapted to perform this great task, and resolved to recognise the work upon which he was already engaged as the preliminary part of the undertaking. Mgr. Wilpert is without question the first scholar in this subject of Christian Art of the Catacombs. He has had the advantage of direct contact with the monuments and has given long and devoted study to Christian antiquities. Since 1889 he has published from time to time monographs on special topics which are the most thorough, and at the same time most explicit and helpful of any yet produced. His great success in reproducing the frescoes by means of photography was also remarkable. With such an equipment Mgr. Wilpert entered upon the preparation of the great work which has just been completed, and which may be declared the final work on the subject.

Hitherto the student has been compelled to rely upon Garrucci's *Storia dell'Arte Cristiana*, which covers the entire field of early Christian pictorial art, but is unsatisfactory, as the figures are in black and white and simply in outline. The plan of the book implies the ex-

haustive study of the frescoes of the catacombs with a complete set of reproductions. There are two volumes, of which the first contains the text illustrated by 54 pictures, the second is made up entirely of plates to the number of 267, many of them in colours. The subject falls naturally into two portions, and the text is therefore arranged in two parts. The first contains those details which are essential to a general knowledge of the paintings; the second treats of the contents of the pictures. The deductions made by the author are based on a study of two hundred paintings, of which more than one-third are published for the first time. It is the opinion of Mgr. Wilpert that although the number of monuments may be increased by new discoveries yet there will be little, if any, change in these deductions as to Christian art of the early centuries. In the second volume the author has placed the plates arranged in the chronological order, which indicates most clearly the gradual development of Christian art. Whenever the importance of the subject and the condition of the frescoes justify, the reproductions are made in colour, and special details have been photographed if the author desired to bring out clearly the technique. It is our author's opinion that the paintings in the catacombs are frescoes, and he shuts out entirely the suggestion as to painting in distemper or as to encaustic work. While objecting to the contemptuous silence with which Brunn in his *Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler* has passed over early Christian art, Mgr. Wilpert recognises with scientific impartiality that its importance rests upon the place it holds in the general history of art, forming the link between the wall paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii and the art of later centuries. Attention is also drawn to the fact that Roman-pagan wall painting is decorative, while in the Christian art of the catacombs the idea of ornamentation is subordinated to giving pictorial expression to cherished beliefs. Finally it is interesting to note how the scholar dates these catacomb paintings. The data for dating are obtained from the place of discovery, the character of the stucco, the nature of the representation and the details of the dress of the figures.

James C. Egbert.

DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH. By Norman Duncan.
New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.00.

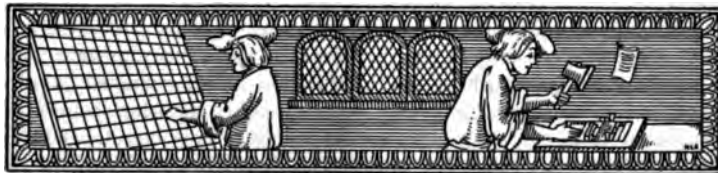
The interest felt in Dr. Grenfell's heroic work among the deep-sea fishermen of Labrador and Newfoundland is well sustained by this enthusiastic little sketch of Mr. Duncan's. No worthier philanthropic call has ever sounded than that which comes from these bleak and inhospitable shores, where so many honest toilers have been forced to fight for the barest livelihood against overwhelming odds. Morally, mentally, physically and financially the condition of these people has been incredibly low in view of their close proximity to good government and the highest civilisation. They have been made the victims of mercantile greed and oppression to such an extent that though they labour unceasingly, in summer at the fisheries, in winter hunting, trapping and boat-building, they continue in constant terror of starvation, and live and die in debt. They are a rugged race, inured to hardship, but "accidents will happen," and when exiled with the fleet for the long fishing season or cut off on shore from all communication with the outer world by the winter snows, they have had to work out their own medical cures by charms, spells and incantations, quack remedies or rude common sense. Their ambition begins and ends in the desire for a large enough catch of fish to supply their winter necessities; their needs are few and their dispositions brave and cheerful. But, owing to the barrenness of the soil, the scarcity of live-stock and the exorbitant price of all supplies, they seldom escape the pinch of cold and hunger, and the story of their sufferings is harrowing in the extreme.

To these desolate waters sailed the devoted,

efficient and indefatigable Dr. Grenfell, of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, at once spiritual and medical adviser, master-mariner, magistrate and business director, to "help the folk help themselves," as he expressed it,—“the prophet and champion, indeed, of a people: and a man very much in love with life,” according to Mr. Duncan. Mr. Duncan further explains: “The immediate inspiration of this work was the sermon preached in East London by D. L. Moody. Later in life—indeed, soon before the great evangelist's death—Dr. Grenfell thanked him for that sermon. ‘And what have you been doing since?’ was Mr. Moody's prompt and searching question.” Dr. Grenfell has been doing this: For thirteen years he has been healing, educating, inspiring the inhabitants of the frozen North, for two thousand miles up and down the “worst coast in the world,” going by the various mission hospital ships in summer, by dog-sled over the snow in winter; he has established hospitals, organised co-operative stores, where the fishermen are paid fairly in cash for their fish, instead of, as heretofore, being obliged to accept an unjust equivalent in high-priced provisions; he has built a lumber mill, as a means of opening up new industries, and filled hearts with love for God that up to this time had trembled with superstitious awe and fear only.

Dr. Grenfell has recently lectured in New York and Boston for the benefit of his many splendid enterprises, and has also undertaken a Canadian tour of addresses pending the breaking up of the ice floes, which will permit him to embark once again on his errands of mercy and healing.

G. W. A.



NOVEL NOTES

LANGBARROW HALL. By Theodora Wilson Wilson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

This is a good book gone wrong. How pitiful to follow the degeneration of a promising story, and what genuine pleasure might not the author have given us with her graphic sketch of high and low English country life, her charming glimpses of Westmoreland scenery, clever dialogue and seemingly first-hand knowledge of local colour, had she been content to keep cheerful and cultivate her own sense of humour instead of our sense of the ridiculous. We do most sincerely object to such depths of gloom in a book-world as full of sunshine as hers might have been, and protest against having so many perfectly good situations spoiled. The undercurrent of hints, omens and premonitions swells to such proportions, before we are half through, that a happy ending appears, really, to be the only artistic way out of the trouble. We are neither morbid nor superstitious, and so never fear the worst until we have to; certainly we are not going to begin to get worked up in the very first chapters. And as we progress, we can't help feeling all the time that there is no earthly reason why the lovers should not marry and "live happy ever after." Is it not enough that their respective fathers perished miserably, that jealousy in its most virulent form besets them in the person of the hero's fury of a sister, that wrong and oppression flourish unrebuked? But no, one must sink from life forever in a quicksand, under the agonised eyes of the other, while poetic justice is promptly meted out to the aforesaid neurotic sister as the responsible party. She, too, not only loses her betrothed immediately after, but is both figuratively and literally stuck in a bog to boot. What an anti-climax!

So, we reiterate, *Langbarrow Hall* shows a grievous lack of humour—possibly also of experience. We do not think, for instance, that: "He was tall and well formed, with a grand back," the encomium of a mature mind, however melancholy, and there are other callow little sentiments and enthusiasms to bear out our sinister suspicions. Again, if the book is so emphatically sacred "To the Memory of H. G." as to record some of his "actual sayings," why is his mouthpiece kept waiting till the last for an introduction, when, as if by a

happy afterthought, he is made hastily to convert the hero before he dies? This seems hardly complimentary.

But such great care and thought have evidently been given to the development of the other characters, and there are so many instances of subtle appreciation and fine feeling that, in spite of the marked inequality of style and general lack of balance and cohesion in the book, the strong impression of its virility remains,—the sense of unexploited riches, the promise of much better things to come.

G. W. A.

THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH. By Charles D. Stewart. New York: The Century Co.

This is a story within a story, unfolding, however, more like the shamrock than the rose; for the tramp Stumpy tells it to Irish Finerty, night keeper of the sand-house and coal-shutes in the Memphis railroad yards, and by the time Finerty is done with it we feel that we have been brought very close to Hibernia indeed.

Finerty was "called foreman, although, as he explained, 'I do all th' worruk mesilf.'" But he did not, as might be supposed from this commentary, object to work. On the contrary, he was quite a model of prompt and efficient industry, checking Stumpy, even when at a climax of his absorbing narration, to go and coal his engines, his favourite war-cry on these occasions being: "I have me worruk to do." His good wife agreed with him, after her own peculiar fashion, convinced that "People must be havin' those that belave in thim; 't is that weemen are for—an' worrukin'." Our own experience with this "worrukin'" of her sisterhood has not been such as to impress us profoundly with that thoroughness with which the author invests Mrs. Finerty. Our tin pails do not shine continuously, our other utensils are never in their "proper place," unless we put them there, nor, when "there is little else for her to scrub and scour," have we as yet noted any desire on any factotum's part to "go over . . . the more often and with added particularity" things which by any stretch of the imagination can be considered already clean. We never waste time this way in our kitchen, or are so foolish as to hunt for trouble. Perhaps it is different when the daughters of Erin

keep house for love instead of money. Yet even then we are still inclined to be sceptical, recalling a glimpse or two of back alleys and some wild Irish we have known.

Nevertheless, the Finertys furnish a vigorous and effective background for the tramp's shifting scenes, and their sober propriety serves to balance what might otherwise be a rather erratic composition. Stumpy's story is well told and worth telling. It sets forth very strikingly the feelings of a man falsely accused of murder, and makes the most of his various adventures after he has broken jail and is fleeing from injustice. This is the "Fugitive" of the title-page, formerly a blacksmith, and his ingenuity in turning to good account every trick of his trade soon helps him and his friends back to public favour and prosperity. But, as Finerty would say, ye couldn't be makin' us believe 't is thrue if 't wasn't that we see it is.

G. W. A.

LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP. By Mary Stewart Cutting. New York: McClure, Phillips and Co., \$1.25.

This collection does not fulfil all the expectations excited by its unique predecessor, *The Little Stories of Married Life*. But it would be inhuman to hold Mrs. Cutting to such a standard every time she writes, and more natural to grant her at least as many varieties of mood as her virile characters display. So "The Coupons of Fortune" and "The Perfect Tale" shall not be disappointments—only reactions against the every-day life where Mrs. Cutting appears so much more charming and like herself. But "Paying Guests," "Henry" and the rest are so incomparably better! How could she dally with a stick like Noël Farington, or get in such dull company as that of the pseudo-millionaire and his friend? Back to "Father" or "Sister" with their inexorable glasses of milk, to Mrs. Brulwyne, Anna Lloyd or the various fond and foolish mothers. And indeed Mrs. Cutting plainly appears in haste to have done with these uncongenial puppets, and stretches situations to the utmost to bring about speedy, happy though utterly preposterous endings. The charitable thought in this connection is that even here Mrs. Cutting must be describing real life, no matter how impossible it seems, since truth is stranger than fiction, and she is so fastidiously true.

The first of the eight stories, entitled "Pay-

ing Guests, a Practical Love Story," is a description of a young, inexperienced, penniless girl's attempt to run a boarding house. All who have boarded will at once recognise the boarders and appreciate the pathos as well as the humour of the many cataclysms that attended Miss Bennett's efforts until she was eventually rescued by her knight errant. The next sketch, "Henry, a Humorous Love Story," is full of amusing touches. Henry's sentiment never strayed beyond himself, and even Meredith's great Sir Willoughby could scarcely have equalled the egotism of his court-~~ing~~, certainly not have matched his engagement ring. "Henry" is followed by "A Problem Love Story," which unveils the hearts of a maid and her mother, while the succeeding tales, with the exception of those two already lamented, are cleverly told.

THE COURTSHIP OF A CAREFUL MAN. By E. S. Martin. New York: Harper.

In this latest book we find Mr. Martin in rather lighter vein than is his wont, but, as always, excellent company. Possibly it is spring fever, or the natural exuberance of an essayist turned a story writer. At all events, there is little to remind us of the author as we have heretofore known him, except the pleasant and finished way in which he treats all subjects, even such slight ones as the tales now before us.

"The Courtship of a Careful Man," "A Party at Madeira's," "The Making of a Match," "A Disguised Providence," "Josephine" and "Found a Situation," are, with one exception, all stories of courtship. The first, from which the book takes its title, almost explains itself, and the reader may rest assured that, given a mature, cautious, wealthy New York society man, and an equally sophisticated New York society girl, with Mr. Martin as go-between, the problem will be solved in the most decorously delightful way possible. We have also the very reputable wooings of three promising young professional men, a college youth and a girl who had been despaired of by her family. But though the dialogue is faultless, we miss the author's own quiet comments by the way, those elusive little touches that have always made his work so captivating. In short, he has spoiled us, and especially after *The Luxury of Children* we find this book a little tame.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY.

American Book Company:

Essentials in American History. By Albert Bushnell Hart.

Essentials in English History. By Albert Perry Walker.

Das Amulett. By Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. With Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by C. C. Glascock.

Prometheus. By Æschylus. With Introduction, Notes and Critical Appendix by Joseph Edward Harry.

Economy in Education. By Ruric Nevel Roark.

Selections from Roman Law. By James J. Robinson.

Essentials of Latin. By Henry Carr Pearson.

Grammaire Française. By J. H. Worman et A. de Rougemont. Revised by Louis W. Arnold.

The Fairy Reader. Adapted from Grimm and Andersen by James Baldwin.

Half Hours with the Lower Animals. By Charles Frederick Holder.

History and Government of the United States. For Evening Schools. By William E. Chancellor.

The Child's David Copperfield and Oliver Twist. Retold by Annie Douglas Severance.

Educational.

La Chute. Par Hugo. With Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by W. E. Kapp.

In this new edition, published in French, Mr. Kapp has included an introduction in which he gives a short biography of Victor Hugo, notes and a vocabulary. It tells the story of Jean Valjean.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Life Insurance Company. By William Alexander.

An addition to Appleton's Business series. A general treatise on life insurance, designed to serve as a preliminary to actuarial study; to be of assistance to junior officers, heads of departments, and insurance canvassers, who are desirous of intelligently handling the subject; and to be of interest to the investor, the financier, the legislator,

the journalist, the sociologist, and to the student of political economy.

The Wine-Press. By Anna Robeson Brown.

To be reviewed in a subsequent issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Iole. By Robert W. Chambers.

Love and laughter are said to be the two chief *motifs* of this novel. Eight pretty girls brought up next to nature suddenly find themselves in New York society. Their experiences form the background of the story.

N. W. Ayer and Son:

American Newspaper Annual.

A list of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Territories, and Dominion of Canada, Cuba, and the West Indies, with a synopsis of the history of each paper. There are fifty-eight railroad maps and descriptions of the places in United States and Canada in which a newspaper is published. There is a separate list of daily papers published in these two countries.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

On Tybee Knoll. By James B. Connolly.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

The New Knowledge. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.

A general idea of the character of this book is found in the sub-title: A popular account of the new physics and new chemistry in their relation to the new theory of matter. All that the book requires of the reader is a "love of contemporary natural knowledge and a high-school education." The volume is said to contain a general view of the newest knowledge of science and its possibilities.

Serena. By Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Although the author of several short stories, "Serena" is the first novel which Mrs. Boyle has written. The scenes are laid in the South, just before and during the time of the Civil War. The plot turns upon the bravery and courage of Serena, who takes the place of her twin brother, a deserter in the Confederate Army, and leads his men to victory.

Partners of the Tide. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Last year Cape Cod was introduced to the reader through "Cap'n Eri." In Mr. Lincoln's latest book, another story about these interesting people, life-saving has given place to the saving of vessels and their cargoes. The tale narrates

the adventures which the hero, a young man who has been brought up by two quaint maiden ladies, encounters along the coast with Cap'n Titcomb.

The Sunset Trail. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

In introducing this book Mr. Lewis says that in it he has dealt with the "cattle day" of the West. "In doing this I have seized on a real man and in its tragedy, at least, told what really happened." The "real man" referred to is the author's old friend, "Bat" Masterson, to whom he has dedicated his book. The story is said to contain many humorous and dramatic incidents.

W. F. Brainard:

Conscience. By George Winston Reid.

A composition of many scientific facts which are introduced mainly in the form of quotations from recognised authorities. The first five chapters aim to show that in the sciences—chemistry, physics, biology, astronomy, and psychology—heat is the all-important factor. The last chapter, therefore, has heat as its foundation for scientific philosophy.

Brentano's:

The Lunatic at Large. By J. Storer Clouston.

Another reprint of J. Storer Clouston's story which was originally published five years ago.

The Century Company:

Mrs. Essington. By Esther and Lucia Chamberlain.

The romance of a house-party. The principals of this story, the scenes of which are laid on the California coast, are a poor young composer; Mrs. Essington, who, while ten years his senior, is very much interested in him; and the daughter of the house, a splendid type of girlhood, who, not appreciating the efforts of her mother to marry her to a more wealthy suitor, looks with favour upon the composer. The rivalry of the two women, his proposal of marriage to one while he is in love with the other and various episodes form the plot of the story.

Robert Grier Cooke:

The "Vanishing Swede." By Mary Hamilton O'Connor.

A tale of adventure and pluck in the pine forests of Oregon. It concerns the finding of the "Vanishing Swede," a long-lost silver mine. Although this discovery was preceded by many adventures and hair-breadth escapes, it brings happiness to the principals of the story.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Tucker Dan. By Charles Ross Jackson.

The story of two young scamps who are up to all sorts and kinds of mischief. Tucker Dan's Uncle Binny is a conspicuous character, as is Dr. Nash and several others whom Tucker Dan and his friend Mickey make the victims of their pranks. The story is said to abound in humour.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Friendship's Fragrant Fancies. By Catherine Moriarty.

The themes of this volume of verse cover a wide range of subjects. An idea of their nature may be obtained from a cursory glance at the titles, which include A Bunch of Violets, Aged Five, April Fool, A Reverie, A Young Wife, Blind Milton, Drinking Song, En Masque, Gethsemane, Retrospection, etc.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Little Conscript. By Ezra S. Brudno.

The little conscript is a Jew, whose life in Russia begins and ends in tragedy. He suffers untold misery as a result of his devotion to his faith. Among the other important characters are Olga, the heroine, and Alyosha, a brutal Russian peasant. The book is said to picture the Russia of to-day: her military and peasant life, the conditions of the army and the manner of recruiting it by means of force and fraud. A romance runs through the story.

John Henry Smith. By Frederick Upham Adams.

A humorous romance of outdoor life, in which golf and the automobile play the leading parts. The love-story includes several characters. Chief among them are John Henry Smith and Grace Harding, the object of his affections. For further mention of this book see Chronicle and Comment.

Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

"A selection of the best fairy tales of all times and of all authors." Among these will be found many, if not quite all, of the children's favourite tales, as well as several which, while perhaps not so well known, are of equal interest. Miss Blanche Ostertag has made the illustrations for the book.

The Walking Delegate. By Leroy Scott.

Modern labour conditions is the basis of this novel. The plot turns on the struggle between Buck Foley and Tom Keating for supremacy in the union. The crisis is reached when the necessary weapon is put into Tom Keating's hands by the woman he loves.

The Life Worth Living. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

After eleven years of city life, which was found distasteful, Mr. Dixon purchased a home in Virginia. This book tells about the home, with its five hundred acres of land and mile of sea front, and describes the different sports and pleasures which it affords to him and his family. The volume is well illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

Eaton and Mains:

Princess Sukey. By Marshall Saunders.

The story of a pigeon and her human friends. When her parents dropped Princess Sukey out of their nest to die the world was changed for a number of people: to Titus, who fed and nursed her to health and strength; to the Judge, Titus's grandfather, whose heart was touched by circumstances in which Sukey played a prominent part; to Bethany and other children who profited by the Judge's benevolence.

Told in the Gardens of Araby. By Izora Chandler and Mary W. Montgomery.

A collection of nine stories from the Orient. Among the titles are: The Emerald Rock, Story of the Bird of Affliction, Story of the Water-Carrier, The Crystal Kiosk and the Diamond Ship, etc. In the prelude the authors give a general description of the customs and habits of the people with whom the stories deal.

R. F. Fennell and Company:

Man Limitless. By Floyd B. Wilson.

"A study of the possibilities of man when acting under infinite guidance with which he is in absolute touch." The author points out the mental paths he has traversed and which have led him to recognise man's heritage of power opening into his limitless possibilities. The different topics discussed include: Man Limitless, Love, Work, Control of Memory, Must Age Enfeeble? Spirit Aid in Man's Unfolding, etc.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

Hester of the Grants. By Theodora Peck.

A romance of Old Bennington in Revolutionary days in the Hampshire Grants. The book is said to be an historical novel in which the hero and heroine are not brought to the foreground at the expense of famous personages and events, but in which the characters work together harmoniously. Among those who figure in the story are Ethan Allen, General John Stark, Ira Allen, and Eldad Dewey.

Henry Frowde:

Author and Printer. By F. Howard Collins.

A guide for authors, editors, printers, correctors of the press, compositors, and typists, with full list of abbreviations. An attempt to codify the best typographical practices of the present day.

The Dream of the Rood. Edited by Albert S. Cook.

In addition to the poem, "The Dream of the Rood," in the original Early English spelling, the volume contains discussions as to whether Caedmon or Cynewulf was the author, notes, glossary, etc.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Traveler's Handbook. By Josephine Tozier.

While not intended to take the place of "Guide Books," this work has been compiled "with the object of collecting in one compact and convenient volume enough hints and suggestions to assist travellers contemplating a journey abroad to make the necessary preliminaries for accomplishing the crossing of the Atlantic comfortably, and understanding the conditions of transportation and other items directly concerned with travelling on the other side of the ocean."

The Gift of the Morning Star. By Armstead C. Gordon.

An original story of the life and character of the Dunkers; also, a story of an inward struggle and ultimate victory. The principals are Benammi Youart, a man forty years old, and Tirzah, a girl not yet twenty. The author is said to have produced realistic pictures of the Dunkards.

Harper and Brothers:

Our Presidents and How We Make Them. By Colonel A. K. McClure.

A reprint which has been revised and brought down to date. It now includes the Roosevelt-Parker campaign of 1904. There are portraits of the various Presidents. The book contains new and interesting material dealing with the inside workings of the various campaigns, political incidents, quarrels, etc., as well as a record of every ballot taken in every convention.

The Accomplish. By Frederick Trevor Hill.
Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

The Tyranny of the Dark. By Hamlin Garland.

To be reviewed later.

The Ultimate Passion. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

A young man of sterling integrity enters a corrupt political "ring," intend-

ing to fight it after learning its system. He is gradually drawn into the "ring," and also becomes involved with an adventurer who falls in love with him. The climax is reached when he meets the woman of his choice and when his eyes are opened to the questionable part he has been playing.

Henry Holt and Company:

Shakespeare's London. By Henry Thew Stephenson.

A study of the general customs and topography of London as it appeared in the days of the great dramatist. The work includes a chapter on the Elizabethans and one in which a theatrical performance is described. Among the other points and places of interest discussed are: Old St. Paul, The Water Front, The Tower, The Strand, Tavern Life, Early Growth of the City, Military Companies, Southwark, etc. The book contains over forty illustrations, many being reproductions from old prints.

William R. Jenkins:

Simple Grammaire Française. Par Paul Bercy.

Educational. The following are some of its strong points: it is written in French; its rules and exceptions are based upon the "Reform of the Syntax;" it contains English exercises to be translated into French; there is a *Questionnaire* which may be used for conversation and a chapter on the distinction between masculine and feminine nouns.

The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman.

This volume, which is of such a size as to be conveniently carried in a man's coat or hip pocket, or in a woman's dress pocket or muff, is revised each year. It is said to contain fuller and better arranged details of routes, points of interest, fares, hotels, currency, etc., than are given in many books of larger proportions. It contains all necessary maps.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Dorset Dear. By M. E. Francis.

Seventeen stories of country life abounding in rustic sentiment and humour. Among the titles are: Witch Ann, A Runaway Couple, The Worm that Turned, The Call of the Woods, The Spur of the Moment, Sweetbriar Lane, Postman Chris, In the Heart of the Green, etc.

McClure, Phillips and Company.

The Beautiful Lady. By Booth Tarkington.
A poor Neapolitan, upon whom two

nieces are dependent, rents his shaved head as a signboard in a large Parisian restaurant. He suffers deeply from the shame of his position and endeavours to conceal his identity from his wicked half-brother, whom he sees in the café. A lovely lady who, in passing, pitied him, made a deep impression upon him and forms the background of the story. He was afterwards able to help her companion, who became his employer, to win her as his wife.

The Religion of Duty. By Felix Adler.

Although a complete work in itself this book is in a way supplementary to the author's former book, "Life and Destiny." It consists of extracts from Dr. Adler's sermons and addresses, brought together in the form of essays, which explain the principles and ideals of the ethical culture movement, of which he is the leader.

The Macmillan Company:

Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals. By Frederick Morgan Davenport.

An endeavour to present a sociological interpretation of religious revivals. "It is an interpretation in terms of law and personality, a simple attempt to illustrate the profound proposition of Harnack that religion has its secrets, but no mysteries." In his preface the author says he has undertaken not simply to discriminate spurious and genuine revivals, but to show that in genuine revivals themselves there are primitive traits which need elimination or modification in the interest of religious and social progress.

Life and Letters of J. H. Shorthouse. 2 Vols. Edited by His Wife.

"John Inglesant" has introduced its author to a multitude of people. The friends of his book, as well as his personal friends and acquaintances, will, therefore, welcome the biography of J. Henry Shorthouse, the editor of which has been his wife. The first volume gives Mrs. Shorthouse's story of the life of her husband, together with many letters. In the second volume are to be found a number of essays, several stories and three poems written by this scholarly man.

Mrs. Darrell. By Foxcroft Davis.

A story of social and political life in Washington. After the death of her husband, an English officer in India, young Mrs. Darrell returns to Washington society. While Major Hugh Pelham, with whom Mrs. Darrell has been in love for years, is undoubtedly the hero of the tale, Senator Claverling, a scoundrel old enough to be her father, plays a very important part—as does

his daughter, whose principles are in direct contrast to those of her father.

The House of Cards. By John Heigh.

There is some speculation as to the author of this novel. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has been given the credit by more than one. The plot of the story, which is laid in Philadelphia, is founded upon the affection which two elderly men bear toward the son of a mutual friend who lost his life in the Civil War. In reality it is a sarcastic criticism in which modern American life is compared with the romantic and chivalrous days before the war.

Sturmsee, Man and Man. Anonymous.

A book that excited a large amount of praise and abuse in 1892 was "Calmire." The author endeavoured to present in a popular form the "modern conceptions of man in his relations to nature." In "Sturmsee" this author has dealt with social questions—"the storm-tossed sea of the world contrasted with the calm waters of speculative philosophy." It is said to contain some of the characters of the preceding book.

Fenris, the Wolf. By Percy Mackaye.

The foundation of this tragedy is taken from one of the best stories of Scandinavian mythology, although the author has made several changes in the Edda. Fenris, who first appears as a creature of brute origin, is gradually changed by the diligent skill of two lovers until he is compelled to make the choice between the wolf and the god within him.

Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. Vol. IV. Naturalism in England. By George Brandes.

The period known as the Romantic movement in the English poetry at the beginning of the nineteenth century is dealt with in this volume. The author has endeavoured to "trace in the poetry of England of the first decades of this century, the course of the strong, deep, pregnant current in the intellectual life of the country, which, sweeping away the classic forms and conventions, produces a Naturalism dominating the whole of literature, which from Naturalism leads to Radicalism, from revolt against traditional convention in literature to vigorous rebellion against religious and political reaction, and which bears in its bosom the germs of all the liberal ideas and emancipatory achievements of the later periods of European civilisation."

A Dark Lantern. By Elizabeth Robins.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Life Illumined. By Ella Dann Moore.

With at first no thought of publication, the author has for years, when reading the works of famous writers, followed the practice of making extracts of "the brilliant condensations of thought," for re-perusal and reflection. The selections have been carefully arranged; those in which different writers have declared the same idea have been grouped together, thus emphasising the sentiment, and maintaining a continuity of thought and harmony of expression.

The Elder Brother. By Theodore D. Jervey.

"A novel in which are presented the vital questions confronting the South growing out of Reconstruction, and in which the author defines the true relations now existing between the races in the South." It is the story of two brothers who grow to be social and political leaders of men in an exciting time; and of a number of young women, one of whom attains social position and influence beyond her birth.

James Pott and Company:

The Japanese Spirit. By Okakura-Yoshisaburo.

"These lectures by a son of the land, delivered at the University of London, are compendious and explicit in a degree that enables us to form a summary of much that has been otherwise partially obscure, so that we get nearer to the secret of this singular race than we have had the chance of doing before." This quotation from Mr. Meredith's introduction is explanatory of the scope of the book.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

John Knox. By Henry Cowan.

Issued in the Heroes of the Reformation series. "The aim of the present writer has been, in the limited space at his disposal, to describe those portions of the career of Knox which are most likely to be of general interest; to place his life-work in its historical setting; to facilitate for students the consultation of original authorities; and to present a picture of the Reformer which, without concealing his infirmities, would help to vindicate his right to enrolment alike among the foremost heroes of the Reformation, and among the greatest and noblest of Scotsmen."

Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton. Recorded by Isabel Moore.

Said to be a genuine record of actual conversations with Mr. Hutton, who has himself revised the work of Mrs. Moore. It narrates many adventures and experiences with well-known men and women

who were Mr. Hutton's friends. It also gives the personal views of many of the men and women about whom he talks. "The volume stands as his final word to his friends and to the public."

The Voyageur. By William Henry Drummond.

Dr. Drummond, whose works are so well known in England and America, has in his latest book of poems described the French-Canadians, with whom he is said to be very popular. The work appears in two editions, one with photographic illustrations, and the other with half-tones and coloured plates.

The St. Lawrence River. By George Waldo Browne.

The author has endeavoured, as far as possible in a single work, to give a short and "unbroken account of the most important historic incidents connected with the river, combined with descriptions of some of its most picturesque scenery and frequent selections from its prolific sources of legends and traditions." The volume contains nearly an hundred illustrations.

Shelburne Essays. Second Series. By Paul Elmer More.

The second series of Shelburne Essays contains the following subjects: Elizabethan Sonnets, Shakespeare's Sonnets, Lafcadio Hearn, The First Complete Edition of Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Kipling and Fitzgerald, George Crabbe, The Novels of George Meredith, Hawthorne: Looking Before and After, Delphi and Greek Literature, and Nemesis, or the Divine Envy.

Life's Dark Problems. By Minot J. Savage.

In this book the author points "to the light by which the dark places are seen, and shows that many hard and sad things have their place in a world of goodness." Dr. Savage makes no attempt to answer all questions that may rise upon the subject. He holds that "to the finite mind an infinite universe must always be a mystery. All men need is solid standing ground under their feet and light enough to take the next step in advance."

Fleming H. Revell Company:

For a Free Conscience. By L. C. Wood.

The Quaker ideals and life in the seventeenth century are here presented in a sympathetic manner by the author, who is said to know their real life from the inside. The story narrates the events that brought William Penn to America, as well as many other interesting incidents which occurred in the early days of the Friends.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

David Balfour. By Robert Louis Stevenson.
New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Master of Ballantrae. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Prince Otto. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The first six volumes to be published in the new biographical edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works. Each volume has been prefaced with a biographical sketch by Mrs. Stevenson. In these sketches Mrs. Stevenson relates the circumstances under which each story was written. "Kidnapped" is the memoirs of the adventures of David Balfour in the year 1751; "David Balfour," which is the sequel to "Kidnapped," gives an account of his adventures at home and abroad; "The Master of Ballantrae" is a winter's tale; "Treasure Island" is a story of adventure and of the sea; "Prince Otto," a romance, was originally modelled on the character of the author's cousin, but without Mr. Stevenson's knowledge it came gradually to be what he conceived himself to be; while "The New Arabian Nights" is a collection of short stories.

The Pocket R. L. S.

A small volume in which is contained the favourite passages from the works of Stevenson.

A First View of English Literature. By William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett.

The aim of this volume has been to preserve those features of the author's previous book, "History of English Literature," which have been best adapted to high school and academy teachers, "to remove everything which they have found too detailed or too difficult for their students, and to add whatever was suggested by their friendly criticism as likely to increase the value of the book in class-room practice." The work is well illustrated.

At the Foot of the Rockies. By Carter Goodloe.

This collection of eight stories describes the white man and the Indian of the Northwest, as well as the social life and sports of the part of the country which is a thousand miles from civilisation. Among the titles of the stories are Jack, Rivers' Gymkhana, The Heart of Lamont, The Bungalow Rancho, Red Magic, etc. The volume contains four full-page illustrations.

Herrick's Poems.

An imported volume in the Caxton Thin Paper Classics, consisting of Robert Herrick's works, both human and divine, together with his noble numbers or his pious pieces.

A Modern Utopia. By H. G. Wells.

To be reviewed in a subsequent issue of this magazine.

The Mythology of the British Islands. By Charles Squire.

To be reviewed later.

Giotto. By Basil de Selincourt.

The life of this Italian painter has been imported from England. In addition to the biography the author has dealt with the series of frescoes at Assisi, which it is said may be the most typical of Giotto's works; his Allegories, from which may be formed an idea of the original quality of his paintings; his work in Rome; the decorations in the Arena Chapel at Padua, the Chapel of the Bardi, and the Peruzzi Chapel. His connection with the early Florentine school and his own school, and his career as a sculptor and architect are also described.

Silver, Burdett and Company:**Old Tales and Modern Ideals.** By John Herbert Phillips.

A selection from a large number of brief addresses given before the students of the Birmingham High School by the superintendent. The purpose of the talks has been to present worthy ideals to the students and to inspire them to nobler living. The book is published in the hope that it will aid teachers in developing the ethical applications of literature and history and influence the daily conduct of the school.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:**A Courier of Fortune.** By Arthur W. Marchmont.

The frontispiece in this novel is a photograph of Ralph Stuart, the actor who this spring appeared as the hero in the dramatisation of the story. The plot of the tale concerns Gerard, Prince of Bourbon, and Gabrielle de Malincourt. Gabrielle's heart was lost to a gentle knight "pricking on the plaine," but the tyrannical Governor of Morvaix had determined that she should marry another. It so happened that this knight had assumed the name of the unwelcome man and, as the bridegroom had not yet arrived, he impersonates him. He is discovered and suffers heavy punishment, but wins his bride in the end.

BOSTON, MASS.**American Unitarian Association:****Tides of the Spirit.** Edited, with an Introduction, by Albert Lazenby.

The publication of this book of selections from the religious but mainly from the devotional writings of James Martineau, marks the centenary of Dr. Martineau's birth. The selections are arranged under general heads, such as: The Grounds of Our Religious Faith, Spiritual Realities, Religion in the Home, Loss and Gain in Recent Theology, etc.

Dana Estes and Company:**Jörn Uhl.** By Gustave Frenssen.

A story of life among the middle class in Germany. It describes, step by step, the life of a man from his youth. The author says that he hopes "to show in every nook and corner of it that all the labour and trouble the people in it go through are not gone through in vain." The book was reviewed in the December BOOKMAN, 1902, from the German edition. It was at this time that it met such remarkable success in its native land. F. S. Delmer has made the translation.

Ginn and Company:**Graphic Algebra.** By H. B. Newson.

Educational. A pamphlet which aims to provide secondary schools with graphical methods and illustrations in connection with elementary algebra. It is so arranged that it may be used to supplement any text-book on the subject.

Specimen Letters. Selected and Edited by Albert S. Cook and Allen R. Benham.

Educational. "A collection of familiar and entertaining letters by a number of writers and in a variety of styles." These letters are collected and published in order that the novice "may learn to imitate the care and naturalness of the masters of epistolary style."

Students' American History. By D. H. Montgomery.

Educational. In this revision special attention has been given to questions of political and of constitutional history, to the development of the West, and to cross references. New maps and illustrations have been added.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:**The Children of Good Fortune: An Essay in Morals.** By C. Hanford Henderson.

This serious study in ethics is dedicated "to those gracious spirits who in life and literature are helping me to discover in what good fortune consists."

While it is said that the book will be valuable to the technical moralist, it is meant especially for the earnest men and women who are confronting practical questions of morality in the affairs of life. Some of the subjects discussed are: Human Conduct, Right and Wrong, Efficiency, Worth, The Moral Person, Social Welfare, etc.

Wild Wings. By Herbert K. Job.

The adventures of a camera-hunter among the larger wild birds of North America on sea and land. It is Mr. Job's practice to take a yearly trip to some new section of the country notable for its birds. This book with its one hundred and sixty illustrations is a result of some of these journeys. In it there are descriptions and photographs of many birds about which little is known, on account of their terror for mankind. President Roosevelt has written an introduction to the book.

The Psychology of Beauty. By Ethel D. Puffer.

To be reviewed in a subsequent issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

The Christian Ministry. By Lyman Abbott, D.D.

The object of this book is to answer the question, "Why do any people ever go to church?" "to indicate to priests and preachers what it is which induces half the population of New York City to lay aside their commercial pursuits and gather in their churches every seventh day; to interpret to themselves the men and women who form these congregations, and explain to them what it is that they are often unconsciously seeking; and to indicate to those who rarely or never do go to church the advantage which they might secure if they were in this respect to conform to the custom, not only of their fellow-countrymen in America, but of their fellow-men throughout the world."

The Witness to the Influence of Christ. By the Rt. Rev. William Boyd Carpenter.

These six lectures, delivered before Harvard University, were the William Belden Noble lectures for 1904. The author has not dealt with questions which concern the evidential value of miracles and prophecy, and other similar matters, but with the historical fact of the influence of Christ, and the spiritual fact of his influence in religious experience.

The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems. By Anna Hempstead Branch.

"The Shoes that Danced" is a one-act play in blank verse dealing with a romantic incident in the life of the painter Watteau. The themes of the

sonnets and poems cover a wide range of subjects.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Breath of the Gods. By Sidney McCall.

"Because of faith and reverence,—I dare to inscribe this book to Yamato Damashii." From this inscription the reader easily guesses that the important scenes of the story are laid in Japan, although Washington claims a share. It is a tale of love and war laid just prior to and during the Russo-Japanese War. The author has not drawn her characters from life nor are the incidents related true to history. Both Americans and Japanese figure prominently in the story.

As the World Goes By. By Elisabeth Willard Brooks.

An early marriage between an actress and a man of culture and refinement soon resulted in a separation. Their daughter Constance, having inherited strong characteristics from her father, also resembles her mother, inasmuch as she falls in love with a Polish opera-singer, leaves her mother, and goes to live with her father in New York. The climax of the story is the result of her worldly experience. It is said to introduce personages "who have outgrown Christianity, and accepted the consolation of metempsychosis, or the mystic arithmetical refinements of Babism with its nineteen months of nineteen days."

The Coming of the King. By Joseph Hocking.

The scenes of this romance are laid in England at the time of the Restoration of Charles II. The story covers several historical events that take place at the time when the Stuarts and the Puritans were unfriendly. It is said to vividly portray Charles II. and his Court, as well as James II., former Duke of York. Mr. Grenville Manton has illustrated the book.

A Knot of Blue. By William R. A. Wilson.

The plot of this story of intrigue and adventure deals with the fickleness of man and the love of woman. The romance takes its title from a bow of blue which Aimée de Marsay gave to Raoul de Chagnac, the vacillating lover, to wear in war, in which he engaged to regain the self-respect lost through an intriguing woman and a treacherous villain.

Curly. By Roger Pocock.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

The Weird Picture. By John R. Carling.

The plot of this story of murders, ghosts, and subterranean passages turns on the summons which a man receives to

attend the marriage to another man of the woman he loves, the bridegroom being his brother. The wedding is prevented by the murder of the bridegroom. The mystery is not unravelled until just prior to the close of the tale.

On the Firing Line. By Anna Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brock Fuller.

While this romance of love and war has its beginning on shipboard, the principal events take place in Southern Africa during the Boer War. The hero is a trooper from Canada, and the heroine, an English girl of Southern Africa. The story is said to present a vivid and true picture of the war.

The Master Mummer. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A mystery tale in which an apparently friendless girl is rescued from the hands of a wicked baronet. The rescue is attended by murder. The guardians of this fascinating maiden find their hands full in defending her from her unprincipled foes. Just why she is so diligently sought, even at the price of life, remains unknown until the last chapter of the book.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

David Ransom's Watch. By "Pansy."

"Pansy's" latest book is a story of love and purity, "where the better affections are set toward the richer things of life." A spirit of self-sacrifice, which is in the end rewarded, runs through the tale. It is said to have the best plot of any of the author's former books.

John W. Luce and Company:

Epigrams and Aphorisms. By Oscar Wilde.

A collection of adages and epigrams selected from the novels, plays, essays, and other prose writings of the late author. Out of Mr. Wilde's works "has been picked a handful of gems which show the author as an artist, and which must surely lead to a better comprehension of his genius."

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Aftermath of Slavery. By William A. Sinclair, A.M., M.D.

A study of the condition and environment of the American negro, written by a coloured man who was a slave. The following chapter-titles give an idea of the character of the book: The Institution of Slavery and its Abolition, Southern Opposition to Reconstruction, The War on Negro Suffrage, The Negro in Politics, The National Duty to the Negro, etc. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has written the introduction to the book.

The Fleeing Nymph and Other Verse. By Lloyd Mifflin.

This collection of sonnets and poems takes its title from the first selection. Among the various themes of the verses are to be found those of love, life and nature.

The Norsk Nightingale. By William Kirk.

A volume of Scandinavian verse, consisting of lyrics, historical tales, and poetical translations. The volume contains several characteristic illustrations.

CHICAGO, ILL.

International Press Association:

Elizabeth. By Captain James T. Elliott.

The scenes of this romance are laid in the South and West. It narrates the trials and misfortunes of a brave and high-strung girl, who is deprived of the love and protection of her father through an accident. It also tells the story of the struggles and successes of the hero who won her love.

Laird and Lee:

Purple Peaks Remote. By John Merritte Driver.

A romance of Italy and America. The story opens with a capture by Italian *banditti*. Father Accabo provides one of the chief *motifs* of the novel. The scenes are changed to Chicago, in which city a pathetic tragedy is enacted. The story is one in which the author is said to have laid bare the immorality which "lies slumbering like a hidden Vesuvius beneath the crust of so-called modern society."

Practical New Standard Speller. By Alfred B. Chambers. Edited by E. T. Roe.

Educational. Designed for Primary, Intermediate and Grammar grades. It is based upon Webster's New Standard Dictionary.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Iowa: The First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase. By William Salter.

The author, who has been a resident of Iowa for a number of years, has made a study of its history. This volume is the result of his research. It covers the period from 1673, when it was discovered, to its admission into the Union, in 1846. Portraits and plans illustrate the book.

The Old Greek Press:

The Art of Writing and Speaking the English language, Story-Writing and Journalism. By Sherwin Cody.

A revised edition of a small book which deals with the three general sub-

jects: Literary Journalism, Short-Story Writing, and Creative Composition. The author tells how to write news stories, stories for magazines, verse, essays, novels, and book reviews; suggests the different kinds of short stories, the method of writing them, etc.; and gives advice concerning the many things necessary to the successful story.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Child Vivien and Other Tales. By Charlotte J. Cipriani.

A collection of four stories for children taken from legends of the time of William of Orange, son of Aimery of Narbone. The stories included are: The Child Vivien, How Child Bertram Won His Spurs, The Faithful Greyhound, and The Faithful Villain.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Beating Sea and Chanceless Bar. By Jacob Lazarre.

Four Hebrew love stories are included in this volume. Their titles are: "Wave and Spar," "Once in Some Memorable Before," "On Some Fortunate Yet Thrice Blasted Shore," and "So Hesitate and Turn and Cling,—Yet Go."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Mirabeau and the French Revolution. By Charles F. Warwick.

A review of this book will appear in a subsequent issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The Pre-Exilic Prophets. By Rev. W. Fairweather.

An addition to the Temple Series of Bible Handbooks. The author has devoted one chapter to the history and religion of the Israelites during the eighth century before Christ; another deals with the prophets of this century: Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah; the third concerns the century before the exile, and the fourth chapter describes the prophets of the last days of Judah: Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, and Jeremiah.

Diplomatic Mysteries. By Vance Thompson.

Mr. Thompson's latest book deals with the inside stories of some of the greatest international incidents of recent years. Some of the things which are brought to light are how the plot was hatched that ended the life of President Faure, of France; how, through a series of agents stationed all over Europe, the Sultan of Turkey knows in advance the move of every government; the true story of the

Crown Prince Rudolph; the fight between France and the Vatican; how the Russo-Japanese war came about, etc.

Philadelphia Commercial Museum:

Panama. Edited by Edward James Cattell.

The Panama section of the Foreign Commercial Guide is designed to meet the existing demand for accurate information concerning this part of Central America. It treats of sixteen different subjects, such as: climate, physical features, political features, trade centres, etc. It contains a specially prepared map, and is bound within paper covers.

The Vir Publishing Company:

The Social Evil in University Life. By Robert N. Willson, M.D.

A reprint from the *Medical News*. Dr. Willson's message is not only to the students of the University of Pennsylvania, to which institution he is the physician, but to men, old and young, and to parents and educators everywhere.

The John C. Winston Company:

An Embarrassing Orphan. By W. E. Norris.

The one stipulation Elsie Britten's dying father, a South American millionaire, made when he committed her to the care of her uncle, Sir Edward Denne, of England, was that her uncle should keep her wealth a secret until the announcement of her engagement with a deserving suitor. A French uncle discovers that she is an heiress and lays deep plans to secure her as a wife for his son. It becomes a strife between the uncles, the climax of the story being the ultimate success of one of them.

AKRON, OHIO.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

Edwin McMasters Stanton. By Frank Abial Flower.

The biography includes the period from Buchanan's through Johnson's administration. It "gives, as by a searchlight from within, the only story of those prodigious epochs that is not disconnected or fragmentary, or in some feature misleading." The book is founded upon public records, testimony of actual witnesses and several letters.

MENASHA, WIS.

Log Cabin Inn:

Prince or Creole? By Publius V. Lawson.

The history of the Lost Prince, Louis XVII., son of Marie Antoinette,

is here told in popular style. It describes his life during the terrors of the French Revolution; his escape from the Temple; his settlement among the savages in America; of the life and work among the Indians, and the arrangement for his abdication of the French throne. It is said to be the first complete history of the Lost Prince ever written.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Young Churchman Company:

The Doctrine of God. By Rev. Francis J. Hall.

A revised edition of a work which appeared about twelve years ago. Among the subjects discussed are: The Science of Theology, The Church's Dogmatic Office, Holy Scripture, Theism, The Divine Nature, Moral Attributes, etc.

SPOKANE, WASH.

H. W. Mangold and O. Lund:

The Four Orphans. By H. W. Mangold and O. Lund.

The object of this story is to answer in a practical way such questions as: What are the real functions of society? What is the duty of society to the individual, and what is the duty of the individual to society? Should the functions of society change in accord with the evolution of man and industry? What effect has environment on the individual? etc. The volume is bound within paper covers.

LONDON, ENG.

Methuen and Company:

In a Syrian Saddle. By A. Goodrich Freer.

The description of a journey to Moab, Galilee and Samaria. The different cities, towns and places of interest visited are: Jericho, Madaba, Mshatta, Ammān, Jerash, and the Fords of Jahbōk, Es-Salt, The Jordan Valley, Nablus, Taanak and Megiddo, Samaria, Haifa and Carmel, Nazareth and Tabor, The Sea of Galilee, Tiberias and Besan, and West of the Jordan.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
2. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Lunatic at Large. Clouston. (Brentano.) \$1.00.
3. Mrs. Darrell. Davis. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Jörn Uhl. Frenssen. (Estes.) \$1.50.
5. The Unwritten Law. Henry. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
6. Forma Gordyceff. Gorky. (Scribner.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. Billy Duane. Mathers. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Hecla Sandwith. Valentine. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Fond Adventures. Hewlett. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Opening of Tibet. Landon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$3.80.
6. The Bahama Islands. Shattuck. (Macmillan.) \$10.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
4. The Tyranny of the Dark. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Ravanel. Dickson. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
5. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Autobiography of Andrew D. White. (Century.) \$7.50.
5. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
6. Harm Jan Huidkoper. Tiffany. (Clarke Co.) \$2.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mysterious Mr. Sabin. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
6. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
6. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Indifference of Juliet. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
3. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Sunset Trail. Lewis. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
6. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
3. The Pioneer. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
6. Wonders of Life. Haeckel. (Harper.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. My Own Story. Powers. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
3. At the Foot of the Rockies. Goodloe. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Flower of Destiny. Orcutt. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Tyranny of the Dark. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. Dr. Grenfell's Parish. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. The Harvest of the Sea. Grenfell. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
4. The Ravanel. Dickson. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Color Line. Smith. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. Glyn. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Quakeress. Clark. (Winston & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
3. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The House of the Black Ring. Pattee. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Golden Flood. Lefevre. (McClure.) \$1.00.
5. The Weird Picture. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
3. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. A Short History of Oregon. Johnson. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
3. From the West to the West. Duniway. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Letters from an Oregon Ranch. Katharine. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
5. The Lewis and Clark Expedition. Lighton. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) 65c.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
3. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
5. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Gift of the Morning Star. Gordon. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. Lee's Letters and Recollections. Lee. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$2.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Fugitive Blacksmith. Stewart. (Century.) \$1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
6. A Mysterious Disappearance. Holmes. (Clode.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Sunset Trail. Lewis. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
3. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Long Ago and the Later On. Bromley. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
6. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
5. Isidro. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) \$1.50.
6. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Millionaire Baby. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.
3. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. The Ravanel. Dickson. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Americans. Münsterberg. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$2.50.

4. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Dr. Luke of the Labrador. Duncan. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

POINTS				
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10			
" " 2d " "	8			
" " 3d " "	7			
" " 4th " "	6			
" " 5th " "	5			
" " 6th " "	4			

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. Sandy. Rice. (Century.) \$1.00.....	223	
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.....	211	
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.....	87	
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century.) \$1.50.....	82	
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.....	78	
6. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50	67	



THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

AUGUST, 1905

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

It is about time for a new crop of young writers to step forward to enjoy

**Concerning
Ages**

for a few brief years the combined distinction of youth and celebrity. The last crop has had its full share, should cease being "brilliant" young men and women, step aside for the newcomers, and settle down to every-day work. Somehow it does not seem so long ago that Mr. Marion Crawford, for example, was classed among the "young" writers; and only yesterday Mr. Richard Harding Davis was being taunted with his lack of years, and patted complacently on the head by the reviewers and told that he might do something when he "grew up." Yet the first turned the half century mark a year ago this month, while the creator of Van Bibber must now be either in his forty-first or forty-second year. Even the men who have come in with the "best-selling" epoch are spinning along merrily toward grizzled locks; and most of them have left the twenties well behind them. In three months Mr. Winston Churchill will be in his thirty-fifth year, and Mr. Booth Tarkington is already in his thirty-seventh. Mr. Stewart Edward White was thirty-two on his last birthday; Mr. Jack London will be thirty on his next; Mr. George Barr McCutcheon was thirty-nine last week, and Mr. Thomas Dixon has experienced forty-one and a half active and varied summers, winters, autumns and springs. The list might be extended indefinitely, but for obvious reasons we

shall pass over the feminine side of it with the general statement that the conditions are the same as with the men, and without adducing unpolite dates and figures. Ever since the days of the valiant Figg and the renowned Broughton, the Prize Ring has had a saying that "Youth will be served." Youth also has its claims in the modern literary game.

✱

William Aspinwall Bradley, the author of *William Cullen Bryant* in the English

**William
Aspinwall
Bradley.**

Men of Letters series, is one of the large number of young men who are writing to-day who won some literary reputation of a local nature while they were still undergraduates. Five or six years ago, when he was a student at Columbia, Mr. Bradley was one of a little group that was exceedingly active in conducting the various periodicals issued in the interest of the student body. The young men of this group were clever, and it was not unnatural that at the time they took themselves rather seriously and were inclined, in a general way, to pat literature on the head. From this group emanated *Imaginary Lectures*, a volume which pilloried with perfect good nature the alleged eccentricities of appearance and deportment of various prominent members of the University faculty. *Imaginary Lectures* was on the whole a good deal better than the average undergraduate publication of its time. Since his



WILLIAM ASPINWALL BRADLEY

graduation Mr. Bradley has taken up literary work in earnest, has contributed two or three volumes to the Men of Letters series, and has edited new editions of several old English publications.

✱

Samuel Hopkins Adams, who has been collaborating with Stewart Edward White on *The Mystery*, the strange sea tale which is to be published this autumn, is one of the ablest exponents of what may be called the literature of exposure, the literature appearing in periodical form, of which Mr. Thomas Lawson is just at present the supreme sensational type, and of which Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Miss Tarbell are more dignified examples. Until very recently Mr. Adams's reputation has been almost entirely a professional one. Those who know the inside workings of magazine-making have long recognised his value as a member of the staff of *McClure's*, just as for years he was known along Park Row as one of the "best men"

of the *Sun*. Possessing, in addition to the qualifications that go to make the good, all-around newspaper man, a special theoretical and practical acuteness in criminal cases, he was assigned to cover for his paper all the big sensational murders and robberies. He had all the elements of what is known as the "*Sun* style" at its best; in particular the ability to seize upon some little, out-of-the-way incident of the life of the metropolis, and through sheer cleverness to elevate it to the dignity of a column story. When he went to the McClure, Phillips Company five or six years ago, he was at first in the book publishing department and had much to do with the preparation of advertising material. Readers may remember a series of "Doyley Dialogues," designed to exploit Conan Doyle's *The Hounds of the Baskervilles*. These dialogues told of various misadventures on the part of the Bride, the Bridegroom, the Messenger Boy, the Man in the Elevated Train, all due to their insanely absorbed interest in the book. The extraordinary cleverness with which

they were done, caused them to be quoted far and wide. A number of the leading English newspapers reprinted them, and attempts were made to translate them into several European languages. An astonishing tribute to a mere "ad" and one of which Mr. Adams may long be proud.

✱

The Mystery is based on actual happenings of which the records exist, but Mr. White and Mr. Adams have found a solution where fact simply presented one of those strange, uncanny horrors of the sea. A merchant ship, sailing the

Pacific, fell in with a vessel, rolling along with all sails set, but with no other visible signs of life. Hailing bringing no response, a boat was manned and lowered and a crew sent aboard the stranger, which was found to be absolutely deserted, although the most careful examination showed no reason for the abandonment. A crew was placed in charge, and the two vessels proceeded in the same direction. That night, however, a storm arose, and they were for a time separated. The following morning the stranger was again seen sailing along, but signalling brought no answer, and a second crew that was sent aboard found the fires still



SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

burning, but the same strange and horrible absence of human life. A call was made and a few venturesome and un-superstitious spirits volunteered to act as the third crew. Again that night there was a storm, in which the stranger vanished, and was never heard of more. It will be interesting to see what the collaborators have been able to do with this baffling mystery.

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Mr. James Huneker is one of those exceptional impressionists whose souls actually have had the adventures they recount, and in his latest volume, *The Iconoclasts*, the adventures lose nothing in the telling. The "iconoclasts" are Ibsen, Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Bernard Shaw, Becque, Hauptmann, and other modern pioneering playwrights who have in one way or another upset conventions, provoked strife or gathered pugnacious disciples. Mr. Huneker has not given us a cool appraisal of them, and probably has not meant to do so. He has simply devoured them all and singly with an inordinate emotional relish and given us an account of the matter which is not only most entertaining in itself, but will no doubt entice many to a number of plays in the vain hope that they will feel as warmly as Mr. Huneker does. It is impossible not to catch his enthusiasm, but it does not always survive a meeting with the object of it. His methods are analytical but not self-analytical, and the truth and his own temperament are sometimes badly mixed. Of Bernard Shaw he says, "Beefsteak, old Scotch ale, a pipe, and Montaigne, are what he needs for one year. Then his inhumane criticism of poor, stumbling mankind's foibles might be tempered. Shaw despises weakness. He follows to the letter Nietzsche's injunction, Be hard!" In his own case, a year's vegetable diet and an increase in intellectual rigour would have reduced some of the estimates in this volume to more moderate dimensions, but we doubt if we should have enjoyed it more. "My truth is the truth" is the motto quoted on his title-page, and it is easy enough to allow for the heightened effects of his

sanguine temperament in this more or less bilious world; and, after all, he is not a guide, but a companion, none the less agreeable for being always and by nature slightly intoxicated. Read, for example, his argument to prove that Ibsen is not only a humourist, but the greatest of humourists:

With all the authorities, apologists, panegyrists, Ibsen remains a difficult nut to crack. His perversities of execution, aberrations in sentiment, contrarities and monumental obstinacy are too much for the average commentator's nerves. Why, then, should he be enjoyed by the public when doctors of the drama disagree? His warmest admirers deny him the gift of humour, but we believe that he is the greatest humourist as well as dramatist of the nineteenth century. No man, not even Browning, has kept such rigid features in the very face of idiotic abuse and still more silly praise. Not a sense of humour! After *A Doll's House* came *Ghosts*, totally contravening the thesis, or supposed thesis, of that problem play; after *Ghosts*, *An Enemy of the People*, which declared for the rights of the individual; after this piece the maddening and angular ironies, in which he mocks himself, his theories; and then, as if to explode the whole Ibsen mine, *Rosmersholm* appeared. Therein the reformer, whether idealist or of the ordinary peddling political stripe, is mercilessly flayed, and Rebekka West, his wonderful incarnation of passion, deceits, femininity, and renunciation, sacrifices her life to a false ideal, to "Rosmersholm ideals," and mocks herself as she joins in the double suicide. No humour! What, then, of Hedda Gabler, the young woman of to-day; shallow-cultured, her religious underpinning gone, vacillating, cerebral, all nerves, full of a Bashkirtseff-like charm, this Hedda, who is so modern, who peeps over moral precipices, shudders and peeps again—what preconceived theories of Ibsen did Hedda not upset?

He is hasty, haphazard, careless if an argument works both ways at once. He loves to be electrified, and approaches an author as if he were a gymnotus, touching him here and there and getting shocks. Having had his sensation, he does not care to go further, and is seldom troubled by second thoughts. He is hot after every new idea and every idea that

only seems new. He is full of all new mysticisms, pessimisms and realisms, climbs every literary beanstalk and is sure to find a giant at the top. Better or more irresponsible company it would be hard to find among our commentators. A successful American writer who regards essay-writing as a form of university extension has recently said:

The special significance of the modern essayist is his opportunity to lend the maturity of

his knowledge of the best in nature and in literature to the young that they may profit by the suggestions in his guidance.

It is pleasant to note that in the midst of all this "uplift" and juvenile instruction, Mr. Huneker's lively and suggestive essays are written solely for adults.

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Mr. Huneker, in the course of his



JAMES HUNEKER

amusing essay on Bernard Shaw, tries his hand at the familiar task of puzzling out the **Mr. Huneker's Exposure of Bernard Shaw.** "real" Shaw. He says:

He had no money, no opportunities, no taste. A fierce ascetic and a misogynist, he will have no regrets at three-score and ten; no sweet memories of headaches—he is a teetotaller; no heartaches—he is too busy with his books; and no bitter aftertaste for having wronged a fellow-being. Behold, Bernard Shaw is a good man, has led the life of a saint, worked like a hero against terrible odds, and is the kindest-hearted man in London! Now we have reached another mask—the mask of altruism. Nearly all his earnings went to the needy; his was, and is, a practical socialism. He never let his right hand know the extent of his charities, and mark this—no one else knew of it. Yet good deeds, like murder, will out. His associates ceased deriding his queer clothes, the flannel shirt, and the absence of evening dress; his money was spent on others. So, too, his sawdust menu—his carrots, cabbages and brown bread—it did not cost much, his eating, for his money was needed by poorer folk. So you see what a humbug is this dear old Diogenes, who growls cynically at the human race, abhors sentiment-mongers, and despises conventional government, art, religion, and philosophy. He is an arch-sentimentalist, underneath whose frown are tears of pity. Another mask torn away—Bernard Shaw, philanthropist!



Mr. Howells's latest novel, *Miss Bel-lard's Inspiration*, reviewed in another column, is so slight as

Mr. Howells and His Critics to recall those delightful early farces of his, rather than any of his recent stories. The impression that it leaves is transitory, the result of his humour and felicity of phrase, and not of firmly realised conditions or characters, as in *The Kentons*, or even in *Letters Home*. Yet, as our reviewer says, it has been called by some reviewers the best of them all. This must occasion the author of *The Kentons* some chagrin, but indiscriminate praise is a fitting retribution after what he wrote about reviewers in *Harper's Magazine* a few months ago:

An author may sometimes think he is fulsomely praised, and may even feel a sort of disgust for the slab adulation trowelled upon him, but his admirer need not fear being accused of insincerity. He may confidently count upon being regarded as a fine fellow who has at the worst gone wrong in the right direction.

He showed in this self-distrustful paper an odd kind of sensitiveness to what anybody might say about him without regard to the age, race or mental condition of the critic. Despite its bantering tone, one could not but infer from it that Mr. Howells valued praise irrespective of its source, and winced a little under criticism, no matter how obtuse or ill-considered. That the ordinary American story-writer should do this is not surprising, but Mr. Howells has long since reached the point at which the hasty comments of reviewers might naturally be supposed to arouse in him no emotion whatever. Appreciation of his novels is a test of temperament, social experience and degree of civilisation. Of all our novelists, he might the most complacently take his stand on the principle of take it or leave it, but like some of those writers who expressed their opinion of their reviewers in *THE BOOKMAN* some months ago, he actually cares a great deal about what a miscellaneous horde of unknown persons, for the most part incompetent and probably intent mainly on filling space, have to say about him.



Somehow, on this subject of the reader's appreciation, our writers are apt to lose sight of all personal and class distinctions. Is there no pleasure in being hated by the right sort of person? If the reader is a man whom the author would shudder at were he ever to meet him, is it not reassuring to be damned? It is greedy and un-Christian for him to demand affection from the kind of person whom privately he would like to destroy, and many a reader is of that kind. When the "universal appeal" is intended, that is another matter, but writers like Mr. Howells are inevitably exclusive, and their work is therefore surrounded by broad zones of varying indifference and perhaps aversion. Mr. Howells's books are full of

little delicacies and distinctions, the aroma of class and the bias of experience, things that might puzzle or offend a commercial traveller, just as the odour of orris will make a dog sneeze. On the other hand, regarding praise of these qualities as a mark of literary gentility, reviewers by the dozen will profess what they do not feel. If Mr. Howells, for example, were to meet some of the people who praise him, they would make his blood run cold. The indifference of others would, if he saw them in the flesh, only corroborate his self-esteem. Whatever be true of a greater art, an art such as his is emphatically a respecter of persons, and it seems odd that he should not be cheered somewhat by the dislike of those to whom he is antipathetic and bored a little by the praises of the sort of man he would rather die than dine with.

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We have before us a "Chat with an Author," profusely illustrated, and taking up the best part of a page of a newspaper. In the upper left-hand corner is his full face.

The Literary Interview.

At a distance of two inches to the right is his profile, the intervening space being filled by a picture of a rose from the author's garden. In the lower left-hand corner is the author's front door. In the middle is a larger picture of the author, this time including his legs and the library table. In the right-hand corner is the library table without the author, and below the library table may be seen an elm-tree belonging to the author. These are not the mementoes of the dead. The author is still living. The "chat" itself abounds in the same reverent miscellany. The author declares his preference for high ideals as opposed to low ones, and the interviewer jots it down. He breathes, and the interviewer notes it. A similar "chat" follows with another author, also "in the public eye," who supplies three portraits and maintains with equal firmness that high ideals ought to be raised and their seeds freely distributed. And so it goes. Scores of these literary interviews have recently appeared, some papers making them a regular feature of Sunday or Saturday sup-

plements, others having recourse to them whenever "copy" is running short. With a few exceptions, such as the interviews with Henry James, they resemble the two just mentioned in the absence of any distinguishing mark. They are studies in effaced personality. Not a tumultuous



NANCY HUSTON BANKS, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "THE LITTLE HILLS," IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER

or self-willed person, at any time, the American author fades completely away in these interviews. He is a jelly-fish floating in the current of universal assent, and owing his success, one would say, from these remarks, not so much to any

Examples of genuine literary interviews are those which Mr. William Archer published two years ago in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and better still, the entertaining and characteristic talk with Henry James which the *Critic* printed



MISS ALICE FRENCH ("OCTAVE THANET")
Author of *The Man of the Hour*

ideas of his own as to the country's carelessness. So at least he seems as seen through this long vista of recent "chats," and for the honour of the profession we protest against the present tendency to overdo the literary interview.

last winter. But as a rule the interviewer detects only the qualities that are common to the race and records only those sentiments which it would be a sin for mankind not to share; or else he will make the victim say:

The atmosphere in which ideals are found must be preserved to insure their accuracy, and atmosphere is the divine promise of ideals that the true artist finds wrapped around an otherwise sordid fact.

Recent interviews abound in just such comatose passages. Perhaps it is due to the benumbing effect of publicity. Just as many animals will not touch their food in the presence of man, so there may be authors who will not use their minds if they think anybody is watching them. Excited by the camera, and unmanned by the sense of impending advertisement, they are on these occasions not themselves, often utterly swooning away into the moral platitude. Later, perhaps, they find they have been saying that the world on the whole is growing better every day, or if it is not it ought to be, and that they do their best literary work between meals and with an earnest purpose, and that this is a great country, and culture clubs are dotting the prairies, and the atmosphere is full of ideals, plenty for everybody, so give the baby one. Which involuntary remarks, subjoining a scene of pillage, wherein their profiles, full faces and frock coats alternate with chairs, desks, tables, detached doors, bulrushes, twigs and other objects torn from the premises, constitute what is known as a literary "chat"—at present a really alarming feature of supplemental journalism.



The controversies relating to the comparative value of the Académie Goncourt and the Académie Française receive a curious illustration from two events which have just taken place, the death of an old and the election of a new member of the latter body, viz., the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier and M. Étienne Larny. It cannot be gainsaid that neither of them would have had a ghost of a chance of sitting in the Goncourt Academy; neither can their claims to seats in the Académie Française be seriously disputed. Yet neither of them can be called a man of letters in what may be termed the technical acceptance of the word. They have always belonged essentially to the politi-

cal world. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier will be remembered especially for his fiery political activity during the days of the National Assembly of 1871-75, and for his services as the first President of the French Senate after the promulgation of the present constitution (1876-79). His seat in the Academy, after the death of Bishop Dupanloup, was won by him in one day, on May 4, 1872, when, as chairman of the parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into the war contracts of 1870-71, he reported upon the condition in which the imperial government had left the French army at the beginning of the war. Up to that day he was hardly known as an orator, but the Assembly was fairly spellbound by his outbursts of patriotic eloquence and the indignation with which he arraigned Napoleon III. and his ministers for their criminal neglect of the national interests on the eve of a life and death struggle with the great military monarchy then ruled by Bismarck and Moltke.



Étienne Larny, the member newly elected to fill the vacancy created by Guillaume, the sculptor's, death, has never known such a brilliant day in his well-filled career. He is now the editor of one of the most serious French periodicals, *Le Correspondant*, the organ of the liberal, or rather progressive, Catholics. Some thirty-five years ago he was one of the leading young French Republicans. The writer of these lines well remembers hearing him deliver a ringing speech of welcome to Gambetta after the banquet tendered him in the "Salle Ragache" by the students of Paris to celebrate the oratorical triumph won by him with his first great political speech in the Chamber of Deputies. Since that time, Étienne Larny has parted company with his old party and has recently fought the battles of the church against the government of the republic. He was *persona grata* to the Vatican during the last years of Leo XIII., and was often called in France "the lay nuncio." A great deal of his time, especially since his defeat for reelection to the Chamber of Deputies some twenty years ago, he has given to the writing of religious and political history,

his productions being usually published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* until his assuming the editorship of *Le Correspondant*.

He might, however, easily have failed of an election if he had had for his competitor a really great writer. But his chief opponent was Maurice Barrès, who, in spite of all the talent displayed in *Le Jardin de Bérénice* or in *Les Déracinés*, is far from commanding as yet general admiration. Of one thing, however, Barrès may justly be proud. Edmond Rostand, who has just completed his new play, *Chanteclair*, a work of fancy, based upon the old *Roman de Renart*, travelled all the way to Paris, from Cambo, in the Pyrenees, to vote for him. But he was not strong enough to prevail against the influence of Brunetière, the chief advocate of his brother editor.

Élisée Reclus, one of the noblest of French writers, has just died at the age of seventy-five. It will not be his fault if the French are not cured of what used to be considered one of their national faults, their ignorance of geography. His chief work is his monumental *Géographie Universelle* in nineteen huge volumes, a monument of learning, a masterpiece of style, a wonderfully philosophical interpretation of the varied life of the human race. Strange to say, this quiet savant was an ardent communist and anarchist. He fought in the battalions of the Commune against the French Government in 1871, and was in consequence sentenced to transportation beyond the seas, a penalty which executive clemency changed to banishment. Later, thanks to a general amnesty, he returned to France; but his earnest advocacy of Kropotkin got him into trouble again, and he was glad to accept a professorship of geography in the Université Libre of Brussels, which he occupied until his death.

With its September issue the magazine which for so many years was known as

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and which is now *Leslie's Monthly Magazine*,

Changing
Names.

will appear under the new title of the *American Illustrated Magazine*. The question is, will the reading public accept

the change of name? Some years ago the *American Review of Reviews* took unto itself the title of the *American Monthly*, and has printed that title on its cover ever since. Yet people could not be induced to accept the change, and nobody ever speaks of the magazine as anything but the *Review of Reviews*. The Leslie periodical itself had a similar experience when it tried to modify its early name. To this day communications from all over the country are addressed to *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. On the other hand, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Outlook* succeeded where the *Review of Reviews* failed. When the *Outlook* publication ceased to be the *Christian Union* and took its new name it achieved almost immediate success. The word American has not been used much in connection with our magazines. There was an *American Magazine* established in the eighteenth century. It lived for two years. Later Noah Webster revived it and it had two years more of existence.

Speaking of *Leslie's Monthly Magazine* recalls the memory of Frank Leslie, who was an exceedingly interesting figure in American literary life for many years. Leslie's real name was Henry Carter. He was an Englishman, born in 1821, and trained for a commercial life. His natural inclinations, however, were towards art, and he soon began contributing sketches to the London illustrated papers. He came to the United States in 1848, and a few years later embarked on his publishing career. His first venture was the *Gazette of Fashion*; then followed in quick succession the *New York Journal*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, *The Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, *The Budget of Fun* and a number of others. Leslie was the first patron of the late Thomas Nast, starting the distinguished caricaturist on his artistic career. J. C. Derby, in his *Fifty Years Among*

Authors, Books and Publishers, said that Frank Leslie deserved to be called the pioneer and founder of illustrated journalism in America. "He possessed the qualifications required to command success. Himself an artist and engraver of rare merit, he understood the business perfectly from its artistic side, and was constantly introducing new improvements in engraving. Equally complete was his knowledge of the business from the lit-

erary standpoint. He understood what the great reading public in this country wanted, and provided it, so that all tastes were satisfied by one or another of his many publications. He was master of the whole establishment, from top to bottom, and understood every detail, so that if anything went wrong in the engraving rooms, the press-room or any other department, he could straighten it out at once."

LYRICS IN OUR LATER FICTION



OR half a century now the collection of *Songs from the Dramatists*, edited by Robert Bell, has been a favourite book with all lovers of the English lyric. It has been reprinted in the United States twice at least—once with exquisite illustrations by Mr. John La Farge. It contains a careful selection of the best songs, scattered here and there in the plays of the British dramatists, from the *Ralph Roister Doister* of Nicholas Udall to the *School for Scandal* of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. As the editor said in his "advertisement," "the want of such a collection has long been felt, and that it has never been supplied before must occasion surprise to all readers who are acquainted with the riches we possess in this branch of poetry."

The richness of English literature in this branch of poetry is indeed indisputable; and one may even go further and declare that it is incomparable. In no other literature, not even in Greek, is there the wealth of lyric which we find in profusion in the poetry of our own tongue. In fact, this lyrical abundance is evidence in behalf of the assertion that we who speak English belong to a race highly endowed with emotion, with energy, with imagination; and that it is in poetry we have done best rather than in prose. In spite of the fact that we are generally held to be a practical and hard-headed people, English prose as a whole is em-

phatically inferior to English poetry as a whole—just as French poetry as a whole is emphatically inferior to French prose as a whole.

This possession of the poetic temperament is one reason why there are so many songs besprinkled through the pages of the English drama; but there is also another reason quite commonplace, and perhaps on that account not mentioned by Bell. In Tudor times the companies of actors were often recruited from choir-boys, who brought to the aid of the theatre their acquaintance with the art of song. Now, a writer of plays is prompt to utilise every advantage at his command; and the Elizabethan dramatist had not only the lyric gift of his race, he had also ready to his service actors trained to sing. No wonder is it, therefore, that the playwrights delighted to drop into song whenever the occasion came, certain that full justice would be done to their lilting lines. Thus they established a tradition which has endured almost down to the dawn of the twentieth century—a tradition which had authority even for the writers of the closet-drama, Browning and Tennyson and Swinburne. In the French drama we find nothing of the sort, partly because the French poets are not so naturally lyric and partly because a musical training had not been given to the French actors in the remote beginnings when Hardy was setting the pattern for the later and more literary drama. Even when a French dramatist is obviously lyrical, as Cor-

neille is seen to be sometimes and Victor Hugo often, his lyricism takes the form not of the song, but of the set speech, the *tirade*.

Many years after Bell had chosen the most worthy of the multitudinous *Songs of the Dramatists*, another compiler, Mr. W. Davenport Adams, was moved to make a corresponding collection of *Songs from the Novelists*, prepared in avowed emulation of the earlier anthology. The songs of the dramatists far outnumber the songs of the novelists, just as the drama itself is in English more important than the novel. Yet the result of Mr. Adams's gleaning was astonishingly rich; and he was enabled to bring together delightful lyrics chosen out of the stories of the leading British novelists.

Although many a novelist has written graceful verses—Thackeray for one and Bret Harte for another—the poets have rarely chosen to be also novelists, "observing our every-day world," to use Mr. Stedman's phrase. It is in his acute introduction to the tales of Poe that Mr. Stedman makes the striking suggestion that "poets with the novelists' gift are for the most part dramatists, using the dramatic form at times when the spirit of the stage is not at odds with that of literature." The truth of this is seen as we look down the table of contents of Mr. Adams's selection, and as we note how few of the greater English poets have ventured into fiction, and how unimportant has been the result of their rare attempts. It is not by the *Arcadia* that Sidney is now recalled, nor is it by *St. Irvyne* that Shelley is best remembered. Even Hood and Moore added little or nothing to their reputation by *Tylney Hall* and the *Episcurean*.

Yet the lyrical genius of the race is not to be denied, and the novelists, even if they are not to be ranked with the greater poets of the language, have broken into song again and again. It is in the *Vicar of Wakefield* that we find "Olivia's Song":

When lovely woman stoops to folly.

It is in the *Pickwick Papers* that Dickens rhymed the virtues of the "Ivy Green." It is in *Rebecca and Rowena*

that Thackeray gave us "Love at Two Score":

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin.

It is in his *Handy Andy* that we first meet Lover's "Widow Machree;" and it is in his *Charles O'Malley* that we make acquaintance with Lever's "Widow Malone." In Kingsley's *Alton Locke* we find the song best known as the "Sands o' Dee;" and of course there is no lack of lyrics to be discovered in the prose romances of Sir Walter Scott.

In the score of years which have elapsed since Mr. Adams's anthology was prepared, other British novelists have now and again dropped a lyric into their pages. Mr. Kipling, indeed, cannot refrain from bursting into song, prefixing scraps of his own verse to almost every chapter of some of his volumes, appending lyrical epilogues to the tales of the *Jungle Book*, and also on occasion throwing in independent lyrics—as in the *Light that Failed*.

In Mr. Adams's collection there is no selection from the American branch of English literature; his choice was confined wholly to the novelists of his own islands. Although the British compiler might have found a few songs in the novels of American authorship, he could have found very few indeed. Perhaps because the better American novels have been realistic rather than romantic; perhaps because American novelists with their eyes sincerely fixed on the facts of life have been forced to refrain from the rollicking and the convivial; perhaps for some deeper reason, there are not many lyrics to be gathered from American fiction. And infrequent as the lyrics are, they are more abundant than the true songs. Such poems as American writers of fiction have chosen to insert here and there in their narratives are scarcely ever intended to be said or sung; they are destined for the eye and not for the ear. They are generally poems supposed to be written by one of the characters of the story, perhaps verses to his mistress's eyebrows or sonnets to her ineffable beauty, perhaps merely metrical efforts of his which he submits for her approval.

In Longfellow's "Kavanaugh" there is scarcely any verse, whereas in "Hyperion"

the lyrics are abundant—translations, mostly, supposed to be read by Paul Flemming to Mary Ashburton. One of these is the well-known rendering of Uhland's "Castle by the Sea." Another song in the same tale is the arch and catching

I know a maiden fair to see;
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

This, we are told by the narrator, was sung in German by a wandering apprentice, who had a store of strange songs, "so full of longing and of pleasing sadness, and hope, and fear, and passionate desire, and soul-subduing sorrow, that tears came into Mary Ashburton's eyes, though she understood not the words he sang." Earlier in the same story Longfellow presented the reader with a swinging translation of the old student-lyric of "The Fox."

Far more closely woven into the texture of the tale, and far more powerful in its appeal, is the lyric which Poe wrought into the subtlest and strangest of his stories. In the *Fall of the House of Usher* the narrator tells us that he remembered easily the words of one of the rhapsodies which the hero apparently improvised to his own fantastic accompaniment. "I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne." And the lyric thus artfully introduced is the "Haunted Palace," with its appalling symbolism, its haunting melody, and its captivating rhythm:

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away.

In the conception of this poem, and in

its introduction into this study of intellectual decay at this precise moment, Poe revealed his exquisite sense of effect. Indeed, no better instance of his consummate craftsmanship could well be chosen—of his mastery of every technical device. No other American writer of tales was a poet of an equal lyrical felicity; and no other American poet has succeeded also in achieving an equal fame as a writer of tales. Twice again did Poe place his lyrical gift at the service of his prose-narrative—once in "Ligeia" and again in the "Assignation."

It is a far cry from the author of the "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque" to the author of the "Undiscovered Country," from one of the masters of romance to one of the masters of realism. Yet Mr. Howells is a poet also, and certain of his poems have a weird suggestiveness that Poe would surely have appreciated—a haunting quality that the author of the "Masque of the Red Death" would have relished. The verses which Mr. Howells has put into one of his earlier stories, the ever-charming *Their Wedding Journey*, are of a different sort; they have for their subjects two legends attached one to Niagara and the other to the falls at Rochester. The former is called "Avery" and is too long to quote here, although it deserves quotation for the vigour and the swing of its rhythm. The other purports only to be a translation of a German poem about Sam Patch; and there is no denying that it reveals the influence of Heine:

In the Bierhausgarten I linger
By the falls of the Genesee;
From the table-rock in the middle
Leaps a figure bold and free.

Aloof in the air it rises
O'er the rush, the plunge, the death:
On the thronging banks of the river
There is neither pulse nor breath.

Forever it hovers and poises
Aloof in the moonlit air;
As light as mist from the rapids,
As heavy as a nightmare.

In anguish I cry to the people,
The long-since vanished hosts;
I see them stretch forth in answer,
The helpless hands of ghosts.

Just as we may regard Mr. Howells as a novelist who has now and again ventured into verse, so we may regard Holmes as an essayist or as a songster of society who chose now and again to exercise his cleverness as a writer of fiction. Perhaps there is a little unfairness in the curt dismissal of *Elsie Venner* as mere "medicated fiction;" but no injustice is really done to the author's fame when we admit that it is not dependent on his novels. In the *Guardian Angel*, and again in the far less successful *Mortal Antipathy*, the writer of the story remembered that he was also a writer of verse. In the former the poems are presented as the work of the young bard, Gifted Hopkins, one of Holmes's most successful character-sketches; and in the latter the poem is frankly presented as the author's own, and, indeed, as one of his series of songs for his classmates. In neither case is there any need for quotation here. Nor is it necessary to copy in full the strange story as we find in the masterpiece of another American humourist—the metrical narrative concerning "Young Stephen Dowling Botts" which we find in *Huckleberry Finn*.

In another short story, "Ilka on the Hilltop," one of the Norwegian tales of the late H. H. Boyesen, there is an actual song, the singing of which brings about the final and most unexpected situation of the tale:

HÄNSEL:

Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,
While the crimson glaciers glow,
Are thine eyes as blue and beaming
As they were a year ago?

BOTH:

Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

ILKA:

Hänsel, Hänsel, in the valley,
I will tell you, tell you true;
If my eyes are blue and beaming,
What is that, I pray, to you?

BOTH:

Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

HÄNSEL:

Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,
While the blushing roses blow,
Are thy lips as sweet for kissing
As they were a year ago?

BOTH:

Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

ILKA:

Naughty Hänsel in the valley,
Naughty Hänsel, tell me true,
If my lips are sweet for kissing,
What is that, I pray, to you?

BOTH:

Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

HÄNSEL:

Tell me, Ilka on the hill-top,
While the rivers seaward flow,
Is thy heart as true and loving
As it was a year ago?

BOTH:

Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

ILKA:

Dearest Hänsel in the valley,
I will tell you, tell you true.
Yes, my heart is ever loving,
True and loving unto you!

BOTH:

Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho!
Hohli-ohli-ohli-ho! Hohli-oh!

In Mr. George A. Hibbard's volume of short stories of contemporary life, appropriately entitled *Nowadays*, there is a tale called "A Mad World, my Masters;" and one of the characters finds a journal containing the following rather pretty pantoum, supposed to have been rhymed by the chief figure of the tale:

Dreaming, although it is day,
Drowsily stretched on the grass;
Letting my wits run away;
Letting realities pass.

Drowsily stretched on the grass;
Building up castles in air;
Letting realities pass;
Free from the turmoil and care.

Building up castles in air;
Lazily lying at rest;
Free from the turmoil and care;
Wasting my time, they protest.

Lazily lying at rest;
Blinking away at the sun;
Wasting my time, they protest,
Since there's so much to be done.

Blinking away at the sun;
I wish them luck on their way.
Since there's so much to be done,
I shall have nothing to say.

I wish them luck on their way.
If they but leave me to dream,
I shall have nothing to say,
False though the vision may seem.

If they but leave me to dream,
Dreaming that you could love me;
False though the vision may seem;
Dreaming what never can be.

Dreaming that you could love me;
Dreaming, although it is day;
Dreaming what never can be;
Letting my wits run away.

In the striking story which Mr. James Weber Linn has entitled *The Second Generation*, the hero is moved to voice his emotions in a lyric—which seems to lend itself excellently to a musical setting:

The drums of the wind beat low,
The hosts of the night are out;
I can see the flare of the stars
Who have driven the day to rout.

Thousands of years ago
The torch of the furthest whirled
To fling off the light that lies
To-night on this little world.

Thousands of years ago—
Ah, how straight and how far!
And love to the heart of a man
Comes it otherwise, oh, my star?

Here there is harmony between the song and the story; and this same harmony is to be found in the light and lively lyric which lilts in our ears after we have visited Mr. Viele's *Inn of the Silver Moon*—that hospitable hostelry for those who lodge at the beautiful star, to use the French phrase:

What care if the day
Be turned to grey,
What care if the night come soon.
We may choose the pace
Who bow for grace
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.
Ah, hurrying sirs,
Drive deep your spurs,
For it's far to the steeped town—
Where the wallet's weight
Shall fix your state
And buy for ye smile or frown.
Through our tiles of green
Do the stars between
Laugh down from the skies of June,
And there's naught to pay
For a couch of hay
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.

You labouring lout,
Pull out, pull out,
With a hand to the creaking tire.
For it's many a mile
By path and stile
To the old wife crouched by the fire—
But the door is wide
In the hedgerow side,
And they ask not bowl nor spoon,
Whose draught of must
Makes soft the crust
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.

Then here's to the Inn
Of the empty bin;
To the Host of the trackless dune,
And here's to the friend
Of the journey's end
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.

This gay and debonnair song deserves to be set to a rollicking air; and it has been rewarded according to its deserts. It tempted a fellow-novelist who was also a composer; and this brisk lyric of Mr. Viele's has had a satisfactory tune fitted to it by Mr. Owen Wister.

Arthur Penn.

LITERARY CLUBLAND

IV. THE FRANKLIN INN OF PHILADELPHIA

BY CHURCHILL WILLIAMS



NEAR the junction of two alleys in the most crowded part of the business section of Philadelphia is a small three-story brick building with the flat front, marble steps and white door and window framing characteristic of thousands of houses built in Philadelphia twenty years or more ago. This is the home of the Franklin Inn Club, and under the shadow of a sky-scraping hotel which backs upon one of the alleys pass daily at the luncheon hour a score or more of the best-known men in Philadelphia. The entire first floor of the little brick building is a dining-room, and down its centre runs a long, black table. Here these men lunch each day, shoulder to shoulder. There are no small tables, no private corners, in the Franklin Inn, and whatever one man says to another his fellows are almost sure to hear unless the good humour which prevails shall drown it out. The club is democratic in the best sense. The only distinction recognised is that conferred by good work, and even this is kept within such modest bounds that the biggest lion has no encouragement to roar. On the other hand, the first principle of the club is the prompt recognition and stalwart support of whatever is done that is worthy.

The Franklin Inn was born of a meeting of ten men in February, 1902. These ten men were Francis Howard Williams, J. Bertram Lippincott, Frederic W. Unger, S. Decatur Smith, John Luther Long, Churchill Williams, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Harrison S. Morris, William J. Nicolls and Craige Lippincott. But three months of the hardest sort of work were back of its foundation. "Literary clubs" had been projected in Philadelphia again and again. With two notable exceptions, these had come to nothing. No one had been willing to do more than talk

and pass resolutions. The notable exceptions were the Browning Society—a vast and unwieldy organisation for the discussion of "problems," which undoubtedly has been a success so far as the numerical importance of its membership is concerned, but which has no club house and little or none of the fellowship which attaches to a club; the other—the Pegasus—a small, compact and active organisation which meets once a month or oftener for the discussion of verses original with its members; but which, aside from this meeting, does not carry out the idea of association of members as a club is supposed to do. The purpose of the Franklin Inn was to bring together every one of those who had a real and active interest in books, magazines or other periodicals, whether by reason of editing them, writing them or illustrating them. The by-laws of the club say that the membership shall be limited to one hundred, composed of resident and non-resident members, and that the qualifications shall be, first, personal acceptability; second, the authorship of one or more copyrighted books (excepting school books), articles, stories, poems, essays, or plays, or the pictorial illustration of any of the same, or the publication or editing of books or magazines of recognised literary merit.

The Franklin Inn has few by-laws and fewer house rules. Even these are construed in the most liberal spirit. The one essential to the full enjoyment of all the privileges conveyed by membership is courtesy to all, willingness to hear what others have to say and ability to say something worth hearing. Everything savouring of formality is banished, except at the occasional—very occasional—business meetings. On the other hand, the membership list is guarded by the closest scrutiny and the most searching inquiry in the case of every applicant. The result has been the steady and prosperous



THE FRANKLIN INN



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THE GRILL-ROOM

growth of the club, free from dissensions and free from the divisions by cliques. The membership in three years has grown from twenty-two to over eighty, besides a few out-of-town members.

Yet the club has held no receptions to notables, given no banquets, unless the yearly dinner on Franklin's birthday be counted as such. In its visitors' book have been written during the three years the names of almost all of those with reputations as writers, illustrators or book-makers who have come to Philadelphia in that time. And these men—the membership being confined to men—have almost invariably sat down at the club's lunch unheralded and without other introduction than the mention of their name. The lunch of the club, by the way, is the feature of the Franklin Inn's life. Indeed, the vitality of the club is largely attributable to the daily gathering around one board. An unwritten law prescribes that this luncheon shall never cost more than twenty-five cents per plate; that whatever is served shall be of the best procurable, and that the club itself shall bear no share of the expense of the table. This is partly the expression of a principle laid down with the club's organisation—that no debts should be contracted by the club as a club or by any member as a member. There is no such thing within its laws as a monthly account. Every man pays for his luncheon each

day. Accordingly, the club has been free of debt from its beginning, and with the beginning of this year found itself in possession of a surplus sufficient to enable it to make a much-needed addition to its small building. The building itself is owned by the club, and its plain interior is gradually being remodelled along the lines of a simple decorative scheme somewhat after the manner of an old English tavern.

Aside from its luncheon, the club holds an informal meeting every Friday night, with the exception of the three summer months, and on the first Friday in each month usually has with it some more or less well-known men to talk upon whatever they know most about. Occasionally these evenings are given over to a parody—sometimes of the work of the members, sometimes of a literary event or institution which is being discussed at the time. On Franklin's birthday, which is celebrated on the date fixed by the old-styled calendar, the president sits at the head of a table around which are forty or fifty men, and some of the stories and poems which have been printed with largest success in magazines during the past three years were first read in manuscript form at this dinner. The officers of the club are: President, S. Weir Mitchell; Vice-President, Francis Howard Williams; Treasurer, Charles C. Shoemaker; Secretary, Ellis P. Oberholtzer.

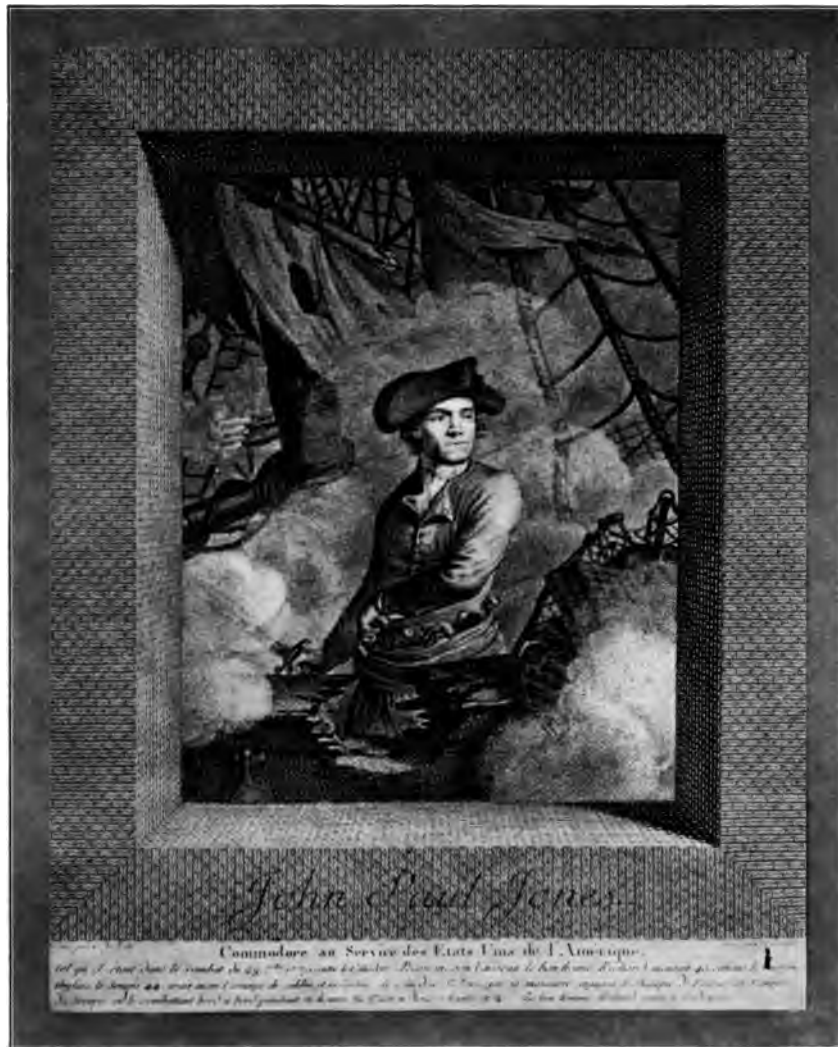


PAUL JONES IN PORTRAITURE



SEVERAL years ago, in connection with an etching of Edgar Allan Poe by a Frenchman, THE BOOKMAN commented upon the subtle way in which an artist always contrived to impress his own nationality upon the subjects of his portraits. The face was the face of Poe, but marvellously Europeanised. The three

accompanying portraits of Paul Jones illustrate this point admirably. In the first we have a Paul Jones who is not only a Frenchman, but a Frenchman whose face is illuminated with the spirit of war and unrest—a face that is absolutely prophetic of the revolution that was so soon to burst forth to sweep the Bourbons from the throne, and to pave the way for the victorious armies of the Republic and the great Napoleon. In the



PAUL JONES—FROM THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW



PAUL JONES—AS THE BRITISH SAW HIM



PAUL JONES—THE AMERICAN IMPRESSION

second portrait, which was made in England in 1779, the year that Jones engaged and defeated the "Serapis," we have not only the British conception of a brutal and bloodthirsty pirate, delighting in slaughter and rapine, and destined to the halter, but a figure that reflects the spirit of British art of the period, a figure sug-

gestive of what Hogarth had done, and of what Gilray was to do. Finally in the third we have one of those American portraits of that conventional and idealised type which with the change of a few details might serve equally well for General George Washington or General Greene or General Gates. *Beverly Stark.*

SOME AMERICAN HUMOURISTS



It was said by Selden that men merely get material to work with by their learning, but their wit and wisdom are born with them. Sydney Smith, who certainly knew a good deal about wit and wisdom, believed that all the great poets, orators, and statesmen have been witty, on occasions, among whom he mentioned Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, Lord Bacon, Cicero, Socrates, Shakespeare, and, of course, Dr. Johnson.

An instance of occasional wit as good as any happened in a little passage in the House of Lords in the time of Queen Anne, when Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, in speaking on a certain bill that he did not like, said he had months ago prophesied its appearance "at this session," and "was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who had the floor next, remarked "if this was so, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam who was reprov'd by his own ass." This observation gave Atterbury his chance, which he improved as follows: "Since the noble Lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam, but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel; I am sure I have been reprov'd by nobody but his Lordship!"

Wit and humour, strictly speaking, are of course separately defined, but, like literature and journalism, they often overlap

each other's domain. Those whom we call humourists, in general parlance, are really wits who purvey both wit and humour. The real humourist, however, like Charles Lamb, furnishes matter that outlasts its day—while the writer who is a professional wit has merely his fashion and season. I was once talking with Horace Greeley about "Doesticks" (Mortimer Thompson) when that humourist was prominent, and he said he will be good for a time, but all our American humourists go by, for others to follow. Not one of them lasts.

The first American humourist having a national celebrity among us was not born in the United States, but in Nova Scotia. This writer was "Sam Slick" (Judge Haliburton), whose personification of the Yankee practically fixed the Yankee type, and who was the favourite of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. His account of his visit to New York as a rustic, forgetting on one occasion doughnuts that had been carefully wrapped in his handkerchief, which tumbled out of it on the parlour floor on some party occasion, with many other mishaps, and his unsophisticated descriptions, were all excellent. But they would not pass muster now. Synchronously with the vogue of his books, or a little later perhaps, came to us from England "Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures" from the pen of Douglas Jerrold. These were not American, to be sure, but they were much read here. And about the same time with the currency of these flourished the Letters of "Major Jack Downing."

You can sometimes see the books of

these writers in the old book stores, but they are practically as dead now as the bonnets and other costumes of their time. Middle-aged people still living remember well when "Mrs. Partington" (B. P. Shillaber), and a little later "Fanny Fern" wrote spicy paragraphs that went the entire rounds of the press, as the *Danbury News* man's witticisms did in more recent days. There was no country or city newspaper that was without them in almost every issue. But you never see them now. Then there was at one time Lieutenant Derby of "Phoenixiana" fame. All of us who were of his era remember his famous fight with some antagonist in California, where he held his enemy fast on top of himself, valiantly inserting his nose in his victim's mouth, while his hand was employed in holding one of his victim's hands—an ironic victory of the under dog in this case. Curiously illustrated many of his jokes were, with antique newspaper type-metal cuts such as were once seen in the initial lines of advertisements. Cuts of this sort of several houses put in a line—of the same style precisely in each instance—did duty for these various legends underneath: "Mansion of 'John Phoenix,'" "House in which Shakespeare was born," "Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott," "The Capitol at Washington," etc. Strung along together, their monotonous primitive style had something like the effect of bad spelling upon witty epigrams. A ship, a woodcock, and a wooden pestle and mortar strung horizontally across the page or column did duty for "A view of the City of San Diego by Sir Benjamin West." An open oyster shell showing both parts, and a blacksmith's upturned arm and hammer illustrated the "Shell of an Oyster once eaten by General Washington, showing the General's manner of opening oysters."

John Phoenix's alleged paper was the *San Diego Herald*, of which he was only the editor *pro tem*. The following is given as a sample of his detached jokes in it, the most of his humour being too extended, as it is mainly in narrative form, for suitable quoting:

AN APT QUOTATION.—His Reverence, coming into the Colorado House last Sunday afternoon, was invited by the urbane proprietor

to irrigate. Being in an arid state, he consented to take a glass of lemonade, but accidentally took a brandy cocktail which had been mixed for Mr. Mariatowski, and drank it off without noticing his mistake. "Why, Doctor," said Frank, when he observed the disappearance of his sustenance, "that was my horn you drank." "Ah, my young friend," quoth the old man with a benevolent smile and a smack of his lips while the moisture stood on the inside of his venerable spectacles, "Ah, my young friend, *the horn of the ungodly shall be put down.*"—Psalms 75:10.

In his lectures on Astronomy he gave the following version of the Signs of the Zodiac:

1. Aries—The Hydraulic Ram.
2. Taurus—The Irish Bull.
3. Gemini—The Siamese Twins.
4. Cancer—The Soft Shell Crab.
5. Leo—The Dandy Lion.
6. Virgo—The Virago.
7. Libra—The Hay Scales.
8. Scorpio—The N. Y. Herald.
9. Sagittarius—The Sparrow.
10. Capricornius—The Bishop.
11. Aquarius—The Decanter.
12. Pisces—The Sardines.

Mrs. Partington's jokes were mainly made of those verbal pitfalls that were of the Mrs. Malaprop order. She once said she had just received two presents: "A horse so spirituous it always went off upon a decanter," and "a Pollywog Bible with the Hypocrisy in it."

"Q. K. Philander Doesticks" was one of the long narrators, and was very effective in his descriptions of Running with the Machine of the Fire Department, Visiting Niagara, and Seeing Barnum's Museum. In some of his descriptions he made frequent use of a character called "Dampfool." At the Barnum's Museum Baby Show he said:

"I stepped up to a lady to ask the age of a baby which she had in her maternal arms, when I found myself instantly a centre of baby attraction—babies seemed to pitch into me from all directions—a baby poked its finger into my eye, a baby put sugar on my ruffled shirt, a baby daubed gruel on my white vest, a baby filled my kid glove with milk, a baby dropped something done up in a rag down my neck, and a baby of huge dimensions and unredeemed ugliness amused itself by filling my hat full of playthings which it appropriated

from the weaker babies on either side. So that I found in that article of apparel a tin whistle, three dolls, a sugar house, a miniature Noah's Ark with all the animals, a rattle box, a hair brush and two india-rubber balls.

"Tried to get out of the muss, but a baby was pulling my coattails, and a four-year-old baby stood upon each foot, improving the pattern of my white pants by wiping their dirty hands thereon. I stepped back and knocked over a baby. I rushed forward and stepped on a baby. I leaped to one side and crushed a small baby in a pink dress. I sprung to the other and crushed a fat baby and its nurse against the wall. I tried to escape from the room, but tumbled over a baby—recovered my feet and started again, but babies got between my legs and tripped me downstairs, where I landed in an exhausted condition, which was by no means improved by a careless woman dropping her baby directly on my head from the fourth story."

"Major Jack Downing's" style was one representing a rustic character who posed as the friend and special confidant of General Jackson. Jackson, though President, was always called the "Gineral" in Downing's letters, which were full of the politics of their day. Seba Smith was the author of them, and they pretty nearly filled the whole humorous horizon when they were in the ascendancy. Particular favourites they were in cross-roads stores, and post offices, and in farmers' homes, although they were read everywhere. Contemporary with Downing was the celebrated coon hunter, backwoodsman and politician, Captain David Crockett, whose sayings were very widely quoted. It was said of him that when a treed coon saw him coming with his gun, the coon would say: "Don't shoot, Captain, I'll come right down"—so sure was his reputed aim. It was he who said:

I'll leave this motto for others when I'm dead,
"Be sure you're right—and then go straight ahead."

"Petroleum V. Nasby" (R. D. Locke) absorbed much of the flavour and atmosphere of Downing and Crockett, though he gave to his matter the requisite latter day style. The rusticity and environment that he chose were of a kindred sort with theirs, while his "swingin' round the circle" with Andrew Johnson disclosed a Presidential intimacy quite like that

which Downing assumed and exploited with reference to Andrew Jackson. Perhaps Nasby imbibed more; for there is nothing more whiskey-soaked in any writing that I now recall than the "Confederate Cross Roads" Postmaster's letters. The nearest approach to this saturation is in some of Dickens's portrayals, especially in his depiction of Sary Gamp, and the memorable, if mythical, Mrs. Harris. But what these women "worried down" was not whiskey, but rum and gin—when they felt "so disposed."

Mr. Locke, when I engaged him as a lecturer, was a man of very slight size and stature, timid before an audience from inexperience, and rather shy otherwise. I was asked by him, before we went on the stage, not to leave him for a minute, so conscious was he of coming stage fright. Probably he got over this agitation when lecturing had become as familiar to him as his pen was, and he certainly had got over his pale complexion, youthful looks and small size when he became for a time a New York editor on the *Mail and Express*. Perhaps he learned at last to be a speaker of acceptability, but at the outset of his career he simply read his address as feebly as a scared schoolboy reads his composition, and with as little inflection and effect. Its passability was only secured by having the brand of humour that characterised his printed letters.

The *Danbury News* man (James M. Bailey) seems to have gone into oblivion as completely as the humourists who preceded him, and yet it is less easy to see why in his case. He was brimful of brightness, and he used the most lucid straightforward English in his jokes, which were usually brief, and of a single paragraph. He is so easy to quote from that a selection to show his quality can begin wherever you open his book. I give below a few of his jocosities:

The boys can always tell a farmer who works according to books. He always plants his muskmelons near the fence.

A Bethel man discovered that a stranger he rescued from a watery grave was not a long lost brother, but a party he owed three dollars and a half for turnips. The Bethel man retired in disgust.

A Danbury sport wears a ten-cent silver piece on his shirt bosom, and calls it a dime and pin, which it certainly is.

It takes years of careful training to convince a boy, who is taken sick on a Saturday, that there is not a screw loose somewhere in the universe.

Kate Stanton in her lecture on "The Loves of Great Men" asserts that the planets revolve around the sun by the influence of love, like a child revolves about its parent. When the writer was a boy he used to revolve around his parent a good deal, and may have been incited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked powerfully like a trunkstrap.

In his essay on "The Hen" he writes as follows:

When the subject of victuals is mentioned they are evidently listening. Throw a handful of corn into a ten-acre lot and every hen in the enclosure will get a dab at it. The last hen on the spot may not secure more than two kernels, but nothing in the hen's appearance will indicate that. It will step around with as much precision and gratitude as any in the flock, and wear the most pensive smile you ever saw. A hen will not eat everything it sees, but it will try to, and there isn't one of them on the face of this earth but that can tell you the taste of everything it has seen within a radius of a half mile of its house. It is only when a man has kicked at a hen and missed it that he begins to understand how thoroughly hollow and deceitful this world is; and it is a marvellous fact in this connection that he will miss the hen if he does kick at it, and misses if he don't.

Through work like this, with which the paper was filled, the *Danbury News* got a national if not an international reputation, and was for a while on every newsstand. Bailey's published books, if I remember rightly, are *England Seen Through a Car Window*, *Mr. Phillips's Goneness*, a story, and *Life in Danbury*. He was said to be singularly unassuming and modest in his manners, much liked by those who knew him; and, I think, did not enter the lecture field—even if he spoke casually, or at all.

Washington Irving, Joseph C. Neal, and Lewis and Willis Gaylord Clarke must be set down as humourists, and later than their time came Orpheus C. Kerr, Bill Nye, M. Quad, and Bill Arp. M. Quad and Max Adeler still live, I be-

lieve, but have rather outlived their vocation. Many others have come and gone, each a slightly different type of the broad humour that we call American. To signal them all with an exhibition of their separate work would transcend the space to which this article is limited. Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley are poet humourists mainly, Field employing prose somewhat—and Mr. Dunne, of Dooley fame, is our newest type.

One other name, which is perhaps that of a wit or wag journalist, is that of Artemus Ward. For absolutely spontaneous humour, native and not merely manufactured, abundant, and hilarious, Ward would seem to stand easily in the front rank. He even looked witty, while many of the humorous writers look sedate and serious. He could put on a solemn face on occasions when he needed solemnity for a background, but his ordinary appearance, I am told, was that of a person full of bottled fun and laughs which were always ready to materialise. He had a peculiar Roman nose, blue or greyish eyes, a somewhat lanky form, like a smaller patterned Abraham Lincoln, and an easy circus way of employing his arms and legs. But he was hollow-chested, and marked for consumption.

He did not save his fun for his articles and lectures exclusively; he scattered it along the street and wherever he went, or was, in company. If you walked with him he would sometimes put on such antics, with boisterous shouting, that you had to explain to people whom you chanced to meet that you were not the custodian of a lunatic. When he lectured in Poughkeepsie, in 1865, he took with him on the stage, and let loose in the hall, a number of live mice, which scampered in all directions, causing, of course, a great tumult on the front seats, and consternation among the ladies who were present. But he was as sober at that moment, a friend assures me, as a judge, and apparently unconscious of the excitement he purposely prepared.

His topic on this occasion was "Mormonism," and the unique manner of the lecturer, and his bizarre treatment of his theme, it is sufficient to say, kept the audience thoroughly amused. Even the women forgot all about the mice. Among

his remarks to elucidate the subject are these:

Brigham Young's religion is singular, but his wives are plural. He is a kind husband, and a numerous father. The pretty girls in Utah mostly marry Young.

The great Salt Lake is an inland sea of brine. There are no boats on this Lake, but a Mormon lives near by who says he has a whole raft of wives.

On the programme of the lecture are several of his characteristic sayings, of which the following are samples:

Children in arms not admitted, if the arms are not loaded.

Children under one year of age not admitted unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

The manager will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

On the lecturer's trip by boat to Newburgh, he carried a box twelve or fourteen feet long, but not over six or eight inches square, marked "Artemus Ward—His Valise." On his Newburgh programme the following notice appears:

Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him often, at his fine new residence in Newburgh. His house is on the right hand side, as you cross the ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a cupola and a mortgage on it.

Josh Billings (Henry W. Shaw) was always what would be called a dry or droll character, but he had nearly reached middle life before he became a public purveyor of witticisms. At first he wrote his shrewd epigrams correctly spelled for the Poughkeepsie *Daily Press*, and for a weekly paper in the same city called *The Poughkeepsian*. Having a real estate and auctioneer's office in that city his pen work was originally done as a sort of recreation. His local nom de plume at the outset was "Si Sledlength." Feeling an impulse at last for a connection with the larger public, he hit upon his cacography to arrest the attention he coveted. The scheme worked well; for he no sooner played the prank of illiteracy

than he tasted the sweets and glory of notoriety.

The papers everywhere copied his sayings, and city journals offered him very soon liberal pay for his writings. By the establishment of an *Almanac*, to be published each year, he reissued his witty sentences in a way that resulted in great financial gain, and turned his avocation to a durable vocation. His vogue was during the Civil War, and for a long time after, but when affairs were sorrowful at Washington, his humour came as a solace to Abraham Lincoln. It is known that Lincoln used to read his famous essay on "The Mule," or quote from it in the meetings of his Cabinet, in spite of Stanton's firm dislike of such levity. When the humourist says that "if you want to find a mule in the lot you must turn him in the next one to it," and that he had "known a mule to be good for six months just to get a chance to kick some one," he put forth a fruit of experience that no one could better appreciate and enjoy than Lincoln could.

He also said: "I like to see a man just as honest when he is measuring a peck of onions as when he is shouting 'Glory Hallelujah!'" And again: "Some men brag of their great descent, when their great descent is just what ails them." It will be noticed that his bad spelling, which I omit, is not a part of his wit, but only an accessory to, or advertisement of it. At Hamilton College, where he was a student, stories of his youthful pranks have been told. He entered the Freshman class in 1833, and had he remained would have graduated in 1837. But he was in college only one year. Professor Edward North, who remembered him, wrote me some years ago (1890) as follows in reference to him: "He distinguished himself in college by his trick of climbing the lightning-rod on the spire of the Chapel. Others tried to follow his example, and this perilous sport was stopped by covering the lightning-rod with a row of long spikes pointing downward where it rests on a projection of the stone steeple. The spikes are there today (1890) and are a striking memorial of the college eccentricities of Henry W. Shaw."

His career is worthy of more honour

than it has thus far received. He was a man of rare good sense, with a decided genius for teaching wholesome truths by stratagem. He made the world better by his picturesque jokes, and made money by harmless misspelling.

His profession of auctioneer, when remembered by an audience, lent piquancy to that saying in one of his lectures that he had "never known an auctioneer to tell a lie, unless it was perfectly convenient." His writings brought him a fortune at last, and he had the pleasure of seeing himself selected for praise in the very serious *Westminster Review*.

Mark Twain is so much with us still (though never too much) that his work is hardly ready yet for a purely retrospective attention. May it be only at a Methuselah's life date of the "Innocent," when it can be so treated. We all remember how demurely he came on the lecture stage, and then introduced himself—but he needs just as little introduction here.

In the varied roll of humourists and fun-makers it seems an omission to leave Lowell and Holmes out. If their serious work had been very much less, instead of dominating the public mind in its remembrance of them, a notice of them here would be compulsory. In Lowell's case, in spite of a publicist's career, too, it may be said that his "Fable for Critics" and his "Bigelow Papers" gave him his first claim to high renown, and there are some critics who, without underestimating his versatile celebrity, maintain that these works still measure up to his high-water line.

John G. Saxe's humour, however, was not eclipsed in this way by a large body

of serious work, for he was more of a humourist than he was anything else. His verses reflected scintillations of the most coruscating kind, and recalled the fertile genius of Thomas Hood. Of newspaper notoriety he had no end—but who has seen within twenty years a poem of his afloat in the American press? Why his poetry does not appeal to us to-day there is nothing apparent in it to show—and yet the fact must be recorded that it has faded away, and the present generation of readers knows it not. But his "Proud Miss McBride," the "Rhyme of the Rail," and "The Cold Water Man" are of the brightest vintage, while all that he wrote was starred with merry quips and turns, the keenest puns outcropping everywhere. I quote here, not so much for its representativeness, as for its brevity, his

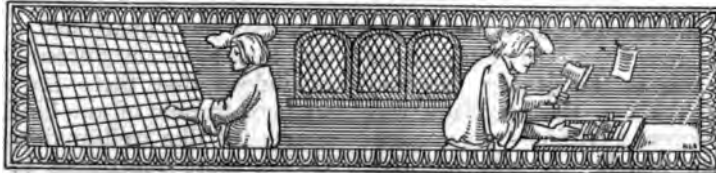
SONNET TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent clamant.

Inglorious friend! most confident I am
Thy life is one of very little ease;
Albeit men mock thee with their similes
And prate of being as happy as a clam!
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
Thy valves are, sure, no safety valves to thee,
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off,—as foemen take their spoil,—
Far from their friends and family to roam;
Forced like a Hessian from thy native home
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
Declares, O clam, thy case is shocking hard!

Could Praed or Hood have done this better?

Joel Benton.



THE LESSON

By GEORGE HIBBARD

(IN TWO PARTS) PART I.

HERZOGENSTADT, April 22, 1756.



HASTEN, dear Madam, to comply with your wishes expressed in your letter which arrived with the despatches for the Embassy by the last courier. You ask me to tell you more particularly of the events that are taking place at present at the Court of Schwarzthal-Sonnenberg. As the outcome will in a measure affect European politics I can understand that this is something that might be of interest in the purlieu of Westminster and along St. James's Street. As it is a matter concerning two hearts,—a veritable *roman de cœur*,—the end of which has not been reached, I realise that you may be anxious to hear the latest.

You also desire me to send to you by the return messenger the pieces of porcelain from Meissen and as many Strassburg pies as can well be packed. This shall be done, and now to the best of my ability I will recount the facts that have come under my observation and relate what I know of the circumstances that have led to so much talk, the rumours of which you have heard in far-off England.

The young Duke and Duchess have quarrelled,—there can be no doubt about it. At least that is the way that the common people have it. Among the “Hoch-Wohlgeboren” they only shake their heads and say that all is not as it was during the honeymoon. At Court they sigh and admit that clouds not at all the colour of the rose have floated across the sky. And this is the greater pity because, as you know, the marriage was one of the purest affection,—an unquestionable love match. It was an idyl. The Duke, being sent to Heidelberg, where, as was expected, a marriage was to be arranged between Prince Frederick's eldest sister and himself, met, in

the forest, the young Princess Aurora, still little more than a child, and insisted on marrying her. The strongest influence was brought to bear, for the Princess Aurora was of the younger branch that has a claim upon the Grand Duchy of Asburg so that an alliance with a member of the House of Stolzenfels puts quite another aspect on the matter in every *chancellerie* on the Continent. But the Duke was firm. The marriage took place and now—shall we say that the inevitable has happened?

At the first audience granted me by the Duke I observed that he appeared listless and indifferent. I was surprised at this—I had only arrived and had not heard the gossip—for I knew that he had much to render him contented. His uncle, the late Duke, who was a great miser, had left him an enormous private fortune. At Herrenschaften he has built a palace and laid out a garden upon the French model, which almost rivals Versailles. At Herzogenstadt there is the finest opera and ballet out of Paris. No better hunting is to be found anywhere than in the Ducal forests and the brilliancy of the Court attracts distinguished strangers from all parts. The Duchess Aurora is acknowledged to have the prettiest head that wears a crown in Europe, and as for her foot—Mademoiselle Coralie, the chief dancer, could not put on one of her little *mules*.

But, your Ladyship, I am afraid that I must confirm the report that you have heard. The Duke and the Duchess have undoubtedly quarrelled. When I say that they have quarrelled I do not mean that they have any unseemly altercations, or indeed that there are any outward signs of trouble of any kind. They have quarrelled like well-bred people and are always most punctilious in their differences. When their Highnesses are together nothing could be more satisfactory than their manner to one another. Truly it is a thought too formal and a little less

of ceremony would seem to indicate a greater intimacy.

When I saw them meet in the Hall of Mirrors yesterday I was pleased with the way in which the Duke complimented his wife upon her toilet. I expected to discover some manifestation of gratification, but instead I could discern a distinct expression of displeasure in her face.

"New!" she said very tartly. "This is the third time that I have worn it."

And she passed on impatiently.

Those who understand see in which way the straws are blowing and wonder if the breeze presages a storm.

The day before yesterday I was standing with the Duchess on the terrace whither she had summoned me to ask my opinion of a new *carrosse* just arrived from England. As we stood inspecting the vehicle old Baron von Poufflars arrived very red in the face.

"Your Highness—your Highness," he gasped, "the Duke is waiting."

"To receive the Imperial Envoy," said the Duchess, with a start. "I forgot." Then to herself half under her breath—"Carl will be furious." Then aloud to me, "One cannot remember everything." Then to Von Poufflars again, "I shall come at once."

Only by such slight signs one may know that there is any difficulty. But they mean the more because at first Carl and his young wife were so absolutely in love with one another,—so unmindful of everything and everybody but themselves. For days they would hide in the Schloss in the Park, and even at the Palace they were always seeking opportunities to be alone.

I have had the clearest view of the situation from the Herr Doctor Tüchtig. Feeling slightly indisposed, I sent for him and found the old man extremely interesting. His position is rather different from that of a mere doctor. He is the Court Physician and as it happens he is also a Councillor. He is very old and has been with the Duke ever since the latter was a child, so that he is something of a privileged character. I believe that he has on his mother's side some claim to family, and for this reason as well is received at Court in a manner that his mere position would not seem to justify. After he had

prescribed for me we fell into talk. As discreetly as I could I referred to the one subject of interest here.

"You have seen," he said, throwing up his hands.

I acknowledged that I had observed a number of things which I did not quite understand.

"Ach!" he cried, rising and stumping up and down the floor. "The poor young people they do not understand themselves. Oh, it is a pity when it was once so different. Oh, a pity! The sentiment is so beautiful."

"They do not love each other as they did," I observed.

"They do! They do!" he stormed indignantly. "Only they do not know it. They have forgotten it."

"They have been married three years," I said meaningly.

"Three years," he cried furiously. "It is so little and it is so much. They let it slip as if it were nothing. They behave as if they thought it were forever. Oh, it is enough to make the devils weep to see such foolishness. First they must be together every hour. Then because they are they grow tired. Soon come little things that make little troubles, and the one will not explain and the other will not ask for an explanation and so— I said the other day to the Duke,—I have known him since he was a little, little boy and he permits me much,—why do you not tell the Duchess that it was because of the delay of the Court Jeweler that she did not have the present for her birthday and not because you forgot? He replied: 'If the Duchess is pleased to think that I lack in devotion I have no wish to set myself in the right. But,' he concluded, 'my good Tüchtig, I will see. There is plenty of time.' That is what they think. There is plenty of time. Ah, youth! youth! They are so rich in time that they waste it. They can do anything at any time. They may have their quarrels. There is always time to make them up. One goes one way and another the other. There is plenty of time to be together. And meanwhile both are unhappy—because there is plenty of time. Ach, they love each other, as I have told you, only they have forgotten."

"You think," I observed, "that they

have been so indifferent because they feel so secure."

"Yes, truly," spluttered the Doctor. "That is why relations, friends, lovers fall apart. There may be difficulties in families. There will ever be time to be reconciled. There may be disagreement between friends. At some time it can be made up. There is coldness of lovers. Both will be obstinate because there is time."

"You believe that the Duke and the Duchess really love each other after all."

"Truly," he maintained. "Ach! if they could be made to understand. If they could be taught a lesson. If the Duke to-day broke his neck in hunting the Duchess would break her little heart."

"The means would be extreme," I observed.

"Truly," he admitted. And then he paused and a most extraordinary change came over his countenance. He winked his eyes craftily; and a knowing smile played about his large mouth. He stamped his foot two or three times and clapped his hands excitedly. His conduct was most amazing.

"What is the matter, Herr Doctor?" I demanded.

"Nothing, nothing," was all that I could induce him to answer.

And now, my Lady, you know the situation here as well as I do. A common enough one the world would say. And one might seemingly predict the usual end.

In this corner of Europe, hidden away among the hills and the forests, there is much time for reflection. What my thoughts are you must know. But I remember that I made a promise to write nothing as to a certain subject until a certain time is past. You will see how faithfully I hold to my word. Though I would that the moment had come.

YOUR MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT

HERZOGENSTADT, May 2.

In truth another letter! Yes, Madam, and you need not be at such great pains to explain that you write because you wish to be informed further of the Ducal difficulties, making it so very manifest that you do not desire me to infer that you are influenced by any interest in my

poor self. Very well, I am not more vain than another. I shall not make any mistake.

I breakfasted with the Duke the other morning and I had a most significant conversation with him. He disclosed to me his intention of making a journey to Italy. A prima donna who has lately appeared at Venice has made a great success. The Duke wishes to see her and if possible engage her for the opera here.

"Do you not find, my Lord," he said, "that Art is the solace of life?"

"Your Highness should hardly need a solace at your age," I answered bluntly, for we are on very good terms. "One should have enough to do at your time of life in living and laughing and loving."

Carl sighed wearily.

"Ah!" he answered lightly. "There are so many charming flowers that one does not care to gather." The subject was not of the sort on which a reigning monarch is supposed to consult an Ambassador accredited to his Court, but we spoke as naturally as if our talk had been of politics and protocols.

"Cupid is not to be treated slightly," I replied. "When one least suspects him he will have his revenge."

At that moment Doctor Tüchtig was introduced by a Gentleman in Waiting, the Duke having previously given the order.

"Now," said his Highness, "we shall ask the Doctor. Herr Tüchtig," he said, "do you believe that love can last?"

"Your Highness," the little old man replied in a voice only a tone lower than usual, "when there is mutual respect and affection time can only strengthen it."

"But, my good Tüchtig," remonstrated the Duke, "you are thinking with your 'respect' and 'affection' of our worthy burghers in Herzogenstadt."

"All love is the same," announced the Doctor stoutly.

"Pardieu," exclaimed the Duke, "what doctrine this is! I am not sure but that you should be put under arrest for sentiments so revolutionary. Why, you would make love something quite *bourgeois*. Hitherto it has always been considered the sport of the Castle and the Court."

"*Bourgeois* or not," grumbled the Doc-

tor, "respect and affection are very good things, very good things. They exist more often than is supposed. And they would appear more frequently if they were only given the chance."

"My dear Doctor," said the Duke, "your eyes are growing dim."

"There are none so blind," mumbled Tüchtig, "as those who will not see, and—" I heard him whisper, "who must be made to see."

The Doctor and I came away together. As we passed through an *allée* of the Gardens I mentioned the Duke's intention of going to Italy. Tüchtig stopped short in the path glaring at me.

"No! No!" he stormed. "It is not possible. The foolish young man. He with his dreams of the Italian prima donna. And she—can he not see? There might be even danger threatening—"

And in truth a new arrival at the Court has given occasion for new gossip—a very discreet hesitating gossip—a gossip only implied by ambiguous looks—a gossip only hinted in hesitating whispers. The Chevalier Philip von Edelmark is descended from an ancient and noble family of Brandenburg. He belongs to a younger branch which had turned to Sweden. In his early youth he was a page at the Court of Zelle and already celebrated for his good looks and charm of manner. He is a great dandy and fighter. In his wanderings he arrived in Herzogenstadt, where he was at once appointed the Colonel of a regiment of H. S. Highness's dragoons. That the Duchess has taken a certain interest in the fascinating stranger is unquestionable.

"No! No!" stormed the Doctor. "It must not be."

"You still believe that they love each other," said I.

"Are they not jealous, and does not that mean they love?" he answered. "Jealousy is often the spark in the ashes of love."

And he pounded away, rapping his stick on the ground.

I am very glad that you consider the slight incidents of our life worthy of your attention and that they serve as a means of bringing myself to your mind. I shall not wait to hear from you, but taking for granted that you wish to know

of any further happenings I shall write at once of anything that occurs. Not that there seems the least likelihood that anything may happen. At present certainly there is nothing new. Yes, I heard this afternoon that the Duchess was unwell. Going to the Palace, I learned, however, that she would appear at the opera to-night, and so I imagine that it can be nothing of any consequence.

As I said, I shall not wait for a response, but I shall hope to receive one before many days. Adieu, dear Madam.

HERZOGENSTADT, May 3.

As a special messenger is starting for London I cannot resist the temptation of sending a few hurried lines. The really unexpected has happened, after all. You will remember that I told you that the Duchess was not well. As she has always appeared the picture of rosy health this was sufficiently astonishing. Now I am informed that she really is seriously ill. Some trouble of the heart makes the greatest care necessary. The fact is not as yet generally known and I am among the very few who have been told.

If there is anything I will inform you at once, for you appear to be greatly exercised about the welfare of the young people. I am fortunate in having a subject that affords you entertainment—something I fear I should not have if I merely wrote of myself. Yours unalterably.

HERZOGENSTADT, May 7.

Your letter, dear Madam, with your further directions I received most unexpectedly this morning. Never being able to hope that I shall have a letter from you, one arrives as a delightful astonishment. Do not, however, let this seem to imply that a letter is more delightful because I dare not look for it. If I were able to anticipate its coming I should be still more grateful.

The Duke's journey to Italy has been given up, and other surprising things have happened. Yesterday his Highness sent for me. I have often had the honour of breakfasting alone with him. On these occasions he has opened his heart to me more fully. But the time was late in the afternoon when I entered the small cabinet off the Council Chamber. He was

standing by the large window gazing at the trim regularity of the gardens. As I advanced he turned and I noticed at once his expression of troubled dismay.

"My Lord," he began, "I have not sent for you about affairs of state, and I confess that I hesitate—"

"Your Highness has but to command," I said as he paused.

"A short time ago the Duchess expressed a desire—"

I bowed in silence.

"She wished to have—a parrot," he resumed abruptly and gravely. "At the time I thought the wish childish and told her so. I am most anxious now to have one, as it might amuse her. I thought that in England—"

"With our ships going in all waters the sailors bring them home," I said as he again hesitated.

"My dear Lord," he said, evidently much relieved by the way in which I had taken his request, "get one for me at once, I beg. The Duchess you know is ill and she must be distracted. It is most sudden. I do not know that I realise it yet. Old Tüchtig, though he was evidently doing his best to keep the truth from me, aroused my fears with every word. You may imagine the shock."

He cast himself down in a chair half impatiently, half desperately.

"Of course this makes a great difference," he went on. "I am not going to Italy. I—I cannot leave her."

He was speaking with some emotion.

"I have to talk to some one," he cried, jumping up. "I cannot speak so unreservedly with those more closely about me and you have inspired a confidence and a strong liking."

I bowed in grateful recognition.

"I must believe," he said, "that you have heard, like all the rest of the world, that the Duchess and I were not on the happiest terms. I am sorry for it now. I—I feel it more now that there is reason to believe that—I might lose her."

"Your Highness!" I cried in consternation, "there can be nothing of that nature to fear."

"Doctor Tüchtig will give me no assurance that there is no danger," he answered gloomily. "I cannot accept it. The thought of such a thing never en-

tered my mind. I felt that we should always live as we have."

"Can nothing be done?" I asked as the old Doctor's words came to my mind.

"He recommends the most absolute quiet. There should be no excitement, no exertion of any kind. And this afternoon the Duchess insists upon riding."

"That cannot be if Doctor Tüchtig forbids," I exclaimed.

"She is determined, and nothing can stop her," he replied. "This morning she played at paume in the sun."

"Does she know the truth?" I asked.

"Doctor Tüchtig wishes her to know," he said, drawing a little closer to me. "He has asked me to tell her. I cannot. If our relations were different— No," he said, seeing that I was about to speak, "I will not. Ah, I could not bear it—now. Since this must be done, you, my Lord, must do it."

I flatter myself that I controlled the astonishment and dismay that I felt.

"I—a stranger!" I said.

"Much is often easier with a stranger than with an old friend. There is not the association—the embarrassment. There is not so much to remember—and forget. It must be done, my Lord," he continued, coming up and placing his hand on my arm. "I am not your Sovereign and I cannot command, but I ask this as a service."

I suppose that I am approaching a time of life when I should know better, but I consented. Here am I with the duty on my hands of informing a woman confident in her careless youth that the grim spectre whose presence we should only begin to suspect late in life is hovering near her. It is a solemn undertaking and an awkward one. In my long experience of diplomacy this is the most difficult mission that has ever come my way. I shall trust to good luck to carry me through, as it is not a case of human foresight. I must stop now, but I shall tell you later what fortune I have had with my task.

Past Four in the afternoon,
not the morning.

So, Madam, behold me directly involved in the little drama that is playing itself out under these gilded ceilings and among these clipped trees. As you know

I was most unwillingly drawn into it, but having been unable to refuse I have been obliged to play my part as well as I could.

The young Duchess was much surprised to see me when I entered after having been granted an interview. She was running her fingers idly over the strings of a harp as I came into the apartment and I caught the last lingering chords of a sad little melody.

"Ah, I know," she exclaimed, jumping up, "you wish to see me about the parrot. The Duke has told me that he desired you to get it. He is very kind—suddenly."

"No, your Highness," I said gravely, "it is not the parrot."

"Then what can it be?" she cried in amazement.

"It is in regard to your riding this afternoon," I blundered out helplessly in a manner that would have disgraced the newest *attaché*.

"That," she said, opening her eyes wide and staring at me, "does not seem to me, my Lord, an affair for a foreign Ambassador."

"Your Highness will forgive me," I begged. "I come sorely against my wish. But some one must inform you and I have been chosen."

"Of what? Why?" she demanded haughtily.

"That you must not ride," I stumbled on, "or play paume, or run up stairs."

"Have you come from England to tell me that?" she asked, laughing. "One would think that I was an invalid."

"It will be well for your Highness to be careful," I said gravely.

"But I never was ill a day in my life," she exclaimed indignantly. "Until the other day, when the sun gave me a headache and I sent for Doctor Tüchtig."

"He learned the truth then," I replied.

"What truth?" she asked, stamping her little foot.

"That you must be careful," I mumbled awkwardly. "Your heart is not as strong as it should be and the Doctor has fears."

"Fears," she said in a puzzled tone—"fears of what? Not—that I might—die."

She began to laugh, but the sound sank

on her lips. I could see that for an instant she felt the chill of sudden dread.

"Oh," she cried, struggling to regain her high spirits, "it is impossible. It is absurd. I feel as well—as well—"

And she took a deep breath, raising herself on the tips of her toes. I must confess that I never expect to see a more charming picture of healthy young womanhood.

"Bah!" she cried, snapping her fingers. "That for his fears! I'll not be frightened by old Tüchtig. While I live I'll live, and if he is right I'll die—if he says that I am to die."

"Do not," I entreated in affright, "look at it in this reckless fashion. Your duty is to be careful. You are young and there should be a long life of happiness before you."

"Happiness!" she commented.

"Consider the anxiety of the Duke," I said.

"Anxiety!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Only in this matter of the parrot for months has he seemed to wish to do aught to please me. This is the only thing that showed that he ever thought of me."

As she spoke one of her ladies entered the room.

"The Baron von Poufflars, who desires to know if your Highness is better."

"I am well—well—well," she cried. "What is all this I hear about illness?"

"The Baron desires me to inform your Highness that he was commanded by the Duke to inquire."

"Stay! stay!" said the Duchess. "Tell him to say to the Duke that I thank him for his interest and that I never was better."

The Countess bowed and retired.

"You see," I said.

"I do not understand," she answered, wrinkling up her pretty brows.

"The Duke loves you," I said, for we were speaking in a way that permitted such directness.

"He has not shown it," she replied petulantly.

"You see he sends to ask how you are."

"But he astonishes me with his solicitude," she answered mockingly.

From that moment she would only

speak of the most trifling matters of Court, and I was obliged to go doubtfully away.

I leave you to form your opinion from the circumstances of the case. I merely record the facts as I see them. I am desirous of knowing what you may think, and with your intuition you may be able to understand much that to me is puzzling. If you should consider this a request for a letter you would not be far wrong.

P. S.—The windows of the Embassy look out upon a corner of the Ducal Park. Just now glancing up I saw the Duke riding with the Duchess. No one from the Court was in attendance. This was a significant item. I saw also the Chevalier Philip von Edelmark standing on the terrace frowning at the sight. I must say I smiled with surprise and satisfaction.

I have never seen them in such a way together since I have been here. The Duke was leaning toward her conversing earnestly and she appeared to be listening intently. Can the fact be that as she could not be influenced to abandon the ride that he accompanied her to endeavour to make it as little harmful as possible? I cannot tell. Perhaps you may be able to make it clear to me.

HERZOGENSTADT, May 16.

As enigmatical as usual, dear Madam, giving my poor wits as always plenty to do. From what you say I cannot learn certainly what you think—it has happened before—in regard to the young people whose comedy or tragedy I am watching. As to what you think about other matters and matters more nearly concerning myself I am equally in the dark.

Yesterday I met Doctor Tüchtig leaving the Palace and learned from him—though he spoke strangely—that he can see no reason as yet to feel any greater confidence,—or, indeed, any very great hope. I expected to find him greatly cast down, for he is all devotion to their Highnesses, but on the contrary he appeared very well pleased and indeed rather jovial than otherwise.

"Ach, it is as I told you," he exclaimed almost cheerily. "He loves her."

"You think so!" I said in order to hear his response.

"Every day does he not ride with her now? Every evening does he not walk with her on the terrace as once they did? Does he not try to gratify every whim she may have? Beginning with the parrot, has he not striven to give her all that she may wish? Has he not promised her a theatre all yellow satin and cut-glass lustres, where she may have plays in which she may act herself, as she has long wished? Ah, there is nothing he does not do for her," cried Doctor Tüchtig, rubbing his hands delightedly. "The old times are coming back. He no longer thinks of Italy and the prima donna. Von Edelmark pulls a long face, for the Duchess does not hear him when he speaks. It is good! It is good! The sentiment is so beautiful."

I do not understand. To my eyes the Duchess looks as well as ever. Indeed, if I did not know that it could not be so I should say that she never looked better. There is a brightness in her eyes, a ring in her voice which I have never seen nor heard, but which I am told was most noticeable when she first came to Herzogenstadt.

The fact, however, that she is not well has gone about and every one is very serious. At Court it is considered etiquette to look most grave. In the town I notice the citizens shaking their heads mournfully as they discuss the news, for they are devoted to their young Duchess. As there is such general anxiety, a bulletin is issued by Doctor Tüchtig in the *Court Gazette*. The announcement to-day is far from reassuring:

"Her Highness rested well, has eaten a hearty breakfast and driven through the Park, but it cannot be said that any of the symptoms causing anxiety have disappeared. There is still hope that great improvement may take place, but there is little to indicate the probability of this at present.

"DR. JOHANN TÜCHTIG."

I confess that so much charm has the Duchess for me and so much affection have I for her husband that I was immensely affected.

The Duke himself appears careworn

and anxious. The Duchess refusing to be influenced by the seriousness of the situation bears herself apparently with the same light-heartedness as usual. Still, I have once or twice noticed that she broke off in the middle of a laugh,—that sometimes when she might be expected to do it that she did not even smile. She has insisted that the usual routine shall be observed,—that the very ceremonious life of the Palace shall be carried on as always. If anything—outwardly,—all is much gayer than it has been. Entertainment succeeds entertainment. New schemes are constantly devised for passing the time. I have imagined that in this feverish rush for excitement there may be a desire to escape from thought. At least all is strained and unnatural, for every one feels the grim presence at the feast.

In accordance with the Duchess's expressed desire the usual Court Ball took place this evening. It was exceedingly animated and unusually brilliant. In spite of the gay scene my heart was heavy and I purposed an early retreat. With this in view I slipped out through the orangery and was about to make my way to the terrace, when, as I passed through a dark and deserted corner, I was arrested by the sound of a stifled sob. Searching about, I discovered the Duchess cast down upon one of the long marble benches and leaning forward with her face in her hands. Her slim young figure shook with her efforts to control her emotion.

"Your Highness!" I cried involuntarily.

She sat instantly erect.

"I thought no one was here,—that no one should find me," she exclaimed. "Oh, it is you. I am glad. I should not like the world to know my weakness."

"Have I the power to be of any service?" I began.

"My Lord," she replied, "if you had I should ask your aid. As it is—oh—I am so miserable."

"No one deserves it less," I said compassionately.

"When you first told me,—when I first learned that there was danger that I might—die—I did not realise what it meant. I—I hardly cared," she said, leaning forward and looking at me intently. "Then I had nothing for which I wished to live. The Duke had grown cold and indifferent. I—well—I had become careless and forgetful. Life was so colourless—so dreary. What matter then if I left it? And now all is changed. The Duke has become my lover as he once was. He has won back my interest, my affection, my adoration. I love him as I never did. In every word, every look I feel that he loves me better. And now when life is beginning for me again, when the world is changed, they tell me that I must go, that I must leave it."

"My dear young lady," I said, forgetting that she was a reigning Duchess and only thinking of her as a pretty young woman in real trouble, "my dear young lady," I repeated, not being able to think of anything else to say as I took her hand and patted it.

"I cannot bear it now—now," she continued vehemently. "If he were as he was,—that would be different, but every day I have some new proof of his tenderness and I cannot die."

The cry of the poor young creature for life and her new-found love was piteous.

She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief and rose to meet the Duke, who came hurriedly to find her.

(To be concluded)



THE BEST REALISM AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



IN the course of a desultory chat regarding the technique of novel writing, an erudite friend raised a rather subtle question the other day, which seemed to merit further discussion. The word realism had been used several times with glib assurance, as a term standing for a definite and well-known quantity, when the friend in question suddenly branded it with an interrogation mark. What, he queried, do we really mean when we speak of realism? May we define it as the art of making a faithful and impartial transcript of the realities of life, big and little, trusting to the accuracy of a steady hand and a sure eye to carry conviction? Or is it not rather the art of awakening in the reader a series of emotions identical in quality and quantity with those that he would experience from real life—even though to do so we must slightly falsify our picture, exaggerate, over-colour, deliberately stoop to a certain amount of flagrant trick work. To copy life and to produce the effect or life upon the reader are, he argued, oftentimes two radically different things; and he cited an illustration which did seem, for the moment, to clinch the point pretty strongly. He simply compared the acting of Duse and of Calve in a single scene of *Cavalleria Rusticana*—the scene where Santuzza makes her final appeal to her lover and is abandoned by him, on the very steps of the church. Duse, you will remember, simply sinks upon the steps in a tense and silent anguish, the embodiment of dumb despair. Calve, on the other hand, pours forth her emotions in a voluble phrensy, literally tears her passion to tatters. Now, to the analytical mind, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Italian actress's conception of the scene is a faithful transcript from nature, while that of the singer borders upon melodrama; and yet, even after making all necessary allowance for the inherent difference between

drama and opera, the fact remains that the average audience rises in sympathetic response to the emotionalism of Calve as it never does to the dumb misery of Duse. And so we got the issue, very squarely raised, whether the best realism was not, after all, the realism of Calve, which by deliberate exaggeration produced upon the spectators an effect equivalent to that produced by real life.

Now, at first sight, this whole argument sounded quite plausible, even after making the point that, in the specific case under discussion, the Santuzza of Calve was not necessarily an impossibility, but merely an abnormal manifestation of emotion. But if one calmly begins to analyse the reasons why it should ever be necessary to exaggerate or falsify, in order to produce upon the average reader or spectator the impression of reality, one finds that they resolve themselves into two classes: Either an inability on the part of the author to tell the truth in an impressive manner, or an ignorance on the part of the public as to what constitute the realities of life. In other words, granting that the fault does not lie in the author's lack of technical skill, the proposition stated above narrows down to this: Does the best realism consist in satisfying the superficial intelligence of the masses, rather than in winning the approval of the few who are really enlightened? And of course, when stated in this form, there can be but one answer. Children or savages might respond most satisfactorily to pictures of a two-headed lion or a four-horned rhinoceros; but that would scarcely establish the realism of the artist who painted them.

Of course, there are some themes which lend themselves far better than others to realistic treatment. Dramatic and spectacular events, scenes full of flamboyant colour, must necessarily produce more effective results when treated in a purely objective way, with a photographic accuracy of detail, than can ever be obtained from the deep, unspoken tragedies of re-

pressed lives, silent grief or terror, whose outward manifestation scarcely casts a shadow upon the sombre monochrome of the background. To apply the *reductio ad absurdum* method to the theorem that some situations will not lend themselves at all to realistic methods, imagine a man wandering through a hostile country, in the inky blackness of a starless night. He cannot see his hand before his face; he knows not whether a chasm opens before his next step or whether enemies lurk behind the trees, whose presence he can only guess at. Now, if an artist were asked to paint a picture of this scene, the utmost that he could do would be to plunge his brush in the purest and most concentrated ivory black and apply it in a thick and even coating over the surface of his canvas. By doing so, he would have faithfully reproduced all that the human eye could detect of the scene; yet he would have reflected nothing of the tumultuous emotions that the scene itself must have inspired. It is one of the many situations in life that call for the subtle interpretation of a psychologist's pen rather than the realism of a camera lens.

But it does not follow, because some situations in life are harder to picture truthfully than others are, that the fault lies with the method. If monochrome scenes and monotonous, humdrum lives are more difficult to picture than the crowded streets of a metropolis, or the disordered ranks of a scattered and fleeing army, there is all the more credit in striving to reproduce them with a literal fidelity, even though the general public is blind to the delicate art that marks a masterpiece. In dealing with simple, commonplace characters and situations, the temptation to caricature is far harder to resist than in stories pictured on a more crowded canvas. It is easy to win a cheap and transient success with a few grotesque touches. There is a vaudeville element about our David Harums and Eben Holdens which wins a popular applause never meted out to stories of the *Cranford* type. Yet to picture the secluded life of some remote village, with the soft delicacy of a pastel; to make the few simple men and women who constitute its small social circle seem

so real, so near of kin that their joys and sorrows seem inseparably mingled with our own tears and laughter, is an achievement so rare that the consciousness of having succeeded is in itself a reward beyond the flattering clamour of a fickle public. It was this pastel-like quality which constituted the chief charm of Nancy Huston Banks's first novel, *Oldfield*. And the same quality is equally apparent in Mrs. Banks's new volume, *The Little Hills*.

The author of *Oldfield* is one of the fortunate few who are gifted with the wisdom and ability to profit by the advice embodied in the familiar French metaphor, *cultiver son jardin*. Few

are so fortunate as Mrs. Banks in knowing the range and boundaries of their intellectual gardens, the thoughts and fancies that will best flower therein. One pictures it mentally as an old-fashioned garden, full of quaint, rare blooms and half-forgotten, old-time fragrances; and at almost every page of her writings one feels a fresh thrill of grateful appreciation for the many bygone manners and customs that she has here preserved in an atmosphere suggestive of nothing else so much as of the lingering fragrance of sweet lavender. "The air was the breath of spice pinks" is the opening phrase of *The Little Hills*; and from the first page to the last that spicy odour abides persistently with the reader, giving a tangible reality, a characteristic atmosphere, to the "remote corner of the green earth" where the scene is laid, and where, we are told, "some of the sweet old things and many of the simple old ways linger yet, even as late as this very day."

The score of characters who move through Mrs. Banks's pages are quaint, charming, whimsical, by turns, but never exaggerated or burlesqued. They leave one with the pleasant consciousness of having been in congenial and well-bred company. One goes back to them again with something of the pleasure with which one goes back to the characters of Jane Austen. The central thread of the story, which binds the whole together with a strength surprising in a plot of such fragile delicacy, is imbued with a

"The Little Hills."

simple pathos that at times evokes an almost painful sympathy. Little Phœbe Rowan is one of those rare characters that unconsciously fasten themselves upon the reader's affections, refusing to be forgotten. She is a frail, delicate little woman, keenly sensitive to criticism, suffering cruelly if she has to run counter to the wishes and the advice of those she loves, yet imbued with that higher and finer sort of courage that follows duty in the face of all opposition, at no matter what cost to herself. Phœbe Rowan is a widow, who can hardly be said to have been a wife, since the village's late minister, whom she married out of pity rather than love, died almost before the ceremony was concluded. The first great question of duty which Phœbe had to answer, and which she did answer in face of the opposition of the entire village, was that of her duty to her dead husband's family, whom she had never seen—his father, who was both a cripple and a drunkard; his stepmother, austere, ignorant, narrow-minded, with a faculty for ruling all around her with an iron sway. These two old people, left quite destitute, Phœbe insisted upon bringing from their distant home to share her mere wren's nest of a house and her slender patrimony, which was scarcely more than enough for a family of wrens. It is easy to see what poignant, unspoken heartaches may be begotten by such a crowding together of uncongenial spirits within such narrow quarters; but not the least of the story's charm is the delicate art by which we are made to think less of the inevitable clash of discordant natures than of the spirit of self-sacrifice which eventually brings Phœbe triumphantly through her troubles. The story culminates in the happy outcome of a wooing which is altogether too full of the joy of living to be stigmatised with that much overworked epithet, idyllic.

Another recent story that lays its scene in an out-of-the-way corner of civilisation is *The House of the Black Ring*, by Fred Lewis Pattee. It pictures the primitive life among the Pennsylvania Dutch of the Seven Mountains, their butchering and "flittings," their quaint

superstitions and their hereditary quarrels. This background of simple, wholesome, old-fashioned life is drawn in with the sure and unaffected touch that comes from first-hand knowledge. The story, however, as a whole belongs in a different category from that of *The Little Hills*. There is a touch of melodrama in the plot—a mysterious abandoned house, that has the reputation of being haunted and is surrounded by an uncanny ring of dark soil on which the snow refuses to lie, even in the coldest of winters. A hard, sour old man, who holds a sort of feudal sway over all the inhabitants of the valley; a beautiful and headstrong daughter, who falls in love with the son of the only man in the neighbourhood who dares to dispute her father's will; a succession of mysterious robberies and murders, which bid fair to be laid to the charge of the man she loves, the son of her father's enemy; and finally, the discovery of an underground cave, with its labyrinth of underground passages, reaching out, octopus-like, toward the various houses where the mysterious crimes were committed—all this suggests a disciple of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon rather than an exponent of realism, notwithstanding the careful work that Mr. Pattee has expended upon his background.

An unsophisticated, almost crude piece of work, which nevertheless contains considerable promise, is *The Girl from Home*, by Isabel Strong, further defined upon the title-page as a story of Honolulu.

Judging solely from internal evidence, one would say that this book was the outcome of a first visit to the Hawaiian Islands, written while the enthusiasm of first impressions was still at white heat. So far as the scenery, the topography, the inhabitants, the vegetation, the native products and industries are concerned, the author has emulated the primitive, categorical realism of a Baedeker. Nothing which greets the unaccustomed eyes of a stranger upon arrival, from the names of every hill and promontory to the barrels of sugar and stacks of bananas on the wharves, seems too trivial to be mentioned. The story itself is of the

"The Girl
from Home."

"The House
of the
Black Ring."

slightest, just the chronicle of a young girl's experience in Honolulu, when, after arriving as bride-elect of a young man who happens to be too drunk at the time to fulfil his part of the contract, she breaks off her engagement, and while temporarily stranded there until funds can arrive to take her home, is drawn into the gay vortex of colonial society, and ends by discreetly losing her heart to the wealthiest, handsomest and altogether most satisfactory of her numerous suitors. The book is best defined as an entertaining volume of travel, sugar-coated with an innocuous little romance, and enlivened with a vein of mild satire.

It would not be easy, even for the novice in literary criticism, to miss the

note of distinction that pervades *Isidro*, the first

"Isidro."

serious attempt in fiction by Mary Austin, author of *The Land of Little*

Rain. In a limited sense the book is a romance—but romance after the fashion in which Hewlett understands the word. The scene and epoch are Southern California and Mexico in the old Mission days; the hero a scion of a proud old Spanish family, who in infancy has been vowed by his father to become a priest of St. Francis, and who, now on the threshold of manhood, rides blithely forth to begin his novitiate in the monastery at Monterey. Strange adventures befall him by the way, as strange as any that have emanated from the fertile brain of a Dumas. A Portuguese sheep-raiser, who was known as a hoarder of gold, was murdered by one of his shepherds; and the abandoned flock, led by two bewildered and half-starved sheep dogs, fall in with the future priest and promptly adopt him, despite himself, as their new shepherd. A young man who is found in charge of another man's sheep, when the other man happens to have been slain, is open to suspicion, even though he is a scion of the house of Escobar, and dedicated to St. Francis; and consequently young Isidro speedily finds himself under arrest, charged with murder; but already in his brief wanderings he has unwittingly done some deeds that in the eyes of the world accord ill with his prospective priesthood. He has taken under his protection a

young lad whose pert tongue has earned him the name of El Zarzo—the Briar—and even after his arrival at the monastery has left El Zarzo to his vast and confidential parent, little dreaming that the supposed lad is really a young woman of most uncommon beauty. When Isidro learns the truth, he also learns that the world will be slow to believe in his asceticism. So without waiting to consider whether he loves the girl or not, and with the charge of murder still hanging over him, Isidro secretly marries El Zarzo, solely in order to give her the cloak of his good name, and never for an instant intending to relinquish his priestly vocation.

The surprising thing about this story, however, is the manner of the telling. There is a virility about the style, a trick of unexpected phrasing, forceful imagery, a fearless frankness, which frequently calls to mind the Hewlett of *The Forest Lovers*. This is especially true of the latter chapters of the book, during which the would-be priest awakens to a consciousness of his own unfitness for a life of celibacy and of his great need instead of "the common life of man, the common chances." Mary Austin has achieved that admirable success, which is none too common, of telling a romantic tale with such vivid realism, a tale of bygone years with such graphic assurance of detail, as to make even the most melodramatic of her episodes seem quite within the range of credibility.

Mention of *Isidro* not unnaturally calls to mind still another tale of the Southwest, *The Girl of La*

"The Girl of La Gloria,"

Gloria, by Clara Driscoll.

The scene this time is laid in Texas; the hero

is a young Eastern man,

sent South to protect his father's interests in a large ranching enterprise, the Calaveras Company, whose president they have had reason to suspect of double-dealing. The girl who furnishes the book with its title, as well as with its centre of interest, is a Mexican half-breed, whose father has been ruined by the treacherous president of the Calaveras Company, and whose beauty, youth and helplessness promptly awaken the chivalry of the young man from New York.

The story is really too good, as stories go, to be treated altogether flippantly; one feels at least that the Texan atmosphere of the book comes from first-hand knowledge. Nevertheless, it is a work of a different calibre from that of *Isidro*, and a comparison of the two stories is a useful object-lesson in the technique of fiction.

If the admirers of *Bruwer Jim's Baby* are frank about *The Ultimate Passion*, a

"The Ultimate Passion."

good many of them will own that Phillip Verrill Mighels has somewhat disappointed them in his new volume. It is a story of a young man with political aspirations and a fiery zeal for reform. But he is easily victimised by the corrupt political ring that he starts out to crush, and when later on they approach him with an offer of the Presidency as a bribe, he forthwith becomes one with them, selling his political honour over and over again, but always with the mental reservation that just so soon as he is elected President he will repudiate all his promises, become his own master and wreck the whole machine whose tool he pretends to be. Unfortunately for his success, a condition precedent to his nomination is a betrothal to the daughter of the great political boss, Graystone, whose mere nod is supposed to make and unmake Presidents. In addition to his

daughter, there is another woman, whose relations to Graystone are less easily defined in polite terms; and no sooner does she come in contact with the young aspirant to the Presidency than she falls madly in love with him, and tells him so in a series of fervid scenes that read like missing chapters from *Delilah of Harlem*. Now the hero has been making mistakes steadily from the very beginning. In fact, it is almost incredible that he could make so many mistakes and have a shadow of self-respect left, but at last he makes one mistake too many. He doesn't need to marry Graystone's daughter until after the election; he has only to pretend to be engaged to her. But meanwhile he commits the indiscretion of marrying secretly another woman. Then he makes still another fatal blunder by spurning the advances of the aforementioned Delilah; and she, through jealousy, unearths the secret marriage, and forthwith the Presidential aspirations come tumbling to the earth. If you want a good example of the book which overreaches itself by deliberate exaggeration, you will find it in *The Ultimate Passion*. It holds the interest fairly well while you read; but when you stop to think it over carefully, you realise that it is distorted, overdrawn and as sadly removed from the realities of life as Ouida or Archibald Claverling Gunter.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW DICKSON WHITE.*

John Foster, in his essay "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself," says that if courtiers, ministers, popular leaders and ambassadors would publish, before they go in the triumph of virtue to the "last audit," or leave to be published after they are gone, each a frank exposition of motives, intrigues, cabals and manoeuvres, the worship which mankind have rendered to power and rank would cease to be, what it has always been, a mere blind superstition, and that it might contribute to a happy exorcism of that spirit which has never suffered nations to be at peace, while it would give an altered and less delusive character to history. This was written at a time when ambassadors were supposed to deserve a reputation which it would be difficult politely to characterise, and when a frank exposition of motives was not looked for unless the writer was prompted by revenge, or had grown careless of that urbane deception which marked his conduct as a diplomat. An American reader of these volumes, which Mr. Andrew Dickson White has written expressly for his children and grandchildren, but whose importance is very far beyond that of a family possession, is not likely to be mystified by the power and rank with which an ambassador of this country has official as well as social relations; but he will be given an inside view of many questions which could be gained in no other way, and he will be disarmed of many suspicions which have put foreign affairs in a misleading light. If in these days the world is growing smaller and better, honest diplomacy, and the honest presentation of its methods and aims for social and political study, are contributing powerfully to that beneficent result by clearing away doubt and misunderstanding in a

sphere which no other agencies can reach. Mr. White's career has, indeed, been too many-sided to be considered exclusively from the diplomatic point of view; but his success in that respect at least proves that varied and liberal studies, inspired by high principles and ideals, can be made an excellent substitute for the traditional special training which European governments have given their diplomatic representatives.

Mr. White was born seventy-three years ago in a village of Central New York. His New England ancestry was of the best, and its qualities of self-denial and devotion to the public good were manifest in him in a manner worthy of emphasis at the present time, when the temptations of wealth in a leisured class are said to be weakening the fibre of its heirs. He had sufficient means for an easy life if he had been inclined to choose it; but by the time he was twenty-one, after a year's attendance at a small church college and a subsequent course at Yale, he went abroad for travel and further study. Apparently the purpose of living a useful and intellectual life was as firmly fixed then as at any later period of his career. His first experience in the diplomatic service was as an attaché of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, and afterwards he studied and observed diligently at Berlin, London and Paris. On his return he was elected at twenty-four years of age to a professorship of history at the University of Michigan. Here his responsible work as a teacher and educator began, the new ideas and wider outlook gained abroad giving him an advantage which he improved to the utmost.

From this time his character and ambitions, powerfully influenced by the question of slavery and the ominous approach of the Civil War, broadened out with a force and depth that fully engaged his faculties. An uncompromising Abolitionist, he hated the Fugitive Slave Law and, he tells us, looked upon Chief Justice Taney as a Spanish Protestant might have looked upon Torquemada.

*Autobiography of Andrew Dickson White. With portrait. Two vols. New York: The Century Company.

Sectarian control of education, especially higher education, was revolting to him, and his plan of a great university, which had begun to take shape in his imagination at a very early age, utterly discarded theological trammels in its teaching and denominational control in its management. Orthodox narrowness had refused him a professorship at Yale; but the liberal régime at the University of Michigan was varied and supplemented in his thought so as to include all that he was then able to imagine in the perfected institution which he hoped to found. So far as possible he wished to displace theology by science. These ideals were soon sought to be realised in practice. His election to the Senate of New York in 1864 gave him splendid opportunities for measures of reform and, more especially, for achieving his great educational aim. In Albany he first met Ezra Cornell.

This election is a convenient point for adopting his own division of his career into educational, political and diplomatic; for otherwise his valuable services were so often and unexpectedly demanded that summonses from the professor's chair or university presidency to the legislature, to the investigations of an important commission, to represent his country at a European court, to the public platform, or to literary composition and scientific research, give his activity a varied and complex appearance that is difficult to follow. His great work as an educator is, of course, the organisation of Cornell University, apart from the financial questions, which were left to the founder; and in this high enterprise the breadth and thoroughness of his principles were so evident that Cornell became a true American university of the new type, combining the best features of the inherited English system with the specialism, original research and noble freedom in teaching which distinguish the universities of Germany. It is impossible to read the account of Mr. White's and Mr. Cornell's struggles against denominational bigotry and narrowness, as well as against petty politicians, without a feeling of unpleasant proximity to a social order which the standards of to-day would assign to the seventeenth century.

The whole story is an instructive reminder of deliverance from bonds that have been too recently broken to warrant a careless reminiscence of their origin and danger. If the founding of other great universities since that time has been comparatively free from such opposition, it is largely because Mr. White was a pioneer whose hewn passage through obstacles fixed a broad and luminous way. He has said that he wishes to be judged by his work for Cornell. His fame is safe.

His services in domestic politics were those of a scholar ready to test the conclusions of the study in the practice of public duties. In early life his hatred of slavery and love for the Union gave him convictions that nourished the political views of his manhood, while his culture saved him from shibboleths; so that he was neither doctrinaire nor routine partisan. A Republican President appointed him in 1870 a commissioner to investigate the affairs of San Domingo; a Democratic President in 1895 made him a member of the Venezuela Commission. He gave an independent support to the Republican party, his college theories of free trade being gradually relinquished for protection. During his State senatorship he had done worthy service in criminal law amendments and in improving the administration of the Health Department in New York City. As an ardent sympathiser with civil service reform he was associated with George William Curtis, Carl Schurz and Theodore Roosevelt, and to the cause of sound finance he contributed efficiently by his exposure of irredeemable paper currency as illustrated by the assignats of the French Revolution. It is difficult to mention a public question of first importance upon which he did not throw light either by pen or voice, or to recall a public man of high prominence during the last thirty-five years with whom he was not brought in contact.

His career abroad was equally distinguished. Fortunately his early diplomatic experience introduced him to the more important duties afterwards assigned him. As Minister to Germany in 1879-1881, Minister to Russia in 1892-1894, and Ambassador to Germany in 1897-1903, he had exceptional oppor-

tunities for observing the inner play of motives and interests, and his views of foreign statesmen and institutions are interesting and valuable to the student. One can, if limited to two chapters, explain the present humiliation of Russia by thinking of what Mr. White saw while in that country. The far-seeing emphasis of higher education in Germany is also considered. Character sketches of Pobiedonostzeff, Bismarck, Emperor William II., and others of only less importance are clearly and suggestively drawn. It is worth while to recall that, besides specific recommendations for improving the American diplomatic service, Mr. White has in a few weighty words drawn from his foreign experience this general advice to his countrymen:

As a result of observation and reflection during a long life which has touched public men and measures in wide variety, I would desire for my country three things above all others, to supplement our existing American civilisation: from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theatre, and from any European country save Russia, Spain and Turkey, its government of cities.

At the Hague Conference he represented the spirit and aims of his country most worthily. On that occasion he shared with others in communicating an enduring impulse to the cause of international arbitration, and it was his arguments that induced the German Emperor to adopt a more favourable attitude to the Conference. A work of that scope and importance would naturally appeal to the character of a student and lover of peace, one upon whom the outward circumstance of armed power could practise no deception as to the final dominance of greater forces behind. I can think of no sentiment more honourable to this eminent man than this, indited in diplomatic surroundings, but first manifested when a boy at school:

I am now in my sixty-eighth year, and I write these lines from the American Embassy, in Berlin. It is my duty here, as it has been at other European capitals, to meet various high officials; but that old feeling, engendered in my childhood, continues, and I bow to the

representatives of the universities,—to the leaders in science, literature and art, with a feeling of awe and respect far greater than to their so-called superiors,—princelings and high military or civil officials.

Mr. White is said to look upon his book on *The Warfare of Science with Theology* as his best literary work. It may be doubted whether critical opinion will sustain him in his estimate of its importance. He quotes Goldwin Smith against ever glorifying revolution, and urges us to be content with assisting evolution. It is problematical whether a book beginning as a pamphlet in 1876 and not completed until 1896 rendered essential service to the liberation of science from dogma in civilised countries. It was belated; it did not assist evolution; it followed it. The train had gone past that station. It is not necessary to connect with any one publication his sympathy with science or his catholicity in religion.

John W. Russell.

II.

BYGONES WORTH REMEMBERING.*

The value of reminiscent literature as an aid to the study of history is strikingly illustrated by the appearance of two volumes of recollections from the pen of the veteran "agitator," George Jacob Holyoake. Founder of the system of thought known as Secularism, pioneer in numerous movements to better the condition of the English workingman, actively in sympathy with every effort in the direction of greater intellectual and political freedom, Mr. Holyoake, who is now nearly ninety years old, has been the storm centre of many a controversy, has frequently come into conflict with the law of the land, has enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of eminent men and women of all shades of opinion, and has lived to witness the eradication of many of the abuses against which he fought. Into the life of such a man it was inevitable that there should throng a multitude of "bygones worth

*Bygones Worth Remembering. By George Jacob Holyoake. Cloth. Two volumes. Price, \$5.00 net. E. P. Dutton and Company.

remembering," and in opening the storehouse of his memory to the present generation Mr. Holyoake has performed an act for which even those who most sharply differ from him in view and belief must feel indebted to him, and must recognise the significance of his work as constituting a vivid record of the political and social changes that have been brought about in England since the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and as casting entertaining and instructive sidelights on certain of the period's leaders of thought and action.

For one who has had to reckon not only with the open hostility of those to whom his religious and secular radicalism gave offence, but also with the indifference and ingratitude of those for whom he laboured most faithfully, and for one to whom agitation and dispute seem to have been as the breath of life, Mr. Holyoake writes in a remarkably sunny, genial and optimistic tone. Love of and faith in humanity are stamped large on his pages. In the personal estimates with which they abound generosity is, as a rule, the prevailing characteristic. That prejudice is occasionally in evidence is not at all surprising. In view of the sacrifices the aged agnostic and social reformer has been called upon to make for principle's sake, and the bitter experiences through which he has passed, the marvel is that his writings are so free from acerbity. The most obvious and painful exceptions to the customary kindness of treatment occur in connection with the two Conservative Prime Ministers, Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, both of whom, as the reader need hardly be reminded, were anathema to the Liberals and Radicals who championed the aspirations of the democracy of England.

"What gave this man," demands Mr. Holyoake, apropos of Lord Salisbury's speeches against the extension of the suffrage to the working-class, "what gave this man the right to speak with bitterness and scorn of the people whose industry kept him in the opulence he so little deserved? Some friends of mine, who had personal intercourse with him, described him as a fair-spoken gentleman. All the while, and to the end of his days, he had the cantankerous tongue in diplomacy which brought

contempt and distrust upon Englishmen abroad, while his jests at Irish members of Parliament, whom his Government had subjected to humiliation in prison, denoted, thought many, the innate savagery of his order, when secure from public retribution, which people should remember who continue its impunity. Difference of opinion is to be respected, but it is difficult even for philosophy to condone scorn. If recklessness in language be a mark of inferiority in workmen, what is it in those of high position who compromise a nation by their ungoverned tongues?"

No recognition here of the fact that Lord Salisbury's opposition to reform was an honest opposition, that in speech and action he was impelled by a sincere belief that the policies he advocated were for the best interests of the country; no inkling that, so far from compromising his nation by an "ungoverned tongue," his diplomacy was such as to restore the waning prestige of Great Britain and to solidify the British Empire. Common justice requires that Mr. Holyoake do more than "record to his honour [that] he subscribed £50 toward the memorial to Mr. Mill."

Equally unfair is the picture of Lord Beaconsfield, though, to be sure, it is relieved by some softening touches. "Not approaching erect, like a human thing," we are told, "Disraeli stealthily crept, lizard-like, through the crevices of Parliament to the front of the nation, and with the sting that nature had given him, he kept his enemies at bay." Avowedly of Lord Acton's opinion that "the unfaltering Jew" was morally insupportable, though otherwise astonishing, the writer relentlessly thrusts into the foreground his peccadilloes as well as his more serious faults. The reputed "errors in vintage," the plagiarism in speech and novel of which he has been accused, are given renewed publicity, and, reminding the reader that a critic had also brought charges of plagiarism against Disraeli the elder, Mr. Holyoake does not hesitate to assert that "when Daniel O'Connell described Disraeli as 'the heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross' he was nearer the truth than he knew, for there was petty larceny in the Disraelian family." The moral to be drawn

from his singular career is "that genius and versatility, animated by ambition without scruple, may attain distinction without principle. It can win national admiration, but not public affection. All it can accomplish is to leave behind a name of sinister renown." Characteristically enough, Mr. Holyoake hastens to admit that "if we knew all, no doubt Lord Beaconsfield had, apart from the exigencies of ambition, personal qualities commanding esteem." The pity that this reflection has not led him to mitigate the rigours of his earlier diatribe.

Happily, as has been said, the instances of subversion of judgment by personal dislike are few and far apart. Errors due to friendship are of more frequent occurrence. As may be imagined, Gladstone, Spencer, Bright, Cobden, Mill, Bradlaugh, Cowen, Place, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Harriet Martineau and George Eliot—all of whom figure prominently in the memoirs—elicit glowing tributes from this friend of free thought, free speech and free action, tributes in which eulogy is not always tempered by discrimination. The highest meed of praise—and who can doubt deservedly?—is reserved for Gladstone and Spencer. With the former, wide apart though they were in matters of religion, Mr. Holyoake enjoyed years of intercourse, and he now records his conviction that the Great Believer was of the ideal type of Christian painted by Abbé Lamennais—"the active Christian who is ceaselessly fighting the enemies of humanity, without omitting to pardon and love them." It was Gladstone's distinction, he adds, in grateful remembrance that his agnosticism had made no difference in their relations, "that he applied this affectionate tolerance not only to the 'enemies of humanity,' but to the dissentients from the faith he loved so well. . . . I have reason to acknowledge his noble personal courtesy, notwithstanding convictions of mine he must think seriously erroneous, upon which, as I told him, 'I did not keep silence.'" Spencer, Mr. Holyoake avers, "was as great in the kingdom of science as Mr. Gladstone was in that of politics and ecclesiasticism. Men have to go back to Aristotle to find his compeer in range of thought, and to Gibbon for a parallel to

his protracted persistence in accomplishing his great design of creating a philosophy of evolution. Mr. Spencer's distinction was that he laid down new landmarks of evolutionary guidance in all the dominions of human knowledge." Of Spencer as a man, however, it must be said that the anecdotes and reminiscences here assembled do not leave an altogether agreeable impression.

The closing chapter is beyond all question one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, of the nearly fifty into which the work is divided. Here Mr. Holyoake pauses to take a farewell gaze down the long vista of years, and to compare briefly the condition of the English working-class of to-day with that of the working-class of the days of his childhood, youth and earlier manhood. Those who labour under any delusion that "things are as bad as they well can be" should not miss a word of the pages wherein the venerable reformer enumerates the benefits that have accrued to the toilers since 1824, the year when he first became familiar with workshops.

"Let the reader think what, in a general way, the new advantages are," he sums up, "The press is free, and articulate with a million voices—formerly dumb. Now a poor man can buy a better library for a few shillings than Solomon with all his gold and glory could in his day; or than the middle-class man possessed fifty years ago. Toleration—not only of ideas, but of action, is enlarged, and that means much. Social freedom is greater, and that means more. The days of children are happier, schoolrooms are more cheerful. . . . Another change is that the pride in ignorance, which makes for impotence, is decreasing, is no longer much thought of among those whose ignorance was their only attainment. Not less have the material conditions of life improved. Food is purer—health is surer—life itself is safer and lasts longer. Comfort has crept into a million houses where it never found its way before. . . . Towns are brighter, there are more public buildings which do the human eye good to look upon. Means of recreation are continually being multiplied. Opportunity of change from town to country, or coast, falls now to the poorest. . . . Life is better worth living. Pain none could escape is evadable now. . . . The fortune of industry is higher in many ways. . . . Political as well as civil

freedom has come in a measure to those who dwell in cottages and lodgings. . . . The manners of the rich are better. Their sympathy with the people has increased. Their power of doing ill is no longer absolute. Employers think more of the condition of those who labour for them. The better sort still throw crumbs to Lazarus. But now Dives is expected to explain why it is that Lazarus cannot get crumbs himself. In ways still untold the labour class is gradually attaining to social equality with the idle class and to that independence hitherto the privilege of those who do nothing. The workman's power of self-defence grows—his influence extends—his rights enlarge. . . . I agree with Sydney Smith,

"'For olden times let others prate;
I deem it lucky I was born so late.'"

H. Addington Bruce.

III.

MR. HERBERT PAUL'S "MODERN ENGLAND."*

Mr. Paul is one of those intellectual confidence men who have recently enjoyed such remarkable success in the bunco games they have played upon English readers. The gold bricks they dispense have more than the glitter of genuine metal. They say things so smartly that few persons stop to inquire if what is said be truth. Now cleverness is a dangerous quality in an historian; but smartness is fatal. The temptation to exploit one's self at the expense of one's subject is difficult, nay impossible, to resist. And why should one cultivate a Spartan virtue? The public will be immensely impressed with an air of omniscience; and omniscience is easy to writers like Mr. Paul. The third volume of *A History of Modern England* surpasses even its predecessors in the sublime complacency with which questions usually regarded as open to dispute are settled beyond controversy by the author.

This "cocksureness" is the more annoying because of the feeling that Mr. Paul

had the ability to write, not merely an entertaining, but a luminous account of the events of the last half century in the political and social life of the British isles. What he has really given us is a sort of running catalogue of his own views of the occurrences he relates. He has departed a little, in the third volume, from the strict chronological sequence he adopted in the first two, with the result that his narrative does not jump from one subject to another with quite such bewildering frequency. But nowhere is there any adequate analysis of the great forces, both without and within, that well-nigh transformed England in the twenty years between the death of Lord Palmerston and the beginning of Disraeli's second ministry. Mr. Paul has a certain journalistic sense which makes him a good reporter of the doings of the House of Commons; but even here he takes sides too conspicuously against the Conservatives. In discussing the Reform Bill of 1867, for example, he practically accuses Lord Derby of dishonourable conduct. He assumes that the "leap in the dark" was a piece of mere political acrobatics. The fact is that Lord Derby had always been a reformer, and had long contemplated completing the work of the Reform Bill of 1832, in which he had had a distinguished share. "Shameless tergiversation" is too strong a phrase to apply to his course. Like other statesmen, he had been an opportunist and had awaited the psychological moment.

The affairs of the English Church occupy no small portion of the pages of this third volume. Mr. Paul's views are frankly Erastian, and with characteristic incapacity he refuses to see any reason in the views of those who do not agree with him. He does not conceal his contempt for Mr. Gladstone as a High Churchman, speaking of him in one place as having "the passionate prejudices of a mediæval monk," which is a convenient way of disposing of a habit of mind one does not understand. Mr. Paul apparently takes the position that the Church is, after all, only the creature of the State, and that the churchman who holds opinions that may happen to be unpopular for the moment is simply a narrow-minded partisan who ought to be got rid of at the

*A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. Vol. III. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

earliest opportunity. It is beautifully plain when once one grasps the principle. But if a man becomes "too large" for the Church—which happens now and then—and repudiates her formularies while continuing to minister at her altars, he is a noble martyr to truth, who deserves the admiration of his kind. Such a line of argument, applied to the Colenso controversy, results in a distortion of the facts which must be regarded as deplorable by plain wayfaring men unskilled in casuistry. Mr. Paul does not err from ignorance, as his clear and intelligible statement of the conditions which led to the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland shows. The trouble is that he has a cynical contempt for the reasoning powers of his readers.

The chapter on "Intellectual and Social Progress," which concludes the volume, must be intended as a jest. In just sixteen pages Mr. Paul deals with Gladstone's pamphlets on "Vaticanism," with two or three unimportant ecclesiastical cases, with a half a dozen books of the period and with the Tichborne case. The pertinency of this last choice is not obvious. It is somewhat difficult to speak with patience of a writer who trifles thus with a serious subject. As has been said, there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Paul could not have done better work had he chosen.

Edward Fuller.

IV.

MRS. WHARTON'S "ITALIAN BACK- GROUNDS."*

Mrs. Wharton's rapidly but soundly established reputation as a writer lays upon the critic the duty of speedily informing the public of at least the contents and general character of a new work by her. This is a set of brief, highly polished sketches, partly of little frequented places, partly of well-known cities which she desires to present in new aspects. She tells of a midsummer descent from Splügen into the region about Brescia, of an extraordinary Sacred Way in

the inaccessible hill-village of Cerveno, of sanctuaries in the Pennine Alps, of her virtual discovery in the terra-cotta groups at San Vivaldo of a "remarkable example of late *quattro-cento* art"; of Parma and Milan; of various March wanderings; and, in another key, of the ancient Christian solitaries, the last—odd fancy!—to behold the Pagan gods still lingering in the lost recesses of the Italian mountains.

But it is only in the final essay, on "Italian Backgrounds," that one gets a clew to the unity of the volume. The foregrounds of old Italian pictures, Mrs. Wharton says, were always conventional. Only in the figures and landscapes of the middle distance and the background was the artists free to express his individual sense of nature and contemporary life. The student of Italian painting must therefore, learn to reverse the perspective, and to see first and foremost what the painter revealed only incidentally. Similarly, Italy herself has her conventional foreground, her "monuments," and one must somehow "deconventionalise" these works of art by considering them chiefly "in relation to the life of which they are merely the ornamental façade." Then follow brief and learned but vivid sketches of life and art in seventeenth century Rome and eighteenth century Venice. We may, then, with propriety infer that the volume is to be understood as an attempt to formulate the elements of Italian life and scenery most essential to the appreciation of Italian art.

Deconventionalise! The idea is sound and the clumsy word sticks like a burr. Italy, more than any other country of Europe, needs to be deconventionalised, to be re-felt and re-stated. We have fixed our gaze so long on obvious "monuments" that we are virtually hypnotised by them, and lose all sense of their meaning and value. The phenomenon is common enough in other fields of thought. Recently I read a volume by a great philologist, whose attention had been so long concentrated on his hoard of hard-won facts that, miser-like, he had nothing to say about them. They were just facts. A powerful intellect had been so entranced by petty antiquarianism that it had lost its own individuality.

*Italian Backgrounds. By Edith Wharton. Illustrated by Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

One suspects a touch of the same malady in Mrs. Wharton. She cannot deconventionalise Italy. It is personality that deconventionalises—witness the *Innocents Abroad*. How rudely and sanely that shattered, a generation ago, the cheap sentimentalism then current among sophisticated travellers. But Mrs. Wharton unwittingly has allowed herself to be hypnotised by Italian art. She has denationalised, defeminised herself. Her writing is not that of an American of to-day, not even of a woman, but merely of the art-antiquarian. She speaks scornfully of the casual traveller, but even her "unfortunate lady in spectacles, who looks like one of the Creator's rejected experiments, and carries a grey linen bag embroidered with forget-me-nots" may—who knows?—have seen Italy less conventionally than she. For, after all, it seems to me, Mrs. Wharton is merely following, in her polished essays, the familiar method of Symonds and Vernon Lee. Her style is extraordinarily good, but her thought is pedantic and inhuman. There is more freedom of vision in the Baedeker of our grandfathers' Vallery's quaint and sage *Voyages historiques, littéraires, et artistiques en Italie*.

G. R. Carpenter.

V.

MR. HOWELLS'S "MISS BELLARD'S INSPIRATION."*

When the time comes to judge the life work of an author in its entirety, there are certain volumes which assume an importance quite apart from their intrinsic literary value, and sometimes at variance with it; volumes which the biographer cannot afford to neglect, and which stand out as milestones along the path of the author's development. It is probably a prescience on the part of the reviewer, an instinctive recognition of their significance as human documents, which results every now and then in hailing some novel with an enthusiasm out of proportion to its individual merit.

Mr. Howells's latest story, *Miss Bel-*

*Miss Bellard's Inspiration. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

lard's Inspiration, seems in a measure to be a case in point. One must concede it to be a diverting little comedy, written in a spirit of indulgent satire, and deftly suggesting some serious problems of modern life, while evading with equal deftness any serious discussion of them. Not only is it a book which only Mr. Howells could have written, but one may say with equal assurance that it is a book which Mr. Howells himself could scarcely have written twenty years ago. It represents the culmination of his later style, just as *April Hopes* and *Silas Lapham* represented the highest development of his earlier manner. But to proclaim *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*, in the words of at least one recent reviewer, as "unquestionably Mr. Howells at his best" is to overpraise the cultured deftness of his present-day satire at the expense of the really big and vital books that he was producing almost a generation ago.

The riotous passions that sometimes play havoc with the lives of men and women in the full ripeness of maturity never offered congenial themes to the author of *April Hopes*. The great majority of his books concern themselves with the love affairs of the very young, or else with the joys and sorrows of those so far advanced in years that the quickened heart-beat, the bounding pulse, are a thing of the past. Yet in those earlier books, the books that inevitably come to mind when one speaks his name, one feels the warm glow of the author's sympathetic understanding of human moods. In the books that he writes to-day there is an even subtler understanding, but one misses the sympathy. His interest in human nature is keen as ever, but it partakes more of the interest of an entomologist examining a new species of beetle through his lens. Among the essays collected under the title *Literature and Life*, there is one in which Mr. Howells describes the impressions that he received from a visit to Coney Island. There is that great summer playground of our chief metropolis, with its vast army of pleasure-seekers, its motley horde of all classes, conditions and nationalities. The one aspect which impressed Mr. Howells beyond all others was the queeriness of it all. Out of the whole range of available

adjectives, there was only one which to his mind seemed to fit the case: it was simply queer. And his attitude toward Coney Island is very much akin to his attitude toward life in general. He studies the queerness of human nature with an amused tolerance in which one missed the old-time note of contagious sympathy.

As a matter of fact, *Miss Bellard's Inspiration* is not so strong a novel as was *The Son of Royal Langbrith* a year ago. But to the student of literature it is more interesting, because it marks a special point of development, while the former book was merely an echo of its author's earlier period. The theme is one which is very much in the air just at present: the effect which the higher education of women is likely to have upon matrimony. One can scarcely take up a Sunday supplement in these days without running across a discussion of such questions as "Are Men Afraid to Marry College Girls?" or "Do Professional Women Make Good Housekeepers?" Mr. Howells takes an old-fashioned view of the Eternal Feminine, and looks on tranquilly upon the modern phases of the Bachelor Girl and the Advanced Woman, quite convinced in his own mind that when her heart is touched, the woman of to-day is just as womanly, just as impulsive, just as refreshingly irrational as her sisters of a generation ago.

Here is the case of Miss Lillias Bellard, whose inspiration seemed to Mr. Howells worthy to be recorded in a volume of upward of two hundred pages. She is older than the majority of his heroines, very nearly a Woman of Thirty, in fact, with "a serenity like that of a September afternoon;" she holds a professorship in a Western university, where her post-graduate lectures on æsthetics have made considerable local stir. In short, her career is definitely cut out, when suddenly a very disconcerting thing happens to her; a handsome young Englishman, who attends her lectures, has fallen in love with her, and to her consternation, she finds that she is strongly tempted to accept him. But because she is a modern woman, with a cultured mind, she decides to do nothing rash. She comes East to spend the summer with a married aunt,

in order to study matrimony from the inside, as it were, and see for herself whether the relation seems to promise happiness. Quite naturally, Craybourne, the Englishman, follows Miss Bellard East, and speedily becomes established as a daily visitor in her aunt's household. The comfortable Darby and Joan atmosphere that surrounds them spreads an easily caught contagion, the engagement is acknowledged, and a marriage in early prospect, when suddenly Mevison, the artist, an old Latin Quarter crony of Uncle Crombie, arrives on a visit, and with him his jealous, unreasoning, impossible wife. The spectacle of this ill-assorted pair, living a life of constant bickering, ever on the border line of divorce, convinces Lillias that marriage is a mistake and that she must break once for all with Craybourne. In fact, the whole matter has so far got upon her nerves that in the course of breaking with Craybourne, who is a thoroughly likeable sort of fellow and entitled to our sympathies, she falls to quarrelling with him as energetically as ever the Mevisons themselves had quarrelled. But the young Englishman refuses to take his dismissal or to accept her reasons seriously, and when she returns West to her college work, he follows undauntedly after her. And the last we hear about them comes in the form of a letter from Miss Bellard to her aunt, triumphantly telling of the inspiration which satisfactorily solved their problem:

Before I knew it, he was offering an argument that cleared me up to myself in a most wonderful way. . . . The point was a very fine one, and I kept losing it; but he never did; he has so much intellectual tenacity; and he held me to it, so that when he did go away, I promised him that I would think about it. I did think about it, and before morning I had a perfect inspiration. My inspiration was that where I was so helpless to reason it out for myself, I ought to leave it altogether to him, and that is why we are going to be married in the spring.

Thus, according to Mr. Howells, the modern woman, even though she holds several degrees and delivers post-graduate lectures, if there comes a clash between her reason and her heart, will cloak

her illogic under words of many syllables; but it will none the less be deliciously and refreshingly illogical. The book is undeniably a delicate and diverting piece of satire and full of those illuminating sidelights upon human foibles and frailties that make Mr. Howells inimitable. But after all, scruples of conscience, however illogical and unfounded, are the source of very genuine heart-aches. Mr. Howells does not try to make us see the tragedy of it all, but only the comedy. His pose has something of the superiority of the mature mind in the presence of the follies of childhood. Here, as at Coney Island, he is engrossed by the queerness, not the poignancy. *Miss Bellard's Inspiration* has charm as well as deftness. Mr. Howells is like an artist who, in picturing a cyclone or a thunderstorm, has chosen to work in pastels instead of oils.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

VI.

MISS CATHER'S "THE TROLL GARDEN."*

The Troll Garden is a collection of freak stories that are either lurid, hysterical or unwholesome, and that remind one of nothing so much as the coloured supplement to the Sunday papers. The characters, with the possible exception of Laird in "The Sculptor's Funeral," and Paul in the last and best of the stories, "Paul's Case," are mere dummies, with fancy names, on which to hang epigrams. The author has confined her attention wholly to what William James somewhere calls "the ash-heap of the human mind"—the thoughts and feelings that come to all of us when the pressure of the will is low, the refuse and sweepings of the mental life. Here and there are very striking passages, but they are not so much suggested by the story as sought out and worked up with the deliberate intention of saying something impressive, something warranted to thrill. For instance, in the little sketch entitled "A Wagner Matinée," a pioneer home in the West is described. Desolate and un-

sightly it is to the last degree, with "the four dwarf ash seedlings, where the dish cloths were always hung to dry before the kitchen door." The story seems built around those dish cloths.

The following passage illustrates admirably both the strong and the weak points of the author. It is from "The Garden Lodge," the story of a woman whose early years have been passed in a sordid struggle with poverty, brought on by the extravagances of an "artistic" father and brother. By dint of merciless self-control she has attained wealth and place, and entertained for a month, at her husband's house, a world-famous singer, for whom she conceives in middle life the passionate love denied to her girlhood. It is of him the author is speaking.

D'Esquerré's arrival in the early winter was the signal for a feminine hegira toward New York. On the nights when he sang, women flocked to the Metropolitan from mansions and hotels, from typewriter desks, school-rooms, shops and fitting rooms. They were of all conditions and complexions. Women of the world, who accepted him knowingly, as they sometimes took champagne for its agreeable effect; sisters of charity and overworked shop-girls, who received him devoutly; withered women who had taken doctorate degrees and who worshipped furtively through prism spectacles; business women and women of affairs, the Amazons who dwelt afar from men in the stony fastnesses of apartment houses. They all entered into the same romance; dreamed, in terms as various as the hues of phantasy, the same dream; drew the same quick breath when he stepped upon the stage, and, at his exit, felt the same dull pain of shouldering the pack again.

There were the maimed, even; those who came on crutches, who were pitted by small-pox, or grotesquely painted by cruel birth stains. These, too, entered with him into enchantment. Stout matrons became slender girls again; worn spinsters felt their cheeks flush with the tenderness of their lost youth. Young and old, however hideous, however fair, they yielded up their heart—whether quick or latent sat hungering for the mystic bread wherewith he fed them at this eucharist of sentiment.

Miss Cather knows her world thor-

*The Troll Garden. By Willa Sibert Cather. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company, 1905.

oughly—the selfish, sensual world of song. Of another singer she writes (in "A Death in the Desert"):

Adriance always said not only the right thing, but the opportune, graceful, exquisite thing. His phrases took the colour of the moment and the then present condition, so that they never savoured of perfunctory compliment or frequent usage. He always caught the lyric essence of the moment, the poetic suggestion of every situation. Moreover, he usually did the right thing, the opportune, graceful, exquisite thing—except when he did very cruel things—bent upon making people happy when their existence touched his, just as he insisted that his material environment should be beautiful; lavishing upon those near him all the warmth and radiance of his rich nature, all the homage of the poet and troubadour, and when they were no longer near, forgetting—for that also was a part of Adriance's gift.

The girl who is dying is one of the "forgotten things," but one does not take her death seriously. She will get up and come back to the footlights if there is the slightest applause.

"Paul's Case" leaves the fervid atmosphere of concert-hall and studio and frankly enters the Pittsburgh High School. Paul wears a red carnation in his buttonhole when he comes to beg for readmission, after a week's suspension, and everything about the boy matches the red carnation. One day at the blackboard his English teacher had attempted to guide his hand. "Paul had started back with a shudder and thrust his hands violently behind him. The astonished woman could scarcely have been more hurt and embarrassed had he struck at her." His father, though by no means poor, thinks that a boy should be earning something, and so he has put him to act as usher at Carnegie Hall. Here Paul found his real world, nothing else matters. He regularly lost himself in the music. The soprano, though a stout German woman and the mother of many children, was to Paul a "veritable queen of Romance." He followed her carriage to the hotel and caught a glimpse of bright lights and fresh flowers, and then went home, through the slush, to "the pictures of George Washington and John

Calvin and the framed motto, 'Feed My Lambs,' which had been worked in red worsted by his mother." One feels all the hopeless, benumbing, bourgeoisie surroundings, the smell of cooking, the lemonade in a red glass pitcher brought out to the "stoop" of a Sunday afternoon, the men going to work early in the morning with the "combings of children's hair hanging to their coats." Then—an eastbound train was ploughing through the snow. Arriving in New York, Paul bought the softest silk underwear, street clothes and evening clothes, all the things he had so longed for, and then was driven to the Waldorf, where he took rooms for a week. He missed one thing in his sitting-room, and sent the boy for flowers. At dinner he watched the people, and, holding his champagne glass between his thumb and middle finger, wondered "that there were honest men in the world at all." So the precious days slipped by. He read in the paper that his theft had been discovered. He crossed the ferry and floundered through the snow on the railroad track far out into the country.

The sound of an approaching train awoke him, and he started to his feet, remembering only his resolution, and afraid lest he should be too late. He stood watching the approaching locomotive, his teeth chattering, his lips drawn away from them in a frightened smile; once or twice he glanced nervously sidewise, as though he were being watched. When the right moment came he jumped. As he fell the folly of his haste occurred to him with merciless clearness, the vastness of what he had left undone. There flashed through his brain clearer than ever before the blue of Adriatic water, the yellow of Algerian sands.

He felt something strike his chest, and that his body was being thrown swiftly through the air, on and on immeasurably far and fast, while his limbs were gently relaxed. Then because the picture-making mechanism was crushed, the disturbing visions flashed into black, and Paul dropped back into the immense design of things.

One feels rather defrauded that the author has omitted to say what came next; it would have been so easy to go on. If it was her highest aim to say unusual things, we think she has succeeded up to the measure of her hopes. Few,

even of those who take what she herself calls a "doctorate degree," could do it better. We would, however, suggest that the form *rare* *aves* (p. 9) is not sanctioned by the Latin dictionary. And of all the quotations we remember to have seen, Dante's line "And in the book we read no more that night," quoted in "A Death in the Desert," comes in most grotesquely. Indeed, the "purple patches" of learning in the book, like the thrills, seem sewed on here and there, with one eye closed to get the effect.

Bessie du Bois.

VII.

MR. CHESTERTON'S "THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES."*

Two or three years ago Mr. Chesterton went up like a rocket, leaving the innocent-minded, English-reading world very much agape. The stick has just come down. The trouble with *The Club of Queer Trades* is that it does not ring true. It is neither here nor there; neither veritable romantic extravaganza, true detective literature, nor consistent satire upon either of those forms of fiction. Doubly reminding us of the *New Arabian Nights*, and of the Sherlock Holmes adventures, it reminds us little of the brilliant and witty author of *The Defendant*. The writer's paradoxes do not adjust themselves happily to fiction. The disappointing thing about the book is its tameness. It resembles the "musical comedy" of an amateur: the scene is laid in Zanzibar or some such recognised haunt of hilarity; the scenery and lack of costume are pleasing if familiar; there is some little novelty in the arrangement of the songs and dances; there is, no doubt, some amusing business on the part of the acrobatic star. But the whole thing is perfunctory and meaningless, except as it means a more or less successful attempt to hit the average bad taste by way of the average overloaded pocket. Unfortunately, a good knowledge of the fiddle does not qualify a man for offhand performance on the jew's-

harp. It does not appear what grounds, in default of a genuine impulse, Mr. Chesterton can have had for deserting his own expressive instrument for one so hackneyed and so inferior.

Mildly entertaining the book certainly is, though not likely to stand the test of re-reading. The central figure is one Basil Grant, in many respects the antithesis—and obviously the studied antithesis—of that marvellous, storied, and persistently reanimated cadaver, Sherlock Holmes. Basil Grant is an ex-judge of quondam celebrity who by all accounts went mad upon the woollack, during his later official experience often charging the jury upon moral and psychological rather than legal grounds; and summing up his final case at a moment when "one of his celebrated masterpieces of lucidity and pulverising logic was eagerly looked for with the illuminating remarks:

Oh, Rowty-owty tiddly-owty,
Tiddly-owty tiddly-owty,
Highly-ightly tiddly-ightly,
Tiddly-ightly-ow."

This manifestation, we discover in due time, was an effect, not of insanity, but of a surplus of sanity.

"Years ago, gentlemen," he says when in the end the duty of a speech devolves upon him as President of the Club of Queer Trades—"years ago, gentlemen, I was a judge. I did my best in that capacity to do justice and to administer the law. But it gradually dawned upon me that in my work as it was, I was not even touching the fringe of justice. I was seated in the seat of the mighty; I was robed in fine scarlet and ermine; nevertheless, I held a small and lowly and futile post. I had to go by a mean rule as much as a postman, and my red and gold was worth no more than his. Daily there passed before me taut and passionate problems, the stringency of which I had to relieve by silly imprisonments or silly damages, while I knew all the time, by the light of my living common-sense, that they would have been far better relieved by a kiss, or a thrashing, or a few words of explanation, or a duel, or a tour in the West Highlands. Then, as this grew on me, there grew upon me continuously the sense of a mountainous

*The Club of Queer Trades. By G. W. Chesterton. New York: Harper and Brothers.

frivolity. Every word said in court, a whisper or an oath, seemed more connected with life than the words I had to say. Then came the time when I publicly blasphemed the whole bosh, was classed as a madman, and melted from public life."

Subsequently, it transpires, he has discovered that he can be of use as "a purely moral judge to settle purely moral differences." He no longer tries people for "the practical trifles for which nobody cares, such as committing a murder, or keeping a dog without a license," but for vanity, stinginess, backbiting, and the like. This is Basil Grant's queer trade. In forming his judgments of people and events he depends upon intuition, openly scorning the Sherlockian fussing with minute clues. For the purposes of detective fiction, certainly, this method does not promise much; it results in no very startling discoveries on the part of the ex-judge. Indeed, the book as a whole fails to startle and shock us in any such degree as we have a right to expect from Mr. Chesterton. It is doubtless too much to look for in this day that the poet and the historian and the essayist should stick to their respective lasts. People want stories, and why should not the wise as well as the foolish have a hand in the profitable game of supplying that insatiable demand? Recent developments suggest that the day is at hand when every man shall have written his novel, and, let us hope, every novel will be maintaining its man. Novel-writing is getting to be one of the fashionable forms of sport. Philosophers adopt it as a eupeptic form of exercise. Retired merchants cultivate it alongside of automobiling. Royalty graciously relaxes in its favour—as at the other extreme strains up toward it that glorious company of seamstresses, drug-clerks and ardent A.Bs. We lisp in chapters, for the chapters come; and old age does not exempt us from a first essay at the craft—not even the Harrisons and the Swinburnes among us. Yet there are two facts which would seem to be fairly clear: first, that story writing may be a mere form of dissipation; and, second, that at its best it can never in any sense excel or supersede the older and stabler forms of literary art. Why should

Mr. Chesterton care to write stories? He ought to be content with being one of the chief wits of the day: a wit by education and natural impulse expressing himself not through fiction, but through the discursive essay.

H. W. Boynton.

VIII.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "THE BEAUTIFUL LADY."*

A mere trifle, but a delightful trifle, which, lacking the dramatic action of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, equals it in the originality of its conception, in its pathos, and surpasses it in its whimsical humour. In place of eighteenth century Bath, you have twentieth century Paris and Italy; in place of a Prince of the Blood masquerading as a barber, you have a poor Neapolitan gentleman reduced to such a condition of poverty that he consents to have a theatrical advertisement painted on his shaven head and to display it at a boulevard café to the mocking laughter of Paris; in place of the rascally Duke of Winterset, you have the dyed and painted fortune-hunting Prince Caravacioli; and in place of Lady Mary Carlisle, the Beautiful Lady. There, however, the analogy is at an end. In the earlier book you can find no one that even remotely suggests Lambert Rufus Poor, Jr., the wild and kind-hearted young American, whose slang and deportment so mystify the sober-minded Ansolini. In the chapters in which the Neapolitan endeavours vainly to dissuade his charge from his announced purpose of "creating considerable trouble for Paris," and in the contrast between the two young men, there is humour of a very high order—humour of a quality which is to be found in very few books. The story itself is so slight that it might be told in a paragraph, and it is perhaps for that reason and because of the countless "little touches" that one likes it better after the second reading than the first, and still better after the third.

Firmin Dredd.

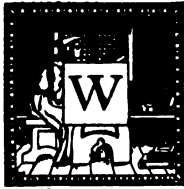
*The Beautiful Lady. By Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

(1885-1905)

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

PART VIII.—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ONCE MORE



WHEN Mr. Cleveland, as President-elect, proceeded to the Capitol to take the oath of office for the second time, it almost seemed as though the ceremony of four years earlier were being faithfully repeated. Now as then, he was accompanied by Mr. Harrison, and only the relations of the two were changed. Then, Mr. Cleveland was a defeated candidate giving place to his victorious successor. Now, it was Mr. Harrison who was gracefully sustaining the same rôle, and in his turn making way for an opponent. Externally, however, the scene was essentially the same, even to the aspect of the weather; for a storm of mingled sleet and rain was raging, and Washington had awakened on that raw March morning to find the streets all whitened by a swirl of snow.

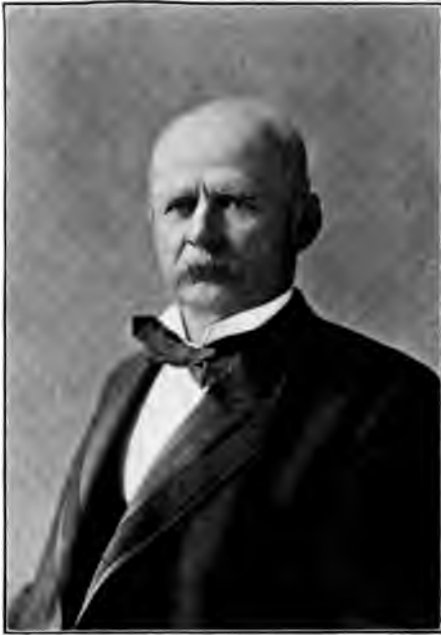
Amid a driving gale, and standing in what an observer graphically described as "a blizzard-riddled wooden pen," the new President, bareheaded, delivered without manuscript or notes of any kind, a brief inaugural address; and then for five hours he reviewed the long procession which filed by the presidential stand. Its most conspicuous feature was the entire National Guard of Pennsylvania, headed by the Democratic Governor of the State. For the first time also in the history of inaugural parades, women participated in the pageant. A cavalcade of them from Maryland, superbly mounted, rode past the President, adding a new element of the picturesque. More interesting, however, in view of recent political events, was the presence of three thousand Tammany men, of whom several hundred were arrayed in Indian garb, and with

whom were leaders such as Croker, Grady and others, who for nine years had waged relentless war on Mr. Cleveland. Assuredly it was for him a day of genuine triumph when even such consistent enemies as these had been brought to heel. On the day following the inauguration, Senator Hill called upon the President, and the two were closeted for hours. Just what passed between them no one ever learned; but it seems quite certain that Mr. Hill accepted frankly the inevitable. From that day he never seriously opposed the policy of his successful rival, and more than once in the tempestuous times which followed, he did staunch service in its defence.

And thus began the years of President Cleveland's second term of office, which a philosophical writer has truly characterised as "the most momentous period in a time of peace in the history of the country, and the most interesting, from a political point of view, in either war or peace."* The fury of the elements, which raged throughout the day of its inception symbolised, as it were, the storm and stress which marked the years of its continuance, and which reached a climax at its close.

The composition of the new Cabinet had become known to the people before the nominations were laid before the Senate. The Secretary of State was Mr. Walter Q. Gresham of Illinois, lately a judge in one of the Federal courts. Mr. Gresham had been a lifelong Republican until a few months prior to President Cleveland's election. He had even been regarded as a possible Republican candidate for the Presidency. At the Republican National Convention of 1888 he had received on the first ballot 111

*Stanwood, *A History of the Presidency* p. 519 (Boston, 1898).



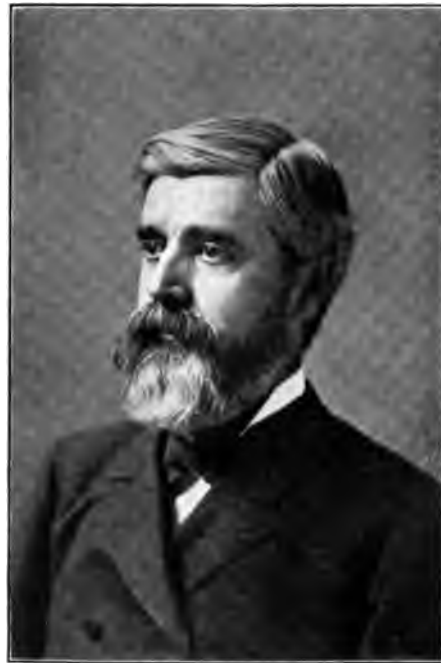
VICE-PRESIDENT ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Photograph by Rockwood

votes, standing second only to Senator Sherman, who led the poll until the combination in favour of Harrison was effected.* Mr. Gresham had always been a conservative, a "Lincoln Republican," wholly out of sympathy with the later tendencies of his party; and when the tariff had been made a direct issue in 1892, he had turned his back upon high protection as a policy, and publicly announced his purpose of voting for Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Gresham was popular with the labour element in the Middle West, and as a judge had given from the bench decisions accompanied by *obiter dicta* that greatly pleased the opponents of privilege. He was a man of the Cleveland type, sternly honest, inflexible of purpose, and vigorous in mind. In some respects he fell short of the ideal requirements in a Secretary of State. His training had not sufficiently familiarised him with the minutiae of diplomatic relations. He failed, perhaps, to appreciate the importance of these relations as compared with concerns of domestic interest. Moreover, on the personal side, he

lacked something of that regard for the fitness of things which ought to characterise one who has to do with the representatives of foreign countries. Mr. Gresham used to receive ambassadors and ministers—men bred to the most punctilious etiquette—sitting in his shirt-sleeves at his desk, and chewing on the stump of a cigar; while he was overfond of lounging about the corridors of Willard's Hotel and mingling with the very motley mob which sprawled there at all hours of the day and night. Naturally, Mr. Gresham's appointment was rather sharply criticised. Republicans regarded him as a renegade from their ranks, while many Democrats thought it hard that the chief Cabinet position should go to so very recent a convert to Democracy.

Mr. John G. Carlisle of Kentucky was made Secretary of the Treasury, and offered a brilliant contrast to his two immediate predecessors. He was an experienced legislator, who had been three times Speaker of the House and a member of seven different Congresses, in all of which he had concerned himself with questions of theoretical and practical finance. Mr.



WALTER Q. GRESHAM, SECRETARY OF STATE

*See THE BOOKMAN for March, p. 54.

Carlisle was of a calm, reflective and judicial cast of mind, and he had to an unusual degree the gift of lucid and convincing exposition.

The President appointed as Secretary of War Colonel Daniel S. Lamont of New York, who had been private secretary to Mr. Cleveland while the latter was Governor of New York and also during his first administration as President. It was essentially a personal appointment, well justified both by Colonel Lamont's devotion to Mr. Cleveland and also by his ability, his sound judgment and his admirable tact. Another personal appointment was that of Mr. Wilson S. Bissell of New York, an old and intimate friend, to be Postmaster-General. The new Secretary of the Navy was Mr. Hilary A. Herbert of Alabama—the first ex-Confederate to be placed in charge of one of the military departments of the Government. Mr. Herbert was an accomplished gentleman and a skilful administrator. He had served as chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs in three Congresses* and was intimately familiar with the details of his new office. Under him, the navy of the United States, which a few years before had ranked as only twelfth among the navies of the world, advanced to the fifth place, being surpassed only by the armaments of Great Britain, France, Russia and Germany.

Mr. Hoke Smith of Georgia became Secretary of the Interior and Mr. Julius S. Morton of Nebraska, Secretary of Agriculture. The Cabinet was completed by the appointment to the Attorney-Generalship of Mr. Richard Olney of Massachusetts, whose name was destined to be honourably associated with some of the most stirring events of President Cleveland's administration. When he became Attorney-General he was almost unknown outside of his native State. Educated at Brown and Harvard, he was a successful lawyer, who had mingled but little in public life, beyond serving in the Massachusetts Legislature. He had, however, a most forceful personality, combining the keenness and prompt decisiveness of a trained reasoner with a certain aggres-

sive quality which suggested, under all the suave amenities of a polished gentleman, the pugnacity, and also the tenacity, of a bulldog.

President Cleveland entered upon his duties under no illusions as to the difficulties of the problems which confronted him. There was a gravity, amounting almost to solemnity, in some of the sentences of his inaugural address, which may have been regarded lightly by those who then heard or read them, but which afterwards were seen to have been full of meaning. Toward the close, he said with something like the spirit of prophecy:

"Anxiety for the pledges which my party has made . . . constrains me to remind those with whom I am to co-operate, that we can succeed in doing the work which has been especially set before us only by the most sincere, harmonious, and disinterested effort. Even if insuperable obstacles and opposition prevent the consummation of our task, we shall hardly be excused; and if failure can be traced to our fault or neglect, we may be sure the people will hold us to a swift and exacting accountability."

And then he added:

"I shall, to the best of my ability and within my sphere of duty, preserve the Constitution by loyally protecting every grant of Federal power it contains, by defending all its restraints when attacked by impatience and restlessness, and by enforcing its limitations and reservations in favour of the States and the people.

"Fully impressed with the gravity of the duties that confront me . . . I should be appalled if it were my lot to bear unaided the responsibilities which await me. I am, however, saved from discouragement when I remember that I shall have the support and the counsel and co-operation of wise and patriotic men, who will stand at my side in Cabinet places or will represent the people in their legislative halls."

In a letter to Mr. Justice L. Q. C. Lamar, which was written at this time, but of which the full text still remains unpublished, the President spoke of his own misgivings and of his doubts as to whether his administration were not destined to disaster. It may, however, be

*The Forty-ninth, the Fiftieth, and the Fifty-second. Mr. Herbert had been a member of five other Congresses.



JOHN G. CARLISLE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

questioned whether even he had yet become aware how formidable were the dangers which beset him. There were three elements in the political situation so closely interrelated as to make action in regard to any one of them involve an instant complication with the other two. These three factors were (1) the relation of the great moneyed interests to national legislation; (2) the spread of Populism in the West and South; and (3) the condition of the Government's finances.

The rapid growth of great fortunes which accompanied and succeeded the Civil War had long been a subject of comment and, very properly, of pride among Americans of every class. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of the world was there ever witnessed a parallel to the extraordinary outburst of energy and even genius devoted to material success, which marked the years from 1864 to 1890. All at once the untouched resources of the United States seemed to be revealed to its inhabitants; and thousands upon thousands of keen-witted, inventive, far-seeing men had grasped the vast possibilities which the development of these resources inherently contained. What

had been accomplished in the whole of the preceding century was now surpassed by the railway builders, miners, traders, promoters, manufacturers and financiers of this new era. The United States was like a freshly opened gold field into which prospectors flung themselves in a frantic rush for wealth. And on one side the results were admirable. Here were rich rewards for brain and muscle, for courage and capacity. America, far more than ever, was for a time a land of opportunity. Yet there was another and a darker side, which more and more became apparent as the years went by. This was seen first of all in the growing tendency of many who had become extremely rich to monopolise the sources of their wealth and thereby to bar the door of opportunity to others; and furthermore, in the effort, too often successful, to render subservient or worthless the machinery of the law, to which alone those who were wronged must look for swift redress. The most signal instance of corporate power was to be found in the railways. These companies, the creatures of the State, deriving their charters from



RICHARD OLNEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL

the people, and often aided by generous public grants, went far beyond the rights that were conceded to them. From being simply common carriers, they began to get possession of those natural products which are included among the necessities of life. First in order, they secured the three great fields in which 95 per cent. of the anthracite coal of the United States is mined—and they secured them, not by legitimate purchase, but by forcing private owners to sell at prices fixed by the railway managers. Those who refused, found that the railways would no longer furnish cars for the shipment of "private" coal, thereby shutting off the individual miner from his market. When the State of Pennsylvania in 1873 forbade, by a constitutional provision, its railways to engage in mining coal, the law was at once evaded. Railway officials formed mining companies, of which the directors were the same men who made up the railway directorates; and the same old process was continued, with the added zest of defying the fundamental law. This arrangement even aided in extortion; for now the railways, acting as common carriers, could charge exorbitant freight rates, thus justifying the mine owners (*i.e.*, the railway owners) in selling the coal they shipped at whatever price they pleased. It was found by a Congressional committee in 1893 that the railway charge for carrying coal was far greater than the charge for carrying wheat or other similar freight; and that while the means of transportation had been continually improved, and the cost of handling cheapened, the railway freights were higher than they had been fifteen years before.*

What was true of coal was largely true of timber, copper, iron and other minerals. In the West, great tracts of arable land were held by railways and barred to settlers;† while there, too, by an unfair discrimination in freight charges, one locality was favoured at the expense of another, just as one merchant or manufacturer might be ruined because

of the more favourable terms that were secretly given to his competitors. Thus the railways were, in a sense, the masters of the State rather than its servants, arbitrarily bestowing or withholding prosperity, getting a firm grip on small communities, fixing at will the cost of articles of prime necessity, choking competition, and thus earning for the companies the great sums necessary to enable them to pay extravagant salaries and keep up the dividends on "watered" stock.*

But the railway magnates were simply the most conspicuous and the worst, and not by any means the sole, examples of a like abuse of power. They had bred a score of other organised and equally rapacious corporations, of which the Standard Oil Company† and the so-called Beef Trust were especially obnoxious to public sentiment and the most successful in their defiance of the processes of law. The continuance of a high protective tariff had added to the number of these monopolies; for while the tariff did not invariably or necessarily create an actual monopoly, its tendency was distinctly to limit competition; and in 1892, Mr. John De Witt Warner, a careful student of politico-economic questions, published a list of one hundred corporations of this sort which had, by one means or another, secured tariff legislation in their favour. The tariff, however, had nothing to do with the absorption by private corporations of valuable franchises all over the country, for which they paid little or nothing, while they usually exploited them in a spirit of insolent rapacity. Gas companies, having a monopoly in many cities, used fraudulent meters, supplied inferior gas and collected excessive rates from the consumers, who were absolutely helpless and without redress against what every one well knew to be sheer robbery. It was the same with electric lighting. The street railways were in the hands of another set of owners, who treated the travelling public like mere cattle—crowd-

*Report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, pp. 183 foll. and 242 foll. (1893.) See also House Report, 2278. Fifty-second Congress (2d session).

†See THE BOOKMAN for May, pp. 302, 303.

*"The excess over just and reasonable rates of transportation constitutes an available fund by which they [the railways] are enabled to crush out the competition of independent coal-producers."—Inter-State Commerce Commission Report, n. 4 (1893).

†See THE BOOKMAN for March, pp. 45-47.

ing them into insufficient cars in defiance of either comfort or decency, charging excessive fares for an inadequate service, and caring nothing for remonstrance or complaint. The telegraph was still another instance of a complete monopoly; the telephone of another; the business of the express companies of another.

The mere enumeration of these facts, however, is less significant than another circumstance connected with them. Every country has witnessed phenomena not unlike these. Unscrupulous and able men are always ready to enrich themselves and to wring great fortunes from the people. In the United States, even at the time of its birth as a nation, the records are smirched by the story of stock-jobbing, dishonest contracts, the sale of influence and by a vicious eagerness to exploit every public source of private gain.* Some decades later the nation had experience of the political power of wealth at the time when Nicholas Biddle and his associates of the United States Bank waged a long war against the national administration, until they were finally routed by the fiery Jackson. Later still, the period of the Civil War, which may be extended to cover the years from 1860 to 1875, saw men wielding the weapon of wealth with an unscrupulousness that has never been surpassed. Both in business and in public life, this period is one to be recalled with shame by every American. Senator Hoar, in a memorable speech, once gave, as by a sudden glare of lightning, a glimpse of those appalling years.

"My own public life," said he, "has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of Senatorial office. But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have seen the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the

greatest railroad of the world, binding together the Continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress—two of the House and one here—that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud.

"I have heard in the highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office, that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with offices created for their service; and that the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President himself."*

Yet the things done in those years gave in their direct results no reason for despair. Those who did them were acting almost in isolation, and in most instances professedly outside the pale of honesty and decency. Fisk and Gould and Huntington, Belknap, Babcock, Brady, the chiefs of the Whiskey Ring, the plotters of Black Friday and the Star Route criminals, were by the very crudity of their methods so conspicuously evil as hardly to be dangerous. Like Tweed and his confederates, who belonged to the same period, they were vulgar bandits, operating boldly on the by-ways of politics and commerce, yet ready to take flight when attacked by the law and by public indignation.

But in 1892, great wealth had led to the development of a caste, of which the members were exceedingly respectable, and of a very different stripe from those whom they succeeded. Well-mannered, kindly gentlemen were they, usually irreproachable in their private lives, generous in their benefactions, and upholders of a conservative tradition which they had themselves created. The protected manufacturer rapidly enriched himself, not by defiance of the law, but strictly in accordance with it. The railroad magnate who gave rebates and "drawbacks," the organiser of a mighty trust, and the able

*See, for instance, McMaster, *With the Fathers*, pp. 71-86 (New York, 1896).

*Speech on the impeachment of Secretary Belknap, May 6, 1876.

captain of industry who closed and barred the doors of opportunity to any other than himself, were in their own estimation far from being violators of the statutes. Every step they took was taken under the advice of the most eminent lawyers of the land. If what many of them did appeared to contravene alike the letter and the spirit of explicit legislation, and if they were often sued, indicted, or otherwise brought before the courts, this gave them slight concern, for nothing ever came of it. The law's delays were endless, its technicalities most interestingly labyrinthine, and the judges patient and extremely well-disposed.

The most striking feature of this new wealth was its solidarity and the close relationship of interest among its owners. There were no longer isolated millionaires, fighting each for his own hand. The chief figure in an oil company, for instance, would be likewise the principal stockholder in a great electric-light concern, having also a subsidiary interest in a match trust, a candle monopoly, and a dozen gas works. Mr. H. D. Lloyd, whose zeal sometimes led him to exaggerate the importance of his deductions, but whose facts were based on irrefutable evidence, was well within the truth when he wrote in 1894:

"A small number of men are obtaining the power to forbid any but themselves to supply the people with fire in nearly every form known to modern life and industry, from matches to locomotives and electricity. They control our hard coal and much of the soft, and stoves, furnaces and steam and hot-water heaters; the governors on steam-boilers and the boilers; gas and gas fixtures; natural gas and gas pipes; electric lighting and all the appurtenances. You cannot free yourselves by changing from electricity to gas, or from gas of the city to gas of the fields. If you fly from kerosene to candles, you are still under the ban."*

Add to this the fact that the same men, or others like them, held directorships in "chains" of banks, in railways, in insurance companies, and other fiduciary institutions; that they owned the controlling interest in the leading newspapers

**Wealth against Commonweal*th, pp. 9, 10.

of the country which helped to mould and to control public opinion by colouring the news; and that they were lavish contributors to the campaign funds of one or both of the great political parties; that they helped their own protégés to seats in municipal councils, in State legislatures and in Congress, and that their influence was benevolently exerted to promote their former legal advisers to positions in the State and national judiciary—and one may form a faint conception of the enormous power which they wielded.

It was primarily to check this power, and to bring it under the more efficient control of law, that the People's Party had been founded. In that party there were some who were sufficiently clear-sighted to perceive that the crux of the whole situation lay in the question as to who should control and regulate the public means of transportation and communication, with such other public utilities as heat and light and water. In private hands this control was certain always to be abused and made an instrument of oppression, precisely as it had been in the past. The Standard Oil Company and the coal monopoly had been reared upon the secret agreement between the railways in Pennsylvania. The Beef Trust had crushed competition largely by its grip upon the Western roads. The trans-continental railways had fraudulently acquired and held great tracts of public lands. These and a multiplicity of related facts were known to almost everyone, and therefore here should have been found the *point d'appui* of the Populist campaign. But unfortunately, the leaders—and most of all, the masses—of the new party were led astray by another plan, which seemed at once more tempting and more simple of execution. They did, indeed, as we have already seen, insert in their various platforms a demand for the government ownership of railways, telegraphs and telephones; yet it was on the silver question that they elected to make the strongest fight. Perhaps they had vaguely in mind the military maxim of a great French strategist, "Find out what it is that your enemy most desires you not to do, and then do it." To the Populists, the whole body of merchants,

bankers, and business men in the Eastern States were collectively "the enemy." No distinction was made between the Wall Street gambler, the trust promoter and the note-shaver on the one hand, and the conservative, fair-minded representatives of legitimate commerce on the other. In Kansas and Nebraska, these were all equally "the enemy"; and when it became apparent that their interests were violently opposed to the free coinage of silver, that they dreaded it and viewed it as a menace to prosperity, then the rank and file of the new party felt a keen delight. Here was a sharp-edged weapon ready to hand. Here was a sword wherewith to slay the money-sharks, the Shylocks, the Wall Street blood-suckers, and the Trusts! If free silver was a bad thing for them, then surely it must be a good thing for the honest farmer.

The free-silver leaders, of course, were not actuated by a purely emotional view of a strictly economic subject. They called themselves bimetalists, and honestly believed that it would be possible for the United States to maintain a double standard even though its mints should be opened to the unlimited coinage of silver dollars at the old ratio of 16 to 1, which had long since ceased to be a true one.* They had read the works of theoretical bimetalists who held that the use of both metals would be economically desirable if adopted by a common agreement between the great commercial nations of the earth. This is, indeed, a question that still remains an open one, though purely academic. The important fact in 1893 was that, with the exception of India and the United States, all the leading nations of the world were either upon a definite gold basis or were preparing to accept it. England, which, in fact, though not by law, had made gold its standard since 1699, adopted that standard legally in 1870 by the Coinage Act. In 1871, Germany demonetised silver and became a "gold country." The nations composing the so-called Latin Union (France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece) did the same in 1877, and their example was shortly followed by Holland, Norway

*The intrinsic value of the standard silver dollar in July, 1892, was 88 cents.

and Sweden; while Russia, Austria and Japan signified their intention to adopt a policy of gold monometallism at an early date. The practical question at issue in the United States, therefore, was not whether the double monetary standard might not be practicable through an international agreement, but whether one nation alone could successfully maintain it, in the face of the use of a single standard by the rest of the civilised world. The serious and more intelligent leaders of the silver men—Democrats, Republicans and Populists, alike—believed this to be possible. They caught eagerly at stray passages in the writings of international bimetalists, and gave them an illogical application. Some very conservative economists and statesmen were, in fact, theoretically in favour of bimetalism as a principle—among them Mr. (afterwards Lord) Goschen and Mr. A. J. Balfour in Great Britain; and in the United States, General Francis A. Walker, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. S. Dana Horton, and President E. B. Andrews of Brown University.* The names of these and other authorities were dragged into the argument, and made to support assertions and deductions such as would greatly have astonished the worthy gentlemen to whom they were ascribed.

But the great mass of the "friends of silver" did not know or care anything about the niceties of financial doctrine. They made up their own minds in a much more direct and simple way. To them, "free silver" had a most enticing sound, indicative of opulence and easy times. They had a vague notion that if the amount of money in the country should be increased "per capita," each individual citizen would necessarily have more of it in his pockets. Just how he could get it other than by working for it precisely as he had done before, they did not attempt to demonstrate; but they were certain that the free coinage of silver would increase the number of dollars "per capita" in the United States, and that any objection to such a measure could come only from cruel capitalists in

*See Walker, *International Bimetalism* (New York, 1896); Horton, *The Silver Pound* (London, 1878); and Andrews, *An Honest Dollar* (Hartford, 1894).

the East, who wished to hold the Western farmers in the bonds of debt forever. When assured that unlimited silver coinage would drive gold out of circulation, they replied that they guessed that silver was good enough for them if they could only get enough of it. When told that the United States could not single-handed maintain a system at variance with that of the great European nations, they answered that this country was big enough to do anything it pleased without asking for leave or license from the monarchies of Europe. Such were the simple, primitive ideas which influenced the minds of the silver men all through the West; but most potent of all was the belief that a vote for silver was a direct blow struck at the hated Eastern capitalist and creditor.

The other serious element in the political situation at the time of President Cleveland's second inauguration was the condition of the United States Treasury. When it had been turned over to Mr. Harrison's financial secretary four years before, it contained a net surplus of \$97,000,000. This had now all been spent, and it was difficult even to meet current expenses. Moreover, the financial legislation of past years had begun to inspire foreign holders of American securities with increasing apprehension. When specie payments were resumed in 1879, the Treasury had set apart in gold, a special fund, which was not to be less than \$100,000,000, for the redemption of outstanding legal tender notes ("greenbacks"). Of these greenbacks, there were in circulation \$346,000,000 in 1892. There were also outstanding \$147,000,000 of "coin certificates," which had been issued in the purchase of silver bullion under the Sherman Act of 1890.* These by law were redeemable in "coin"—i. e., in either gold or silver, at the option of the Treasurer; but President Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Windom, had very unwisely ruled that the holder of the notes might exercise this option. In other words, the "coin certificates," like the greenbacks, were really payable in gold. Hence, there were now outstanding gov-

ernment notes calling for \$493,000,000 of gold, while the Treasury had little more than one-fifth of that sum with which to redeem them. Yet this was not the worst; for under the Sherman Act, which still remained in force, the Government must buy each month 4,500,000 ounces of silver, and issue against this bullion still more paper money to be redeemed in gold.

The perplexities of the situation with which President Cleveland was confronted were therefore plain enough to be seen by any intelligent observer. He was pledged to reduce the tariff in the interest of freer trade, and in this he was certain to find himself in conflict with the whole power of consolidated capital—not the power of the protected industries alone, but of all the allied forces of monopoly; for these well knew that a radical reform of the tariff would be only the first step toward a reform of other and even worse abuses. It was also plain that he must take measures to protect the Treasury and keep it solvent. But such measures would of necessity run counter to the convictions of the silver men of every party, and would convince the people of the West that Wall Street was supreme in Washington. President Cleveland's task, then, involved a bitter struggle with the capitalists on the one side, while it must inevitably fan the flames of popular resentment on the other. The stoutest heart might well have shrunk from such an undertaking. To carry it through successfully demanded a high order of political genius—an exceptional gift for the management of men, a perfect union of tact and firmness, and a broadly tolerant understanding of human prejudice and passion.

Mr. Cleveland was not possessed of this rare political genius, though he did have some very fundamental qualities of the governing man—a robust intelligence, a rigorous conscience and unlimited courage. With these qualities he had also some of their usual defects. When he understood a subject, he was a little intolerant of those who failed to understand it, or who understood it in a different way. When he was convinced that he was right, he had no patience with those whom he conceived

*See THE BOOKMAN for April, pp. 158, 159; July, p. 480.

to be in the wrong. Because he was himself absolutely fearless, he scorned all those who shrank from following where he led. He wished, in fact, not only to accomplish his own ends, but to accomplish them in his own way; and coercion was to him more natural than conciliation. In fact, just as Strafford's motto was "Thorough," so Mr. Cleveland's motto might have been "Downright." Whatever policy he might adopt was sure to be a heavy-fisted one, and to be carried out, if carried out at all, with no *finesse*, but by dint of hard sledge-hammering blows. This temperament was a fine one for an absolute ruler—for that enlightened despot whom Aristotle held to be the ideal governor of men—but it was dangerous in one who, in a Republic, was obliged to carry out his plans through the unforced co-operation of other and no less independent men.

Mr. Cleveland in many ways had changed in the eight years which had elapsed since his first assumption of the Presidency. For one thing, he had ceased to be a provincial and had risen to the full measure of the office which he held. In 1885, those who noted his appearance on public occasions of great dignity, as, for instance, at the funeral ceremonies of General Grant, found in his external air—his tilted hat, his "slouchy" bearing, his stolid face—something that recalled the country sheriff. Since that time, a wide acquaintance with men of every type no less than the pressure of high responsibility, had broadened and elevated his whole cast of thought. If he was now, beneath a less ungracious exterior, even more self-willed than ever, more bent on having his own way, this was only natural in view of what had happened in the preceding years. He had flouted all advice, he had done precisely as he pleased, and yet the nation had set him once more in triumph in the seat of highest honour. It is not surprising, then, if from the time of his second inauguration, the President displayed what seemed to many a certain arrogance of manner and of language, with a disposition to enlarge the prerogatives of his high office. The very phrasing of his official papers—his proclamations and his messages to Congress—is noteworthy

for a haughtiness such as would have been more appropriate in the rescripts of an hereditary monarch. The personal pronoun "I" occurs in these documents with an unusual frequency, and such expressions as "I have deemed it fitting," "It is my purpose," "It affords me signal pleasure," "I am decidedly of the opinion," and "I am satisfied," appear and reappear so often as to give to the whole a strongly personal colouring. Very characteristic was an executive order issued by the President on May 8th. He had set apart certain hours for receiving such Senators and Representatives as desired interviews with him. As is usually the case, these interviews related largely to questions of patronage. The President became so fretful in consequence, as to make public his annoyance in this remarkable order, the effect of which, upon both the Senators and Representatives, may be easily conceived. It ran:

"The time which . . . was set apart for the reception of Senators and Representatives has been almost entirely spent in listening to applications for office, which have been bewildering in volume, perplexing and exhausting in their iteration, and impossible of remembrance.

"A due regard for public duty . . . and an observance of the limitations placed upon human endurance, oblige me to decline, from and after this date, all personal interviews with those seeking appointments to office, except as I on my own motion may especially invite them. . . . Applicants for office will only prejudice their prospects by repeated importunity and by remaining in Washington to await results."

It was a number of incidents such as this that gave point to a contemporary cartoon entitled "Cleveland's Map of the United States," wherein the figure of the President was so drawn as to coincide with the outlines of the country, which was thus made, by implication, identical with himself. Under the drawing were the words:

"My country, 'tis of Me,
Of Me I sing!"

One might well have sympathised with the President in his annoyance over the



"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF ME—"

importunities of office-seekers, and the lack of consideration shown by the Senators and Representatives of his own party. But in view of the fact that he was about to recommend legislation of the most controversial character, and that only by the good will and co-operation of the majority in Congress could it be carried through, this executive order was an extraordinary example of political tactlessness. Far more important, however, was a policy adopted by President Cleveland with regard to an international question. By this, at the very outset of his administration, he brought upon himself, both in and out of Congress, an avalanche of political unpopularity and personal dislike.

At the Inauguration Ball, in Mrs. Cleveland's company, a dark-skinned, graceful girl had attracted much attention. This was the Princess Kaiulani, the heiress-apparent to the Hawaiian throne in direct succession to Queen Liliuokalani, of whom she was the niece. The Princess was only eighteen years of age. She had been educated in England, and was in that country at the time when the Hawaiian monarchy was overthrown and the Queen deposed.* On getting news of this, she had come at once to the United States, accompanied by her guardian, Mr. Theophilus Davies. It will be remembered that President Harrison's last important act had been the submission to the Senate of a treaty by which Hawaii was to be

annexed to the United States. This treaty had not yet been ratified; and it was with the purpose of opposing it that the Princess Kaiulani had hastened to Washington. Her advisers shrewdly counted on the chivalrous disposition of the American people toward women. They believed that a young and pretty girl pleading for the restoration of her rights would make a strong appeal to popular sentiment throughout the land. No sooner had Kaiulani reached New York than she issued an "Appeal to the American People," which was published in the newspapers on March 2d. Whether she wrote it herself or whether it was written for her, was a question much mooted at the time. Whoever wrote it, the "appeal" was sweetly pretty, with a touch of false sentiment about it and a schoolgirl rhetoric that did not ring quite true; so that it wholly failed of its effect, and was received with smiles by nearly all who read it. In it the Princess wrote:

"Unbidden I stand upon your shores to-day, where I thought so soon to receive a royal welcome on my way to my own kingdom. I come unattended, except by loving hearts that came with me over the wintry seas. I hear that Commissioners from my own land have been for many days asking this great nation to take away my little vineyard. . . .

"To-day I, a poor, weak girl with not one of my people near me, and with all these Hawaiian statesmen against me, have strength to stand up for the rights of my people. Even now I can hear a wail in my heart, and it gives me strength and courage, and I am strong—strong in the faith of God, strong in the strength of seventy million people, who in this free land will hear my cry and will refuse to let their flag cover dishonour to mine!"

Of Mrs. Cleveland, this island princess made an important convert to the cause she represented. Mrs. Cleveland welcomed her very warmly to the White House, and gave her a most womanly sympathy. Kaiulani was, indeed, a very charming girl, and she made a most favourable impression upon the President and also upon the Secretary of State to whom she was presently introduced. Mr. Gresham, during the years when he was a Republican, had been a rival of Mr. Harrison, and this rivalry had in time

*See THE BOOKMAN for June, pp. 375-379.

deepened into a personal dislike. No wonder that the Harrison policy regarding Hawaii should be viewed by him with extreme disfavour. Altogether, then, between the President's natural caution, which led him to move slowly in an affair begun with so much haste, and Mr. Gresham's eagerness to undo the work of one whom he disliked, no one felt surprised when, on March 9th, a message of five lines was sent to the Senate, withdrawing "for the purpose of re-examination" the treaty framed by President Harrison and the Hawaiian Commissioners. A few days later, Mr. Cleveland dispatched to Hawaii, as a Special Commissioner, Mr. James H. Blount of Georgia, to investigate the circumstances under which the change of government in the Islands had been effected.

Mr. Blount was an honest, but somewhat cross-grained politician, who had been Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives; yet one more unfamiliar with foreign affairs could not very well have been selected for this delicate mission. He had never been out of the United States in his life; and his knowledge of diplomatic usage was as limited as his

mastery of social forms. In keeping with the rather primitive notions of Secretary Gresham in matters of ceremonial, Mr. Blount proceeded to Hawaii, not by a regular mail steamer nor in a man-of-war, but on board a little revenue-cutter, the *Richard Rush*. He reached Honolulu on March 29th. President Dole and the other members of the Provisional Government had heard that a Commission, consisting of representatives of the judiciary, the army and the navy, had been sent to them; and suitable preparations were made to receive such a Commission with due dignity. An eye-witness has given a graphic account of what actually happened. All the vessels in the harbour displayed the American flag, and the American colours were wreathed about the pillars and columns of the city houses. At the pier a great multitude had assembled, strewing the passage-way with roses. As the *Rush* hove in sight, a Japanese cruiser, the *Naniwa*, fired a thunderous salute, to which the little *Rush* responded—"like the 'yap' of a terrier echoing the deep baying of a stag-hound."

"And then—then came an anti-climax that very closely approached the ridiculous. Instead of the dignified, affable and courteous body of officials that had been expected, there stepped ashore a commonplace and rather sullen-looking man of sixty, clad in ill-fitting clothes of blue homespun, and a Panama hat. Public expectation had been roused to the highest pitch, and the revulsion of feeling was instantaneous and painful."*

Mr. Blount delivered to President Dole a letter from President Cleveland beginning:

"GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: I have made choice of James H. Blount, one of our distinguished citizens, as my Special Commissioner to visit the Hawaiian Islands and make report to me concerning the present status of affairs in that country. . . . His authority is paramount."

Mr. Blount also brought with him other letters from the American President. One of them, addressed to Minister Stevens, practically suspended that gentleman

*Krout, *Hawaii and a Revolution*, p. 145 (New York, 1898).



THE PRINCESS KAIULANI

from the exercise of his diplomatic functions and made him subordinate to Mr. Blount. A second letter directed Rear-Admiral Skerrett, in command of the Pacific Squadron, to consult freely with Mr. Blount and "obey any instructions you may receive from him regarding the course to be pursued in the Islands by the force under your command."

Armed with these remarkable credentials, Mr. Blount began in his own way to investigate the events of the preceding February. On the day after his arrival, he ordered the American flag to be lowered from the Government building in Honolulu, and the force of marines which had been stationed there to break camp and return to their ship, the *Boston*. This was done, and the Provisional Government at once raised its own flag and stationed troops of its own with a battery of rapid-fire guns to quell any attempt to restore the Queen.*

When the news of these events reached the United States, a great deal of very bitter feeling was excited. The American people were not strongly in favour of annexing Hawaii. Apart from a few speculators in sugar, there was no great interest in the matter. A desire for foreign territory had not yet stirred the popular imagination. Had Mr. Cleveland simply put the treaty in the stove and kept his hands off Hawaii altogether, the whole affair would have been speedily forgotten. But when the powers which he had given to Mr. Blount were fully known, they were very generally disapproved, alike by Democrats and by Republicans. The President had, apparently, delegated the whole power of his great office to an individual "Commissioner"—a nondescript functionary unknown to the Constitution—who had by a stroke of the Presidential pen been put over the head of a regularly appointed Minister, and invested with absolute command of an important naval force. There was, in truth, no doubt that Mr. Cleveland had exceeded his constitutional rights, and that Mr. Blount's "paramountcy" was unlawful. Before long, a still more intense feeling was aroused by the report that the President intended to restore Queen Liliuokalani to her throne.

*April 1, 1893.

The report proved to be true. Mr. Blount's reports and a study of the dispatches of Mr. Stevens convinced Mr. Cleveland that the Hawaiian monarchy had been subverted by the active aid of Minister Stevens, and through "the intimidation caused by the presence of an armed naval force of the United States."* Having assured himself of this, the President felt it his duty, as he expressed it, "to undo the wrong . . . and to restore the status existing at the time of our forcible intervention."† It was here that the President made a second blunder, and, as it proved, a most humiliating one for him. He forgot, in the first place, the wise tradition that in the foreign policy of the United States there should be no break, and that in essentials a change of the party in power should cause no change in the attitude of the State Department toward other countries.‡ There was another and more practical consideration. Whether or not the Provisional Government of Hawaii could have held its own against the Queen's forces in the preceding January without the presence of the American marines, there was no doubt that it was now quite able to sustain itself. It had an efficient force of some 1200 troops—nearly all Americans and Englishmen—it was supplied with artillery, and it enjoyed the support of the responsible residents of Hawaii. Hence, to restore the Queen would require something more than a curt request from President Cleveland.

But with his innate obstinacy, the President resolved to make the attempt, and the unpopularity of such a course only strengthened his resolve. Recalling Mr. Blount, whose churlish manners had made him thoroughly disliked, Mr. Cleveland appointed as Minister to Hawaii, Mr. Albert S. Willis, of Kentucky, a gentleman of intelligence and judgment. Mr. Willis, however, was specifically instructed to bring about the restoration of the Queen; and a naval force was stationed at Honolulu to give point to his

*See President Cleveland's message of December 4, 1893.

†*Ibid.*

‡This principle had been especially upheld by Webster while Secretary of State. See Curtis, *Life of Daniel Webster*, ii., p. 534 (New York, 1870).

instructions. On his arrival, the new Minister sent to President Dole a formal request that he "relinquish to the Queen her constitutional authority." President Dole replied by a courteous but firm refusal. Here was an *impasse* which could be broken through by nothing short of armed force. Would the guns of American ships of war be turned upon men of American blood in order to re-enthroned a Polynesian queen who had broken her coronation oath and sought to govern irresponsibly? Mr. Willis hesitated; yet he might, under his instructions, have taken even this last step, had not the unexpected obstinacy of the Queen herself deterred him. She was asked whether, if replaced upon the throne, she would agree not to punish those who had deposed her.* This question she met with an indignant negative. Not punish them? Most assuredly she would punish them! The leaders—Mr. Dole, Mr. Thurston and their associates—must be executed at once. She would have their heads, and their families must be banished. Here spoke not merely the Queen, who felt herself in all respects a sovereign and who had been deprived of power and publicly humiliated. Something of the implacable hatred of an insulted woman found voice in the sharp answer which she made to Mr. Willis. For the annexationists in the zeal of their self-justification had not been satisfied merely to attack the public acts of Liliuokalani. They had tried to smirch her private life as well; and Mr. Stevens in his dispatches to the State Department had repeated the gossip of the foreign clubs in Honolulu, and had declared the Queen to be unchaste. Hence, the indignation with which Liliuokalani refused to promise any amnesty. She would be queen without conditions, or she would not be queen at all. One may well admire her high spirit and her womanly indignation; but her persistence made further effort on her behalf impossible. Mr. Willis sent his report to President Cleveland, who afterwards asked Congress to take action. Congress, however, like the vast majority of the American people, was most antagonistic to what the President had done in the Hawaiian

*President Cleveland had himself made this condition.

affair. Therefore it took no action at all; and in due time the Republic of Hawaii had to be formally acknowledged. Mr. Cleveland's interference had not only failed to restore the Queen, but his withdrawal of the annexation treaty had deprived her, and also the pretty young Princess Kaiulani, of the liberal income which that instrument had guaranteed them. Furthermore, the President, at the very outset of his administration, had incurred a vast amount of odium, just when he most needed the harmonious support of all who had ever been his friends.

Already a serious crisis had arisen. The condition of the Treasury, to which allusion has been already made, soon began to affect the general prosperity of the country. Foreign investors were steadily selling American securities, causing a general decline in prices. This movement had begun during the latter part of the Harrison administration, but it was now perceptibly accelerated. Although the business of the country was good, although the crops were bountiful and the general industries not idle, there existed, nevertheless, something like a vague premonition of disaster, a pervasive distrust to which no name was given. The most obvious reason for this feeling seemed to be a certain doubt as to whether the Government could continue to meet its obligations in paying gold upon demand for all its notes—forced as it was by the Sherman Law to purchase a huge amount of silver bullion every month. Most Republicans insisted that the lack of confidence arose from a dread of the tariff changes to which the party now in power was pledged. But whatever the cause, commercial and financial activity languished. "The country exhibits all the symptoms of a patient suffering from low fever," said a writer in the *Nation*; and this very well describes the situation up to the end of June.

On the 26th of that month, however, this "low fever" assumed the form of a delirium. The Government of India suspended the free coinage of silver at its mints. That such a measure was certain to be taken had been well known to students of finance; yet the announcement at once precipitated a panic, the like of which had not yet been seen in

the United States. The value of the silver dollar, which had long been falling, dropped from 67 cents to less than 60 cents. Individuals all over the country began drawing gold and hoarding it, having lost their confidence in government notes. Banks called in their loans and refused new discounts. In this the lead was taken by those Canadian banking-houses which were accustomed to lend money to American customers in the Northwestern cities, such as Milwaukee, Detroit, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Business, therefore, came almost to a standstill; and before long the weaker banks headed the long list of failures and suspensions which occupied whole columns in the daily press. A "chain" of shaky banks, nearly fifty in number, organised by one Zimri Dwiggin in the West, came down in a single crash. The gold reserve in the Treasury for the first time fell below the traditional minimum and sank to only \$97,000,000. Many prophesied that the country would be forced to a silver basis.

Four days after the demonetisation of silver in India, President Cleveland issued a proclamation* summoning an extra session of Congress to meet on August 7th. In the proclamation he spoke of the distressing condition of the country as "largely the result of a financial policy which the executive branch of the Government finds embodied in unwise laws—laws which must be executed until repealed by Congress." This meant, of course, that the President intended to press for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. The proclamation had but slight effect in calming public anxiety. It was known that the number of silver men in both houses of Congress was a very large one; and many persons doubted whether these would consent to the repeal of a measure so likely to bring about just what they earnestly desired. Hence, all through July the failures still continued, mines were closed and labourers were discharged. On August 1st—six days before Congress met—the savings banks put in force the clause which requires sixty days' notice from depositors desiring to draw money. The effect of this was to create what came to be known as a "currency famine." Until

*June 30, 1893.

then the general public had feared lest gold should not be paid upon demand; but now the belief spread rapidly that no money of any kind would long remain in circulation. Hence, whereas men had previously hoarded gold, there now began a wild rush to hoard silver, paper money—in fact, any kind of circulating medium.

Of course, this movement, if not checked, would have led to a panic so tremendous as to cause a universal crash; and hence in New York, the banks that were members of the Clearing House resorted to a strong and quite unprecedented measure. They declined in general to cash cheques drawn by their depositors, except for very small amounts. Depositors were told that they had usually made their deposits in the form of cheques, and that for the present, therefore, they must themselves use the same medium of exchange. In other words, instead of drawing money, they received certified cheques payable through the Clearing House. If a depositor insisted upon receiving cash, he obtained it, but he was informed that he must at once withdraw his account. Large employers of labour were provided with the money necessary for them in making up their pay-rolls; and in other cases, where good reasons could be shown for drawing cash, it was paid out. But otherwise cheques were not directly honoured. To sustain the weaker banks, the Clearing House issued loan certificates.

This plan was adopted on August 3d; and on the following day, currency of every kind was at a premium ranging from 1 to 2 per cent. The money-brokers, who had anticipated some such action on the part of the banks, had for several days been quietly accumulating a stock of cash; and they now proceeded to cash certified cheques at the discount mentioned. An enormous business of this sort was done. A well-known brokerage firm near the head of Wall Street bought currency at a premium of $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent., and sold it at a premium of 3 per cent. Great bundles of paper money were stacked up behind its counters, and all day long the exchange went on. In no other way could cheques be converted into money. Even those drawn by the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at the Sub-Treasury in New York in payment

of pensions were not accepted at their face value. On August 8th, the premium on currency rose to 3 per cent.; while for the first time since January 1, 1879, the banks themselves paid a premium for gold. By August 11th the currency famine was at its height, and it was estimated that at least \$1,000,000 in cash was paid out daily by the money-brokers to holders of certified cheques. The country was swept from one end to the other for coin and notes; and even from Canada there was sent a consignment of nearly a million dollars in small bills and fractional silver. Oddly enough, silver was now taken as readily as gold, and paper money was preferred to either. On August 5th, a firm of money brokers advertised for silver dollars, offering a premium of \$7.50 per thousand.* Many persons bought and hoarded Bank of England notes or French and German gold.

The special session of Congress opened on August 7th in the midst of these unusual occurrences. For the first time since 1853, when Pierce was President, the Democratic party was in control of the three branches of the Government—Presidency, Senate and House of Representatives. Under President Hayes, both Senate and House had been Democratic for a short time; during Mr. Cleveland's first administration his party had the Presidency and the House; but now it was in complete possession, and was therefore undividedly responsible. In the House, the Democrats had 219 members, the Republicans 124, and the Populists 12.† In the Senate, there were 44 Democrats, 36 Republicans, 5 Populists and three vacancies. The weakness of the Democrats lay in the slenderness of their majority in the Senate, and in the fact that on financial questions there existed a great divergence of opinion among them in both houses.

The President's message was sent in on August 8th. It was a clear, concise and convincing statement of what he held to be the cause of "an alarming and extraordinary business situation." This cause was to him, primarily, the purchase provision of the Sherman Act

*See the New York *Herald* and *Times* of that date.

†One seat was vacant at this session.

of July 14, 1890. Between July, 1890, and July, 1893, he said, the gold coin and gold bullion in the Treasury had decreased more than \$132,000,000, while during the same period the silver coin and silver bullion had increased more than \$147,000,000.

"Unless Government bonds are to be constantly issued and sold to replenish our exhausted gold, only to be again exhausted, . . . the operation of the silver purchase law now in force leads in the direction of the entire substitution of silver for the gold in the Treasury, and this must be followed by the payment of all Government obligations in depreciated silver. At this stage gold and silver must part company. . . . Given over to the exclusive use of a currency greatly depreciated according to the standard of the commercial world, we could no longer claim a place among nations of the first class."

The President therefore recommended the repeal of the Sherman Act.

Mr. Wilson of West Virginia, who soon came to be regarded as the administration's spokesman in the House, introduced a bill carrying out this recommendation, and the debate upon it began on August 11th. At once it became evident that the question was not to be decided by a mere party vote. Other lines of cleavage rapidly developed. A large section of the Democratic representatives were opposed to repeal, unless in place of the Sherman Act there should be substituted a still more radical measure intended to "do something for silver." A majority of the Republicans stood with the President. Consistency, in fact, if nothing else, would have made this necessary; for Mr. Wilson's repealing bill was almost identical in language with a like bill offered in the preceding Congress by Mr. Sherman himself.* But there were also a good many "silver Republicans"; and these, combined with the silver men among the Democrats, and the entire body of Populists, made a formidable opposition. This fact explains why the special session of Congress and the President's message did nothing immediately to relieve the financial situation. It was on the day when the debate began

*In the Senate, July 14, 1892. (Senate bill 3423.)

that the premium on currency reached its highest figure.

The debate was very interesting. Mr. Wilson's argument for repeal was weighty, and represented the position of conservative expositors of finance. Mr. Reed of Maine, the Republican leader, spoke at some length, and in a blandly philosophic tone. He mentioned the existing business depression, and seemed to give in his adhesion to the periodicity theory of panics. Great panics, he remarked, seem to occur at long intervals, but with a sort of cosmic regularity. Who shall say just why they come? And then between them there are minor panics—curious, interesting phenomena of the business world. Nothing could have been more beautifully detached than Mr. Reed's whole tone and manner, though as he neared the end, he made it clear that to his mind the advent of the Democratic party to power had, in this particular instance, afforded a very reasonable explanation of the genesis of panic. Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio had no philosophic doubts. In a burst of declamatory eloquence, he charged the collapse of prosperity to a dread of Democratic domination and the menace of free trade. He drew a picture of the country after the election in November.

"One by one the furnaces went out. One by one the mines closed up. One after another the factories shortened their time. Why did they do this? Was it a mere senseless stampede? Was it a Wall Street panic? Was it an unintelligent curtailment of the business of the country? I say not. Where is there an intelligent man to-day, if he were a manufacturer, with the threat of the Democratic party in power—the menace of its possession, the threat of its mere existence under that platform—and confiding as human nature does in the belief that a great political party will do as it says—a violent assumption, I admit, in the present instance—what one of you at the head of an industrial institution would carry on your business?"

The allied silver men were led by Mr. Bland of Missouri, who had grown grey in the advocacy of a freer use of the white metal. He was the author of the Bland-

Allison Act of 1878,* and his activity in behalf of silver had never ceased. In the debate now in progress, he had answered Mr. Wilson on August 12th. His arguments were those which had been used for years; and while they were listened to with respect, they were neither new in substance, nor especially forcible in the form of their presentation. Four days later (August 16th) the discussion was enlivened by the participation in it of a remarkable figure who now for the first time drew upon himself the attention of men of every party throughout the United States. This was Mr. William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska.

Mr. Bryan at this time was a young man of thirty-three, the son of an eminent lawyer and judge, whose profession he had followed. In 1890, he had accepted a Democratic nomination to Congress, when no other Democrat was willing to stand, as the contest was considered hopeless. Without financial aid from the State Committee of his party, Mr. Bryan had made a spirited canvass, and had astounded every one by converting a Republican majority of 3000 into a Democratic majority of 7000. In 1892 he had been re-elected, and he now appeared as the ablest of Mr. Bland's lieutenants in opposition to unconditional repeal.

The time allotted to each speaker had by agreement been limited to an hour; but when Mr. Bryan's period expired, he had so engaged the attention of the House that by unanimous consent, his time was indefinitely extended, and he continued speaking for nearly two hours longer, to the admiration of all who heard him. This admiration was, no doubt, partly given to Mr. Bryan's command of the arts of the orator—to his attractive presence, his pleasing manner of delivery, and his clear, vibrant and beautifully modulated voice—yet, making all allowance for these adventitious aids, the speech which he then delivered still remains perhaps the most forcefully persuasive statement of the argument for silver that has ever been presented before a deliberative body. Its rhetoric never obtruded itself in the form of garish tropes or adjectival excess. It was the subtler and more effective rhetoric which gives to undis-

*See THE BOOKMAN for February, p. 533.

puted facts the exact colouring which the artist in words desires to apply, and which insensibly leads the listener to accept the facts, and the deductions from those facts, as of precisely equal value.

Mr. Bryan's effort won him the sincere applause of party friends and foes alike; but it could not prevail to defeat the administration's measure. The power of a new President is very great, and perhaps the power of a new Speaker is even greater. Mr. Charles F. Crisp of Georgia, who had succeeded Mr. Reed, and now occupied the Speaker's chair, was, or had been, an advocate of free silver coinage; but he accepted the policy of the President, and did what was possible to press the bill for repeal to a final vote. This was taken on August 28th, when Mr. Wilson's measure passed the House by a vote of 239 to 108. Here was apparently a triumph for the President; yet the triumph was not unalloyed. During the contest a proposal had been made to re-enact the old Bland-Allison Law of 1878, and this proposal had been lost by a vote in which the majority of Democratic representatives had opposed the policy of Mr. Cleveland, so that it was sustained only by the aid of the Republicans.

The repealing bill now went to the Senate, where it was introduced by Mr. Voorhees of Indiana with an amendment which declared it to be the policy of the United States to use both gold and silver as standard money and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement. The object of this amendment was to win the votes of those who, like Senator Lodge, were theoretical bimetalists, and also to make it clear that the use of silver was not to be discontinued. But in the Senate, the passage of the bill was stubbornly resisted; and both the Populists and the silver advocates of the older parties threatened to "talk the bill to death." As the Senate rules provided for no restriction of debate, and as each Senator might talk as often and as long as he desired, this threat was a most serious one. Prodigious feats of oratory were performed by the recalcitrant Senators. Mr. Allen of Nebraska made what

was doubtless the longest speech in the history of legislative bodies, by talking for fourteen hours without interruption, resting himself by sending volumes of history or statistics or poetry to be read from the desk as part of his address. Other Senators, especially the Republicans, took a humorous view of the whole situation. Senator Hale and Senator Chandler told fish stories and exchanged jokes. Other Senators discoursed upon current topics having not the slightest relevance to the order of the day. In fact, the proceedings degenerated into an undignified and most discreditable farce.

On September 25th, several influential Senators, who represented the administration, went privately to Vice-President Stevenson, who presided over the Senate, and urged him to break the deadlock. By refusing to recognise those Senators who should thereafter rise to speak for purposes of pure obstruction, the debate might be brought to a close. Such a course would be contrary to all American precedent; it would be almost revolutionary. Yet it was in accordance with the dictates of common sense that a minority should not be allowed permanently to prevent a majority from enacting legislation, least of all in so serious a crisis and when every day's delay was so ruinous to the business of the country. There was recent English precedent for such action as they asked. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Peel, after an almost interminable period of obstruction on the part of the Irish members, had refused to entertain dilatory motions, and had proceeded to put the question to the House.

But Mr. Stevenson lacked the courage to carry out a *coup* like this. He had sat there day after day, quite helpless in his chair, often unable to preserve more than a mere semblance of order and decorum. His was not the audacity and the dominant vigour of a Reed. It may be, too, that his secret sympathies were with the silver men, as his subsequent political career would seem to show. At any rate, he would not accept the suggestion made to him, nor would he even agree to require Senators to speak to the question before them. He would do nothing whatever; and so the administration Senators

carried word to the President that the affair seemed hopeless.

But the President knew well enough that, in the last resort, he could force the repeal bill through the Senate. Every President has influences at his command which, if he is willing to use them, make it possible for him to impose his will upon a congressional majority of his own party, and sometimes even upon a majority of the opposition. When Andrew Johnson was at the very ebb of his popularity as President, when House and Senate were overriding his vetoes, and treating his recommendations with contempt, he said to a personal friend: "Even now if I *really* wish anything very much indeed, I can get it done." Mr. Cleveland was still new in office and the vast patronage at his disposal was still practically untouched. He had rebuffed, by his order of May 8th, those Senators who had importuned him on behalf of their constituents and friends. Now, he had only to show himself a little more complaisant, to listen a little more patiently, to say "yes" instead of "no"—and the thing would be done. It would be merely a reversion to the invariable practice of his predecessors from Lincoln down to Harrison; yet to one of Mr. Cleveland's temperament, and in view of the higher tone of public opinion, such a course could be justified only by the existence of a supreme emergency. Such an emergency was undeniably at hand. The Government was threatened by the necessity of a practical repudiation of its debts, by the impairment of its credit, and the loss of its financial honour. Yet still the President held his hand.

The majority at last tried to wear out the minority by a plan to prevent adjournment until a vote upon the bill should have been taken. One session lasted continuously for three whole days and nights,* during which time haggard and bleary-eyed men talked and talked while

others slept with their heads upon their desks. But this physical test proved as exhausting to one side as the other; and the plan was given up. The Senate had been considering the bill for two long months, and the end appeared no nearer than it had in August. Then at last the President very quietly made a move—so quietly that few perceived it. But on October 29th, one of his supporters in the Senate came to him to express discouragement. There was really no chance at all of anything being done. The silver men would never yield.

"Why, Mr. President," said he, "there is Senator —, whom I have just seen, and he says that this bill won't pass till hell freezes over!"

The President looked up with just a half perceptible gleam of interest.

"Did Senator — say that?" he asked. "Then please say to Senator —, with my compliments, that hell will freeze over in exactly twenty-four hours."

And on the following day, the filibustering mysteriously ceased, and the Sherman Act was repealed by a vote of 48 to 37. Two Senators refrained from voting, and the measure so earnestly advocated by the President had been adopted by the help of Republican votes.* The House concurred in the Voorhees Amendment, and the bill was signed on November 1st.

Mr. Cleveland had now been in office for only eight months, and already his party was divided and unwilling to be led. He had forced the passage of one measure of immense importance; but in doing so he had made numerous enemies while he had depleted his available sources of influence, both moral and material. And the tariff fight was still to come.

*Senator Allison of Iowa had earnestly co-operated with Senator Voorhees in carrying the repeal. Of the votes in the affirmative 26 were cast by Republicans and 22 by Democrats; of those in the negative, 22 were cast by Democrats, 11 by Republicans and 4 by Populists.

*October 11th-13th.

THE NEW THOUGHT AND ITS LITERATURE*



OME people may fancy that the New Thought is but a temporary reaction from old thought. Having had too much of the strenuous life, we are taking to power through repose. Sick and tired of our dismal Johnnies, we are welcoming the sunny Jims. But this is superficial. The titles of three recent volumes show how profound the movement is. Nothing can stop it; like the course of empire, westward it takes its way. It has now spread from London, England, to Lincoln, Nebraska. To begin with the English book: according to its author, the work proposes to treat of the evolution of human personality, of faculties newly dawning, and of a destiny greater than we know. This treatment depends on three things: the existence in the human spirit of hidden powers of insight and of communication; interferences, due to unknown agencies, with the ponderable world; the personal survival and near presence of the departed. In the language of the author these things are called telepathy, telekinesis, and metetherial communication; in the vulgar tongue they are known as thought-transference, levitation and spiritualism.

In these occult explorations the president of the Society for Psychical Research has been praised for planting the flag of discovery on a vast new continent of thought. It remains to be seen whether this pioneer of the subliminal was not a mere squatter, whose holdings are bound to grow narrower with the advance of the legitimate psychologist and physiologist. It is really a question between the reign of magic and the reign of law, for the writer's propositions, to use his own figure of speech, often suggest the medicine man's wigwam rather than the study of the white philosopher.

*F. W. H. Myers, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*. T. J. Hudson, *The Law of Mental Medicine*. A. B. Olston, *Mind Power and Privileges*.

He adds that he treats of things unknown to science. Some of them are, others fortunately are not. Many of the so-called occult and higher manifestations are merely the antiquated stock in trade of the old-fashioned spiritualist and animal magnetiser. Thus the mysterious planchette, with its messages from departed worthies, has become the prosaic automatograph recording the unconscious muscular movements of the hand, while the emanations of odylic force have become nothing but slight electrical discharges measurable by the galvanometer.

Of the magical functions of the modern subconscious mind telepathy is considered fundamental. Assuming it as proved, Myers builds upon it the card house of his fancies. He fails to see that much of the so-called mind-reading may be only muscle-reading — involuntary movements accompanying mental operations, like moving the lips in reading to one's self. As applied to the trance phenomena of Mrs. Piper, chief angler in the spiritualistic boat, there is manifest what one of Myers's colleagues has described as a system of ingenious fishing; the utilisation of trivial indications, of every intimation, audible, tactile, muscular, and of little shades of manner too indefinable to name. But to dismiss telepathy is not to dismiss the problem of the subliminal. Myers has done a real service in insisting on the wide play of the subconscious in both normal and abnormal life. There is a whole underground world of thought to be explored, from the mental operations of an Englishman reading a copy of *Punch* to the wonders performed by mathematical prodigies and blindfold chess-players. In the days of Emerson we had an Over-Soul, now we have an Under-Soul, and what it can accomplish seems past finding out.

Yet there lies a fallacy at the bottom of the whole matter. There is really no such thing as a purely subconscious activity. If there were, the subliminal

mind could no more give an account of its doings than an eyeless fish from the waters of the Mammoth Cave. And this is where the road divides. Starting to explain a given mental act, the interpreter may take the way that is mystic or the way that is naturalistic. In one case he will say that such things as reveries and recollections of dreams were products of another personality, split off from the ordinary waking self. In the other he will allow that there was a possible activity of the brain, but to so slight a degree that conscious feeling did not arise.

The third part of Myers's work, dealing with phenomena claimed as spiritually controlled, rests on such dubious affairs as Socrates and his *daimon*, Joan of Arc and her voices, Mrs. Piper and her messages from Baby Timmins. Of these various "manifestations" there is scarce one that cannot be matched nowadays in the reputable psychological clinic. The German experimenters may not be able to reproduce phantasms of the dead according to Greenwich time, but the Frenchmen investigating double consciousness in hysterical individuals have obtained reams of automatic messages and enough manifestations of alternate personalities to stock a cast for the Théâtre Français. The psychic researcher would consider these things trance phenomena of the medium spiritually controlled. The cautious scientist preferred to call them unconscious movements produced by ideas.

The second book typical of the New Thought begins with as ingenuous an air as Swift's *Modest Proposal*. "I prefer to assume," begins Dr. Hudson, "that man is endowed with two minds. As a working hypothesis, I am logically justified in this assumption, for the reason that everything happens just as though it were true. This fact is easily demonstrable by the processes of experimental psychology, and it is now very generally recognised by all students of psychic science. To the medical profession the world is indebted for two discoveries—first, that the mind controls the bodily functions; second, that the mind can be controlled by suggestion. That physicians did not formulate the law, and builded better than they knew, does not

detract from their merits as original discoverers. Columbus died in ignorance of the fact that he had discovered America." This statement rather complicates the settling of the claims of the psychic researchers. Columbus discovered America and did not know it. Myers discovered a new continent of thought and left it with very hazy outlines. But Hudson has gone in and possessed the land and knows all about it. He has explored it, charted it and laid down its laws. Ten years ago it was the law of psychic phenomena, now it is the law of mental medicine. This law, we are told, depends on two propositions, the first of which is that man possesses two minds, one the mind of ordinary waking consciousness, which takes cognisance of the objective world by means of the five objective senses; the other, the subjective mind, or that intelligence which manifests itself in all subjective states and conditions, as in hypnotism, somnambulism, trance, dreams, etc., when the objective senses are asleep or are otherwise wholly or partially inhibited. The second proposition is that the subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by the power of suggestion, without reference to the state or condition of the objective mind. For one thing, this explains the wonders of the absent treatment. The up-to-date mental healer merely concentrates his thought on another's symptoms; the patient may not be aware of receiving any impression from the operator. That is not hard to explain. The normal consciousness does not know what is going on in the subconscious regions. However, this mental duality is not a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde affair, it is rather a sort of high life below stairs. The doings of the subjective personality read like the doings of Mr. Jeemes in the *Yellowplush Papers*. It is always *de rigueur*. "A suggestion, the performance of which would render the subject an object of ridicule, will be resisted by him with an emphasis proportioned to his pride and dignity."

In the new Utopia of the psychic researcher, whose capital is at present Detroit, Michigan, civilisation has reached an advanced stage. The psychological apartment house has sprung up and is fully occupied. That poor lodger, the

objective mind with its ordinary five senses, has been stuck away in the garret. The subjective mind lives in the best rooms, surrounded with all the treasures of art and genius, basking in the sunlight of the new thought, and needing no radiator, for at any time he can cause a rush of blood to the feet by merely concentrating his mind on his soles. One more addition, and the structure stands complete before us. Myers designed the English basement with subliminal trimmings; Hudson furnished the sumptuous apartments for the parlour boarder the subjective mind. Now Olston, the third member of the Psychic Building Company, Unlimited, descends to the cellar and finishes the job. After a slighting reference to the objective mind as the absentee landlord of the building, he points with real pride to the protoplasmic cells, as the workers of the body. "How mysterious their work. How little do we objectively know about the knowledge and intelligence of these microscopic living creatures, of which we are physically made up; and in and among which the real man dwells."

We must pass from the New Thought Flats to investigate other schemes of the Nebraska Psychic Improvement Company. Foremost comes the Western Union Telepath Company, which needs a chapter to recount its doings. Olston has a friend whose practice of telepathy began upon his dogs. He also knows "a family consisting of a father, mother and daughter with whom telepathic communications are most frequent. On several occasions the father would be attracted by something in a store, and, without exactly knowing why, he would purchase the thing to take home to his daughter. Usually he had never thought of purchasing such a thing; but all at once, on seeing it, he would be impelled with a desire to purchase it. On reaching home with the

article, and on giving it to the one for whom it was intended, it would provoke the exclamation: "How strange!"

If the reviewer must stop here it does not mean that the New Thought movement is to stop. According to the latest proclamation, science is soon to stand in awe of the subjective mind with all its powers and mysterious capabilities. The exact form of this manifestation has not yet been given, but present indications point to an educational development. It looks as if the various subliminal schools were going to consolidate and start a subliminal university. Already there is a school of mental medicine and a school of arts in which by the aid of the subconscious mind history repeats itself to the student without effort. There is also a school of journalism with examples of unconscious plagiarism and the use of the double personality or editorial we. A special need is met in the law school offering courses on subliminal landgrabbing, or the right of eminent domain over unconscious races. The curriculum of other departments is as yet somewhat tentative, yet to meet the sociological and co-educational demands of the twentieth century we may count on a school of deportment in which after a study of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters* and Ruth Ashmore's *Side Talks with Girls*, there will be personally conducted trips to the haunts of the Four Hundred, where manners may be subconsciously acquired. Finally, students who have taken this course, both in its theoretical and practical sides, will be qualified to continue their investigations in the summer school of subconscious flirtation. After rapid readings of an *Englishwoman's Love Letters* there will be private demonstrations in applied hypnotics, including spontaneous trances, induced trance states, reverie and ecstasy.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

STERNE*



THE appreciation of Sterne as a writer depends very largely upon a knowledge of Sterne as a man. There are few of the great English humourists whose work and life it is so hard to disassociate. Not only is Sterne's genuinely literary product small, but it is so whimsical, erratic, and affected as constantly to raise the reader's curiosity about its author. *Tristram Shandy*, too, might be a sort of *Aus Meinem Leben*, an elaboration of personal experience. There is little of the bold detachment of great creative genius about Sterne. To speak properly, he wears neither comic nor tragic mask; he has merely painted a little for the performance, and the expression—the smirk, the sly grimace, the wink and nod—is still in great measure his own.

It is for this reason that Messrs. J. F. Taylor and Co.'s new edition of his works is bound to prove so valuable. In point of general criticism, perhaps, it is somewhat lacking, but in little else. It collects everything of Sterne's, literary and otherwise, which has so far come to light, including a number of important additions and corrections to what has been published hitherto. In this way it supplies the materials for a more intimate and accurate estimate than was formerly possible. The correspondence has been rearranged, and when in error, redated, with some small improvement occasionally to his character. The celebrated letter to Lady Percy, for instance, on the strength of which Thackeray accused him of lying to Eliza Draper, has been put back two years, to a time before the beginning of his intimacy with the latter. Forgeries have been weeded out; collateral matter of various kinds, such as John Croft's anecdotes, has been gathered in; and the biography by Percy Fitzgerald has been incorporated. But the most important contribution by far is the Gibb's manu-

script, now for the first time made available to the general reader.

This extremely interesting find is composed almost exclusively of documents in the case of the Mrs. Draper aforesaid; namely, part of a Journal which Sterne kept for her, something in the manner of Swift's, after her departure for India, together with a disquisition of hers—it would be unjust to call it a letter—to a friend, dated four years after Sterne's death, and animadverting upon their relationship. If this dreary epistle of a hundred octavo pages or thereabout is a specimen of her conversation, it is quite impossible for us nowadays to understand the vaunted Eliza's charm. These papers were in the hands of Thackeray when he wrote his lectures on the English humourists, and may have had something to do with the virulence with which he assaults Sterne. At all events, they were enough to make Percy Fitzgerald change for the worse his opinion of that vivacious gentleman's character and rewrite his life accordingly. And indeed they leave Sterne hardly a rag to drape himself withal. It is not so much their cold-blooded evidence to the nature of his "philanderings," as he euphemistically called them, which is so fatal; it is the fatuity, the looseness and vulgarity of soul that they disclose. In the composition of the Journal there is no doubt he drew thriftily and freely upon his love-letters to his wife, "my L.," written nearly thirty years before. The literary motives of the two productions are exactly alike. Precisely the same rôles are assigned to the two maid-servants, Fanny and Molly, whose office it is to feed his flame and his ladies' vanity by ingenuous ejaculations upon the virtues of their absent mistresses. There is the same unnatural exaltation of tone in both, the sentimental *tic*. And not only all this, but the elderly lover of the Journal, whose vein is running pretty low by this time, refurbishes for the fascination of his new charmer the very phrases with which he wooed that wife for whose death he is now wishing in no very ambiguous terms. One of these

*The Complete Works of Lawrence Sterne. Ed. by Wilbur L. Cross. 12 vols. New York: J. F. Taylor and Company.

repetends it may not be amiss to quote, for it is in the genuine manner of Shandean sentiment, though it gives small notion of the air of sanctimonious seduction breathed by the collection as a whole; and further, as Sterne himself remarks, "the ruling passion, *et les egarements du cœur* are the very things which mark and distinguish a man's character." With the exception that in the first version "My L." occurs for "Eliza" and "Fanny" for "Molly," the two readings are almost identical.

5 in the afternoon—I have just been eating my Chicking, sitting over my repast upon it, with Tears—a bitter Sauce—Eliza! but I could eat it with no other—when Molly spread the Table Cloath, my heart fainted within me—one solitary plate—one knife—one fork—one Glass! O Eliza! 'twas painfully distressing,—I gave a thousand pensive penetrating Looks at the Arm chair thou so often graced on these quiet, sentimental Repasts—& sighed & laid down my knife and fork,—& took out my handkerchief, clap'd it across my face & wept like a child—

Fortunate for him that he was never able to read, as we are, his *inamorata's* last word, the reward of his perfidy.

"I believed Sterne implicitly, I believed him!" writes Eliza Draper in the moral essay already spoken of. "I had no Motive to do otherwise than believe him just, generous & unhappy—till his Death gave me to know, that he was tainted with the Vices of Injustice, Meanness & Folly."

So ends the shabby drama. About the Journal there is, it must be confessed, rather more smoke than fire; it illustrates the curiously factitious heightening, the sort of literary intensification to which his feeling was no doubt liable. But at the same time it is a damning witness to the final demoralisation of the flippant and unstable character who composed it. Even in the modified version of his life Percy Fitzgerald has very evidently made the best of him; and the attentive reader is constantly struck by discrepancies of tone as between the biography and the first hand pieces which make up the bulk of these volumes.

From this latter source it would seem to result that the gravest defect of

Sterne's character was a lack of sobriety. In practical conscience, in the sense of conduct he was sadly deficient. I do not mean to say that he was unworldly in any interpretation. He understood well enough how to get on in the world—at least how to get on with it. "I thank God (B——'s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have forfeited, or done ought to forfeit," he boasts to Stephen Croft. But with Sterne the power of making and keeping friends consisted mainly in the ability to catch a note easily and sustain it, as is usually the case with promiscuous friendships like his. The letters to Hall-Stevenson and those written during his first trip to London in 1760 at the very beginning of his prosperity, are masterpieces in this sort. Strained as were their relations, he seems to have managed pretty well even with his wife. That he had engaging qualities cannot be gainsaid—vivacity, drollery, good humor, amiability, above all folly. The willingness to talk amusing rigmarole will alone carry a man a long way. From Paris, where his popularity was phenomenal, he writes to Garrick, "I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in all your days"—and "have converted many into Shandeism." This is infinitely amusing, of course. But he wanted altogether the stern Puritanical passion for personal consistency. There have been great men almost entirely without it. Montaigne could push scepticism to the verge of universal negation and still remain a devout Roman Catholic without a misgiving. But nowadays, when Puritanism has penetrated all modern life, it is shocking to conceive that one should lock away incompatible beliefs in the various compartments of his mind or should profess other principles than those he practises. And besides, Sterne's levity went even deeper. With the best will in the world it is impossible to detect any steady purpose or conviction in his life. At times it seems as though he had not even that mechanical principle of consistency which comes from reasonably consecutive states of consciousness. "And if God, for my consolation," he writes after one of his visits to London, "had not poured forth the

spirit of Shandeism into me, which will not suffer me to think two minutes upon any grave subject, I would else just now lie down and die—die—and yet, in half an hour's time I'll lay a guinea I shall be as merry as a monkey—and as mischievous too, and forget it all—so that this is but a copy of the present train running across my brain." The ramblingness of *Tristram Shandy* is, of course, partly affected; but it must have answered to his temper or he would not have adopted it. Hence, in default of personal integrity, that singular air of factitiousness about the whole man, noticeable already in the *Journal to Eliza*. In spite of his immanence in his work, he seems every now and then to dissolve insubstantially away into his writing, as though he himself were only another apparition among the figments of his own fancy.

And there is evidence that he felt it so. He is something besides a *farceur*—some thing other, we may be pardoned for thinking, than an English Rabelais. Rickety of body, subject to hemorrhages of the lungs from his youth, addicted to excess, physical and mental, he must have had moments of terrible reaction in which graver thoughts were bound to recur insistently. It is not easy to find explicit utterances of the kind before the last broken months of his life. He had taken his cue partly from the general disposition of his time, partly from his own associates. "Company, villainous company!" he might have exclaimed with Falstaff, "hath been the spoil of me!" though it is certain that such society was his preference. "I resolved from the beginning," so he has recorded, "that if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented—or a new one raised—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other." And in an episcopal letter of admonition Bishop Warburton reminds him very pertinently that "one who was no more than even a man of spirit would choose to laugh in good company, where priests and virgins may be present"—a phrase, by the way, at which he has his gibe a little latter in *Tristram Shandy*. And yet consistently as he played his rôle, there are occasional hints of weariness and depression both on his own part and

on that of his contemporaries. "Sterne never possessed any equal spirits," declares one of the latter. "He was either in the cellar or the garret."

But, after all, the clearest expression of the feeling must be sought in his literary work. There it is apparent, not merely in the unevenness, but also in the flavour, of the performance, in the pathos or "sentimentality," as he would call it, which gives his writing its peculiar tang. Fundamentally Sterne was a humourist as Aristophanes, Rabelais and Swift were—that is, not only was he much of an oddity himself, but he had the keenest of eyes for human inconsistency and folly. This elemental sense of the ludicrous is by no means squeamish; it is not incompatible, we know, with a good deal of coarseness and vulgarity, so that we are apt to think of it as hearty, unshrinking, and robust. But in Sterne's case it appears to have been tinged with a sort of involuntary, perhaps unconscious, misgiving. Not that his satire is any more merciful or sympathetic in reality than another's or his mirth more decorous; but it is interrupted every now and then by a spasm of reflection, as it were, a sudden recognition of his own fragility and a realisation of helplessness and exposure, which exasperates the sensibilities and magnifies even the petty miseries of life—the great ones as such he never touches—out of all proportion. That such moods were not unfamiliar to him seems evident from his last letters, where he writes of them with a sureness that must have come from long acquaintance—perhaps, long and solitary brooding in his lonely country parish after the fatigues and dissipations of a London visit. To Hall-Stevenson he writes thus of his last journey to Coxwold:

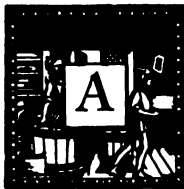
I have got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the rout, upon a large pillow, which I had the prevoyance to purchase before I set out. . . . I know not what is the matter with me—but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be upset this bout. My love to G—. We shall all meet from the east and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together.

What a ghastly parody of sprightliness—and at the same time what a flash of revelation. It is like a *crise* of nerves, this “sentimentality”—a *tic*, I have called it. And while the quotation exaggerates, there is something of the same contraction about all his pathos, when not merely a trick—something strained and unnaturally dilated, even hysterical, but singularly affecting. And it is just this mingling of traditional jocularity with modern *défaillance* which constitutes his distinction as a humourist. For from this curious duplicity of feeling for the absurdity and the pity of life there arises the peculiar irony which in the midst of pathos and pleasantry alike penetrates almost inadvertently to the illusion of the whole performance, and seeing the final indifference of grief and mirth, rises serenely above both. This or something like it may be what Goethe had in mind when he said, “The influence of Sterne’s spirit was of the finest sort; whoever reads him feels at once well and free; his humour is inimitable and it is not every humour which can set the soul at large.” It is as though, himself without a moral nature, he was compelled involuntarily to become a witness to the vanity of the world in which he had frisked and fribbled so unconsciously. Who knows? He may have done as well as another and taken it only as it deserves. At all events,

his life is here again in agreement with his work. The jester of a gay and frivolous society, he died alone in his lodgings in the presence of a footman and a sick nurse, while his fast and fashionable acquaintance were feasting in a nearby street, and was shuffled away incontinently into an obscure graveyard, whence, it is supposed, his body was promptly snatched and sent to Cambridge for dissection. Such was the end of Yorick. He who had laughed with thousands was followed by two mourners; the one was his publisher, the other is unknown. Had he sought, he could have pointed no better moral, not one more truly in his own characteristic vein of ironical pathos and humour. And it is this higher morality, insensibly involved in his books as in his life, which has given him his place and permanence in letters. As he lived much in the manner of his day, his contribution to literature consists less in the discovery of new qualities or powers than in the combination of old ones. Nearly everything he did had been done before by some one or other; for like most original geniuses, he borrowed freely. But with this irony of his he transformed English humour and made it capable in the hands of his successors, in Dickens’s and particularly in Thackeray’s, of a moral seriousness it had never before possessed.

P. H. Frye.

A PLEA FOR BORES



At a first glance, it may seem a trifle premature to lament the decline of professional bores from any sphere of activity. Beyond dispute, we have the members of this thriving guild with us always, in life, in fiction, in abundance, even to superfluity. Their imposing proportion to the general population has not dwindled throughout the ages.

My regret, however, is for that useful personage, the official, hall-marked bore of classic English fiction; a being whose

delicate mission was ever to divert and gratify the reader by the lifelike presentment of traits in themselves anything but diverting. The bore must no more *bore you* than the villain should leave you bleeding by the wayside, or the heroine deprive you of sleep and a proper relish for your dinner; but he is least dangerous when accurately classified. Of its very nature, the novel is none the worse for a faintly academic quality; to each character a special function, under penalty of weakness and confusion. Have not many of us been driven by the glorification of unconfessed bores to regarding really

wicked characters with positive leniency? Let me merely whisper two names—Daniel Deronda and Grandcourt—you see my meaning? I hesitate to hint at an unworthy pleasure afforded us by the official bore, that of seeing others writhe under familiar torments. Now heaven preserve me from suggesting that bores have deserted contemporary English fiction! On the contrary, at times they seem to enjoy absolute monopoly of it, but not *en titre*. They are apt to be so busy, whether successfully or the reverse, in proving themselves ornaments of society that not a single figure struts to the fore, unmistakable as if clothed in motley, proudly proclaiming, "I am content to be the accredited bore! My author intends it! Pigeonhole me with the Reverend Mr. Collins, with the voluble Miss Bates. Let me be the laureate of thin gruel and thick goloshes with Mr. Woodhouse. Let me rival Parson Adams with inept questions. I stand ready to challenge Mrs. Shandy herself. Have I not made middle-distance for Fielding, Miss Ferrier, Miss Austen, Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot (at times), Trollope and the rest of them? What a foil have I not been for heroes and heroines, and above all, what a solid link of understanding have I not forged between writer and reader?"

This is all true! When Captain Crawley protests to his wife, "I can't stand being alone with Pitt after dinner," we not only warm to Rawdon, but to Rawdon's creator. Thereafter when young Sir Pitt makes his entrance, we immediately become delighted spectators, confident of entertainment. In real life, his appearance would be a sure signal for unconquerable yawns; but, triumph of the novelist's art, baffling paradox! Pitt is a bore without boring.

When Buvard and Péccuchet enjoy their first immortal discourse, if you and I had occupied a neighbouring bench in the Luxembourg garden, ninety-nine to a hundred they would have given us scant pleasure. The chances are that we should have crossly moved beyond earshot of their appalling commonplaces. Herein lies the miracle! Their talk is the compressed summary of all that one man had observed and suffered. It literally repro-

duces what such people call conversation, but in essence. For half a lifetime, Flaubert had brooded upon bores. With patient rancour he had collected page upon page of the idiotic sayings of prominent men. He has, so to speak, whole bushels of Homer's nods. When Fénélon drops such a profundity as "*L'eau est faite pour soutenir ces prodigieux édifices flottants que l'on appelle des vaisseaux*," be sure Flaubert is there, keen to pounce upon this gem, to garner it for his projected masterpiece (which no self-respecting bourgeois household can fail to covet—and buy), "*La Dictionnaire des idées reçues, et Catalogue des opinions chics*."

His bores, though burnt in with acid, are as difficult to illustrate by excerpt as Miss Austen's own. That wonderful lady eschewed epigram as almost too cheap and obvious a tool for her perfect art. Each character invariably keeps to its own rôle, the point of each speech depends entirely upon what has gone before and what is to follow. So likewise, when Buvard shows Péccuchet an oil painting and pompously exclaims, "*Mon oncle!*" those words in their context produce a magnificent climax. You realise that Buvard claims lustre from having possessed such an uncle, that "*Mon oncle*" claims posthumous consideration through his nephew, Buvard, and that both are entirely inconspicuous little bourgeois, of no possible consequence to any one.

The French have not only always practised this art of giving the tiresome person in irresistibly comic form, but they are still far too wise to discard so valuable an ally. Think for one minute how M. Bergeret benefits by the exquisite dullness of his second favourite pupil, M. Goubin! The pair are strolling out one evening, and M. Goubin begins, "*Maître, pensez-vous que Louis-Paul Courier soit a un bon sujet de thèse française?*"

M. Bergeret does not answer, because in passing the gas-lit window of Madame Fuselier's shop, among the school stationery there displayed, a bust of the Farnese Hercules catches his eye. This sight was quite enough to launch our old friend's scholarly fancy upon a long, imaginative, learned but altogether charming dissertation.

M. Goubin interrupts once with a dry little question about sun myths, thus stimulating the master into the creation of a human, suffering, heroic and palpitating Hercules, who . . .

. . . "Cher maître," interrupts M. Goubin. "Permettez-moi de vous faire une question. Pensez vous que Paul-louis Courier soit un bon sujet de thèse de doctorat, parce-que . . ."

This is the perfect specimen of his kind, one ideaed, immovable, impermeable, yet Goubin utters nothing so compactly quotable as that burst of genius in which Sir Willoughby Patterne bids poor Clara Middleton come to the window "and see me mount Black Auster." All these examples are, however, kin in that their remarks reveal character, rather than that they talk long-windedly in print. Molière treated his "Fâcheux" differently. He lets you have the whole interminable truth. Eraste first settles down to enjoy the play. Enter a noisy man who not only disturbs players and audience, but—

Là dessus de la pièce il m'a fait un sommaire,
Scène à scène avertit de ce qu'ils allaient
faire.

As if this were not all a weak mortal could endure, Eraste is next beset by the kind of solicitous well-wisher who makes you borrow an umbrella when you have purposely started out without one.

Next comes Alcippe, fresh from so odd a run of luck that he insists upon recounting the fall of each card in a long hand of piquet. A sporting man, Dorante, then at even greater length details a stag hunt, with digressions upon his horse's pedigree, and every enormous speech, instead of boring *you*, merely agonises Eraste, giving you the comfortable sensation that old scores are being paid off, that your enemies are pilloried for all the world to see. It only lacks the pitiless malefactor who remembers his dreams to complete the collection.

Molière's "Fâcheux," in fact, come neatly under the pugilistic definition "To bore: to drive an opponent on the ropes by sheer weight." A far more convincing derivation than that of the Century Dictionary, which traces the use in this sense to an imagery of drilling holes in

the victim, or to "a forgotten anecdote."

We must all eternally regret that a mere question of chronology (its vogue dates from about 1789) denied Dr. Johnson the opportunity of defining this bulwark of our speech. For more than a half a century after its adoption, no reputable dictionary noticed it, though Byron clung to the word as a safety valve. Poor soul! His inkstand fairly brims with it, whenever his pen touches upon the shores of Albion, from the time of that inauspicious bridal visit to his family-in-law (where he spent the after-dinner hour "listening to that d—d monologue which elderly gentlemen call conversation") to the last canto of "Don Juan." Sanctioned or unsanctioned, the word before long achieved such popularity that on meeting Lothair, Mr. Pinto's first observation was, "English is an expressive language, but not difficult. It consists, as far as I can see, of four words—nice, jolly, charming and bore."

Sir Leslie Stephen has evidently given much thought to this quality and its best exponents. In speaking of William Godwin, he sums up his account against that sage (after reading *Caleb Williams* and *Mandeville*, tolerance personified might justly claim indemnity), by stating, "Everybody, I hold, is a bore to some people, but Godwin was one of the unlucky persons capable of boring all round." Carried far afield by his subject, the national biographer later makes an appalling suggestion. "Had Shelley not been a poet (rather a bold hypothesis, it must be admitted), he would have been a most insufferable bore."

Of course, like all purely personal qualities, the thing itself eludes analysis. The bore is a creature who arouses certain feelings. But why? Because of a too retentive and indiscriminate memory? Montaigne has pointed out that "Les mémoires excellentes se joignent souvent aux jugements débiles." Yes, the memory of a bore is usually flawless, but not invariably so. What of the ambitious raconteur excruciatingly devoid of memory? That blight upon good talk who keeps you hung in mid-air waiting for the forgotten word, the lost point? The obstructionist whose maddening hesita-

tion once wrung from an exasperated listener the self-evident axiom, "No one may at the same time be didactic and have aphasia!"

It is neither a matter of memory nor of forgetfulness; it is not even a genius for the mal-à-propos. Witness Mr. Herman Vielé's adorable Professor in *Myra of the Pines*, a perpetual and superlatively ill-timed monologist, yet capable of charming even his own immediate family. It is not being an unlovable talker, for do we not all love Domini Sampson? It is not a question of consciousness or self-consciousness. When Hedda Gabler's husband finds fault with the drawing-room light, he is innocent of offence as the smoky lamp itself; while the gentleman who poisoned a pleasant walk for one Horatius Flaccus was full of uneasy perception. "I see you want to leave me," he jests, with a substratum of seriousness. "Sed nihil agis, usque tenebo, persequar," etc. Of course he holds, sticks with the same relentless adhesiveness which detains a certain stripe of evening visitor after your politely dissembled yawns have become plainly visible.

But why multiply instances? My point is not to prove the existence of bores, but to emphasise their legitimate function in fiction. If Mrs. Ward had regarded Jacob Delafield, Duke of Chudleigh, as Trollope views Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium, would we not have at once melted in sympathy with the fury-driven Julie? Remembering that Lady Glencora had to put up with her husband at breakfast, we quickly forget her taste for the second-rate, showy Burgo Fitzgerald. William Ashe need not have been one jot more tiresome than he actually is; a mere recognition of his gift in this direction would make Lady Kitty a thoroughly sympathetic heroine. Dorothea Brooke and Miss Broughton's Belinda are as completely exonerated from fickleness, by the characteristics of their respective mates, as if Mr. Casaubon had taken to over-frequent whisky and soda, or Professor Forth had been caught toying with the kitchen maid.

If the life of a certain famous English woman be ever written, let us hope that the biographer will be indiscreet enough to plead that her husband is rumoured

to have sat for those portraits. The fact is that if any lady were suddenly to come to, and find herself united in matrimony with a gentleman from Laputa (where every inhabitant was one or another kind of bore), we should sympathise with her, holding her quite as blameless for any subsequent lack of enthusiasm as if she were Mrs. Quilp or Mrs. Bluebeard. Again I quote Sir Leslie Stephen, whose researches seem to have specialised him in this direction, "Bores are the salt of the earth." If this be true in life (he does not recommend its undiluted use), is it not likewise probable that in fiction a pinch of this condiment knowingly applied is an indispensable ingredient for bringing out flavour, whether from hero, heroine, victim or villain, a character with as serviceable a part to play as Sir James Chettam's mother, whom Mrs. Cadwallader extolled as "a charming woman, not so quick as to nullify the pleasure of explanation."

Moreover, by intentionally depicting a bore, may not the novelist's flair be sharpened, the capacity developed for knowing and bringing out the difference between borer and boree? Under no circumstances should the bore say wise or witty things. It is a defect that Dickens could not for the life of him keep his bores sufficiently stupid, consequently our sympathy is forever going astray. Witness the glamour of Mrs. Nickleby's conversation as compared to Kate's, or the flagrant fashion in which our attention habitually wanders from Madeline to Fanny Squeers. Miss Austen, on the other hand, never lets her bores for one minute forget themselves. The beau rôle never is theirs. Mary Bennett, "deep in the study of thoroughbass and human nature," may only add point to the sprightliness of her pretty sister Elizabeth. The shadow makes the high light!

Indeed, when poor Eraste cries out upon the tidal wave of "Fâcheux," which has so nearly submerged him, as if foreseeing the dreadful level of a world composed exclusively of high intelligence, Montagu piously remarks:

"Le ciel veut qu'ici chacun ait ses bas Fâcheux.
Et les hommes sans cela seraient trop heureux.

Mary Moss.

SOME MODERN METHODS OF ILLUSTRATION



O no one class of art workers has the camera brought wider or more practical results than to the men and women who draw for illustration. It has emancipated them completely from any hard and fast rules regarding technical methods and enabled them to do their work in any way and in any medium that seems best adapted to the particular work in hand. We all profit by this freedom of choice, for we get the work of many artists in our magazines and books who but for the camera would be known only to the comparatively few who attend the exhibits of so-called easel pictures. Illustration in America has not been taken very seriously until within comparatively recent years. To many artists it was, and is yet, no doubt, but the handmaid of what they consider real art—the painting of pictures. Many artists in the past never had the patience or the skill to learn to draw in reverse and in the minute sizes formerly required for putting work on the wood-block. It was certainly a laborious and tiresome task at best, and the wonder is that so much of the illustration of the old days was so good. By the use of the camera all this drudgery vanished at once. The artist made his picture large or small, the lens brought it to the required size and preserved the exact drawing of the original.

The wood-engraver has been a great power for good in the development of all illustrative art, and his work at its best is interpretative and sympathetic in a very high degree. It is a matter of pride that in America wood-engraving has achieved its most remarkable results and been most fully recognised as an art of surprising capacity and rare beauty of expression. Artists used to find fault with the engravers on wood, often with much justice, for not retaining the exact drawing of the original, but wood-engraving is admittedly primarily interpretative and

not in the strict sense reproductive, though the accomplished wood-engraver gives with really wonderful dexterity the delicate tones and values of many originals. To-day wood-engraving is a fast vanishing art, but it will never cease to be appreciated as one of the most beautiful and worthy of all the graphic arts. From its earliest manifestations it has always been an art for the people, and to it we owe undoubtedly the invention of movable type, with which it has ever since been so closely associated.

It was the camera that gave the modern wood-engraver his greatest opportunity and at the same time laid the foundation for his undoing. With the invention of the half-tone screen used between the lens and the object to be photographed, it became possible by mechanical means to make engravings on metal that could be electrotyped and printed in relief in conjunction with type. Further improvements in the sensitising of the photographic plates used and the interposition of various coloured glasses or coloured liquid mediums between the drawing and the plate have made it possible to reproduce drawings made in full colour with a very close preservation of their values.

The half-tone process is a familiar and beautiful method of reproducing illustrations to-day, and a very large part of the pictures in our magazines and books are printed from half-tone plates. The principle upon which it is based is that to print in *relief* from a metal plate the surface must be broken up into minute points or dots in order to offer a suitable surface for taking the ink. Drawings, as has been said, may be in black and white or tint or in the full colour of a carefully wrought painting. The half-tone screen upon which the entire process depends is made by putting together two plates of glass upon which lines have been ruled at carefully calculated intervals in such a way as to produce at the line intersections a series of minute dots. Some of these screens have as many as three hun-

The Old Basin ~
New Orleans
Sieur George



TYPE OF A WELL-MADE LINE CUT



SHOWING THE FUTILITY OF ATTEMPTING TO PRINT A FINE HALF-TONE ON THE WRONG KIND OF PAPER

dred of these lines to the square inch. Upon their number and the shape of the diaphragm used in the lens in combination with the screen depends the texture of the resulting plate. In transferring the negative to the highly polished and suitably sensitised copper plate, it is reversed, either by stripping it from its glass support and transferring it to another, or by the use of a prism in the taking. Put in contact with the copper, it is exposed to light. Those parts of the picture which have been protected by the dark parts of the negative, corresponding to the lights of the original picture, may be washed away, the other parts in varying degree. The image on the copper plate is dried and held over heat to burn it in and made ready for the etching bath. Lights and dark, it will be apparent, are dependent upon the varying intensities of these in the original. The etching process requires trained judgment in order to know just how far to carry it and a careful study of the original drawing. This process derives its name "half-tone" from the fact that no pure whites are obtainable on account of the interposition of the screen. The whites are all modified into delicate greys. The effect, in fact, is like looking at the picture through a transparent gauze curtain. Whites and stronger blacks may be obtained by subsequent re-engraving by hand and by burnishing. The half-tone is especially used to reproduce drawings in which there are gradations of tint either in flat washes or in colour. The very small cost of the plates as compared with wood-engraving, their mechanical accuracy and great value as a time-saver have made them universally popular. In the old days a full-page wood-engraving might easily cost anywhere from \$75 to \$250, and take three or four weeks to do. Half-tones of a very fine quality can be had at from \$9 to \$12 a page, and in an afternoon, if necessary. Any one can readily determine whether an illustration is a half-tone or not by looking at it through a magnifying glass—the screen, or "mesh," is very apparent.

A much simpler process is used when the drawing is in line or stipple, like one of Gibson's cartoons, for instance. No screen is necessary, and the metal used

instead of copper is a zinc plate. The rest of the process is much the same. Line plates are very inexpensive—a full page need cost only about \$2.50, and can be made in a few hours.

We are indebted to the camera and the half-tone for the constantly increasing use of coloured pictures in books and magazines, some of which are done with a great deal of taste and a very fair approach to the original subject. The Japanese have made wonderful colour prints for ages by the use of numerous wood blocks, and in France and America, especially, some very beautiful pictures in coloured tints have been printed in this way. Here again, however, the matter of expense has been practically prohibitive, and the mechanical difficulties are considerable. By use of the half-tone in conjunction with the so-called three-colour process the reproduction of coloured pictures has been made possible at a comparatively small expense. As is perhaps well known to many, the three-colour process is based upon the theory that all the colours of the chromatic scale are supposed to be derived from various combinations of the three primaries—blue, yellow and red. Three negatives are made in exact register from the original painting, one for the yellow, one for the red, another for the blue, and these made into half-tone plates are printed in succession, the one over the other. The limitations of this process lie in the difficulty of choosing just the right yellow, red and blue that in combination will reproduce the original in *all its parts*. Thus far there has always been something to be desired, especially when the process is employed in the reproduction of paintings involving delicate tones of grey. Many times the addition of another plate printed in grey or black will soften and blend the effect of the three primaries in a satisfactory way. Very successful colour reproductions are made by the use of four or five half-tones printed in delicate tints and over all a strong impression in black. In each plate some part may be left blank or made to print very faintly when not intended to take its particular colour all over. This method of colour printing in two or three tints is often intended only as a colour interpretation without any pretence of

being a reproduction. All of this colour work depends for its success upon an expert knowledge of colour blending. The use of several plates is much like the work of the painter, who lays in his ground and then builds up the colours in succession to the degrees required.

One of the most beautiful of all the reproductive processes is known as photogravure. Here the engraving, instead of being in relief, is incised or in intaglio, just the opposite of the half-tone, and the impression is made by pressing the dampened paper into the lines on the metal plate. No screen is used in making the negative, but a grain is obtained by sprinkling the copper plate with powdered rosin and melting it on. This makes a ground for the subsequent etching. The photographic image printed on the copper plate in this instance is from a *positive*. There is a velvety softness and richness of light and shade, an effect of delicacy and refinement in this process that is very suggestive of the lovely textures of the old mezzotints. Photogravure, however, is not suitable for use in large editions, for the prints can only be made on a hand press, and the plates are too delicate in character to withstand any very large number of impressions. The cost, too, is very considerable, and the process is chiefly employed in the reproduction of paintings and in the illustration of limited editions.

Lithography, or printing from stone, is considerably used in the making of coloured covers and posters, but it involves so many different colours to obtain fair results and so much more presswork than the half-tone process that it is becoming less and less common, except in the more ordinary purely commercial work.

For many years we looked to France for the best colour printing, but since our great magazines have admitted colour to their pages we have learned to do the best work of this kind in the world. There is apparently an increasing demand for colour upon the part of the public, and many illustrators who used to work only in black and white now do their drawings in both oils and water colours, either upon the assurance of their reproduction in colour or in the hope that pos-

sibly they may make a sufficient appeal to the art editor to warrant their reproduction as they are drawn.

Magazine and book-making is certainly a very much more complicated problem than in the old days. The tradition that once permitted only black and white illustrations to be printed in conjunction with type has long since given way to the ever-increasing demand for novelty. In a single number of a magazine in these days we may have examples of nearly all the current methods of colour printing—in three colours from half-tones, in line with a patch of red or blue here and there, in five or six varying tints superimposed, in simple black upon a flat, yellow tint block. It is needless to say that all this adds very considerably to the cost of production and demands preparation for particular colour effects months in advance. When it comes to five or six printings instead of one for the large editions of to-day, time is a very essential factor.

All that is needed now is some simplification of the photographic process for reproducing colour; present methods are complicated and far from completely satisfactory.

Illustration in any modern sense really began with the modest cutting of drawings on boards of apple or pear wood with the aid of a common knife, and at first it was employed chiefly as a means of conveying religious instruction to the illiterate common people. With the advent of Dürer it soon became a really great art, and Holbein carried it to a still higher plane. When Bewick in England conceived the idea of the "white line" and invented the modern tools of the wood-engraver the way was opened for a freer handling in general.

Many of the great names in all art have been more or less identified with illustration, and in no country in the world can there be found so large a group of competent workers in this field as in America. We publish the best magazines, and it is only natural that we should have through them called forth the best talent in their illustration. The modern art editor, apparently, needs more than anything else a pretty general acquaintance with art in general, and the capacity and

breadth of view that will allow him to appreciate the possibilities that lie in new and undeveloped talent. The plate-makers are his natural and willing aides

in devising new methods to achieve any particular result depending upon mechanical means.

James B. Carrington.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THEODORE THOMAS. A Musical Autobiography. Edited by George P. Upton. Two Volumes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Co., 1905.

Theodore Thomas's autobiography is contained in a hundred pages. His immense activities, spreading over half a century of interesting and important musical growth, would have warranted more extended space. But it is characteristic of Mr. Thomas, who was a man of action, not of words. From the early years of his arrival in America to the very last days of his life, he was doing. He passes rapidly over the period of his boyhood; but in spite of his professions of laziness, he must have been a hard worker. His splendid attainments as a violinist could have been gained only by steady and persistent application. It is natural, however, that he should touch but lightly upon the work done before he took up the baton and commenced his career as a leader of orchestras.

This was in 1862. It is unnecessary here to dwell upon the facts of Mr. Thomas's life. His pioneer work in New York is still fresh in the memory of the older generation of music lovers; and the younger element have followed his more recent activities in the Middle West, with the knowledge that history was only repeating itself. His last visits to New York are also within their recollection.

For a true appreciation of Thomas's work as a musical educator, a thorough comprehension of musical conditions at the time he began is essential. These conditions his autobiography pictures in mere outline. Concert orchestras were almost unknown. In fact, the Frenchman, Jullien, visiting this country in 1853, gave Americans their first experience with a large orchestra. Thomas characterises him as a charlatan, but concedes his useful influence. He also acknowledges his indebtedness to Karl Eckert, who accompanied the singer Sontag to America about the same time. But

Thomas really owed little in the way of musical experience to others. He was a self-made man, and well fitted by nature to be a pioneer in his chosen field. Everywhere he saw ignorance and lack of interest in music. He made up his mind to educate the public to a love for the best in musical art. His task was a mighty one, and mightily did he accomplish it. Stout-hearted and firm of purpose, he never swerved from the course he had mapped out. A dozen times his life work seemed to him wasted; but he persisted and reached his goal at last. A permanent orchestra, dedicated to the highest form of musical art, supported by the general public, was placed at his command. Only then did he lay down his baton—and forever.

The autobiography is edited by George P. Upton, who contributes "Reminiscence and Appreciation" to the first volume, and a compilation of programs which constitutes the second. As a close friend and ardent admirer of the conductor, Mr. Upton may be pardoned a rather too eulogistic tone. Not that Mr. Thomas did not deserve the best that is said of him, but the constant reiteration is unnecessary. The reader gets the impression that Mr. Upton is very reluctant to lay down his pen, and therefore goes on to say again what he has said before.

The volume of concert programs is a very valuable addition to musical history in America. It is a selection from nearly ten thousand, and is truly a remarkable monument to the zeal, industry and breadth of view of their maker. It repays careful consideration and emphasises afresh, what has always been conceded Mr. Thomas's pre-eminence as a program builder. The choice and arrangement of numbers in the early days of his career as compared with the more recent programs is a powerful commentary on the growth of musical intelligence and appreciation under his

guidance. And what catholicity of taste they show! Thomas was early known as a Wagner propagandist, but he never, even for a moment, lost his sense of proportion, nor exalted the modern at the expense of the older composers. His constant readiness to produce new compositions was only a part of his educational scheme. "People cannot read the new music," he once said, "but they should keep abreast of it, and the only way to know it is to hear it. It does not follow that I approve or endorse it because I play it. It is due to the public to hear it once. This has been a life-long idea with me." At the end of the second volume there is a list of compositions produced for the first time in this country by Thomas. It includes such works as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, a number of Bach's suites, Brahms's second and third symphonies, several of Liszt's symphonic poems, a number of works by Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Raff, Rubinstein and others only less prominent and, of course, a large number of excerpts from the Wagner operas—a stupendous list. A preface to this volume by Thomas himself, giving his views on the subject of program-making, is also valuable.

To students of musical history in particular, as well as to all music lovers and musicians, this record of the life and work of Theodore Thomas is of great and permanent value. The volumes are well prepared, and the photographs

and views interspersed through the pages add to their attractions.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA. By W. T. Grenfell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.00.

This is not altogether, as might be supposed, Dr. Grenfell's autobiography cast in the form of fiction, for he scarcely appears in the tale at all, or if he does, never by name but quite modestly, almost unrecognisable. He has thought best, as he says in his preface, to have two of his fishermen friends tell the story instead. Yet through them both he has given us a very good idea of what his own experiences must have been—through the first in establishing the medical mission to the fishermen of the North Sea, through the second in extending it to Labrador. It is a book that admirably introduces Mr. Duncan's sketch of Dr. Grenfell, for Mr. Duncan deals exclusively with the later and more unique work of the Labrador and Newfoundland missions, whereas Dr. Grenfell has been engaged in this sort of labour for twenty years, on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is interesting to learn how he made his beginnings. The so-called "Grog-Ship" was the most serious menace to the North Sea fleet with which he had to deal, and there is here many a telling picture of its evils which we feel sure has been drawn from actual fact.

NOVEL NOTES

THE LION'S SKIN. By John S. Wise. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.50.

Like *The End of an Era*, this is also a sketch of Reconstruction, but this time in fictional form—at once "A Historical Novel and a Novel History," as Captain Wise explains on his title-page. One questions the wisdom of the change when one finds the author so frequently disposed to turn historian instead of novelist, and attempts to digest successive chapters of weighty political discussion when ostensibly invited to partake of lighter fare. For *The Lion's Skin* spells information rather than diversion, and in presenting such a detailed description of the social conditions prevailing in the Old Dominion, from the close

of the Civil War down to the present time, the story soon proves cumbersome and it is to be regretted that Captain Wise hampered himself with it. Apart from its historic setting and the customary amusing apotheosis of every feature of a Southern home, be it ever so homely, it makes in itself hard reading. Captain Wise shows little gift for dialogue, always excepting after-dinner anecdote, and his young people, particularly, expound themselves even more priggishly than the immortal *Rollo*. It is impossible to feel that the author has a personal interest in any one of them, except as a mouthpiece for his political opinions. But though the story proves unequal to its task there is plenty to enjoy apart from it. Cap-

tain Wise knows his ground well, and there are striking portraits of real people, stirring war reminiscences, good anecdotes in abundance and, in conclusion, an interesting discussion of negro suffrage and the race problem.

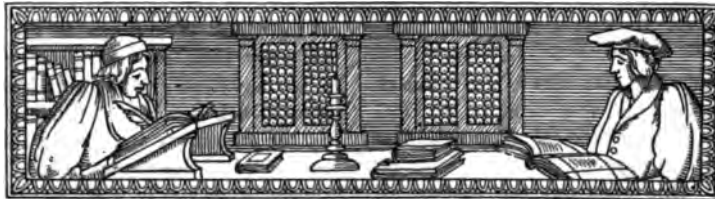
THE WAY OF THE NORTH. By Warren Cheney. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.50.

The setting of this adventurous tale is in the Alaska of over a century ago, when Baranof, the first governor of this then struggling Russian province, was endeavouring, as a loyal servant of the company that sent him out, to settle its claims and establish the prestige of the Czar beyond dispute. It was a stormy period and a picturesque one, and Mr. Cheney enters into it with considerable zest, handling his material simply and unaffectedly, as befits the bold and sturdy pioneer spirit, but not without a certain monotony of style. His young doctor, Fedor Kirilovitch, sent out to the colony under a cloud, which soon proves to have a very solid silver lining, gives us his own version of the life in this bleak northern wilderness. The story opens with a brisk account of the storm which has caught the ship that is bearing him and the other colonists to Sitka, but we do not escape those old stand-bys the mutiny and the burial at sea. Once in port,

however, and within the walls of the stockade, things grow less stereotyped. Strange to say, Kirilovitch does not fall in love with the governor's daughter, and keeps us in suspense very successfully. An old priest, who is something of a fanatic in his determination to convert the Indians immediately upon his arrival in the colony, is the most interesting character in the book.

THE PURPLE PARASOL. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$1.25.

A little comedy setting forth the adventures of "the promising young lawyer, Samuel W. Rossiter, Jr., sent northward into the Adirondacks one hot summer day with instructions to be tactful but thorough," and the lady with the white shirt-waist, grey skirt, Knox sailor hat and purple parasol, whom he was to intercept and watch on behalf of her injured husband in the city. How the lady won him over to her side, and then, fortunately for his peace of mind, obligingly proved to be an entirely different and even more attractive edition of the parasol than the one he was in search of is so entertainingly told that we cannot afford to be too sceptical about this remarkable coincidence. The book's many drawings are in gratifying harmony both with the letter and spirit of its text.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Journey of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca and His Companions. Edited with an Introduction by Ad. F. Bandelier.

Mrs. Fanny Bandelier has translated into English the original journal of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who, with his companions, was the first white man to cross the American continent. There are included in the volume the report of Father Marcos of Nizza, and a letter from the Viceroy Mendoza. The book is illustrated with facsimiles of title-pages of editions published in 1542 and 1555, and a map of the country explored.

Our First Century. By George Cary Eggleston.

Designed to present a connected narrative, which shall portray life in America during the seventeenth century. It treats of the life, manners and customs of the first English colonists; "the ideas they brought with them across the sea, the mistakes they made in entering upon a new life under strange conditions, the means adopted of adjusting themselves to their new environment, the forces that gave form to their systems of government, the occupations in which they engaged, their religious beliefs, their amusements, the clothes they wore, and the food they ate."

The Century Company:

The American Judiciary. By Simeon E. Baldwin.

One of the American State series. The book is divided into two parts. In the first is included an account of the origin and early development of the American judiciary system, an examination of the relations of the judiciary and political departments of the Government, and of the judicial power of interpreting written and unwritten law. The second part deals with the organization and relations of the courts of the State and the Union; it also gives discussions on such topics as Trial by Jury, Formalities in Judicial Procedure, Probate Courts, Bankruptcy and Insolvency Courts, Criminal Procedure, Appellate Courts, The Law's Delays, The

Character of the Bar and Its Relations to the Bench, etc.

Territories and Dependencies of the United States. Their Government and Administration. By William Franklin Willoughby.

The aim of this work is to give a correct account of "the actual policy pursued, and the action taken, by the United States in respect to the government and administration of the various dependent territories which have successively come under its sovereignty, and the conferring of political rights upon their inhabitants. . . . While no attempt will thus be made to discuss colonial problems as such, nevertheless every effort will be made in the proper places to call attention to the existence of such problems and to indicate the main considerations therein involved."

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Tragedie of Hamlet. By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

Issued in the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare's works. It is based on the edition of 1623, and contains a preface, an introduction, a frontispiece, notes, glossary, variorum readings, and selected criticism.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

May Margaret, called "The Fair Maid of Galloway." By S. R. Crockett.

Three romances in one are in this story. May Margaret is Scotch and belongs to the famous house of Douglas. Her first suitor is so busily engaged with state affairs that he cannot find time to woo his cousin; his younger brother showers upon her the attention withheld by the former and wins her hand. A disagreeable ending to this romance culminates in a divorce. The son of a blacksmith is the man who finally fulfils the conditions of happiness.

Motors and Motoring. By Henry J. Spooner.

In the preparation of this little book for beginners the author has endeavoured to "explain things in non-technical language as far as practicable, and in such a way that those who have not the time, inclination or opportunity to study any of the large books on the subject, may easily be able to get a general grasp of the principles which underlie the construction, assembling, and working of gasoline cars."

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Will Warburton. By George Gissing.

The second of Mr. Gissing's works to be published posthumously, although it was written before "Veranilda," on which he was at work at the time of his death, and which was published a few months ago. It is a story of London, and portrays the life of a young man of good birth who, through no fault of his, loses his own money as well as that of his mother and sister. In order to provide means of existence for the three he turns grocer. His endeavour to keep his business a secret from his former friends is the cause of much mental anxiety. To make matters worse, he is in love with a charming young lady. The story is said to be both pathetic and humorous.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Parisians Out of Doors. By F. Berkeley Smith.

The third volume in Mr. Smith's trilogy of books on Paris life. "The Real Latin Quarter" and "How Paris Amuses Itself" are the two books which have preceded. As the French people are said to spend but little time in their homes, "Parisians Out of Doors" is a description of their true life. It deals not only with the playgrounds and show places of Paris, but with Parisians in mountain resorts, at the seashore, their mode of spending Sundays, and other forms of amusement enjoyed by these people. A chapter is devoted to Monte Carlo, and one to the flowers, sunshine and baccarat. The book is well illustrated.

The Sunny Side of the Street. By Marshall P. Wilder.

The author presents his recollections of the "sunny side of many people. I have plucked blossoms from the gardens of humour and pathos, which lie side by side, and in weaving them into a garland, claim only as my own the string that binds them together." Among the two hundred and fifty persons about whom Mr. Wilder tells stories are several of the crowned heads of Europe, former Presidents of the United States, public men and women, men of letters and law, noted actors and actresses, statesmen, military men, etc. The volume contains a portrait of the author as a frontispiece, and is well illustrated.

The Grafton Press:

A Twentieth-Century Idealist. By Henry Pettit.

This story is said to be the result of extensive travel. Adele Cultus, a young

girl, who, in company with her parents and a friend, is joined on a connected trip to Europe and the Far East by two gentlemen. One falls in love with Adele and wins her as his wife. The heroine is a girl who has her own views on the subject of the "true" faith and expresses her sentiments whenever occasion permits. There are two illustrations in the book.

Harper and Brothers:

Jimmy Brown Trying to Find Europe. By W. L. Alden.

Time seems to have made no impression on Jimmy Brown, who first made his appearance before the public nearly twenty years ago, as his reappearance shows him to be of apparently the same age as he was then. Jimmy, who is left with his married sister in Western New York while his parents visit Europe, is the chief promoter of various sorts of mischief. The situation having reached a climax, Jimmy determines to find his father, whose address he knows is "Grand Hotel, Europe." The adventures which he and his little Irish friend encounter form the basis of the story.

Miss Bellard's Inspiration. By William Dean Howells.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Venus of Cadiz. By Richard Fisguill.

The proprietor of a mushroom farm in the Kentucky caves, an artless Venus, who is an heiress and lives on a neighbouring plantation, an animated city girl, and several moonshiners, are among the characters of this unusual novel. The story is made exciting by secret correspondence, various cases of mistaken identity, uncanny meetings of the moonshiners, conspiracy, attempted murder, love, hate, jealousy, revenge, etc.

The Milbank Case. By George Dyre El-dridge.

The scenes of this detective story are laid in Maine, near the Canadian border, and the plot concerns the murder of a country lawyer. Not having any clues upon which to work, two detectives make a search for the motive of the crime. The mystery is solved by the more clever of the detectives, although the ultimate ending of the situation is quite as unexpected to him as to the reader.

A Maid of Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

Himé, the heroine of this story, is a little shell-gatherer on the island of Enoshima. Her Japanese mother drowned herself when deserted by her

English husband, who had bought and married her on his vacation. Himé's English cousin righted her father's wrong and made her very happy. The story is said to be based on close observation of the life of this isle. The volume is artistically bound and decorated and presents a Japanese appearance. The July issue of *THE BOOKMAN* gave a short account of Mrs. Fraser's life in its Chronicle and Comment.

The Improved Movement Cure Institute:

How Should We Breathe? A Physiological Study. By G. H. Patchen, M.D.

This study treats of the mechanism, object and effects of respiration. It demonstrates other uses for respiration besides that of providing the lungs with air. It also shows how this function may be used as a remedy for chronic diseases.

William R. Jenkins:

Japanese for Daily Use. By E. P. Prentys, assisted by Kametara Sasamoto.

"The object of this little book is to give in convenient form a collection of the most necessary words and sentences for the use of the wanderer in Japan, together with other items of importance, such as coinage, postage, etc."

John Lane:

Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 1729-1763. Annotated and Edited by Albert Harts-horne.

This work consists of the correspondence of Edmund Pyle, D.D., Domestic Chaplain to George II., with Samuel Kerrich, D.D., Vicar of Dersingham and Rector of Wolferton and West Newton. A special feature of these letters is the "almost continuous reference to controversies that were some of them raging and others dying out. . . . Turning for a moment to the politicians, it may not be doubted that, making due allowance for his party feeling, public life is truthfully presented by Pyle; and that, glaring and true as is the light he streams upon the Church of the time of George II., that which he sheds upon the State is as just and reliable." The letters are printed as written, except for the extensions of curtailments in words. The volume contains nine portraits.

Life Publishing Company:

A Woman's Confessional. By Helen Woljeska.

The epigrams of which this volume is composed are extracts from the journal of a woman who was born of a distinguished family in Vienna. They

are said to reveal her inmost thoughts, "some bitter, some loving, some passionate, some sad, but all carrying with them intrinsic evidence of their verity."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Glenanaar. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D.

This story of Irish life is semi-historical, as it concerns events which occurred during the first part of the last century—the wrongs of Ireland and the attempts at her deliverance. The most striking personality is Daniel O'Connell, who, both in Glenanaar and the British Parliament, heroically endeavoured to achieve freedom for the land of his nativity. The love story is modern, and concerns a Yankee-Irishman, a poor Irish widow, her two comely daughters, and a generous parish priest. The tale is said to be full of humour, pathos and romance.

The Macmillan Company:

The Storm Centre. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

The scenes of this tale of flirtation, love and courtship are laid in the mountains of Tennessee. They take place during the war between the North and the South. The hero, a wounded Union officer, is given refuge in a family whose sympathies are with the Confederates. He falls in love with a young widow whom he meets here. The crisis of the story is reached when an officer in the Confederate Army, the son of the house, who is also in love with the heroine, returns and secures information that enables the Southern Army to gain an important strategical advantage. A little deaf-mute girl plays an important part in the tale.

The Little Hills. By Nancy Huston Banks.

Reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Edward Fitzgerald. By A. C. Benson.

An addition to the English Men of Letters series. Mr. Benson has given an account of three periods in Edward Fitzgerald's life: youth, middle life, and later years; also of his friends, his habits, his writings, letters, etc. The biography begins with the statement that the life to be described was singularly devoid of incident. "It was the career of a lonely, secluded, fastidious and affectionate man; it was a life not rich in results, not fruitful in example. It is the history of a few great friendships, much quiet benevolence, tender loyalty, wistful enjoyment." Mr. Fitzgerald is best known by his "Omar Khayyám."

The Game. By Jack London.

The scenes of this story take place within the squared ring. A prize fight

between a splendid young fellow and Ponta, a man of the brute type, is described from start to finish. The young man, who has promised his fiancée that he will leave the ring after this fight, by means of masquerading, arranges that she shall see the fight. The author portrays what the prize ring stands for, what it means to participants and spectators, and the general scheme of things. The book is well decorated and illustrated.

The Wheels of Chance. By H. G. Wells.

A popular novel of a few years ago reappears in paper covers, to be sold at twenty-five cents per copy.

The Outlook to Nature. By L. H. Bailey.

The four essays which are included in this volume are *The Realm of the Commonplace*, *Country and City*, *The School of the Future*, and *Evolution: The Quest of Truth*. In January of this year these essays were given as lectures in Boston, as a part of the University course.

The Real World. By Robert Herrick.

Another addition to the series of recent popular novels which Macmillan are publishing in a paper edition at twenty-five cents each.

Southern Writers. Selections in Prose and Verse. Edited by W. P. Trent.

Although this volume is in no sense a text-book, its purpose is to supply the teacher with supplementary reading and information in connection with work in American literature. The work is divided into five periods: the first from 1607-1789; the second from 1790-1865; the poets of the Civil War; the third period from 1866-1904; and the poets of the latter days. There is included a biography of each writer represented, together with explanatory and reference notes.

Harvard Lectures on the Revival of Learning. By John Edwin Sandys.

In connection with the Lane Foundation, which provides for special courses of classical lectures to be given at Harvard, Professor Sandys was invited to give a course of six lectures on some subject connected with Latin literature, "such lectures to be adapted to any cultivated audience, and not specially addressed to advanced students of the Latin language." This volume of six lectures on the Revival of Learning in Italy is the result. The titles are *Petrarch and Boccaccio*, *the Age of Discoveries*, *the Theory and Practice of Education*, *the Italian Academies*, *the Homes of Humanism*, and *the History of Ciceronianism*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Bushido, the Soul of Japan. By Inazo Nitobé.

This book, which has run through nine editions in Japan, is published simultaneously in New York and London. It has been revised and enlarged and includes an introduction by Mr. William Elliott Griffis. "Bushido" is the Japanese feudal equivalent of chivalry. Bushido is defined as "the code of moral principles which the knights were required or instructed to observe." It is an unwritten code consisting of a few maxims handed down from mouth to mouth or coming from the pen of some well-known warrior or savant. "It embodies the maxims of educational training brought to bear on the Samurai, or warrior class of Japan, the class that throughout the nation's feudal age, which ended only fifty years ago, set the standard to the whole people in manners, ideals of character, and mental and moral codes of obligation."

Chinese Life in Town and Country. By Émile Bard.

The third volume in *Our Asiatic Neighbours* series. The English version has been adapted by H. Twitchell. The author, who claims that the book is written from the standpoint of a man of affairs, has endeavoured "to avoid, within the limits of the possible, the exaggerated optimism of certain writers on this country,—chiefly travellers and missionaries,—and I also have been careful not to fall into the spirit of systematic depreciation common to most Europeans in referring to the Celestial Empire and its inhabitants."

Two Moods of a Man. By Horace G. Hutchinson.

George Hood is the man of two moods. One side of the nature of this Englishman is answered by Gracia, the beautiful Spanish gypsy to whom he has been married, according to the custom of her people. He describes her qualities as resembling those of "a very trusting, faithful dog." In his second, or intellectual mood, a brilliant Philadelphia woman responds to every suggestion. The climax of the story is reached when Hood is undecided between three courses—whether or not he shall marry the woman of intellect and live a polygamous life, leave the gypsy woman to whom he is not legally married, or give up the Philadelphia woman.

William E. Raymond:

In Response. By William E. Raymond.

This volume, dedicated "To you in whose soul there is a desire to find the

source of that love which is in it, for something hidden, mysterious, powerful and perfect, with which it seeks to unite for its fulfilment"—is a compilation of ten poems. Among the titles are A Psalm Attributive, Star of Divinity, The Angel of Inspiration, Solitude, Happiness, etc.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Duncan Polite. By Marian Keith.

A story of old Scottish folk, the scenes of which are laid in Canada. Duncan McDonald, who has been given the name of "Polite," is the hero of the tale. The discord between the elders of the kirk, who are decidedly averse to the introduction of new methods in their place of worship, and their children, who support the young minister in his endeavour to make their church more modern, is the plot upon which the story turns. The book is said to contain snatches of delicate humour, and to portray every-day passions of human life and action.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck. Translated, Prefaced, etc., by William Ashton Ellis.

This importation consists of a collection of letters from Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck, the woman who exerted the strongest influence over the great composer in his work. A few of her letters to him are also included. Frau Wesendonck, who died in 1902, left the letters carefully arranged, and expressed the wish in her will that they be published. They intimately record Wagner's artistic development.

Nuremberg and Its Art to the End of the Eighteenth Century. By P. T. Réé.

The third volume in the Famous Art Cities series is an important one, which has been translated from the German by G. H. Palmer. The description of this city and its art is greatly enhanced by the illustrations, of which there are one hundred and twenty-three. It shows the efforts that have been put forth to raise the art standard in Nuremberg, which is said to have declined since this city surrendered its direct imperial tenure and became a Bavarian town, on September 15, 1806.

The Wrecker. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Island Nights' Entertainments. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

An Inland Voyage. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Familiar Studies. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Four additions to the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, each one of which is prefaced by Mrs. Stevenson. "The Wrecker" is based on the mysterious destruction of a barque, and was written in collaboration with Mr. Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, during an extended voyage to the South Sea Islands; "Island Nights' Entertainments" is a collection of three stories; the character of "The Inland Voyage" is well described in its title; "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" gives short sketches of Victor Hugo, Robert Burns, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Yoshida-Torajiro, Villon, Charles of Orleans, Samuel Pepys, and John Knox.

The University Publishing Company:

The American Family. By Frank N. Hagar.

In this book the author aims "to present to the public some of the principles of sociology and economics applied to the contemporary American family, with intervals of literary rests and elucidations that may appeal to the artistic sense." It is written from the standpoint of a lawyer.

A. Wessels Company:

Terence O'Rourke, Gentleman Adventurer. By Louis Joseph Vance.

A story of love and adventure, in which the principal character is an interesting Irishman who has all sorts and kinds of experiences. Soon after his introduction to the reader he is pursued by gendarmes; in order to hasten his flight, he jumps into the carriage of an unknown princess and goes down the street at a breakneck pace. This escapade is the beginning of the romance—it also is the cause of several other startling adventures. The story, which ran as a serial in a New York magazine, is said to be written especially for summer reading.

AKRON, OHIO.

The Saalfeld Publishing Company:

Dolly, Daughter of New England. By Ruth Louise Sheldon.

A story of boarding-school life, travel and romance. The heroine is a lively girl, who is expelled from school, refuses her cousin's offer of marriage, goes abroad and falls in love with one nobleman while engaged to another. She marries the one to whom she is engaged, and at his death becomes the wife of the cousin whom she had refused several years before.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Girdle of Gladness. By Arad Joy Sebring.

A collection of fourteen poems of a religious nature.

Sound and Motion in Wordsworth's Poetry. By May Tomlinson.

A paper-covered brochure, in which is included many quotations from Wordsworth. It points out several passages in the verses of this poet who, of all the poets, is claimed by the author to be the "most alive to the power of beauty and sound," in which Nature is the predominating thought.

The Elegies of Tibullus. By Theodore C. Williams.

"The consolations of a Roman lover done in English verse." The translation of the four books of which this volume is composed, has been made with freedom, but the thought and spirit of the original have been adhered to in nearly all cases.

The Judgment of Paris. By Peter Fandel.

A mythical drama in four acts. When the goddesses appear, the awarding of the golden apple, which has been given to Paris by Hermes, the messenger of the gods, shall constitute his judgment. The apple is withheld from Hera, the goddess of power, and Pallas, the goddess of knowledge, and is given to Aphrodite, the goddess of love. This enrages Hera and Pallas, who fight the fight to the bitter end in order to avenge themselves. Ceneone, the mountain nymph, with whom Paris is in love, takes a prominent part in the play. The race scene in the second act is drawn from Pope's translation of the Iliad.

Stray Leaves from a Soul's Book. By —.

Twelve leaves are considered in this book. An idea of its character may be had from the following prelude to some of the "leaves": "If thou canst not fulfil thy pledge refuse to take it; but once thou hast bound thyself to any promise, carry it out, even if thou hast to die for it." "Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of the mind." ". . . Learn that no effort, not the smallest—whether in right or wrong direction—can vanish from the world of causes. E'en wasted smoke remains not traceless," etc.

Ginn and Company:

The Ethics of Force. By H. E. Warner.

A series of five papers read before the Ethical Club of Washington, D. C., just prior to and after the Spanish War, is the basis of this volume. The titles of

the papers are The Ethics of Heroism. The Ethics of Patriotism, Can War Be Defended on the Authority of Christ? Can War Be Defended on Grounds of Reason? and Some Objections.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Compiled by Nina E. Browne.

Said to be the first definite bibliography of Hawthorne's scattered and multitudinous writings. It represents work upon which Miss Browne, the Secretary of the American Library Association Publishing Board, has been labouring for sixteen years, and contains entries of everything that can be discovered in print by and about Nathaniel Hawthorne. There is also included a double-entry author and magazine index.

L. C. Page and Company:

Brothers of Peril. By Theodore Roberts.

A tale of the Beothic Indians, a tribe now extinct, in old Newfoundland. Two lads, one a brave Indian boy, and the other the hero of the story, who is driven by chance on the island of Newfoundland just when the Beothic Indians are dividing into factions, are the "brothers of peril" during many exciting adventures in their endeavour to see the country of the white men. In his preface the author says that he has "drawn the wilderness of that far time in the likeness of the wilderness as I knew it, and loved it, a few short years ago. . . . I have dared to resurrect an extinct tribe for the purposes of fiction. I have drawn inspiration from the spirit of history rather than the letter! But the heart of the wilderness, and the hearts of men and women, I have pictured, in this romance of olden time, as I know them to-day."

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

The Ethics of Imperialism. By Albert R. Carman.

An enquiry as to whether Christian ethics and imperialism are antagonistic. Mr. Carman defines imperialism as a spirit which "teaches the essential inequality of men, the duty of recognising that inequality, the duty of doing unto some others precisely what you hope they will not be able to do unto you, the refusal of equal rights to some people." Egoism he defines as "preferring one's own interests to the interests of others;" and Altruism as "preferring the interests of others to one's own; logically it meets commercial rivalry with voluntary bankruptcy, and personal rivalry with suicide." From this standpoint Imperialism is discussed.

Science and a Future Life. By James H. Hyslop.

Mr. Hyslop has gathered what he has deemed to be the most important of the work of the Society for Psychical Research, with special reference to matter bearing upon the problem of a future life, and summarised it in this volume. He makes no pretence at satisfying the exacting scientific standards, but presents the book as an incentive to the scientific psychologist to search the detailed records, and in order that the general reader may to some extent realise the complexity of the problem with which the Society is confronted.

The Hundredth Acre. By John Camden.

The ownership of an acre of land, which is claimed by two men, is the foundation of this detective story, although the pivot upon which the plot turns is the mysterious poisoning of the one who is in possession. The circumstantial evidence is strong enough to convict almost any one of the characters, and the reader is held in suspense as to just who the murderer is throughout the greater part of the tale.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Apple of Discord Company:

The Apple of Discord. By a Roman Catholic.

Temporal power in the Catholic Church is the subject which is discussed in this volume. The author describes temporal power, gives its history from the beginning, and discusses it from various standpoints.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Old Greek Press:

Dictionary of Errors. By Sherwin Cody.

A small volume giving common errors in grammar, letter writing, pronunciation, spelling, and use of words. It is intended as a study rather than a book of reference.

How to Read and What to Read. By Sherwin Cody.

"This little book is for the average man who reads the newspaper more than he ought, and would like to know the really interesting books in standard literature which he might take pleasure in reading and which might be of some practical benefit to him."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Man of the Hour. By Octave Thanet.

Although the author of many short stories, Octave Thanet presents "The

Man of the Hour" as her first novel. John Winslow is the son of an American captain of industry and a former Russian princess, whose life is of such an anarchistical nature as to make it unsafe for her to remain in her own country. "Johnny's" struggle for existence in America taxed him to the uttermost, but he wins out in the end. A clever romance is woven into the tale.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Girl and the Deal. By Karl Edwin Harriman.

The principals in this love story are Harold Mason, a young man from Boston, who has been sent by his father to San Francisco on a business errand, and Sibyl Anstruther, a Westerner. While it is true that these two people had met before and that Harold Mason entertained strong hopes that their acquaintance would ripen into something more than friendship, it is equally true that the trip across the continent, on which they are chance companions, covered nearly the whole courtship. The book contains a dozen illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The First and Second Books of the Maccabees. Edited by W. Fairweather.

One of The Temple Bible series. There are in this little volume numerous explanatory notes and a comprehensive introduction to be used in the study of the first two books of the Maccabees, also included.

A New Humanity; or, The Easter Island. By Adolf Wilbrandt.

The central figure of this novel, Helmut Adler, is said to be the counterpart of Friedrich Nietzsche, the unfortunate German idol smasher. Adler's scheme for improving the human race is to isolate himself, with a few selected adherents, on an island, and there, strongly fortified and encompassed by mines connected with electric batteries against the unregenerate man, rear a perfect race of a uniform style. Whether or not this scheme met with failure or success is the plot of the story. Dr. A. S. Rappoport has made the translation.

Young Japan. By James A. B. Scherer.

"The story of the Japanese people, and especially of their educational development." Although complete in itself, this volume is intended as a companion to the author's previous work, "Japan To-day." It is an attempt "to tell the unified story of the nation in the simplest possible manner. . . . The

plan of my undertaking is twofold. To tell the bare outline story of the people of Japan, and to give a somewhat more detailed account of their remarkable educational development. The first part of each of the three books traces the evolution of the nation, while the remainder tries to show the groundwork from which that process has proceeded." The volume is well illustrated.

The Fox Publishing Company

Husband, Wife and Home. By Charles Frederic Goss.

A comprehensive discussion of the requirements for a happy home. It gives valuable advice in difficulties which are apt to arise in any home. It also suggests ways by which difficulties, disagreements, and unhappiness may be avoided. Advice is given to parents in regard to the rearing of children. A word is said about the finances, about being good neighbours, outsiders in the home, nerve strain, art in the home, hospitality, and many other points which affect happiness and contentment.

The John C. Winston Company

Threads. By Garrett W. Thompson.

In a short note with which the author prefaces his novel, human life is given as its field. Misunderstanding between a man and his wife, both of whom are noble characters, is the thread from which the story is woven. By a peculiar circumstance the son widens the breach. The college life of the son, his gradual downfall, as well as the regaining of his manhood, is a very important part of the story. It is a tale which portrays the love, hatred, joy, sorrow and despair of life. "After all, it is the Threads of Character on which hang the issues of life."

The Thistles of Mount Cedar. By Ursula Tannenforst.

This juvenile is a tale of school life for girls. It is said to contain lessons of sympathy, refinement and high sentiment. There are several full-page illustrations.

The Russian Jew in the United States. Planned and Edited by Charles S. Bernheimer.

Studies of social conditions in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, with a description of rural settlements. This work is intended "to present the rise and development of the Russian Jews who have come to the United States during the past twenty-odd years, to show the qualities they brought with them, to present the facts as to their adjustment to the conditions here, and to look a little into the future."

Sawdust. By Dominik Gerard.

A Polish romance of the Carpathian timberlands. Josef Mayer, whose idea of life is persevering industry, is a German of low birth. By means of legal complications he secures the lands of Count Rutkowski and reduces him to poverty. Herr Mayer finds his great wealth no excuse for a less strenuous life, and when chided by the baron for being a slave to work, expresses his contempt for the "good-for-nothing noble class" without hesitation. A romantic attachment springs up between the German's son and Count Rutkowski's daughter.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Austin Publishing Company

Rational Memory Training. By B. F. Austin.

The sub-title explains the book as "a series of articles on memory, its practical value, its phenomenal powers, its physiological basis, the laws which govern it, the methods of improving it, attention, association and arrangement of ideas, causes of defective memory, mnemonics, their use and abuse, etc., with hints and helps in memorising figures, lists of words, prose and poetic literature, new languages, etc."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Paul Elder and Company

The Flying Lesson. By Agnes Tobin.

A volume of translations from Francesco Petrarca consisting of short songs and sonnets. The second selection gives the book its title. Among the others are An Anniversary, The Unheeded Message, Ballata, Double Sestina, The Visit, etc.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Stingaree. Hornung. (Scribners.) \$1.50.

THE BOOK MART

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NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Lunatic at Large. Clouston. (Brentano.) \$1.00.
2. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
3. Jörn Uhl. Frenssen. (Estes.) \$1.50.
4. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Fond Adventures. Hewlett. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
4. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
5. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Ravanel. Dickson. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl and the Deal. Harriman. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
4. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. A Dark Lantern. Robins. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
4. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. The Tyranny of the Dark. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
2. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
5. Foolish Finance. Wurdz. (Luce.) 75c.
6. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Stingaree. Hornung. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Indifference of Juliet. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. Hurricane Island. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClure.) \$1.50.
4. Hecla Sandwith. Valentine. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Great Mogul. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Pioneer. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
6. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
6. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Mrs. Essington. Chamberlain. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Serena. Boyle. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
4. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
5. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
6. The Princess Elopes. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) 75c.

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. The Voyageur. Drummond. (Putnam.) \$2.50-\$1.25.
2. The Harvest of the Sea. Grenfell. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Dr. Grenfell's Parish. Duncan. (Revell.) \$1.00.
4. The Quakeress. Adeler. (Winston.) \$1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
6. May Margaret. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Color Line. Smith. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Return of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Iole. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
4. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Plum Tree. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Indifference of Juliet. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Quakeress. Clark. (Winston.) \$1.50.
3. Threads. Thompson. (Winston.) \$1.50.
4. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure.) \$1.25.
5. Miss Bellard's Inspiration. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. From the West to the West. Duniway. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. A Short History of Oregon. Johnson. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
4. Lewis and Clark. Lighton. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 65c.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Partners of the Tide. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Shining Ferry. Quiller-Couch. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Return. MacGowan-Cooke. (Page & Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Fond Adventures. Hewlett. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Sanna. Waller. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

5. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
5. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Orchid. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Divine Fire. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Game. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Long Ago and the Later On. Bromley. (Robertson.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. The Purple Parasol. (McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
3. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Tyranny of the Dark. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. For the White Christ. Bennet. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Beautiful Lady. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Purple Parasol. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Rose of the World. Castle. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Passes. Williamson. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) \$1.50.

4. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Master Mummer. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.50.
6. A Diary from Dixie. Chestnut. (Appleton.) \$2.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

				POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	1st	"	"	10
"	2d	"	"	8
"	3d	"	"	7
"	4th	"	"	6
"	5th	"	"	5
"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

				POINTS
1. Sandy. Rice. (Century Co.)	\$1.00....			160
2. The Garden of Allah. Hichens.	(Stokes.) \$1.50.....			136
3. The Marriage of William Ashe. Ward.	(Harper.) \$1.50.....			98
4. The Breath of the Gods. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.)	\$1.50.....			76
5. The Princess Passes. Williamson.	(Holt.) \$1.50.....			75
6. Constance Trescot. Mitchell. (Century Co.)	\$1.50.....			72



Vol. XXI

AUGUST, 1905

No. 6

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THE

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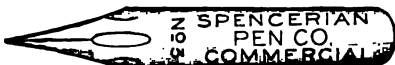
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